The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE. GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

"This is the house of the Duke of St. Quentin," I said. "Surely you could not come in at the gate without discovering that?"

"He is a very grand seigneur, then, this duke?"

"Assuredly," I replied cautiously.

"More of a man than the Comte de Mar?"

I would have told him to mind his own business, had it not been for my hopes of the crucifix. If he planned to sell it to me cheap, thereby hoping to gain information, marry, I saw no reason why I should not buy it at his price—and withhold the information. So I made civil answer:

"They are both as gallant gentlemen as any living. About this cross, now—"

"Oh, yes," he answered at once, accepting with willingness—well feigned, I thought—the change of topic. "You can give me ten pistoles, say you? 'T is making you a present of the treasure. Yet since I have received good treatment at the hands of your master, I will e'en give it to you. You shall have your cross.

With suspicions now at point of certainty, I drew out my pouch from under my pillow, and counted into his hand the ten pieces which were my store. My rosary I drew out likewise; I had broken it when I shattered the cross, but one of the inn-maids had tied it together for me with a thread, and it served very well. The Italian unhooked the delicate carving from the silver chain and hung it on my wooden one, which I threw over my neck, vastly pleased with my new possession. Marcel's Virgin was a botch compared with it. I remembered that mademoiselle, who had given me half my wealth, the half that won me the rest, had bidden me buy something in the marts of Paris; and I told myself with pride that she could not fail to hold me high did she know how, passing by all vanities, I had spent my whole store for a holy image. Few boys of my age would be capable of the like. Certes, I had done piously, and should now take a further pious joy, my purchase was safe on my neck, in thwarting the wiles of this serpent. I would play with him awhile, tease and baffle him, before handing him over in triumph to Vigo.

Sure enough, he began as I had expected:

"This M. de Mar down-stairs, he is a very good master, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said, without enthusiasm.

"He has always treated you well?"

I bethought myself of the trick I had played successfully with the officer of the burgess guard.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. I have only known him two days."

"But you have known him well? You have seen much of him?" he demanded with ill-concealed eagerness.

"But not so very much," I made tepid answer. "I have not been with him all the time of these two days. I have seen really very little of him."

"And you know not whether or no he be a good master?"

"Oh, pretty good, So-so."

He sprang forward to deal me a stinging box on the ear.

I was out of bed at one bound, scattering the trinkets in a golden rain and rushing for him. He retreated before me. It was to save his jewels, but I, fool that I was, thought it pure fear of me. I dashed at him, all headlong confidence; the next I knew he had somehow twisted his foot between mine, and tripped me before I could grapple. Never was wight more confounded to find himself on the floor.

I was starting up again unhurt when I saw something that made me forget my purpose. I sat still where I was, with dropped jaw and bulging eyes. For his hair, that had been black, was golden.

"Ventre bleu!" I said.

"And so you know not you little villian, whether you have a good master or not?"

"But how was I to dream it was monsieur," I cried confounded. "I knew there was something queer about him—about you, I mean—about the person I took you for, that is. I knew there was something wrong about you—that is to say, I mean, I thought there was; I mean I knew he wasn't what he seemed—you were not. And Peyrot fooled us, and I didn't want to be fooled again."

"Then I am a good master?" he demanded truculently, advancing upon me.

I put up my hands to my ears.

"The best, monsieur. And monsieur wrestled well, too,"

"I can't prove that by you, Felix," he retorted, and laughed in my nettled face. "Well, if you've not trampled on my jewels, I forgive your contumacy."

If I had, my bare toes had done them no harm. I crawled about the floor, gathering them on the bed, where I presently sat down myself to stare at him, trying to realize him for M. le Comte. He had seated himself, too, and was dusting his trampled wig and clapping it on again.

He had shaved off his mustaches and the tuft on his chin, and the whole look of him was changed. A year had gone for every stroke of the razor; he seemed such a boy, so particularly guileless! He had stained his face so well that it looked for all the world as though the Southern sun had done it for him; his eyebrows and lashes were dark by nature. His wig came much lower over his forehead than did his own hair, and altered the upper part of his face as much as the shaving of the lower. Only his eyes were the same. He had his back to the window at first, and I had not noted them; but now that he had turned, his eyes gleamed so light as to be fairly startling in his dark face—like stars in a stormy sky.

