

THE CARDINAL'S EYE.

Continued from 6th page.

"If you escape, you will see me at the tournament tomorrow. If not—we may meet in the Tower or—"

"No, you must not say that. We will hope for the best. Farewell."

As soon as she had disappeared through the door, he hurried to the window and peeped cautiously over the ledge. The men who had foiled his attempt to rescue the Queen were still there, evidently well content to wait till the royal household was up, knowing that they had their man safe in the Queen's apartments.

However, he meant to outwit them this time, and he would have to be quick about it. He dragged the dead body into the full light, and in ten minutes had succeeded in dressing himself from head to foot as a soldier of the guard, while his own clothes were now on the dead man.

It was not a pleasant task, but there was something even more unpleasant to be done. Although there was a certain similarity in the features of the two men, especially about the lower part of the face, no one on scrutinizing this dead soldier's head would take it for his own.

He evaded that difficulty with his sword. Then, calmly, lifting the body in his arms on to the window-ledge, he tilted it over into the courtyard below.

There was a crash as it reached the pavement, and some oaths came from the men waiting below. He had not time to stop and listen to what they said; no doubt they were sorry that their comrade behind the picture had cheated them of their prize. It would have been a glorious deed to have captured Sir Henry Norris himself, they thought.

In a moment he had sprung into the recess, and had begun groping his way through the narrow tunnel.

He had not gone many steps before he saw something which made him stop short and crouch down. Then he laughed at himself for being taken in by what he saw. At the first moment he thought he had come face to face with no less a person than the King, framed in a halo of orange light, but it turned out to be another recess for secreting a spy.

The light was shining through the canvas of a picture of King Henry, from which the eyes had been cut away, giving him a ghastly expression. Altogether, the effect was very strange, and gave Norris the impression of a demon with eyes of flame.

He guessed where the light came from that shone through the picture, but he could not resist the temptation of having one last look at his royal lady.

The draught of fresh air coming up from a flight of roughly hewn stone steps guided him downwards, and after a few minutes' stumbling decent he found his way barred by a heavy door.

The sound of voices on the other side made him stop before trying it.

He listened; they were the guards on night duty, judging from their conversation. He made up his mind to try his luck in the role of the soldier he had killed upstairs, and whose uniform he was wearing.

With his right hand to his side where the tunic was stained with blood, he opened the door and staggered forward, keeping his head down.

They crowded round him and began plying him with questions. The dead body of Sir William Norris was shown to him, but he appeared to take no notice, and receded towards the door, through which he could catch a glimpse of the courtyard.

Knowing that they could not go off guard even to help a wounded comrade, he asked for brandy, and someone to take him to the barracks.

With his head turned away from the light he swallowed the brandy, and without a word stalked out of the palace. Thus began the day on which the King saw the ghost of Sir Henry Norris at the general tournament, —the day on which the Queen and her lover went side by side to the Tower, whence neither of them came out alive.

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The Great English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all cases of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse, excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1, six, \$5. One will please, it will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company, Windsor Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists.

He Supports the Proposition.—Mrs. Blickens:—"The president of our club is going to lecture next Tuesday evening on 'Conversation as a Lost Art.'" Mr. Blickens (yawning):—"That so!" Mrs. Blickens:—"Well, why don't you go on and make some sarcastic comment about the impossibility of conversation being a lost art while women remain on earth? Of course, that is what you think." Mr. Blickens:—"No; I agree with your president. Conversation is a lost art. When only one side can be heard, it is merely talk."

"Give Me My Son."

By Cecilia Joyce.

Take back the Thing you carry there—
'Tis not for me.
My son went out across the world
To set men free.

In strength of youth, and might of right,
In hope and trust,
He crossed the hilltops in the night—
The cause was just.

No greater boon a mother's heart
Can ask nor give,
That that her only child should die
For men to live.

And lo! the Thing you bring you say
Fell at his post,
He died that you might still have sway,
Though God be lost.

O lust of blood and greed of gain,
And passion's snare,
In all your reeking, scarlet guilt
At last lay bare!

Where is the liberty you cried
On that foul day,
When hands were needed for your guns
And sabres' play?

Where is the liberty you cried
While youth rose up,
And mothers to their dry lips held
Grief's brimming cup?

The faith and trust I gave to you
You have betrayed;
Stand forth and face a woman's heart—
Are you afraid?

Amid the pomp of flags and drums,
Mid victories won,
Stand forth and face my outraged love—
Where is my son?

To fight your fight I sent him out,
And I demand
No wrongful blood shall stain his soul,
Nor soil his hand.

No blood of those he went to save,
No traitor's ban—
Alive or dead, oh, bring him back
An honest man!

This much a mother dares to claim,
It is his wage—
His life I give, but touch not this
One heritage.

Cross not my threshold with that Thing—
'Tis not for me.
My son went out across the world
To set men free.

TROUBLES OF THE KLONDIKE.

Cold Weather Not The Only Obstacle Encountered by the Miner.

It will be well for would-be prospectors to the Yukon and Klondike gold fields to remember that the cold is not the only obstacle or trouble to be encountered in those regions. There is one pest and one affliction which is nearly insupportable, as far as the pest goes, and almost incurable, in regard to the affliction. The latter is snow blindness, which has been known to drive people to madness.

