

# SALT RHEUM TORTURES

Die away before the magical effect of

## Dr. Chase's Ointment

The tortures of Salt Rheum are almost beyond human endurance, and as the flesh becomes raw, and the itching and burning increase, the suffering is so intense as to almost drive one crazy.

In desperation ointments are applied, only to give rise to further disappointment and despair.

But there is hope. There is assurance that you can be cured just as scores and hundreds of others have been by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. John Siron, of Aultsville, Ont., writes: "For seven years I was a sufferer from Salt Rheum, and my hands were so bad I had to wear greased gloves. Nothing seemed to help me, but I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and one box cured me completely. There is not a trace of the Salt Rheum left."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has effected most miraculous cures in all parts of this great Dominion. Could you have better assurance that it will cure you? For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING  
Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

## EPPS'S COCOA

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EPPS'S COCOA

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## ...Hub Cafe

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The teas we sell are all genuine. They're nothing but tea. They're pure and wholesome and appetizing.

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CIVIC 19th May 1899



"What do you make of her, Allardyce?" I asked.

"My second mate was standing beside me upon the poop, with his short, thick legs a-stretch, for the gale had left a considerable swell behind it, and our two quarter boats nearly touched the water with every roll. He steadied his glass against the mizzen shrouds and he looked long and hard at this disconsolate stranger every time she came reeling up on to the crest of a roller and hung balanced for a few seconds before swooping down upon the other side. She lay so low in the water that I could catch only an occasional glimpse of a pea green line of bulwark. She was a brig, but her mainmast had been snapped short off some ten feet above the deck, and no effort seemed to have been made to cut away the wreckage, which floated, sails and yards, like the broken wing of a wounded gull, upon the water beside her. The foremast was still standing, but the fore topsail were flying loose, and the headsails were streaming out in long white pennons in front of her. Never had I seen a vessel which appeared to have gone through rougher handling.

But we could not be surprised at that, for there had been times during the last three days when it was a question whether our own bark would ever see land again. For 36 hours we had kept her nose to it, and if the Mary Sinclair had not been as good a sea boat as ever left the Clyde we could not have come through, and yet here we were at the end of it, with the loss only of our rig and of part of the starboard bulwark. It did not astonish us, however, when the smother had cleared away to find that others had been less lucky and that this mutilated brig, staggering about upon a blue sea and under a clouded sky, had been left, like a blinded man after a lightning flash, to tell of the terror which is past.

Allardyce, who was a slow and methodical Scotchman, stared long and hard at the little craft while our seamen lined the bulwark or clustered upon the fore shrouds to have a view of the stranger. In latitude 20 degrees and longitude 10 degrees, which was about our bearings, one becomes a little curious as to whom one meets, for one has left the main lines of Atlantic commerce to the north. For ten days we had been sailing over a solitary sea.

"She's derelict, I'm thinking," said the second mate.

I had come to the same conclusion, for I could see no sign of life upon her deck, and there was no answer to the friendly wavings from our seamen. Her crew had probably deserted her under the impression that she was about to founder.

"She can't last long," continued Allardyce, in his measured way. "She may put her nose down and her tail up any minute. The water's lipping up to the edge of her rail."



The man who lies at the mercy of an assassin shudders at the thought of death and shivers as he thinks of the hurt of the cold steel as it cuts its way to his heart. The same man, for some unsolved reason, will lie at the mercy of that most deadly of assassins, consumption, and apparently not experience a tremor. Of all the human beings that go down each year to premature graves, one-seventh are the victims of this relentless enemy.

There is a prompt and practically unailing cure for this awful disease within the means of the poorest. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures of per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, lingering cough, spitting of blood, weak lungs, throat and nasal troubles and all diseases of the air-passages. It acts directly on the lungs and mucous membranes of the air-passages through the blood, allaying inflammation, building up healthy tissues and driving out all impurities and disease germs. It whets the appetite, and disease is the result of the liver active. It is the greatest blood-maker and flesh-builder. A sufferer does not have to take these assertions on trust. Thousands have testified to their recovery under this marvelous medicine after all hope was gone. Copies of their letters, with names and addresses, may be had by writing for them. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not neglect constipation. Your general health is at stake. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They never fail. They never give. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They cure biliousness and regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. All medicine dealers sell them and have no other pills that are "just as good."

"What's her flag?" I asked.

"I'm trying to make out. It's got all twisted and tangled with the halyards. Yes, I've got it now, clear enough—it's the Brazilian flag, but it's wrong side up."

She had hoisted a signal of distress, then, before her people had abandoned her. Perhaps they had only just gone. I took the mate's glass and looked round over the tumultuous face of the deep blue Atlantic, still veined and starred with white lines and spoutings of foam. But nowhere could I see anything human beyond ourselves.

"There may be living men aboard," said I.

"There may be salvage," muttered the second mate.

"Then we will run down upon her lee side, and lie to."

We were not more than 100 yards from her when we swung our foreyard aback, and there we were, the bark and the brig, ducking and bowing like two clowns in a dance.

"Drop one of the quarter boats," said I. "Take four men, Mr. Allardyce, and see what you can learn of her."

But just at that moment my first officer, Mr. Armstrong, came on deck, for seven bells had struck, and it was but a few minutes off his watch. It would interest me to go myself to this abandoned vessel and to see what there might be aboard of her. So with a word to Armstrong I swung myself over the side, slipped down the falls and took my place in the sheets of the boat.