"Well, then, how do you like me?"

"Monsieur confounds me. It's witchery I cannot get used to him."

"That's as I would have it," he returned, coming over to the bedside to arrange his treasures. "For if I look new to you, I think I may look so to the Hotel de Lorraine."

"Monsieur goes to the Hotel de Lorraine as a jeweller?" I cried, enlightened.

"Aye. And if the ladies do not crowd about me—" he broke off with a gesture, and put his trays back in his box.

"Well, I wondered, monsieur. I wondered if we were going to sell ornaments to Peyrot."

He locked the box and proceeded solemnly and thoroughly to damn Peyrot. He cursed him waking, cursed him sleeping; cursed him eating, cursed him drinking; cursed him walking, riding, sitting; cursed him summer, cursed him winter; cursed him young, cursed him old; living, dying, and dead. I inferred that the packet had not been recovered.

"No, pardieu! Vigo went straight on horseback to the Bonne Femme, but Peyrot had vanished. So he galloped round to the Rue Tournelles, whither he had sent two of our men before him, but the bird was flown. He had been home half an hour before,—he left the inn just after us,—had paid his arrears of rent, surrendered his key, and taken away his chest, with all his worldly goods in it, on the shoulders of two porters, bound for parts unknown. Gilles is scouring Paris for him. Mordieu, I wish him luck!"

His face betokened little hope of Gilles, We both kept chagrined silence.

"And we thought him sleeping!" presently cried he.

"Well," he added, rising, "that milk's spilt; no use crying over it. Plan a better venture; that's the only course. Monsieur is gone back to St. Denis to report to the king. Marry, he makes as little of these gates as if he were a tennis-ball and they the net. Time was when he thought he must plan and prepare, and know the captain of the watch, and go masked at midnight. He has got bravely over that now; he bounces in and out as easily as kiss my hand. I pray he may not try it once too often."

"Mayenne dare not touch him."

"What Mayenne may dare is not good betting. Monsieur thinks he dare not. Monsieur has come through so many perils of late, he is happily convinced he bears a charmed life. Felix, do you come with me to the Hotel de Lorraine"

"Ah, monsieur" I cried, bethinking myself that I had forgotten to dress.

"Nay, you need not don these clothes," he interposed, with a look of wickedness which I could not interpret. "Wait; I'm back anon."

He darted ont of the room, to return speedily with an armful of apparel, which he threw on the bed.

"Monsieur," I gasped in horror, "it's woman's gear!"

"Verily."

"Monsieur! you cannot mean me to wear this!"

"I mean it precisely."

"Monsieur!"

"Why, look you Felix," he laughed, "how else am I to take you? You were at pains to make yourself conspicuous in M. de Mayenne's salon; they will recognize you as quickly as me."

"Oh, monsieur, put me in a wig, in cap and bells, an you like! I will be monsieur's clown, anything, only not this!"

"I never heard of a jeweller accompanied by his clown. Nor have I any party-color in my armoires. But since I have exerted myself to borrow this toggery,—and a fine, big lass is the owner, so I think it will fit,—you must wear it."

I was like to burst with mortification; I stood there in dumb, agonized appeal.

"Oh, well, then you need not go at all. If you go, you go as Felicie. But you may stay at home, if it likes you better."

That settled me. I would have gone in my grave-clothes sooner than not go at all, and belike he knew it. I began arraying myself sullenly and clumsily in the murrian petticoats.

There was a full kirtle of gray wool, falling to my ankles, and a white apron. There was a white blouse with a wide, turned-back collar, and a scarlet bodice, laced with black cords over a green tongue. I was soon in such a desperate tangle over these divers garments, so utterly muddled as to which to put on first, and which side forward, and which end up, and where and how by the grace of God to fasten them, that M. Etienne, with roars of laughter, came unsteadily to my aid. He insisted on stuffing the whole of my jerkin under my blouse to give my figure the proper curves, and to make me a waist he drew the lacing-cords till I was like to suffocate. His mirth had by this time got me to laughing so that every time he pulled me in, a fit of merriment would jerk the laces from his fingers before he could tie them. This happened once and again, and the more it happened the more we laughed and the less he could dress me. I ached in every rib, and the tears were running down his cheeks, washing little clean channels in the stain.