In one case related to a Washington Star reporter by a gentleman who spent two years in the Yukon neighborhood the victim of the snow blindness became a raving maniac, and prompt measures had to be taken to effect a cure. As it was, the patient was in a terrible state for two or three days.

The continued glare of the field of ice and snow on the naked eye has an almost indescribable effect, say those who have experienced it. The vast expanse of gleaming white, the silence, the awful sense of isolation, nothing but white, white, white, with no welcome spring of green on which to rest the eyes, all combined, produce a malaise of itself alone. First the eye becomes pained, waving lines pass up and down and in front of the eyeballs. Mirages appear to the vision. For brief intervals, instead of the awful branched waste, fields of waving grain, forests of thick foliage, gardens of beautiful green stuff mock the miner and prospector. The eyeballs burn, the mind wanders, the brain seems on fire, and finally blackness sets in—the darkness of lunacy.

Perfect rest and the freedom from anything which may be calculated to strain the vision are essential for a cure.

J. T. Dyer, whose office is at 1410 G street northwest, spent two years in Alaska, and experienced the snow blindness. Speaking of it, and the plague of mosquitoes which infest the northern regions, and are perhaps more voracious there than elsewhere, he said: "The snow blindness is an awful thing. I was afflicted slightly once with it in the left eye.

I saw a terrible example of it in a member of our party, who was suddenly afflicted with the trouble. He became violently insane from not properly shading his eyes; I never witnessed a more marked case of mania. We had great trouble in getting the young man back to camp. He got hold of a hatchet in some manner and came near splitting my head open with it. He had no realization of what he was doing. It was some time before he recovered from the attack.

"It is absolutely necessary to protect the eyes in some way. I wore a black slouch hat, pulled down over them. In addition we donned goggles, manufactured by the Indians, which fulfil the purposes for which they are intended. These were made of bits of wood, oval-shaped, like the glasses of spectacles. They have small slits in them, so that one can see; but the eye is shaded and not affected.

"I never saw anything like the mosquitoes in the Yukon region, along the river. We used to set up an A tent, and by the time it was fixed for occupancy a hand placed anywhere on the outside would cover scores of the pests. They were worse than any I have ever seen in Jersey, being particularly

Hard-working Farmers.



Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes Kidney Trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak or lame backs and Urinary Disorders are too frequent.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

"I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides. I also had a great deal of neuralgia pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. I felt tired and worn out most of the time.

"Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, also the tired feeling.

"I feel at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

vorations. We had to wear mosquito nets over our heads, arranged especially for the purpose, for our protection, and I used to sleep in this headgear at night. The tent flaps were also kept tightly closed.

"The Indians did not seem to mind the mosquitoes particularly, though they went about in scant attire. Occasionally they would carry brushes in the shape of branches of trees, with which they would sweep the insects off their legs.

"Lake Labarge, of which mention has been made frequently since the Klondike craze began, was named after an old French-Canadian voyager who went with our party."

VICTORIA HARBOR, ONT.

Mr. Joseph Currier, a respected citizen of this place, was so bad with Rheumatism that he could not attend to his work. Two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills have effected a complete cure.

Items of Interest.

There are 8,000,000 vagabonds in Russia. The castle of Heidelberg is the largest in Germany.

Texas will have no timber in 15 years if the present rate of cutting 1,000,000,000 feet a year continues.

The United States is the only great nation whose postal receipts fall below its expenditures for the service.

A Peru (Ind) man demolished his house and built a new one on the site because he could not rent the structure through a general belief it was haunted.

It is alleged that a London money lender has a \$2,500 note which he lends to aristocratic brides to be exhibited as a wedding gift along with other presents.

Tommy—Say, paw. Mr. Figg—Well? "How big is the universe?" "As big as all outdoors, of course."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Nos. 1 and No. 2 sold in Woodstock by Garden Bros. Druggists

John P. Pickel, PLUMBER,

Will attend to all orders left at Burt's Hardware Store.

Jobbing a Specialty.

Prices reasonable, and work done promptly.

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Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

MANUFACTURERS OF—
DOORS SASH MOULDINGS,
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STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times. Estimates given. Orders promptly executed. Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

Road Waggon, Farm Waggon, Sloven aggon.

I am putting up a large number of Waggon and Carriages this year and I want to sell them. I use none but the best stock, and the work is all done by experienced workmen. No amateurs employed.

REPAIRING

of all kinds promptly attended to.

CHESLEY ESTEY,

Queen Street,

Woodstock.

Not made in Huge Lots!

In Haste, Slighted in Workmanship, Painting and Upholstering.

This is not the way We make our Waggon.

Each Carriage is carefully made by skilled workmen, out of the best material, painted and trimmed in the best manner, and will outlast three factory carriages.

LOOK AT OUR CORNINGS AND ROAD WAGGONS,

The Woodstock Carriage Co.

Main Street, at the Bridge.

Wool Growers! NOTICE.

We have decided to go out of the Retail business, and from this date until the whole of our retail stock is disposed of, we will sell at a discount which will make it of special interest to you to buy from us.

WOOL TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

Kindly let us have your Yarn orders early as possible, so that we may be able to give you prompt delivery.

WOOL BOUGHT FOR CASH.

Woodstock Woollen Mills Co.

WOODSTOCK.

BARGAIN DAY & CHEAP SALE Every Saturday.



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