Saved From the Sea

CHAPTER I.

What a mad night it was! Great heaven! what a fierce, mad gale it was that raged that night all along the south coast. The wind shrieked and tore up channel like a pack of demons yelling and whirling in the hideous orgies of a dance of death, driving the flood-tide on before it, tossing up the angry sea into mountains of foaming breakers, that lifted themselves like the monsters of a fevered dream, poising above their prey, then hurling the white-capped mass of water down upon their fated victims, whether that were rock or beach, human handiwork or human lives.

It had blown a gale all day, and in the early morning some of the Brighton boatmen had said "the wind would sink at sunset—it was just the last gasp of the September gale;" but when night came, black as pitch, and wilder than ever, they were forced to change their note, and men and women, in the scattered crowd that began to gather all along the sea frontage, looked at each other, and many a careless lip, that perhaps rarely whispered a prayer, breathed a deep, hushed "heaven help those at sea to-night."

Hark! What was that? The deep boom of a gun out at sea, heard through all the roar of wind and water—once—twice—that awful sound of woe that made those men who had till now remained in-doors spring to their feet with blanched cheeks, and rush forth to swell the crowd without.

"Girls, I'm off! I can't stand that signal of distress!" cried a gentleman who, with two fair young girls, had been watching the gale from a handsome front sitting room in the Bedford Hotel. "I am physician still, if I am retired, and I may be of use. Give me my fur cap, my daughter; and, Blanche, hand me out that brandy flask—quick! Thanks."

And Dr. Roland Clifford hurried out. His thews and sinews might be of use as well as his skill, for he was a fine, powerfully built man of the Danish type, and not more than four or five-and-forty.

It was a densely dark night, and the wind drove the foam in a blinding white mist of spray right in-shore. That and the pitiless fury of the gale made it an absolute battle with the elements to make headway at all to the beach—such of it as was still uncovered—below the green opposite Brunswick Terrace. But as thither the people were streaming, on that part also Dr. Clifford bore down as best he could.

Flambeaus were almost impossible, and men with lanterns moved about, throwing a fitful, luri dglare here and there, which only deepened the darkness around.

"But where is she—the vessel?" asked Dr. Clifford of an old boatman. "Nothing can live long in such a boiling sea as this."

"No, sir; I'm afeared nothing can. They made three tries to launch the life-boat afore they could get her off, and now heaven only knows where she or the vessel are! They sent up rockets here when the gun went, and we could just make her out, sir, straight afore us here, dismasted, her funnel bent, and she just beating her life out on the bar—a biggish craft, too—a Red Star liner, I reckon."

"I thought I saw something black on the foam just now!" said Clifford quickly.

So did others.

The crowd surged, then watched breathlessly; then a wild cry of excitement burst forth:

"A boat! a boat struggling for life!"

Up from the coast-guards' post went a flaming rocket wh-z-! into the howling wind's eye.

"She's close! To the rescue!" shouted the stalwart doctor, rushing forward with a score of gallant fellows, all ready to wade out the moment the boat was near enough to be aided.

Now she sunk deep into the trough, anon she was lifted high and half cwamped; now she is close, but on the very crest of a breaker, and the brave rowers are fighting every inch of way.

Ha! a crash, the cry of men, the frantic shriek of women! The little craft is capsized, and they are flung into the sething waters as the wave rushes on to the shingles.

Before it can retreat, dozens of men have rushed in, while others hold aloft lanterns; and a great cheer breaks out as man after man struggles back to shore with some poor creature rescued, and they are carried up and delivered over to the eager, kindly cares of the women and doctors, and the hospitality of residents.

Meanwhile, there was breathless watching for the life-boat.

"She's got a splendid crew in her," one man said to Clifford, who remained on the scene of action, dripping, but ready to lend a hand fifty times more. "There was one hand short, but a gentleman pushed through the crowd and volunteered. "It didn't matter to any one whether he lived or died.' I heard him say; and he went. Ah! another rocket. Look, sir! there she is. What an awful sea to fight against! Did you see how full she is of human souls?"

It is scarcely possible to describe adequately the next few minutes of watching. A thousand lives seem to each to be crowded into that short span of time, as they caught glimpses of the long life-boat, now down, now up; pitching, tossing, lost, it seemed, one second; the next she poised on the crest of the incoming billow, and the captain's order was heard above all the roar of the elements:

"Now, men, give way!"