"Felix, this will never do," he gasped when at length he could speak. "Never after a carouse have I been so maudlin. Compose yourself, for the love of Heaven. Think of something serious; think of me! Think of Peyrot, think of Mayenne, think of Lucas. Think of what will happen to us now if Mayenne know us for ourselves."

"Enough, monsieur," I said. "I am sobered."

But even now that I held still we could not draw the last holes in the bodice-point nearly together.

"Nay, monsieur, I can never wear it like this," I panted, when he had tied it as tight as he could. "I shall die, or I shall burst the seams." He had perforce to give me more room; he pulled the apron higher to cover gaps, and fastened a bunch of keys and a pocket at my waist. He set a brown wig on my head, nearly covered by a black mortier, with its wide scarf hanging down my back.

"Hang me, but you make a fine, strapping grisette," he cried, proud of me as if I were a picture, he the painter. "Felix, you've no notion how handsome you look. Dame! you defrauded the world when you contrived to be born a boy."

"I thank my stars I was born a boy," I declared. "I wouldn't get into this toggery for any one else on earth. I tell monsieur that, flat."

"You must change your shoes," he cried eagerly. "Your hobnails spoil all."

I put one of his gossip's shoes on the floor beside my foot.

"Now, monsieur, I ask you, how am I to get into that"

"Shall I fetch you Vigo's?" he grinned.

"No, Constant's," I said instantly, thinking how it would make him writhe to lend them.

"Constant's best," he promised, disappearing. It was as good as a play to see my lord running errands for me. Perhaps he forgot, after a month in the Rue Coupejarrets, that such things as pages existed; or, more likely, he did not care to take the household into his confidence. He was back soon, with a pair of scarlet hose, and shoes of red morocco, the gayest affairs you ever saw. Also he brought a hand-mirror, for me to look on my beauty.

"Nay, monsieur," I said with a sulk that started anew his laughter. "I'll not take it; I want not to see myself. But monsieur will do well to examine his own countenance."

"Pardieu! I should say so," he cried. "I must e'en go repair myself; and you, Felix,—Felicie,—must be fed."

I was in truth as hollow as a drum, yet I cried out that I had rather starve than venture into the kitchen.

"You flatter yourself," he retorted. "You'd not be known. Old Jumel will give you the pick of the larder for a kiss," he roared in my sullen face, and added, relenting: "Well, then, I will send one of the lackeys up with a salver. The lazy beggars have naught else to do."

I bolted the door after him, and when the man brought my tray, bade him set it down outside. He informed me through the panels that he would go drown himself before he would be content to lie slugabed the livelong day while his betters waited on him. I trembled for fear in his virtuous scorn he should take his fardel away again. But he had had his orders. When, after listening to his footsteps descending the stairs, I reached out a cautious arm, the tray was on the floor. The generous meat and wine put new heart into me; by the time my lord returned I was eager for the enterprise.

"Have you finished?" he demanded. "Faith, I see you have. Then let us start; it grows late. The shadows, like good Mussulmans, are stretching to the east. I must catch the ladies in their chambers before supper. Come, we'll take the box between us."

"Why, monsieur, I carry that on my shoulders."

"What, my lass, on your dainty shoulders? Nay, 'twould make the townsfolk stare."

I gnawed my lip in silence; he exclaimed:

"Now, never have I seen a maid fresh from the convent blush so prettily. I'd give my right hand to walk you out past the guard-room."

I shrank as a snail when you touch its horns. He cried:

"Marry, but I will, though!"

Now I, unlike Sir Snail, had no snug little fortress to take refuge in; I might writhe, but I could not defend myself.

"As you will, monsieur," I said, setting my teeth hard.

"Nay, I dare not. Those fellows would follow us walking to the doors of Lorraine House itself. I've told none of this prank; I've even contrived to send all the lackeys out of doors on fools' errands. We'll sneak out like thieves by the postern. Come, tread your wariest."

On tiptoe, with the caution of malefactors, we crept from stair to stair, giggling under our breath like the callow lad and saucy lass we looked to be. We won in safety to the postern, and came out to face the terrible eye of the world.

