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Mr. E. H. Lemire, Notary Public, 1692 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, tells of his remarkable recovery from a severe attack of kidney disease. When doctors had failed, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills saved his life. He writes: "I give this statement, first because it is only just that the merit of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should be made known, and again in order that others may profit by my experience. For years I suffered with kidney disease which doctors pronounced incurable. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I have used for two months, I am completely cured. They helped me from the first, and the cure is now perfect."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills act directly on the kidneys, and through their combined influence on the kidneys and liver, cure the most complicated diseases of these delicate organs. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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THE STRANGE RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

"In epidemics of the cholera you are carried to be burned almost before you are dead. When you come to the river side, the cold air perhaps makes you alive, and then, if you are only little alive, mud is put on your nose and mouth and you die conclusively. If you are rather more alive, more mud is put, but if you are too lively they let you go and take you away. I was too lively and made protestation with anger against the indignities that they endeavored to press upon me. In those days I was Brahman and proud man. Now I am dead man and eat"—here he eyed the well gnawed breastbone with the first sign of emotion that I had seen in him since we met—"crows and other things. They took me from my sheets when they saw that I was too lively and gave me medicines for one week, and I survived successfully. Then they sent me by rail from my place to Okara station, with a man to take care of me, and at Okara station we met two other men, and they conducted we three on camels in the night from Okara station to this place, and they propelled me from the top to the bottom, and the other two succeeded, and I have been here ever since, two and a half years. Once I was Brahman and proud man, and now I eat crows."

"There is no way of getting out!" "None of what kind at all. When I first came, I made experiments frequently, and all the others also, but we have always succumbed to the sand which is precipitated upon our heads." "But surely," I broke in at this point, "the river front is open, and it is worth while dodging the bullets, while at night"—

I had already matured a rough plan of escape which a natural instinct of selfishness forbade me sharing with Gunga Dass. He, however, divined my unspoken thought almost as soon as it was formed, and, to my intense astonishment, gave vent to a long low chuckle of derision—the laughter, be it understood, of a superior or at least of an equal.

"You will not"—he had dropped the sar completely after his opening sentence—"make any escape that way. But you can try. I have tried. Once only." The sensation of nameless terror and abject fear which I had in vain attempted to strive against overmastered me completely. My long fast—it was now close upon 10 o'clock, and I had eaten nothing since tiffin on the previous day—combined with the violent and unnatural agitation of the ride, had exhausted me, and I verily believe that for a few minutes I acted as one mad. I hurled myself against the pitiless sand slope. I ran round the base of the crater, blaspheming and praying by turns. I crawled out among the sedges of the river front, only to be driven back each time in an agony of nervous dread by the rifle bullets which cut up the sand round me, for I dared not face the



A woman cannot be too careful of her health. Her happiness as maid, wife and mother is dependent upon it. Every woman should realize that her general health depends upon her health in a womanly way. When a woman complains of being sluggish, dizzy, nervous and despondent the average doctor attributes these symptoms to heart trouble, or disorders of the liver. He is not right once in ten times.

When a woman feels this way she is usually suffering from weakness or disease of the organs distinctly feminine. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all known remedies for suffering women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. Thousands of women who were weak, nervous, fretful and unhappy wives are today happy, healthy, helpful and robust as the result of the use of this marvelous remedy. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful physician, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. During those years, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for many thousands of ailing women. He will gladly, without charge, answer letters from suffering women. The "Favorite Prescription" is for sale by all good medicine dealers and nothing else is "just as good."

Sister Eliza L. de Falcon, of Corpus Christi, Nueces Co., Tex., writes: "This is to tell you that I have been ill for twenty-one years and was finally cured by your medicines, 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' I was completely cured after taking this medicine."

death of a mad dog among that hideous crowd, and finally fell, spent and raving, at the curb of the well. No one had taken the slightest notice of an exhibition which makes me blush hotly even when I think of it now.

Two or three men trod on my panting body as they drew water, but they were evidently used to this sort of thing and had no time to waste upon me. The situation was humiliating. Gunga Dass, indeed, when he had banked the embers of his fire with sand, was at some pains to throw half a cupful of ferid water over my head, an attention for which I could have fallen on my knees and thanked him, but he was laughing all the while in the same mirthless, wheezy key that greeted me on my first attempt to force the shoals. And so in a semicomatose condition I lay till noon. Then, being only a man after all, I felt hungry and intimated as much to Gunga Dass, whom I had begun to regard as my natural protector. Following the impulse of the outer world when dealing with natives, I put my hand into my pocket and drew out 4 annas. The absurdity of the gift struck me at once, and I was about to replace the money.