It is in such moments that Heaven gives brave men double strength—in such moments, perhaps, washes out the stain of many a sin.

The gallant crew obeyed as one man; the boat rushed on on the flood; fifty strong men shrung forward to meet her as she was half dashed, half grounded on the beach. They pulled her higher ou, helping out the exhausted passengers, and carrying the women—five ladies.

"My husband!" Clifford heard one of them sobbing, wildly. "He's the captain. Oh, save them! There were four men with him and the stewardess. She was so brave!"

"Yes, that's all true," said the life-boat officer. "We couldn't take even one more, and they got off in the gig as the vessel broke up."

"There's the gig, close!" cried one—the man who had volunteered into the life-boat; and the next moment a wild cry went up:

"Great Heaven, she's capsized! They're all in this mad sea!"

Several men, when the life-boat was approaching, had lashed long ropes round their waists, in readiness; and now these rushed into the sea, amidst such cheering as did one good to hear. Then breathless moments of suspense. One was drawn back, bruised, half insensible himself, but clutching a man's form, still alive, perhaps; then another and another.

Oh, how the crowd cheered as the five men were brought up into the ambulance, long since ready!

"Where is the woman?" cried some one near Dr. Clifford. "There is something, surely, battling out there; but nothing mortal can get to it!"

"Launch the boat again!" was the cry; but a tall, slight man—the gentleman who had volunteered into the life-boat—sprung past them all.

"Too late for that!" he cried. "But, by Heaven, a woman shall not drown while I live!"

"No, no, sir!" exclaimed a man; "you've done hard work enough. You'll only be drowned, too!"

"Stand back!" the other said, fiercely; and, as the sea's back current receded, rushed in.

"Lord, Lord! he's a dead man!" said a woman, piteously.

"Who is he?" asked Dr. Clifford, striving to pierce the gloom.

"A stranger, here, they say, sir a passing visitor. Looks youngish and handsome; but between the darkness and the flare of the lanterns one can't see faces much."

"The man must be a desperate swimmer and diver, too, or he hasn't a chance," said the doctor, under his breath. "He doesn't care for his life one bit; he's a splendid fellow!"

Now, indeed, the crowd watched with bated breath and agony of suspense; but only when the rockets were sent up could the keenest sight catch, or fancy it caught, a glimpse of that daring man fighting with the sea for a human life.

Will he save it, or even reach the still floating form he sees before him? Ha! ha! he is close—now swept back—driven a little—is close again! A woman's form, one arm still wound about a small boat stretcher, her kerchief drawn half across her face by the motion of the water. One desperate stroke of almost more than mortal strength, and he reaches his object, grasps it firmly, and strikes out for the shore, swept now on the flood-tide.

Terribly exhausted, he can not do much more than keep afloat, and reserve his remaining strength to try and save their being hurled by the breakers on to the beach—to save his unknown charge, if indeed the poor creature were still living.

Of all that awful night, the most awful time was while they watched and waited, "hope deferred, doubt depressed," for this desperate attempt's failure or success. Heaven! they are ingulfed—lost! No—a wild shout, mingling with women's sobs. He is seen once more, close now on a foaming billow.

There is a ringing cheer. Clifford and a dozen others rush forward, and as the waters pitch themselves over, they drag the daring rescuer and his charge out of danger. He is half blinded, his strength spent; but the doctor lifts the slender, lifeless form of the woman he has saved from his arms into his own, as he says, huskily:

"Men, see you to him; I will take the lady to my daughter. I am a doctor."

He does not see what the man is like. How should he, in the darkness and blinding spray and excitement? Nay, the crowd has pushed between them directly, as some of them bring a stretcher to bear his charge away to a hotel, and he leads the way.

The man, meanwhile, whom they have seated on an upturned boat, drinks the brandy which the coast-guard officer holds to his colorless lips. He is dazed, utterly exhausted, and for some time he seems scarcely conscious of those anxious faces till the officer speaks.

"I'll call a fly, sir, for you ought to get these drenched things off. Drink this, sir; it won't hurt."

"Thanks—no cab." The young man rose slowly, pausing; then his lost vitality rallied its forces. "I am all right now. Don't fuss, please, for I'll soon walk to my hotel; it's better than riding, when one's drenched, you know. Where have they taken the lady?"