XXV.

A Double Masquerade.

"Felix, we are speaking in our own tongue. It is such lapses as these bring men to the gallows. Italian from this word, my girl."

"Monsieur, I have no notion how to bear myself, what to say," I answered uneasily.

"Say as little as you can. For, I confess, your voice and your hands give me pause; otherwise I would take you anywhere for a lass. Your part must be the shy maiden. My faith, you look the role; Your cheeks are poppies! You will follow docile at my heels while I tell lies for two. I have the hope that the ladies will heed me and my jewels more than you."

"Monsieur, could we not go safelier at night?"

"I have thought of that. But at night the household gathers in the salon; we should run the gauntlet of a hundred looks and tongues. While now, if we have luck, we may win to mademoiselle's own chamber——" He broke off abruptly, and walked along in a day-dream.

"Well," he resumed presently, coming back to the needs of the moment, "let us know our names and station. I am Giovanni Rossini, son of the famous goldsmith of Florence; you, Giulietta, my sister. We came to Paris in the legate's train, trade being dull at home, the gentry having fled to the hills for the hot month. Of course you've never set foot out of France, Fe—Giulietta?"

"Never out of St. Quentin till I came thither. But Father Francesco has talked to me much of his city of Florence."

"Good; you can then make shift to answer a question or two if put to it. Your Italian, I swear, is of excellent quality. You speak French like the Picard you are, but Italian like a gentleman—that is to say, like a lady."

"Monsieur," I bemoaned miserably, "I shall never come through it alive, never in the world. They will know me in the flick of an eye for a boy; I know they will. Why, the folk we are passing can see something wrong; they all are staring at me."

"Of course they stare," he answered tranquilly. "I should think some wrong if they did not. Can your modesty never understand, my Giulietta, what a pretty lass you are?"

He fell to laughing at my discomfort, and thus, he full of gay confidence, I full of misgiving, we came before the doors of the Hotel de Lorraine.

"Courage," he whispered to me. "Courage will conquer the devil himself. Put a good face on it and take the plunge." The next moment he was in the archway, deluging the sentry with his rapid Italian.

"Nom d'un chien! What's all this? What are you after" the man shouted at us, to make us understand the better. "Haven't you a word of honest French in your head?"

M. Etienne, tapping his box, very brokenly, very laboriously stammered forth something about jewels for the ladies.

"Get in with you, then."

We were not slow to obey.

The courtyard was deserted, nor did we see anyone in the windows of the house, against which the afternoon sun struck hotly. To keep out his unwelcome rays, the house door was pushed almost shut. We paused a moment on the step, to listen to the voices of gossiping lackeys within, and then M. Etienne boldly knocked.

There was a scurrying in the hall, as if half a dozen idlers were plunging into their doublets and running to their places. Then my good friend Pierre opened the door. In the row of underlings at his back I recognized the two who had taken part in my flogging. The cold sweat broke out upon me lest they in their turn should know me.

(To be continued.)

WISE MOTHERS NOURISH THEIR BABIES ON LIFE-GIVING LACTATED FOOD DURING THE HOT WEATHER. IT SAVES BABY FROM ALL DEADLY SUMMER COMPLAINTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

BABY ALWAYS WELL.

"I have nothing but good words to say for Baby's Own Tablets," says Mrs. A. Dupuis, of Comber, Ont., and she adds: "Since I began using the Tablets my little boy has not had an hour of sickness, and now, at the age of eight months, he weighs twenty-three pounds. I feel safe now with Baby's Own Tablets in the house, for I know that I have a medicine that will promptly cure all the minor ills from which babies suffer. I would advise all mothers and nurses to use Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones." These are strong words, but thousands of other mothers speak just as strongly in favor of this medicine. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

New Table Service in Glassware

The way in which meals are served in hot weather is equally as important as the way in which they are cooked, and she is a wise housewife who makes a study of having her table present a cool, fresh appearance. Spotless, stiff linen is, of course, the first step toward this end, and clean table cloth and napkins should be supplied never less than twice a week and in most cases every two days.

