

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

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Tenders For New School Building AT SOURIS, (EAST)

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, up to the 5th day of April, next, for the building of a New School Building, 62x36 feet, two stories high, in accordance with plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Secretary, U. C. Carlton, Jr.

Tenders to be marked "Tender for Souris School Building", and to be accompanied by certified Bank Cheque for 5% of tender. Cheque will be returned if tender not accepted. Trustees not bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

JOHN McLEAN, } Trustees.
J. J. HUGHES, }
F. MORROW, }
Souris, March 16, '99 - 69 d&w

MISS CAPRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

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

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"What's that you say, sir," she asks. Cheerfully Philander goes back to repeat.

"I was saying that I experienced queer sensations when I came to. They had carried you away to some more luxurious apartment, but I was left where I went to sleep—anything was good enough for Philander Sharpe.

"At first I was dazed; the soft murmur of the fountain came near putting me to sleep again with its droning voice. Then I suddenly remembered something—a charming face with the flashing eye of a fiend.

"That aroused me to a comprehension of the position, and I no longer cared to sleep. Action was necessary. I knew they cared little about Philander Sharpe, as it was you the trap had been set for—hence I was perhaps in a position to accomplish something.

"I left my chair and prowled around. They had disarmed me, and my first natural desire was to find some sort of weapon with which I could do service in case of necessity.

"In this searching, I came across a peculiar knife, perhaps used as a paper-cutter, but of a serviceable kind, which I pocketed.

"More than this, I discovered something that I thought would prove of importance to you, and this I hid upon my person, very wisely, too, for a short time later I was suddenly set upon by three miserable rogues, who crept upon me unawares, and in spite of my frantic and Spartan-like resistance, they bore me away along a dim passage, to finally chuck me into that vile den where you came later and alarmed me so dreadfully, as I fully believed it must be some tiger cat they had pleased to shut in with me."

The little professor rattles off these sentences without the least difficulty—words flow from his lips as readily as the floods roll over Niagara.

When John sees a chance to break in, he hastily asks what it is the professor has discovered that interests him.

Whereupon Philander begins to feel in his various pockets, and pull out what has been stored there. At last he utters an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Eureka! here it is. Found it lying on the desk. Was attracted by the singular writing."

"Singular writing! that makes me believe it must have come from my mother."

"It is signed Sister Magdalen."

"That proves it; you remember



DR. A. W. CHASE SENDING FREE ADVICE TO THE SICK.

REV. J. N. VANATTER, OF ALBION, WIS., WRITES A LETTER ON DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Sufferers are at Liberty to Correspond with the Above Address and will Obtain Full Particulars Regarding the Great Cure.

HERE IS WHAT HE SAYS:

Gentlemen,—My wife was most terribly afflicted with protruding piles, and contemplated a surgical operation. A friend of ours recommended the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and less than one box effected a complete cure. We were so pleased with the ointment that I tried it myself, as I have been troubled with an unsightly skin affliction which covered the lower part of my face.

For 25 years I suffered untold agony, and was treated by the best medical skill in the United States. I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment worth its weight in gold for piles and skin disease.

Dr. Chase's large-size recipe book, cloth-bound, sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents, by addressing Dr. Chase's Company, Toronto or Buffalo, N. Y.

what Lady Ruth said about meeting a student of hers who resembled the miniature I have of my mother. It was a kind fate that brought this to you, professor."

"Well, you see, I always had a faculty for prying around—might have been a famous explorer of Egyptian tombs if I hadn't been taken in and done for by Gwen Makepeace.

"Was there anything particularly interesting in this letter?" asks John.

"I considered it so—you will see for yourself," is the reply.

All is darkness around them. John is possessed of patience to a reasonable extent, but he would like to see what this paper contains.

"Professor, you seem to have about everything; can you drum up a cigar and a match?"

"Both, luckily."

"Ah! thanks," accepting them eagerly.

"It may be dangerous to light up here," says Philander, cautiously, but the other is deaf to any advice of this sort.

There is a rustling of paper, then the match is struck, and Doctor Chicago is discovered bending low in order to keep it from the wind. His cigar is speedily lighted, and his eyes turned upon the paper which Philander has given him—Philander, who heaves over him now in eager distress, anxious to hear John's opinion, and yet fearful lest the rash act may bring danger upon them.

John's lips part to utter an exclamation of mingled amazement and delight, when from a voice close to their chest comes an artery proceeds; the burning match has betrayed them.

CHAPTER IX.

It is impossible for them to understand just at the moment what has occurred.

They are in a part of the Maltese city that Europeans might well hesitate to visit at the hour of midnight, however much they would frequent it in day light.

The natives of Valetta have not all become reconciled to British rule, and although no open outbreak occurs, more than once has it been placed in evidence that there is a deep feeling of resentful distrust in certain quarters, which only awaits an opportunity to show its ugly teeth.

Knowing this fact, it is general principle more than anything else that causes Philander to have concern.

When those loud cries break forth close at hand, he knows his fears are not without foundation.

John Craig is also suddenly brought to a realization of the fact that he has hardly been prudent in his action.

He stows the paper away with a single movement of his hand. It is precious to him, and must be kept for future study.

Then he is ready to face those who, by their presence and outcries, announce themselves as the foes of foreigners.

There are many secret societies on the famous island besides the Knights of Malta, and it is not at all improbable that an organization exists which has for its main object the eventual uprising of the Maltese and their freedom from the British yoke.

This would naturally be kept a secret, and not proclaimed from the flat roofs of Valetta, or the platform of St. Lazarus.

Philander has shown remarkable traits upon this night of nights, traits which Dr. Chicago never suspected he possessed. He now proves that, in addition to these other commendable qualities, he has wonderful presence of mind, and that no sudden emergency can stupefy his senses.

Just as soon as the outcry is heard, he draws the small, cimitar-shaped paper-knife, which he claimed would make a serviceable weapon.

At the same time he cries out: "We're in for it, John, my boy! Don't be too proud to run. Legs, do your duty!"

With which remark Philander starts his lower extremities into action, turning his head to make sure that his companion has not hesitated to follow.

If the professor is a small man, he has the faculty for getting over ground at quite an astonishing rate of speed. His short legs fairly twinkle as they measure off the yards; and, given a fair show, he would lead any ordinary runner a race.

The darkness, the uneven street, and his unfamiliarity with his surroundings, are all against him now, so that he cannot do himself justice.

Suddenly he misses his companion. John was close beside him ten seconds before—John, who is a sprinter from athletic education, and who could have distanced the professor with only half an effort had he wished, but who moderated his speed to conform with that of his less favored friend.

The shouts have continued all this while, proving that the citizens of Valetta have steadfastly pursued them, with some dark purpose in view.

Just as soon as Philander Sharpe makes this discovery, his action is one that proves him a hero.

He stops in his tracks and no longer keeps up his flight.

"Turn the other way, boys! At 'em like thunder! As Sheridan said at Cedar Creek: 'We'll lick 'em out of their boots,'" is the astonishing cry he sends forth, as he begins to travel over the back trail.

This speedily brings him upon the scene of action. Several dark figures have come to a halt around a prostrate object. They are the men of Valetta, who have organized this secret vendetta against all foreigners.

It is easy to understand why they thus halt. John Craig is the recumbent, struggling figure on the roadway; John Craig, who has possibly been lassoed by some expert among the pursuers, and who kicks with the vim and energy of a free American citizen.

This Philander understands instantly, and also comprehending that he must do something very speedily, throws himself into the midst of the dusky Maltese thugs.

The advent of a wild-cat could not produce more astonishment and consternation than this sudden coming of the energetic little man.

He accompanies his assault with the most energetic movements of both arms and legs, and his shrill voice keeps time to the music.

As he holds the cimitar-knife in one hand, his movements are not without certain painful accompaniments. The men fall back in dismay. A momentary panic is upon them. Philander is shrewd enough to know this will not last, and he does not attempt to pursue them.

(To be Continued.)

The fondest anticipation in a woman's life is when she is looking forward to the coming of the sweet and tender little bundle of humanity that will some day call her mother.

It is a pity that this joyful expectancy should ever be clouded with solicitude and dread of the physical which it involves. There is no need of this excessive anxiety if another will avail herself of the health-sustaining power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription taken early during the expectant period.

The special organs and nerve-centers pertaining to maternity are directly fortified and reinforced by this wonderful "Prescription." It gives the mother genuine, permanent strength, capacity and cheerfulness.

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For nearly thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. Any woman may consult him either personally or by letter free of charge, and with absolute assurance of receiving sound, practical advice from the highest professional authority. By enclosing thirty-one one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing and mailing only, she will receive a paper-bound copy of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," or a handsome cloth-bound copy, for fifty stamps.

Mrs. Fred Hunt, of Burdett Hills, Saratoga Co., N. Y., says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th, I had a twelve-pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way, I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I never had an after-pain or any other pain. This is the eighth child and the largest of them all."

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