



The enemy that ravages the earth, seeking that which it may devour is a fearsome antagonist to fight. Ill-health is a stealthier but much more dangerous enemy. It is always easier and better to avoid it than to fight it. It comes in various guises. At first it is usually a trifling indisposition or a slight attack of biliousness. Then follows loss of appetite, or headache, or nervousness and sleeplessness, or stupor. These are the advance heralds of consumption, malaria, nervous exhaustion and prostration, and a multitude of other ills.

There is an easy way to avoid, and a sure way to escape from, ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gets edge to the appetite, invigorates the liver, makes the digestion perfect and the blood pure. It is the great appetite-sharpening, blood-making, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption. It does not make flabby flesh like cod-liver oil, but firm, healthy tissue, without corpulence. Honest dealers don't urge substitutes for a little extra profit.

"I cannot praise Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery too highly," writes Mrs. Mary A. Seay, of Andersonville, Buckingham Co., Va. "My friends gave me up as dying of consumption. I tried everything, but grew worse, until I became so weak I gave up all my housework. I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have now no more need to take medicine of any kind. I recommend your medicines—the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets'—to my friends with a full belief in their efficacy."

When any member of the family is sick or hurt, look in Dr. Pierce's Medical Advertiser, and there you will find the remedy. It used to cost \$1.50; now it's FREE. 1008 pages. Over 300 illustrations. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for paper-covered copy. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

D & A CORSETS

are made in great variety of styles. Whether tall, slim, stout or short you can get a D & A that will fit you comfortably, and at the same time add a little to the natural grace of the figure.

D & A Corsets Wear as well as they fit.

Sold by most dry goods houses.

Pure Spices are Profitable

But bad spice is acominable. This is a truism that no competent housekeeper should forget. Half the trouble of cooking is past if you get the right brand of Spice, and while there are many that are fairly good, it is always safest to take one which is invariably uniform. That one is

MOTT'S MONTREAL & QUEBEC SOURIS.

The Steamship Company will call at Souris regularly once a fortnight during the present season. Sailing from Montreal on or about 25th April. Merchants ordering goods would do well to have them come by this line. For rates of freight or other particulars, enquire of

MARCELIN & LEAN Agents at Souris.

LIME.

We have commenced burning, and can supply any quantity of best quality of Lime, for farming and building purposes.

C. LYONS & Co



[Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Stewart.]

"SEE, see," he cried, ere the words of rejoicing were well out of his mouth. "He cometh, he cometh—Satan cometh. We are undone. Who can withstand him? He rideth like a whirlwind and destroyeth as a fire. My brother, we are undone."

Abou Kuram made no reply, but turned his eyes to the dread warrior on the black horse, who was cantering down the slope with a band of 50 men mounted on the pick of Arabian studs. As the company advanced it was joined by others, till the total must have been equal to half a British regiment.

A contingent promptly went out from our front to meet them, Koor All leading. There was to be no play this time, no circling and wheeling, no retiring and advancing for picturesque display. Lance to lance, body to body, the issue would be decided, and the fittest would survive. Abou Kuram bit his lip with anger at being forced to remain in charge of a coward in the rear, and watched the momentous events in which he could not participate.

The enemy's cavalry came on at a round gallop, their pennons streaming, their faces well forward on their horses' necks. The leader, however, sat his great black horse erect, and held his sword at what I believe British dragoons call the slope. There was something in his appearance that marked him out from his fellows, and I am free to confess that, with Amood Sinn's whining in my ears, a thrill of superstitious awe passed through me at the thought that he might not be mortal.

As soon as the level plain was gained he waved his sword quickly in the air, and the great black warhorse broke from the gallop to the charge. We could see his fierce leap and the responsive bound of those that followed hard behind. Before half a dozen horse lengths were covered there came to our ears a resounding double peal of "Techbir, techbir!" for our men, too, were riding at the charge, and even from our distance we saw how every rider, setting himself a little forward, hugged his lance close under his right arm. I watched the mutual swoop with straining eyes and a thumping heart, with cold tremors at the pit of the stomach, and a hot whirl of the brain that was as the madness of much wine. There were fear and headlong audacity in the feeling—a fear that could easily have made me turn and fly, an audacity that almost compelled me to rush forward and share the delirious ecstasy of that onset.

Nearer and nearer swept the opposing columns, like two flights of ostriches, darkening the sky with dust, the horses skimming the ground as if fury lent them wings, the riders alert with a tigerish intentness of purpose. No man could have said which side sped the more furiously or shouted the louder; none whether Koor All or the man on the black horse led with the more determined valour.

There is no resisting the magnetism of a desperate exploit enacted under your eyes, and the main bodies paused fascinated by the fearful spectacle. On both sides the men drew in knee to knee in order to have the greater driving and resisting power, and crouched lower upon their straining horses. The last hundred yards were covered as it were at a bound, and then with a cry of vengeance from a thousand throats, a dazzling flash of steel, a shock as of clashing thunderbolts, came the collision. There was a vibrating sensation as of an earthquake, and a rumble of groanings and crushings reached us as the fighters rolled together in a dark seething heap as when two swift sea currents meet.

My vision was suddenly blurred, and involuntarily my eyes closed. When I opened them, the combatants were through each other, and wheeling for another charge. Up went the fierce war-cry again, and again came a tremendous shock and tumult, shattering the close-packed lines. But reforming with prodigious quickness, they dashed at each other again and yet again, with an ever-increasing heap of slain and wounded weltering on the ground.

"By my father's sword, it is to be utter annihilation!" said Abou Kuram, breathing thick and fast. "They mean to kill each other out."