The second step—and this has less consideration from the average housewife—is the use of glassware for the service of the various courses. Summer hangings and summer furniture have for many years helped to give a seasonable atmosphere to a house in hot weather, but summer tableware has not until this year become a vogue, and it is in different varieties of glassware that it finds happiest expression.

For general use cut glass is not practical, so it is the heavier, less expensive crystal dishes which are used to replace as far as possible the service of china or porcelain. The former are made doubly serviceable by rims or standards of brightest nickel.

Salad bowls, trays and entree dishes of every sort and description offer new temptations to the woman shopper who takes up this recent fad. If she has an eye for novelties, she will find two distinctly new dishes, one of which is most decorative as well as very useful. It is a radish holder and is made with a crystal plate in oval or round shape with nickel brackets rising from it, each of which terminates in a ring socket. These ring sockets are of different sizes to hold large and small radishes, and when the entire holder is filled, the picturesque red vegetables present a most appetizing sight. In the centre and held up by the nickel brackets is a crystal salt cellar with its nickel salt spoon.

The second novelty is a vegetable server in the form of a crystal tray, which supports three or four crystal dishes shaped to fit exactly into the circle of the tray. This allows of several vegetables being passed at the same time, and a prettier effect cannot be imagined than vari-colored legumes served in this sparkling transparent dish.

The new glassware for serving liquids also has increased attractions this summer, and a barrel of ice water is a unique substitute for a pitcher. It is of heavy opaque glass surrounded by staves of nickel and having a nickel faucet at one end. The barrels are the size of a large pitcher and are employed for lemonade as well as drinking water.

Quite the latest thing in the way of lemonade sets is an exceptionally tall glass pitcher of most shapely contour and high spreading glasses. These come with or without a tray and are decorated in a very effective manner with delicate sprays and flowers, giving the effect of more costly Bohemian glass.

Hair Help

So many persons have weak hair, lifeless hair, hair that falls out, splits at the ends, keeps rough and uneven. Such hair needs help. The roots need feeding with a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair becomes stronger, grows faster, stops falling out, keeps soft and smooth. Just feed your hair and you will be satisfied with it.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Special Lines on Sale for Saturday Night and the First of the Week.

A LOT OF LADIES' BLACK WALKING SKIRTS AT EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES. $2.00 is the price put on a black habit cloth walking skirt It is made in a neat up-to-date style, trimmed with plaits and strapping. We have never offered better value in ladies' walking skirts than these now on sale.

LUSTRE SHIRT WAIST SUITS—There is no need to tell how serviceable these suits will prove, as everyone knows the value of a lustre suit. Three prices, $3.40 for white suits only, $5.00 for blue and gray suits made after the latest designs, and from good quality of material; $5.95 for blue, brown and green lustre shirt waist suits. Prettily made and tailor finished.

WHITE COTTON NIGHT DRESSES—Values that will satisfy the keenest buyers. These prices are about one-third off the regular, and the gowns are made by the best whitewear firm in Canada, which will guarantee their quality and finish.

At 35c.—Plain White Cotton Gowns, good material, well finished.

At 50c.—Two styles at this price. One trimmed with lawn frills—a very neat and serviceable gown, the other is trimmed with lace around neck and yoke and sleeves.

At 65c.—Made from good quality of White Cotton, hemstitched tucked yoke, finished with lawn frills. The regular price of this gown is 85c.

At 75c.—Yoke formed of hamburg insertion and tucks, very pretty effect. Another style at this same price is trimmed with frills of hamburg.

At $1.00—There are three styles at this price and they are, without doubt, the best gowns we have ever shown. One is the Duchess style, prettily trimmed with lace. The second has a lace yoke and lace frills. The third has a Hamburg yoke with Hamburg frills.

AT THE SMALL WEAR COUNTER THERE ARE ATTRACTIVE NEW WASH BELTS, LEATHER AND SILK BELTS—The Wash Belts are priced 25c., and there is a variety of dainty and pleasing styles.

LEATHER BELTS AT 55c. — These were just received yesterday and are the most serviceable belt on the market. Tans and black.

SILK AND LEATHER BELTS—Something decidedly new and attractive. Colors are blues, grey, brown, green, black and white. Priced 55c. They have the new patent fastener.

