

FEARED HE HAD CONSUMPTION

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him



HUGH MCKENNA, Esq.

ST. STEPHEN, N.B. Jan. 17th, 1911. "I wish to tell you of the great good 'Fruit-a-tives' have done for me. For years, I was a martyr to Chronic Constipation and Stomach Trouble. I was greatly run down and my friends feared I had Consumption. I tried numerous doctors and all kinds of medicines, but received no relief until advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives' by Mr. McCready of St. Stephen, and am pleased to say that I now enjoy excellent health. 'Fruit-a-tives' are the best medicine made, and I strongly advise my friends to use them."

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50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WILLING TO THINK OF IT.

Pat was a bashful lover; and Biddy was coy, but not too coy. "Biddy," Pat began timidly, "did yer ever think of marryin'?" "Sure, now th' subject has never entered me thought," demurely replied Biddy.

"It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away.

"Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a thinkin'."

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Don't let the potato bugs get a start and they'll never see the finish of your crop.

WAS A CONFIRMED DYSEPTIC

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Here is a case which seemed as bad and as hopeless as yours can possibly be. This is the experience of Mr. H. J. Brown, 334 Bathurst St., Toronto, in his own words:

"Gentlemen—I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them. I simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all its wretched symptoms, and tried about all the advertised cures with no success. You have in Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets the best curative agent I could find. It is now such a pleasure to enjoy meals with their consequent nourishment that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no sign that you have got to go on suffering. Try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief and start your stomach working properly. If it doesn't help you, you get your money back. 50c a box at your druggists. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

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[CONTINUED.]

"One. No—I'm not sure about that—I'm not sure of anything. I had only one when at the inn in Cutbert road."

"You remember but one?" "I had but one. One was enough. I had trouble in carrying that."

"Was the ground slippery?" "It was snowy, and it was uneven. I stumbled more than once in crossing the links."

"Mr. Cumberland, is there anything you would like to say in your own defence before I close this examination?"

"Nothing but this: I am innocent."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SYLLABLE OF DOOM.

RECESS followed. Clifton and I had the opportunity of exchanging a few words. He was voluble; I was reticent.

"He has laid him open to attack on every side. Fox has but to follow his lead and the thing is done. Poor Arthur may be guilty, but he certainly should have every chance a careful lawyer could give him. I have never thought much of Moffat myself. He wins his cases, but—"

"He will win this," I muttered.

Clifton started, looked at me very closely for a minute, paled a little—I fear that I was very pale myself—but did not ask the question rising to his lips.

"There is method in the madness of a man like that," I pursued with a gloom I could not entirely conceal. "He has come upon some evidence which he has not even communicated to his client. At least, I fear so. We must be prepared for any untoward event."

"Elwood," said Clifton, "you've not been quite open with me."

"You have a right to reproach me," said I, "but not wholly. I did not deceive you in essentials. You may still



"YOU'VE NOT BEEN QUITE OPEN WITH ME."

believe me as guiltless of Adelaide's violent death as a man can be who drove her and hers into misery which death alone could end."

"I will believe it," he muttered; "I must." And he dropped the subject, as he made me see, forever.

I drew a deep breath of relief. I had come very near to revealing my secret.

When we returned to the courtroom we found it already packed with a very subdued and breathless crowd. It differed somewhat from the one which had faced us in the morning, but Ella and her parents were there and many others of the acknowledged friends of the accused and his family.

As he took the witness chair and prepared to meet the cross examination of the district attorney a solemn hush settled upon the room.

"Was the visit you made to the wine vault on the evening of the 2d of December the first one you had ever paid there?" asked Mr. Fox.

"No; I had been there once before. But I always paid for my depositions," he added proudly.

"Then you knew the way?"

"Perfectly."

"And the lock?"

"Sufficiently well to open it without difficulty."

"How long do you think you were in entering the house and procuring these bottles?"

"I cannot say. I have no means of knowing. I never thought of looking at my watch."

"But you know when you left the clubhouse to go back?"

"Only by this—it had not yet begun to snow. I'm told that the first flakes fell that night at ten minutes to 11. I was on the golf links when this happened."

Mr. Fox asked: "Whereabouts on the golf links? They extend for some distance, you remember?"

"They are 600 yards across from first tee to the third hole, which is the nearest one to Cutbert road," Arthur particularized. "I was—no, I can't tell you just where I was at that moment. It was a good way from the house."

The snow came on very fiercely. For a little while I could not see my way."

"How did you see your way?"

"The snow flew into my eyes."

"Crossing the links?"

"Yes, sir; crossing the links."

"But the storm came from the west. It should have beaten against your back."

"Back or front, it bothered me. I could not get on as fast as I wished."

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Let it give YOU ease
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MR. FOX cast a look at the jury and they remember the testimony of the landlord that Mr. Cumberland's coat was as thickly plastered with snow on the front as it had been on the back. He seemed to gather that they did, for he went on at once to say:

"You are accustomed to the links? You have crossed them often?"

"Yes; I play golf there all summer."

"I'm not alluding to the times when you play. I mean to ask whether or not you had ever before crossed them directly to Cutbert road?"