Gunga Dass, however, was of a different opinion. "Give me the money," said he; "all you have, or I will get help, and we will kill you!" All this as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

A Briton's first impulse, I believe, is to guard the contents of his pockets but a moment's reflection convinced me of the futility of differing with the one man who had it in his power to make me comfortable and with whose help it was possible that I might eventually escape from the crater. I gave him all the money in my possession—9 rupees, 8 annas and 5 pie—for I always keep small change as backsheesh when I am in camp. Gunga Dass clutched the coins, and hid them at once in his ragged loin cloth, his expression changing to something diabolical as he looked round to assure himself that no one had observed us.

"Now I will give you something to eat," said he. What pleasure the possession of my money could have afforded him I am unable to say, but inasmuch as it did give him evident delight I was not sorry that I had parted with it so readily, for I had no doubt that he would have had me killed if I had refused. One does not protest against the vagaries of a den of wild beasts, and my companions were lower than any beasts. While I devoured what Gunga Dass had provided, a coarse chapatti and a cupful of the foul well water, the people showed not the faintest sign of curiosity—that curiosity which is so rampant as a rule, in an Indian village.

I could even fancy that they despised me. At all events they treated me with the most chilling indifference, and Gunga Dass was nearly as bad. I plied him with questions about the terrible village and received extremely unsatisfactory answers. So far as I could gather, it had been in existence from time immemorial—whence I concluded that it was at least a century old—and during that time no one had ever been known to escape from it. (I had to control myself here with both hands, lest the blind terror should lay hold of me a second time and drive me raving round the crater.) Gunga Dass took a malicious pleasure in emphasizing this point and in watching me wince. Nothing that I could do would induce him to tell me who the mysterious "they" were.

"It is so ordered," he would reply, "and I do not yet know any one who has disobeyed the orders."

"Only wait till my servants find that I am missing," I retorted, "and I promise you that this place shall be cleared off the face of the earth, and I'll give you a lesson in civility, too, my friend."

"Your servants would be torn in pieces before they came near this place, and, besides, you are dead, my dear friend. It is not your fault, of course, but none the less you are dead and buried."

At irregular intervals supplies of food, I was told, were dropped down from the land side into the amphitheater, and the inhabitants fought for them like wild beasts. When a man felt his death coming on, he retreated, to his lair and died there. The body was sometimes dragged out of the hole and thrown on to the sand or allowed to rot where it lay.

The phrase "thrown on to the sand" caught my attention, and I asked Gunga Dass whether this sort of thing was not likely to breed a pestilence.

"That," said he, with another of his wheezy chuckles, "you may see for yourself subsequently. You will have much time to make observations."

whereat, to his great delight, I winced once more and hastily continued the conversation: "And how do you live here from day to day? What do you do?" The question elicited exactly the same answer as before, coupled with the information that "this place is like your European heaven. There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

Gunga Dass had been educated at a mission school and, as he himself admitted, had he only changed his religion "like a wise man," might have avoided the living grave which was now his portion. But as long as I was with him I fancy he was happy.

Here was a sahib, a representative of the dominant race, helpless as a child and completely at the mercy of his native neighbors. In a deliberate, lazy way he set himself to torture me as a schoolboy would devote a rapturous half hour to watching the agonies of an impaled beetle or as a ferret in a blind burrow might grieve himself comfortably to the neck of a rabbit. The burden of his conversation was that there was no escape "of no kind whatever," and that I should stay here till I died and was "thrown on to the sand." If it were possible to forejudge the conversation of the damned on the advent of a new soul in their abode, I should say that they would speak as Gunga Dass did to me throughout that long afternoon. I was powerless to protest or answer, all my energies being devoted to a struggle against the inexplicable terror that threatened to overwhelm me again and again. I can compare the feeling to nothing except the struggles of a man against the overpowering nausea of the channel passage—only my agony was of the spirit and infinitely more terrible.

As the day wore on the inhabitants began to appear in full strength to catch the rays of the afternoon sun, which were now sloping in at the mouth of the crater. They assembled in little knots and talked among themselves without even throwing a glance in my direction. About 4 o'clock, as far as I could judge, Gunga Dass rose and dived into his lair for a moment, emerging with a live crow in his hands. The wretched bird was in a most dragged and deplorable condition, but seemed to be in no way afraid of its master. Advancing cautiously to the river front, Gunga Dass stepped from tussock to tussock until he had reached a smooth patch of sand directly in the line of the boat's fire. The occupants of the boat took no notice. Here he stopped and, with a couple of dexterous turns of the wrist, pegged the bird on its back with outstretched wings. As was only natural, the crow began to shriek at once and beat the air with its claws. In a few seconds the clamor had attracted the attention of a bevy of wild crows on a shoal a few hundred yards away, where they were discussing something that looked like a corpse. Half a dozen crows flew over at once to see what was going on, and also, as it proved, to attack the uninvited bird.

(Continued on page 8.)

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Notice is hereby given that the annual general meeting of the stock holders of the above company will be held at their office in Charlottetown, on Wednesday the 10th day of May next, A. D. 1899, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.

Dated this 29th day of April 1899.
JAMES WADDELL,
Supt. & Treas.

What is

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