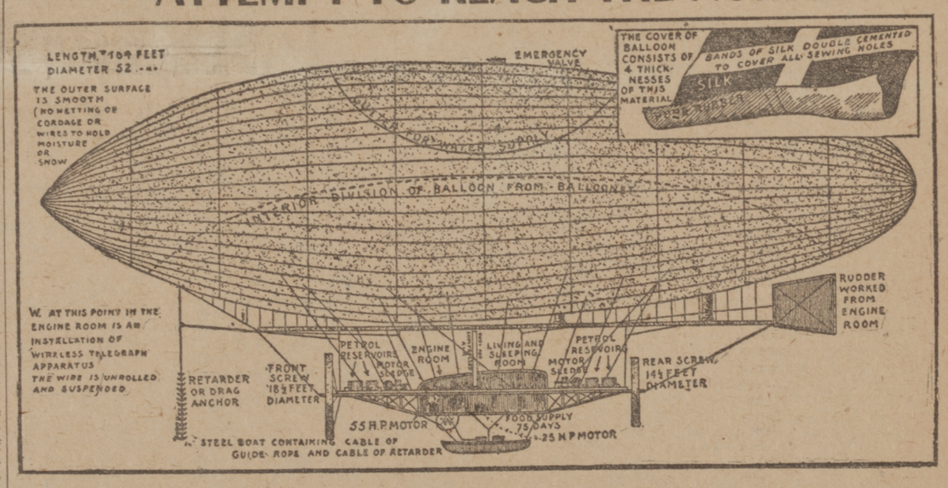
SILK BELTS from 29c. up to $1.25.

WASH COLLARS—The laundried linen collars, hemstitched at 12c., embroidered at 19c.

SWISS EMBROIDERED COLLARS at 12c., 15c., 17c., 19c., 25c.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.,
59 Charlotte Street.

THE AMERICAN WHO PLANS AN ATTEMPT TO REACH THE NORTH POLE



New York, June 15—Special cables received here today announce that Walter Wellman, the American who plans an attempt to reach the north pole by means of a dirigible balloon, is now on his way to Norway, whence he will sail for Spitzbergen.

Wellman left Paris yesterday. His airship and materials were shipped on a special train of five cars on Wednesday. The explorer left Paris expressing himself as confident of success.

Walter Wellman's proposed trip to the north pole in an airship has excited general interest, not alone because the undertaking had its beginning in a daring newspaper assignment, but because this is to be, as Mr. Wellman has fitly said, "an attempt to write an epic of human endeavor." The man is in earnest. Few will doubt this if they will review what Wellman has already accomplished in two Arctic expeditions. He knows the north, its dangers, its hardships and its tragic history. Besides, he is a practical aeronaut. Here is the plan: An airship, 164 feet long and 53 feet in diameter, with a lifting power equal to the support of about eight tons burden, is to be fitted with two motors, one of 50 and the other of 25 horse-power, calculated to give a speed of from 12 to 19 miles an hour. The adventurer calls his big ship, which is being built in Paris, Gargantuan, after Rabelais's immortal hero. Wellman plans to start from northern Spitzbergen in July or August. The distance to the pole is about 350 miles, or less than the distance from New York to Chicago. With favorable conditions the pole should be reached five men, food for 75 days, 5,500 pounds of fuel, motor-propelled sledges, an aluminum boat, and in fact all practical supplies and devices for the safety and comfort of the party.

"There are difficulties and dangers in the way," says Mr. Wellman, "for there in from 36 to 48 hours, the return trip occupying probably somewhat more time on account of prevailing adverse winds. The craft will have an endurance capacity estimated at 25 to 30 days of continuous flight, although it is proposed to anchor and lie-to in all unfavorable winds of any considerable velocity. The ship is to carry is no absolutely sure and royal road to the pole, and to safety after attaining the pole, even with an airship. But these dangers and difficulties have been studied, and will be further studied, and in so far as possible provision will be made against them. We have endeavored to put the worst before our eyes, and to find the means of meeting and overcoming it. There is no under-rating of the magnitude of the task, nor of the responsibility which it places upon the shoulders of the leader. His plan, his most careful provision, what to him seems the most complete and perfect safeguarding, may be plunged into ruin by some unforeseen happening or seemingly trivial circumstance. One sets out upon such a quest, not with a light heart, not even with confidence, perhaps with a little fear, yet certainly with hope. What I do say is that it is a project carefully, thoroughly, technically developed. It is an attempt to seize upon what we may call the psychological moment, a certain hour in the progress of the arts. The practical achievements of aerial navigation by gas-inflated bags; the amazing perfection of the inner combustion motor, with its surprising lightness of weight, its great economy and efficiency of fuel-consumption, together with that more complete knowledge of Arctic conditions acquired in recent years, have brought about a present state of arte which, reduced to harmonious combination by a studious and striving mind, offers a high percentage of promise, and perhaps needs only the hand of the man of action, 'bold, yet not too bold,' to transmute into success."