"To the Bedford, sir. They say she isn't dead.'

"Heaven grant it, whoever she is, poor thing!" the rich, soft voice answered. "Good-night, friends."

He was moving on, the crowd, puzzled, giving back.

"But, sir, your name, please? You were in the lifeboat, and——"

"Bah, what matter? No name. I hate a bother and fuss about nothing."

"Nothing to save a life like that!" said a woman, as he strode away. "Bless the man! I reckon the lady won't call it nothing."

"Queer customer!" said another—"don't mean to have his sov. or society medal neither."

"Guess he's rich," added a third. "Did you see his togs and the ring on his hand?"

Who and what was this stranger—this unknown rescuer of an unknown woman? Only the stewardess of the hapless vessel—nothing more to him or any one else, as far as he knew.

CHAPTER II.

About two hours later, the night porter of the Bedford Hotel was roused from his illegal dose by the sound of his bell, and when he opened the door, behold! a small fisher-lad.

"Please, sir," began the boy, breathless with the wind, "the gentleman sent me to ask was the lady what the doctor brought here come to all right?"

"Yes. Yes, say the danger's passed, and they've got her into bed, though she hasn't spoken or been exactly conscious yet; but that's all right, doctor says. Is it the gentleman that saved her, my boy?" said the porter, curiously.

"'Spect it is, sir. He's along further, waitin' for me. Changed his wet toggery anyhow. And he is a gentleman! He give me 'alf a crown just to run here and back to him. And didn't I see such a diamond ring on his finger—flashed, it did, under the gas-lamp!"

"A swell chap, eh?" said the porter. "Didn't say his name, did he?"

"No; said he was going to leave Brighton by the early train—that's all."

The lad ran off, and the porter shut the door and settled himself in his chair again for a snooze. The message sent to the unknown inquirer was quite correct though long and painful had been the task of the doctor, aided by his daughter and the manageress of the hotel; and now the three stood watching by the patient's bedside. They had restored animation—life at last; heart and pulse beat palpably though with a dazed stare, as, lifted on Clifford's arm, she swallowed the warm broth he administered; but she still lay half in a kind of sleep, half in the consciousness of the utter exhaustion which the vital forces of a very finely strung but superb physique were slowly mastering.

"My dear Minnie, go to go to bed now with Blanche," said her father, in that low, quiet tone all used to invalids fall into in the sick-room; "or at least lie down on that sofa by the fire."

"Not yet, please, father; but you ought, kind Mrs. Barclay."

But the manageress smiled and shook her head. Presently she said in a low tone:

"There must have been some mistake, sir, in their saying this poor young creature is the stewardess. Why, she isn't five-and-twenty, and a lady—a real, well-born lady as ever blue blood owned."

"Yes," said Dr. Clifford, "but it was the captain's wife who said she was the stewardess—utterly incongruous though it seems." He shook his head, puzzled. "Queer—certainly very queer."

"Ay, just look at her face and her hand, ir; why, they're like a bautiful marble statue's—such delicate, tapering fingers, and a wedding-ring, too," pityingly touching the broad gold circlet. "Perhaps her husband was on board, or maybe she was coming over to rejoin him."

"She can't have been long married, poor thing!" whispered Mimie Clifford. "Ah, she stirred!"

A tremor of the slender hand, a quiver over the palid, fine-cut features, which in their most locked repose as of death, neither Clifford noted looked restful or at peace, but were marked with the indelible stamp of pain and endurance; then there was a restless movement of the head, covered with a rich mass of dark, curling locks that clustered above brow and temples, and waved down behind them on to the neck; the next minute a pair of glorious dark eyes opened straight into Poland Clifford's face with that wild, strained gaze of painful intensity when the mind is struggling to regain its powers against the physical prostration that has forced it into abeyance—a look the physician knew well enough and had expected.

"Well," said he, smiling, "you don't quite know me, do you?"

Her lips moved. He bent over her, signing to Mrs. Barclay, who went at once to the fireplace.

"Who—where am I?'

'Safe with friends. A little brandy in the broth, please, Mrs. Barclay. Thanks. Now drink this."

He lifted the curly head on his arm, and took the little cup from Mrs. Barclay.

