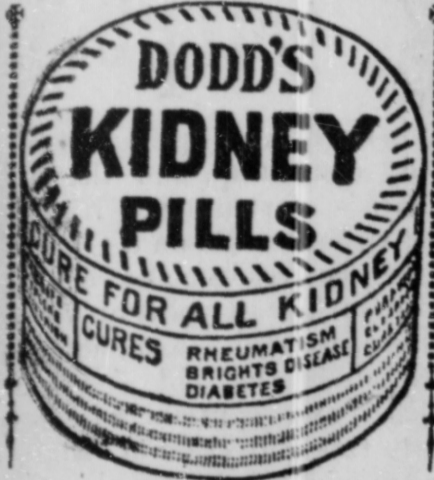


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D-O-D-D'S

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NIAGARA

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250 Cases

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—AND—

LEMONS

Landed to day.

CARVELL BROS

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

The picture is one never to be forgotten.

It thrills every one who looks on.

No one seems to have a gun or weapon of any kind. A peculiar paralysis affects them, a feeling of dumb horror.

A shriek sounds; from a window is seen the form of a native woman, who wrings her hands in terrible anguish.

The child's mother! God pity her! to be an eye-witness of her darling's fate.

Lady Ruth turns to the colonel, to the man who so recently proudly declared that no English woman ever asked a favor that a British officer would not grant, no matter what the risk.

"Save the darling!" her pallid lips utter.

He trembles all over, groans, takes a couple of tottering steps forward, and then leans against the wall for support.

"I cannot," he gasps.

Other Britons there are who would be equal to the emergency. Mortal man has never done aught in this world that Englishman dare not imitate, and indeed they generally lead. It is unfortunate for England that an antipathy for dogs runs in the Blunt family.

This time Lady Ruth does not say "coward," but her face expresses the fine contempt she feels. With that mother's shrieks in her ears, what can she think of a man who will hesitate to save a sweet child, even at the risk of meeting the most terrible death known to the world?

She turns to face the man who a short time before positively refused to risk his life because Miss Caprice desired it.

What can she hope from him?

As she turns she discovers that John Craig is no longer there, though three seconds before his hand was on her arm.

A shout comes from the street, where, when last she looked, not a living thing could be seen but the advancing mad dog and the kneeling child. A shout that proceeds from a strong pair of lungs, and is intended to turn the attention of the brute toward the person emitting it. A shout that causes hope to thrill in many hearts, to inspire a confidence that the innocent may be saved.

The young doctor from Chicago is seen bounding to meet the maddened brute, now so terribly close to the child.

None knows better than John Craig what the result of a bite may be. He has seen more than one hydrophobic patient meet death in the most dreadful manner known to the profession.

Yet he faces this fate now, the man

who was thought too cowardly to crawl out along that bleak rock and secure a white flower for a girl's whim.

He goes not because it will be a great thing to do, or on account of the admiration which success will bring him. That mother's shriek of agony rings in his ears, and if he even knew that he was going to his death, yet would he still assume the risk.

It was on account of a mother—his own—he refused to risk his life before, and the same sacred affection inspires his action now, for he could never look into her dear eyes again, except in a shame-faced way, if he allowed this child to meet death while he stood an inactive spectator of the tragedy.

As he advances, John draws his right arm from his coat-sleeve. It is not the act of thoughtlessness, but has been done with a motive.

When the coat is free, with a quick motion he whirls it around, so that it rolls about his left arm.

Those who see the act comprehend his purpose, and realize that he means to force the brute to seize him there.

All this has occurred in a very brief time. Perhaps a quarter of a minute has elapsed since Lady Ruth turned to Colonel Lionel, and besought his aid.

John Craig has at last accomplished one purpose. Just as the mad dog is about to snap at the child, the young medical student snatches the boy, and throws him to the rear. The child rolls over and over, and then, sitting up, begins to cry, more from surprise at the rough treatment than because he is hurt.

There is no time for John to turn and fly and pick up the child on the way.

The dog is upon him.

John has only a chance to drop on his knee, and thrust his left arm forward.

Those who are watching—and they are many, hold their breath in dread suspense.

"Heaven preserve him!" says Lady Ruth, wringing her clasped hands in an agony of fear.

They see the youth, he is hardly more, offer his bound arm to the beast, and those glittering fangs at once close upon it.

Then, quick as a flash, having filled the dog's jaws, John Craig throws himself forward, his whole effort being to crush the animal to the ground by his weight.

It is the work of a strategist. A veteran hunter when met by a fierce panther could not do better than this.