WALTER WELLMAN.

Now a word about the leader. Walter Wellman is 48, rather past the prime for Arctic exposure. He began newspaper work at 14, and since 1884 has served as Washington correspondent of the Chicago Herald and Record-Herald, what time he has not been engaged in adventure. In 1892 he located the landing place of Columbus on Watling Island, or San Salvador, and marked the spot with a monument. In 1894 he led an Arctic expedition, reaching the latitude 81 degrees northeast of Spitzbergen. In 1898-9 he explored Franz Josef Land, discovering many new islands, and reaching the 82nd degree of latitude. He is a man of intelligence, determination and leadership. He is well fitted to forecast all the problems that can be weighed in advance and to provide against them, so far as this is possible. For the rest, he has the nerve to take great risks for the possible accomplishment of a big project.

BOILS ALL OVER HIS FACE AND NECK

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS DID FOR HIM WHAT FOUR DOCTORS FAILED TO DO

KEEWATIN, ONT., July 28th. 1903.

MESSRS. THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.,

DEAR SIRS:—I am writing to let you know what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I am a young man, twenty years old, and a year ago last March I began to feel dull and sick, and was greatly troubled with boils coming out on my face and neck, mostly on the latter. I would no sooner get rid of one than I would have, perhaps, two or three more appear.

I had four doctors trying to cure me but they had very little success. They would stop them for a month or six weeks and then they would be as bad as ever again.

Almost every patent medicine, advertised to cure boils, I could get hold of, I tried, but still without success. At last one day, last spring, someone happened to say: "why not try taking Burdock Blood Bitters for the blood?" I was willing to try anything and immediately sent for a bottle, but at the time was doubtful if it would be of any use. However, I used that bottle and while I was taking it I began to feel better, although I still kept having a few boils but not nearly such bad ones. I did not miss any work, while otherwise, I used to miss, sometimes, a week out of every month. I kept on taking the medicine until I had taken six bottles, and needless to say, I was not sorry I did so when I tell you I have not had a boil appear for the past three months. Everybody was surprised when they heard that Burdock Blood Bitters had done for me what four doctors failed to do. If any sufferers are afflicted with boils, I would strongly advise them to use B.B.B. It makes you feel like a new man. I always keep a bottle in the house, now, as I think it is a medicine that should be in every household.

Yours truly,
HENRY A. SMITH.

SUSPICION.

"I don't understand this traction question that everybody is talking about," said his wife. "What is there in it to make such a fuss over?"

"What is there in it?" echoed the alderman from the 'Steenth Ward, eying her sharply. "Who told you there was anything in it? Has some muck raker been trying to work you for a little information?"—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. H. H. McLeod and family arrived from Boston Wednesday. They are visiting relatives in the city.

A Serious Strike

There's "a strike on" from head to foot when the Kidneys stop working properly. Dull headaches, tiredness, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, bad skin, foul stomach, no appetite, sharp pains in the back, swollen feet—all due to Kidney Trouble.

It may be weakness, or the beginning of a serious disease.

It is DANGEROUS. Sick Kidneys make mind and body sick.

GIN PILLS

cure sick Kidneys. They do that one thing—do it every time. They make the Kidneys well—and keep them well. If there is anything wrong with the Kidneys, GIN PILLS never fail to relieve the pain and CURE the trouble. We have such faith in GIN PILLS that we authorize your druggist to refund the money if they fail to cure.

50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at your druggists or we will send you a box free if you write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.