"She will fetch round now," he said, as he presently gave the empty cup to Minnie, and laid his patient back on the pillow, her eyes going wistfully from face to face.

"The others!" she breathed. "Are they——"

"All hands are saved, and with friends, too!"

"Ah, thank Heaven!"

The whisper was so fervent that Mrs. Barclay said, aside:

"She was a passenger, after all, sir, and had friends on board."

They were all perhaps a little startled to hear answered, and not in a whisper, very feebly, still, but oh! what a sweet, low voice of music:

"No—none in the world."

"Try to sleep now," said Clifford, a trifle huskily. "We are your friends, at any rate."

"You are all too good—to a stranger," she said, with a grateful look, that was reward for any trouble, and she obediently closed her eyes, but with a long-drawn, shivering sigh that told its tale; then she sunk into slumber, and Dr. Clifford sent Mrs. Barclay away to bed, made his daughter lie down on the sofa, and himself took a large easy-chair, to sleep, as he said, with one eye open, though he did not expect his patient would wake for several hours.

The gale began to lull its violence at dawn, and by eight o'clock had sunk, leaving a dull, leaden stretch of sky above, and the gray sea tumbling sullenly on the shingles, as if half afraid, half proud of the mischief it had wrought. It had struck eight when Clifford awoke, and, turning instinctively at once toward his patient, met the gaze of those great, velvet-dark eyes shining with the full, steadfast light of reason and recognition. She stretched out both hands to the doctor, as he came to the bedside, and clasped his.

"You have tended, nursed me back to life, and may Heaven reward you! Was it you, also, who saved me from that terrible sea?"

"Not a bit of it," said he, deeply moved, but, man-like, seeking to hide it under a light tone—"not a bit of it; the man who swam out for you was, I heard, a handsome young fellow. I only took you from him and brought you here to my daughter Mimie. He, your preserver, had volunteered into the life-boat as well—a very daring fellow."

"Is he safe—is he safe?" she almost cried out; "my life is not worth another's loss."

Mrs. Barclay, just entering the room with a tray, answered quickly:

"He's quite safe, ma'am, whoever he is, for he sent a lad here about three this morning to ask if you were better; the boy said the gentleman was leaving here early. Now, ma'am, here is some breakfast; and, Doctor Clifford, I'll see to the lady, while you and the young ladies go in to yours."

Mimie, who had woke up, interposed:

"Dear Mrs. Barclay had plenty to do with her duties, and her father's patient was her guest. She would attend to her, and when the lady's clothes were dry, her own maid could bring them up."

In vain the stranger tried to protest against being further trouble to any one. The doctor laid his finger on her lips, bidding her, smiling, "be a good girl"; and his daughter, with sweet, girlish impulsiveness, stooped and kissed the broad, clear brow.

"You are no trouble at all; and, oh, I'm so glad you are stronger this morning and will soon be up."

"As soon as the clothes are ready she may," said her father, moving to the door. "By the bye, may I know your name?—mine you have just heard; and it is awkward, isn't it, not to know a lady's name in speaking to her?"

"Yes—forgive me—I should have told you, Doctor Clifford—mine is Christine Errington—Mrs. Errington."

"Thanks."

He bowed and went away to his own room.

Twenty minutes later, his daughter and niece, Blanche Leroy, joined him at breakfast in the sitting room, for the doctor had taken a suite on that floor during his stay in Brighton, and the latter was all eagerness to hear all about the stranger. Mimie told her, and said that Blanche would soon see her, as she was going to dress directly.

"And, father," added the girl, "she asked for a leather travelling belt she had worn."

"I've got it safe, my dear; you shall give it to her; it has money and valuables in it doubtless."

"Yes, she said so; she was afraid it might have been lost. Ta! ta! I'm going to help her dress; she isn't very strong yet. Oh, Blanche, she is such a beautiful woman!"

"She is the most superbly handsome woman I have ever seen," said the doctor; "and a face quite out of the ordinary run."

(To be continued.)

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Voices From Afar.

Night in sable clouds descends
  In the golden gloom
See the rising moon now wends
  O'er the firmament and send
  Gleams dispelling doom.
Venus rises on the right
For the day hath taken flight
  And the plains are chill
Through the fearful darkness dense
  And the heart is still.