As John has expected, the dog, taken by surprise, does not offer the resistance that his powerful strength would warrant, but is at once borne backward, nor can he release his hold from the cloth-bound arm which his teeth have seized upon.

A struggle under such circumstances must be a terrible thing, and the shorter it can be made the better.

They see the man throw himself upon the brute; they know his other hand has sought the animal's throat, as the only means of ending his existence.

Prayer for his safety arise from many a heart, as the people watch the dreadful conflict from windows, and balconies, and other places where they have sought refuge.

The struggle is of brief duration.

John has the advantage in the contest, and the desire in his soul to prevent this mad beast from injuring others lends him a strength beyond what is naturally his portion.

With a grip of iron he clutches the brute's throat, and in a few moments the dog stiffens in death.

The young medical student arises, but the ferocious brute lies there harmless in the roadway. The smallest child in Valetta may play on the street now and fear no evil, thanks to the love one American bears for his mother.

Now that the danger is past, people flock out.

With the rest, our tourists haster toward the young hero. A form lies past them with wild eyes and disheveled hair; a form that pounces upon the little chap still crying in fright, and presses him convulsively to her breast.

That is the mother of the child.

They rush to the spot, some to congratulate the youth who slew the dog, others to gaze upon the horrible spectacle the animal presents as he lies there devoid of life.

Lady Ruth comes with the rest, and upon her fair face and in her sunny eyes can be seen a warmth of keenest admiration, such as poor Blunt failed to receive when he leaned far over the dizzy precipice to secure the flower Miss Caprice desired.

"Oh, doctor, how noble of you! I shall never forgive myself for the foolish blunder I made. See! these people look upon you as a hero, for you risked your life for a child of Malta. I am proud to be known as your friend.

Her looks as well as her words are enough to send any man into the seventh heaven of delight.

John Craig is very white; a set look is upon his face, but he smiles a little.

"I am glad the little fellow was not touched."

"And you?" she gasps, a sudden fear arising.

He slowly unwinds the coat which was thrust into the mad dog's mouth, and then rolls up his shirt-sleeve, to disclose to her horrified eyes the blue

imprint of two fangs in the muscular part of his forearm.

CHAPTER III.

She looks up into his eyes; there is a set expression to be seen there, but his face is no whiter than before, although it must be a terrible shock to any man to see the imprint of a mad dog's teeth in the flesh of his arm.

"Oh, it has happened, the worst that could come about! What will you do doctor?"

He is a man of medicine, and he knows full well what such a wound means.

"There is only one thing to be done. Excuse me for a minute or two, Lady Ruth."

He springs away from her side, and turning with surprise, she sees him dart into the smithy of a worker in iron just down the road a bit.

"Let us follow him!" says Philander.

"Poor, poor boy!" remarks Aunt Gwen.

(To be Continued.)

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Women whose faces are disfigured by unsightly eruptions, pimples and blotches too frequently fail to understand that these are but the outward symptoms of inward disorders. They resort to various cosmetics, ointments and powders, not knowing that all the while the trouble is not in the skin, itself, but in the system. It is sometimes absolutely dangerous to use outward applications, for if the skin alone is cleared, the real disease is likely to attack some internal organ of the body, where it may prove fatal to life itself.

In the majority of cases these unsightly skin diseases are due to two things, weakness and disorders of the distinctly feminine organism, and impurities of the blood caused by them. The woman who suffers from disease in a womanly way will soon suffer in her general health. Her stomach, liver and other organs will fail to perform their proper functions, with the result that the blood becomes impure. Left to herself, she will probably resort to cosmetics and ointments. If she consults a physician he will tell her that the stomach or liver only is at fault. Her distinctly womanly ailment is really the first and only cause. For this she should resort to once to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them strong and well. Then a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will purify and enrich the blood, and make her a new woman. Medicine dealers sell both remedies.

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SEPALED TENDERS endorsed "Proposed for Furnishing Sewer Pipes for Charlottetown," addressed to the undersigned will be received at this office until noon on

TUESDAY, 4th OF APRIL

next, for furnishing Stoneware or Vitrified Sewer Pipe and their appurtenances according to conditions, specifications to be seen at the office of the Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply to the City of Charlottetown Prince Edward Island or at the office of their Chief Engineer, Freeman C. Coffin, Esq. 53 State Street, Boston Mass.

Proposals must be on the forms supplied from this office, and each tender must be accompanied by a certificate bank cheque for Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars (\$350) payable to the order of the said commissioners. This cheque will be forfeited if the parties decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

The said commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

HENRY SMITH
Chairman
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