It was but a little distance, but it took some time to traverse, and so heavy was the roll that often when we were in the trough of the seas we could not see either the bark which we had left or the brig which we were approaching. The sinking sun did not penetrate down there, and it was cold and dark in the hollows of the waves, but each passing billow heaved us up into the warmth and the sunshine once more. At each of these moments as we hung upon a white-capped ridge between the two dark valleys I caught a glimpse of the long pea green line and the nodding foremast of the brig, and I steered so as to come round by her stern, so that we might determine which was the best way of boarding her. As we passed her we saw the name Nossa Senhora da Victoria printed across her dripping counter.

"The weather side, sir," said the second mate. "Stand by with the boat hook, carpenter!" An instant later we had jumped over the bulwarks, which were hardly higher than our boat, and found ourselves upon the deck of the abandoned vessel.

Our first thought was to provide for our own safety in case, as seemed very probable, the vessel should settle down beneath our feet. With this object two of our men held on to the painter of the boat and fended her off from the vessel side, so that she might be ready in case we had to make a hurried retreat. The carpenter was sent to find out how much water there was and whether it was still gaining, while the other seaman, Allardyce and myself made a rapid inspection of the vessel and her cargo.

The deck was littered with wreckage and with hencoops, in which the dead birds were washing about. The boats were gone, with the exception of one, the bottom of which had been stove, and it was certain that the crew had abandoned the vessel. The cabin was in a deckhouse, one side of which had been beaten in by a heavy sea. Allardyce and I entered it and found the carpenter's table as he had left it, his books and papers—all Spanish or Portuguese—scattered over it, with piles of cigarette ash everywhere. I looked about for the log, but could not find it.

"As likely as not he never kept one," said Allardyce. "Things are pretty slack aboard a South American trader, and they don't do more than they can help. If there was one, it must have been taken away with him in the boat."

"I should like to take all these books and papers," said I. "Ask the carpenter how much time we have."

His report was reassuring. The vessel was full of water, but some of the cargo was buoyant, and there was no immediate danger of her sinking. Probably she would never sink, but would drift about as one of those terrible unmarked reefs which have sent so many stout vessels to the bottom.

"In that case there is no danger in your going below, Mr. Allardyce," said I. "See what you can make of her, and find out how much of her cargo can be saved. I'll look through these papers while you are gone."

The bill of lading and some notes and letters which lay upon the desk sufficed to inform me that the Brazilian brig Nossa Senhora da Victoria had cleared from Bahia a month before. The name of the captain was Teixeira, but there was no record as to the number of the

crew. She was bound for London, and a glance at the bills of lading was sufficient to show me that we were not likely to profit much in the way of salvage. Her cargo consisted of nuts, ginger and wood, the latter in the shape of great logs of valuable tropical growths. It was these no doubt which had prevented the ill-fated vessel from going to the bottom, but they were of such a size as to make it impossible for us to extract them. Besides these, there were a few fancy goods, such as a number of ornamental birds for millinery purposes and a hundred cases of preserved fruits, and then, as I turned over the papers, I came upon a short note in English which arrested my attention.

"It is requested," said the note, "that the various old Spanish and Indian curiosities which came out of the Santarem collection and which are consigned to Proutfoot & Neuman of Oxford Street, London, should be put in some place where there may be no danger of these very valuable and unique articles being injured or tampered with. This applies most particularly to the treasure chest of Don Ramirez di Leyra, which must on no account be placed where any one can get at it."

The treasure chest of Don Ramirez! Unique and valuable article! Here was a chance of salvage after all! I had risen to my feet with the paper in my hand when my Scotch mate appeared in the doorway.

(To be Continued.)

## No Cure for... Bright's Disease

In its advanced stages—The Reason Why—Danger Proved by the Timely Use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

To understand Bright's Disease is to know that in its advanced stages it is past the reach of human aid. The cells of the kidneys undergo a wasting change, which leaves them dead so far as performing their functions is concerned. Just think of having the kidneys dead. Think of the poisons left in the system when these organs could no longer perform their duties as filters of the blood.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more dreadful, and yet this is the goal to which every case of neglected kidney disease must lead.

When the back aches, when urinating is difficult or too frequent, when there are deposits in the urine after standing for 24 hours, there is no time to lose in procuring Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

It is not claimed that they will cure Bright's Disease in its last stages. They are an absolute cure for kidney disease, and so long as the kidneys are not entirely wasted away they will give new strength and vigor and enable them to resume their duties of filtering the blood.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will stop backache and headache in short order by removing the cause, and will positively prevent Bright's Disease. One pill a dose, 25c a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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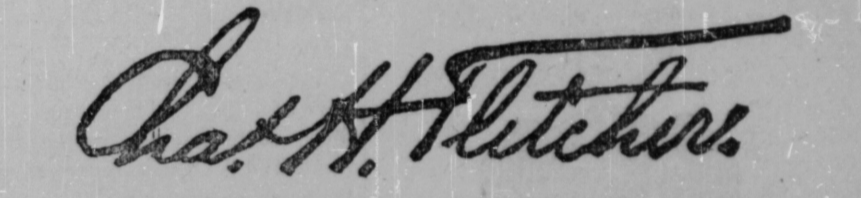
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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.  
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