But amid the gloom of night
  Visions of the past
Are returning to the sight
All unheeded is Time's flight
  And the biting blast
Dreaming of an emptiness
Musings o'er a loved caress
  Fill the longing heart,
And the eye is filled with tears
Gazing down the misty years
  And the soul doth start.

Silvery as the moon now shines
  It shall shine again
Though the heavy heart repines
Joy approacheth; chains that binds
  Falls from woeful men
Through the sadness of the past
Through the madness of the blast
  Hope the golden star
Rises as a beacon light
And illumes life's troubled night
  All are past the bar.

Free! 14 Karats Solid Gold Shell Rings

We will give you your choice of one of those beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats solid gold shell, plain, engraved, or set with elegant simulated jewels, for the sale of 4 boxes only at 25c. a box, of Dr. Maturin's Famous Vegetable Pills. They are the greatest remedy for indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, weak or impure blood, catarrh, diseases of the liver and kidneys. When you have sold these 4 boxes of pills, send us the money $1 and the size of the ring desired and we will send you, your choice of one of those handsome Rings, plain engraved or set with precious stones. Send your name and address immediately and we will send you, post-paid, the Pills and fancy pins which are to give away to purchasers of the pills. We do not ask any money before the pills are sold and we take back what you cannot sell.

Address The Dr. Maturin Medicine Co. Ring Dept. 409 Toronto, Ont.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Failure in Liver Activity a Cause

There are thousands on the verge of serious kidney trouble, Bright's disease, diabetes, etc., who like Mr. Jeremy J. Perry, of New Glasgow, were attributing their physical decline to every other than the true cause.

In a recent letter he says: "My kidneys, perhaps a result of dyspepsia, got all out of order; they ached excessively. I had constant thirst and my body showed signs of wasting, despite an appetite in the early stages of my trouble, ample enough to sustain the body. I decided to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills and have great satisfaction in stating that they have completely cured me. An immediate decline in the volume of urine was the most noticeable result at the beginning, and this was soon followed by a regular action of the bowels. It was a great boon, I assure you, to get rid of so pressing a desire to drink, drink, as was the case with me last summer.

"No question remains in my mind that the liver was the cause of my ailments; I am sure that no pills for kidney, liver or bowel trouble can compare with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I urge their use to all my friends.

No other medicine is so certain to cure troubles of the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys. You are sure to be cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Refuse any substitutes. Price 25c per box, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

REMARKABLE DEATH SENTENCE

Pronounced by Judge Benedict on a Murderer in New Mexico.

Probably the best anecdote of Judge Benedict, of New Mexico, says the Green Bag, is that told with regard to his sentence of death pronounced upon one Jase Maria Martin, who was convicted of murder in the District Court of Taos county under a state of facts showing great brutality and with absolutely no mitigating circumstances. Judge Benedict said:

"Jose Maria Martin, stand up. Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your ocuntrymen of the crime of murder and the Court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing, Jose Maria Martin, it is a painful duty for the Judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it and the mind of the Court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features and the Court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin; apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the Court has no dougt you have, and have expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off on account of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time; in a little while the grass will be springing up green in these beautiful valleys and on these broad mesas and mountainsides flowers will be blooming; birds will be singing their sweet carols and nature will be putting on her most gorgeous and her most attractive robes, and life will be pleasant and men will want to stay; but none of this for you, Jose Maria Martin; the flowers will not bloom for you, Jose Maria Martin; the birds will not carol for you, Jose Maria Martin; when these things come to gladden the senses of men you will be occupying a space about six by two beneath the sod and the green grass and those beautiful flowers will be growing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail, that you be kept there safely and securely confined, in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution. Be very careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he has no opportunity to escape and that you have him at the appointed place at the appointed time. That you be so kept, Jose Maria Martin, until—Mr. Clerk, on what day of the month does Friday, about two weeks from this time come?"

"March 22, your Honor."

"Very well, until Friday, the twenty-second day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the county—that is in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the county—and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and—the Court was about to add, Jose Maria Martin, 'may God have mercy on your soul,' but the Court will not assume the responsibility of asking an all wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers has refused to do. The Lord couldn't have mercy on your soul.

"However, if you affect any religious belief or are connected with any religiout organization it might be well enough for you to send for your priest or your minister and get from him—well, such consolation as you can—but the Court advises you to place no reliance upon anything of that kind. Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

A LATE JUDGE'S JOKE.