But almost as he spoke the enemy, bursting once more through our lines, were across the intervening space and headlong upon our main body, the man on the black horse slashing and hewing in front in a way that fairly justified the tales of his Satanic character. At the same time Yumen Yusel's camels, rending the air with yells, rushed, lurching, and swaying, to the aid of the cavalry.

From that moment, so far as I could see, all order vanished. There is a theory that in properly planned battles things go by method and prearrangement. The idea is a pretty one for drawing-room warriors, but if there were the least truth in it no battle should ever be lost or won. There would be no Marathon, no Thermopylae, no Waterloo, no Alma, no Lucknow, to shed lustre and glory on the human race, and give an interest to desperate hazards. Take my word for it, that a fight between two armies determined to win or die is a thing of heart-shaking surprises and riotous contempt of regulations.

The moment the common soldier, panting for revenge or frantic to save his skin, takes matters into his own hands, prophecies and prearrangements go to the winds. The general may plan, but the soldier does the work, and generally in his own way and in flat defiance of orders. In that wal-

lowing, billowy host, I dare assert, there were not half a dozen men who knew their heads from their heels. Almost every mother's son in that gory chaos cut and thrust and stabbed and charged and recoiled and roared at his own sweet will, and in obedience to what might seem to his whirling mind the exigencies of the occasion.

For myself, what with incessant knocks and collisions, the hubbub of rage and agony, the sharp scream and venomous oath, and most of all the sickening sight of living men being sliced and laid open, my wits were so confounded I might have been in the throes of a nightmare. I had a sword and a brace of pistols, though what I did with them heaven alone knows. They may have accounted for some of the enemy, but I have no knowledge of shedding any man's blood, which is perhaps a solace to the conscience in looking back from the vale of years.

In the dartings hither and thither of my mare I got glimpses of Abou Kuram making flashes of crimson light with his sword, of the man on the black horse hewing savagely where there lay the best chance of doing havoc, of Ismael Numar and Koor All laying about them as if they were using pruning hooks in a forest of saplings and of Amood Sinn scurrying to and fro in abject terror, fighting the air, and ever getting into the places he would have given his kingdom to be able to avoid. I laughed at him with the hilarity of hysteria, and I have an idea cried jeering words as well. But how the tide of war was running I knew not, and probably you would not have known had you been in my place.

Once in a wild swirl I got knocked out of the saddle, but with wildcat clutch I caught something—probably the pommel or mane before me—and was up again in an instant, wondering in my own mind whether I was mortally wounded or whether I was wounded at all, and as I was trying to decide I came upon a sight that drove all thought of self away and made me rein up with a jerk.

In the midst of their partisans, who had formed a circle, as if to see fair play to the champions, were Koor All and the man on the black horse in a hand-to-hand fight. I do not know how long they had been at it before I chanced to see them, but the contest did not last long after my coming up. Koor All was a good soldier and an expert swordsman, but his fate was upon him.

The man on the black horse first tipped off an ostrich plume from the other's turban, then some ribbons, then he shored a piece of each side, as if showing the easy and dainty precision with which he handled his weapon. Two or three swift passes followed, then, rising quickly in his stirrups, with a lightning-like stroke, he clove his antagonist from crown to breast-bone, so that half fell either way. (As will be seen later on, this stroke was never learned in Arabia.) From the raised sword-hand of the divided man dropped the sword, but the arm itself remained rigid in the air, as if with a final threat of vengeance, and there rose from the split throat a shriek which haunts me to this day. Then, the horse wheeling, under a sudden, convulsive pull of the bridle-hand, the body tumbled from the saddle to be mangled by a thousand hoofs.

(To be Continued.)

The Health of the Hair

is indicated by its condition. When the natural secretions decrease; when the hair becomes dry, split at the ends and comes out in combing; when the gloss disappears and the hair becomes gray or faded, the ill health of the hair is indicated. The success of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is due to the fact that it restores the hair-producing organs to their natural vigor. It encourages and promotes the secretions of the hair follicles, and thus gray or faded hair regains its original color, new growth begins, and lat-lustre is restored.



"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for fifteen years. It cures the hair to keep its natural color and is a positive cure for baldness."—T. B. WEYANT, Weyant, Ia.

Spring - Suitings.

SELLING AT HALF PRICE

Just purchased—at auction in Montreal—an enormous quantity of Spring Suitings, in tweeds, serges, worsteds.

Latest shades and patterns. Intending purchasers of spring suit lengths should see these. They are snaps.

W. D. McKay
Bargain Corner.



A Home Company

is what you require behind your wheel.

THE Massey Harris

is in the business to stay
Massey-Harris Co., LIMITED.
MARK WRIGHT & CO
Agents Ch'town.
ROGERS & ROGERS
Agents for S'side.

Dress Goods, Muslins, Ducks, Sateens, Prints,

come in and see our stock.

T J HARRIS, London House

Just Received

a nice assortment of

BLOUSE SETS

the newest designs in sterling silver and rolled plate, and selling very low.

W. N. TANTON
Opposite Crabbe's Hardware Store.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Salt! Salt!

300 bags Lievrpool Salt.
For sale by
Horace Waszard
Ch'town, 18th May, 1898.

Building Lot 50x100 Feet FOR SALE.

This is one of the most desirable lots in the city, being on high dry ground, on the east side of Upper Prince St. Apply at the
CITY HARDWARE STORE.

WANTED.
Coat and Vest makers, at
D. A. BRUCES

Hear Miss LaDell, Thursday 2nd June. Tickets 25c.