"Yes, I had."

"In a storm?"

"No, not in a storm."

"How long did it take you that time to reach Cutbert road from the Whistling Pines?"

Mr. Moffat bounded to his feet, but the prisoner had answered before he could speak.

"Just fifteen minutes."

"How came you to know the time so exactly?"

"Because that day I did look at my watch. I had an engagement in the lower town and had only twenty minutes in which to keep it. I was on time."

Honest at the core. This box was growing rapidly in my favor. But this frank but unwise answer was not pleasing to his counsel, who would have advised, no doubt, a more general and less precise reply. However, it had been made, and Moffat was not a man to cry over spilled milk. He did not even wince when the district attorney proceeded to elicit from the prisoner that he was a good walker. Now, as the storm that night had been at his back and he was in a hurry to reach his destination it was evidently incumbent upon him to explain how he had managed to use up the intervening time of forty minutes before entering the hotel at 11:30.

"Did you stop in the midst of the storm to take a drink?" asked the district attorney.

As the testimony of the landlord in Cutbert road had been explicit as to the fact of his having himself uncorked the bottle which the prisoner had brought into the hotel Arthur could not plead yes. He must say no, and he did.

"I drank nothing. I was too busy thinking. I was so busy thinking I wandered all over those links."

"In the blinding snow?"

"Yes, in the snow. What did I care for the snow? I did not understand my sister being in the clubhouse. I did not like it. I was tempted at times to go back."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because I was more of a brute than a brother; because Cutbert road drew me in spite of myself, because—"

He stopped with the first hint of emotion he had seen in him since the morning. "I did not know what was going on there or I should have gone back," he dashed out, with a defiant look at his counsel.

"When you heard your sister's voice in the clubhouse how did you think she had got into the building?"

"By means of the keys Ranelagh had left at the house."

"When, instead of taking the whole bunch, you took the one key you wanted from the rise did you do so with

any idea she might want to make use of the key?"

"No, I never thought of it. I never thought of her at all."

"You took your one key and let the rest lie?"

"You've said it."

"Was this before or after you put on your overcoat?"

"I'm not sure—after, I think. Yes, it was after, for I remember that I had a device of a time unbuttoning my coat to get at my trousers pocket."

"You dropped this key into your trousers pocket?"

"I did."

"Mr. Cumberland, let me ask you to fix your memory on the moments you spent in the hall. Did you put on your hat before you pocketed the key or afterward?"

"My hat? How can I tell? My mind wasn't on my hat. I don't know when I put it on."

"Nor where you took it from?"

"No."

"Whether you saw the keys first and then went for your hat or, having pocketed the key, waited?"

"I did not wait."

"Did not stand by the table thinking?"

"No; I was in too much of a hurry."

"So that you went straight out?"

"Yes, as quickly as I could."

The district attorney paused to be sure of the attention of the jury. When he saw that every eye of that now thoroughly aroused body was on him he proceeded to ask: "Does that mean immediately or as soon as you could after you had made certain preparations or held certain talk with some one you called or who called to you?"

"I called to nobody. I—I went out immediately."

It was evident that he lied; evident, too, that he had little hope from his lie. Uneasiness was taking the place of confidence in his youthful, untried, undisciplined mind. Gormet had spoken to him in the hall—I guessed it then, I knew it afterward—and he thought to deceive this court and blindfold a jury whose attention had been drawn to this point by his own counsel.

District Attorney Fox smiled. "How, then, did you get into the stable?"

"The stable? Oh, I had no trouble in getting into the stable."

"Was it unlocked?"

A slow flush broke over the prisoner's whole face. He saw where he had been misled and took a minute to pull himself together before he replied: "I had the key to that door too. I got it out of the kitchen."

"You have not spoken of going into the kitchen."

"You went into the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"When I first came down."

"This is not in accordance with your direct testimony. On the contrary, you said that on coming downstairs you went straight to the rack for your overcoat. Stenographer, read what the prisoner said on this topic."

A rustling of leaves, distinctly to be heard in the deathlike silence of the room, was followed by the reading of this reply and answer:

"Yet you cannot say which of these two overcoats you put on when you left your home an hour or so after finishing your dinner."

"I cannot. I was in no condition to notice. I was bent on going into town, and on coming downstairs I went straight to the rack and pulled on the first things that offered."

The prisoner stood immobile, but with a deepening line gathering on his brow, until the last word fell. Then he said: "I forgot. I went for the key before I put on my overcoat. I wanted to see how the sick horse looked."

"Did you drop this key into your pocket too?"

"No; I carried it into the hall."

"What did you do with it there?"

"I don't know. Put it on the table, I suppose."

"Don't you remember? There were

(To be Continued.)

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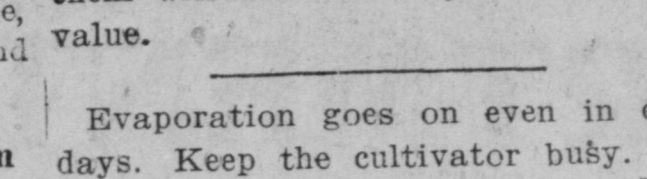
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(To be Continued.)

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