Justice Brewer related that a justice of the peace owned a farm in Kansas that bordered on Missouri. One day the justice was sitting on a fence, directly on the State line, superintending some work his son and a farm hand were doing. The son and his companion engaged in a dispute which ended in a fist fight. The justice of the peace, Justice Brewer would explain, watched the encounter for a few minutes and then shouted in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen, in the name of the law of the State of Kansas and by virtue of my authority, I command you to desist."

"Just then the rail broke," continued Justice Brewer, 'and the justice of the peace landed in Missouri. Arising to his feet, he exclaimed:

"'Give him h——, son; I have lost my jurisdiction.'"

HALLEY'S COMET.

Its Rapid Motion, Great Age and Composition of Tail.

(From William H. Pickering's "The Return of Halley's Comet" in the April Century.

The comets whose periods are less than one hundred years are called periodic comets, and nearly half of them have been observed more than once. At present they number forty-five, but only three of them are retrograde; that is, revolve in their orbits in the opposite direction to the planets. Halley's comet is one of these three, and as a result it will pass us with a very rapid motion. At that time the earth will bemoving in its orbit at a speed eighteen miles a second, and the comet in nearly the opposite direction at a speed of twenty-five miles. The relative motion is therefore about eighty times that of a cannon ball.

While Halley's comet has been identified as a member of our system for over 2,000 years, certain characteristics of its orbit lead us to believe that it has been with us at least ten or perhaps one hundred times as long as that. According to all accounts, it was a magnificent object at the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Its head was equal to the full moon in size, and its tail increased to a wonderful length.

The tail of a comet is composed of gas, existing in a highly rarefied condition. Little particles of electricity called corpuscles, or ions, are being constantly given off at enormous speed by the sun. Each meteorite in the comet's head is surrounded by its own rarefied atmosphere. When one of these little ions strikes one of the molecules of gas in the comet's atmosphere, it carries it off with it to form the tail. The electrical charge makes the gas luminous, and it is by this light, and not by reflected sunlight that the tail is made visible to us. A comet's tail, therefore, seems to be merely a very extended aurora.

NEW STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demand it, and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disfiguring pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has told upon you. What is needed to put you right is a tonic, and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out disease, clears the skin and makes weak, easily tired men and women and children bright, active and strong. Miss A. M. Dugay, Lower Cove, N. S., says: "I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water. I was pale as a sheet; I suffered from headaches and floating specs seemed to be constantly before my eyes. As the trouble progressed my limbs began to swell, and it was feared that dropsy had set in, and that my case was hopeless. Up to this time two doctors had attended me, but notwithstanding I kept growing worse. It was at this juncture I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I was much improved. I kept on using the Pills until I had taken eight boxes, when my health was completely restored."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE VALUE OF RELIGIOUS CONVICTION.

Dealing with the forces which made him the man he was, Stanley says:

It would be impossible to reveal myself, according to the general promise involved in the title of this book, if I were to be silent regarding my religious convictions. Were I to remain silent, the true key to the actions of my life would be missing. Or, rather, let me try to put the matter more clearly: the secret influence which inspired what good I may have done in my life, for the same reason prevented me from doing evil, curbed passion, guided me when the fires of youth, licentious company, irreverent mates, and a multitude of strange circumstances must have driven me into a confirmed state of wickedness. . . . . Religious grew deep roots in me in the solitude of Africa, so that it became my mentor in civilization, my director, my spiritual guide. With religious conviction we can make real and substantial progress; it gives body, pith and marrow; without it, so-called progress is empty and impermanent—for without the thought of God we are tossed about on a sea of uncertainty; for what is our earth compared with the vast universe of worlds in unmeasurable space? But above all the vastness of infinity, of which the thoughts of the wisest men can extend to but an infinitesimal fraction, is the Divine and Almighty Intellect which ordered all this; and to Him I turn—the Source of the highest energy, the Generator of the principle of duty.

In the preface of this life record Lady Stanley quotes from one of her husband's letters an expression of his desire to say something which would encourage and help the poor boys in these islands, as also all the poor boys in Canada and the States, in their careers in life. For this end he could have rendered no service grander or more helpful than that given in the words which we have quoted—words which accentuate the immortal utterance, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."—"The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G. C. B., etc., edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley.