



There is no sense in trying to dodge any sort of trouble around a tree. The only way is to come squarely out and face the difficulty and fight it. If you are sick or half sick, the best course is not to neglect or ignore it, or pretend that it doesn't exist, but to find the proper remedy and use it.

A bilious, dyspeptic condition of the system not only makes life miserable, but it is sure to lead to something worse, unless promptly taken in hand and corrected. It is foolish to attempt to dodge such troubles by any mere temporary expedient. The only sensible way is to get rid of them for good and all by a thoroughly rational, scientific medicine like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It cures all disordered, debilitated conditions by its direct action upon the liver and digestive organs; it gives them power to make fresh, healthy blood free from bilious impurities; it drives all disease-germs out of the circulation; it creates solid, muscular flesh and constitutional power which are often simply the result of impaired nutrition. "Discovery" in cases where cod liver oil emulsions are useless, because the "Discovery" is readily assimilated by delicate stomachs. It is far superior to malt extracts, because its beneficial effects are permanent.

"Dr. Pierce, I am one of your most grateful patients," writes Mrs. Annie M. Norman of Egungank, Wayne Co., Pa. "I have taken 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' with wonderful results. I am, as many of my friends tell me, like the dead brought to life. The doctors said I had consumption and death was only a matter of time. That was six years ago. I concluded to try your medicine. I continued until I had taken nine bottles of 'Discovery' and several bottles of 'Pellets.' I got well and have done a great deal of hard work since."

When the liver and bowels don't work, the body and brain won't. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure, safe, speedy and permanent cure for constipation, and a torpid liver. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic.



As for Yumen Yusel," he cried, flourishing his sword, "he is but a child in war! Were he here now I would shear off his cowardly head as a swift reaper taketh the ripe barley. But can man prevail against the devil?" And he cast a doubtful look at Abou Kuram as if to say, "It's really useless, you know, risking our lives."

"Perchance he is not Satan himself, but a little devil," replied Abou Kuram, who, while not without his touch of superstition, held Amood's fancies in contempt. "I long to set eyes on him; if he be Satan, that I may know his looks; if he be aught else, that I make his body a sheath for this sword."

"Is my brother mad?" asked Amood, with deep concern.

"Yea, mad with a thirst for battle," answered Abou Kuram. "Will my brother give orders to have his men made ready?"

But Amood had still a multitude of pretexts for delay. For one thing Abou Kuram and his gallant army must be feasted ere fighting could be so much as thought of. The march hither had been long and arduous, and ill befell him if it should ever be said he had forgotten how to be hospitable to his friends.

Abou Kuram, however, was too familiar with guile to be inveigled. With a manner that was the pink of courtliness, yet had in it more than a suggestion of imperiousness and austerity, he declined festivities, saying that feasting would be sweeter after victory, and that he would joyously eat the carcasses of 100 sheep when Yumen Yusel and his satanic lieutenant were crushed. He was aided and abetted in his policy of aggression by Ismael Numar, Amood's second in command, a brave and capable officer, had he been free from the trammels of a pusillanimous superior. Amood yielded a reluctant consent, the kettledrums and cymbals broke out in noisy rivalry, and the troops marched out to bivouac on the plain.

The chosen spot reached, Amood Sinn desired to have a vermilion tent, with luxurious State appointments, set up, insisting so strongly on what was due to his exalted rank that Abou Kuram was forced to point out in undiplomatic language how exceedingly awkward luxurious vermilion tents might prove in case of a surprise or a night attack. So, murmuring bitterly about the unprincely discomforts of a campaign, Amood moodily ate his supper, said his prayers, and lay down beside the smothered fires to study the starry sky, and await what further evils fate might bring. The soldiers lay armed by their harnessed beasts, gnawing at mutton bones, like a colony of dogs, while Abou Kuram, vigilant, active, and more than a trifle angry, moved about, giving rapid instructions and speaking words of stern encouragement.

Slowly the silent night wore on. The big, bright stars twinkled fitfully, the moon sailed majestically out into the empyrean spaces for a little and then went her imperial way, leaving a darkness that was of full vague dread and awesome suspicions. The men, casting their mutton bones from them, sat up, with a quivering tension of nerve and muscle, and looked to their weapons. Mentally they were counting the minutes till the light should appear, for this was the terrorizing interval of blackness when a surprise would be most disastrous.

An Arab attack sometimes comes with the roar of thunder; sometimes with the stealth and hush of death. When the troops were beginning to remark with bated breath that there was to be no molestation from the enemy, suddenly the outposts broke into wild yells, and there was the spluttering fire of promiscuous shooting. In half a second more a whirl of flame engirdled us. By its light we saw a swarm of rushing demons, with levelled spears, charging in among us, and the screams of pain told how effectually they were doing their work. We leaped upon our beasts; we charged hither and thither in the pitchy blackness, mistaking friend for foe; and then there fell a silence as sudden as had been the tumult, for the enemy, slipping from our fingers, seemed to have disappeared into the earth.

Abou Kuram and Amood Sinn held an improvised council of war.

"Let us take to the mountains," piped the latter in a falsetto of shivering fear. Abou Kuram laid an iron hand on Amood's trembling arm.

"The cause is thine, not mine," he said, with a quick but fearful emphasis. "Do what seemeth to thee good. Only if thou give not instant orders that every coward who seeks to fly be cut down, I and my men with me will return as we came and thou and thy possessions can go to eternal destruction."

"It is well; it is well!" laughed Amood Sinn, hysterically. "I did but jest. By this right hand, the man who fleeth a foot shall have death for his portion. Proclaim it abroad, Ismael Numar. If there be any man afraid to fight, bring him here that I may cleave the dog in two! I decree that all who are afraid shall die the most miserable death mind of man can devise. I would not go to the mountains without revenge for the pasture lands of Njed and all the docks that have ever fed on them. See thou to it, Ismael Numar, that every coward shall be put ignominiously to death."

"My lord's will shall be obeyed," answered Ismael Numar, with alacrity.

As the enemy did not return scouts were sent out to discover his whereabouts. They came back in the early morning with the intelligence that he lay beyond a swelling in the plain, about a league and a half to the north, and an army was immediately put in motion to give him battle.

Keeping his counsels to himself,

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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.

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to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is your blood bad? It is if you are plagued by pimples or bothered by boils, if your skin is blotched by eruptions or your body eaten by sores and ulcers. You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of

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I have invented and patented on July 24, 1897, a new straw elevator and shaker attached to any fan. It cleans all grain perfectly first cleaning, all grain is taken out of the straw. It has been well tested. It only takes about 1/2 the power for to drive it of any other machine for that purpose in the market. I ask every intending purchaser to see one of the Week's shakers before purchasing any other. Any person infringing on the patent will be dealt with according to the law. I have appointed Mr. Walter Grant of Mill View, Lot 49, as manufacturing agent. He will receive orders; also myself

JOHN A. WEEKS, ALBERTON.

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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.

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For the summer of '98, a Seaside Cottage known as The Hermitage. Beautifully situated on Point Pleasant Farm, North River, overlooking the Hillsboro River, and the approach to the Harbor. An ideal spot for a summer outing. Apply to P. O. BOX 57 100



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