

“Turn to the Right.”

“Well, sir,” I said curtly I have listened. And now, what is the purpose of all this?”

“My purpose,” he answered, his eyes glittering. “To show you that you are in my power. You are the agent of M. de Rosny, I, the agent, however humble, of the Holy Catholic League. Of your movements I know all. What do you know of mine?”

“Knowledge,” I made grim answer, “is everything, sir priest.”

“It is more than that,” he said, smiling his thin-lipped smile. “It is going to be more than that. And I know much about you, M. de Rosny.”

“You know too much,” I retorted, feeling his covert threats close around me like the folds of some great serpent. “But you are imprudent, I think. Will you tell me what is to prevent me striking you through where you stand, and ridding myself at a blow of too much knowledge?”

“The presence of three men, M. de Rosny,” he answered lightly, waving his hand towards M. Francois and the others. “Everyone of whom would give you up to justice. You forget that you are in the Loire, and that priests are not to be massacred here with impunity, as in your lawless south-country. However, enough. The night is cold, and M. d’Agen grows suspicious as well as impatient. We have, perhaps, spoken too long already. Forgive me,” he bowed and drew back a step—“to resume this discussion to-morrow.”

Despite the politeness and the hollow civility with which he thus sought to close the interview, the faint of a triumph which shone in his eyes, as the glare of the torch fell away from him, told me clearly that he knew his power. He seemed, indeed, transformed; no longer a timid, peace-loving clerk, preying on a woman's fears, but a bold and crafty schemer, skilled and unscrupulous, possessed of hidden knowledge and hidden resources; the personification of evil intellect. For a moment, knowing all I knew, and particularly the responsibilities which lay before me, and the interests committed to my hands, I quailed, confessing myself unequal to him. I forgot the righteous vengeance I owed him; I cried out helplessly against the ill-fortune which had brought him across my path. I saw myself engulfed and fettered beyond hope of escape, and by an effort only controlled the despair I felt.

“To-morrow?” I muttered hoarsely. “At what time?”

He shook his head with a cunning smile. “A thousand thanks, but I will settle that myself,” he answered. “Au revoir!” And muttering a word of leave-taking to M. Francois, he bowed, and the two servants, and went out into the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

When the last sound of his footsteps died away, I awoke from an evil dream, and becoming conscious of the presence of M. Francois, and the two servants, I mechanically that I owed the former an apology for my discourtesy in keeping him standing in the cold. I began to offer it; but my distress and confusion of mind were such that in the midst of a phrase I broke off, and stood looking fixedly at him. My trouble so plain that he asked me civilly if anything ailed me.

“No,” I answered, turning from him impatiently. “Nothing, nothing, sir. Or tell me,” I continued, with an abrupt change of mind, “who is that who has just left us?”

“Father Antoine, Father Judea, call him what you like,” I rejoined to him. “Then if you will leave the choice to me,” M. Francois answered with grave politeness, “I would rather call him something more pleasant, M. de Rosny—James or John, let us say. For there is little said here which does not come back to him. In his walls have ears, the wall of Blois are in his walls. But I thought you knew him,” he continued. “He is secretary, confident, chaplain, what you will, to Cardinal Retz, and one of those who—in your ear—greater men court and more powerful men lean on. If I had to choose between them, I would rather cross M. de Crillon.”

“I am obliged to you,” I muttered, checked as much by his manner as his words.

“Not at all,” he answered more lightly. “Any information I have is at your disposal.”

However, I saw the imprudence of venturing farther, and hastened to take leave of him, persuading him to allow one of M. de Rambouillet's servants to accompany him home. He said that he should call on me in the morning; and forcing myself to answer him in a suitable manner, I saw him depart one way, and myself, accompanied by Simon Fleix, went off another. My feet were frozen with cold standing—I think the corpse was left with hoarse colors; but my head was hot with feverish doubts and fears. The moon had sunk and the streets were dark. Our torch had burned out, and we had no light. But where my followers saw only blackness and vacancy, I saw an evil smile and a lean visage fraught with menace and exultation.

For the more closely I directed my mind to the position in which I stood, the graver it seemed. Pitted against Bruhl alone, amid strange surroundings and in an atmosphere of Court intrigue, I had thought my task sufficiently difficult and the disadvantages under which I labored sufficiently serious before this interview. Conscious of a certain restlessness and a distaste for fineness, with resources inferior to Bruhl's, that even M. de Rosny's liberality had not done much to make up the difference, I had accepted the post offered me rather readily than sanguinely; with joy, seeing that it held out the hope of high reward, but with no certain expectation of success. Still, matched with a man of violent and headstrong character, I had seen no reason to despair; nor any why I might not arrange the secret meeting between the king and mademoiselle with safety. The king had conducted an intrigue simple and unexpected, and requiring for its execution rather courage and caution than address or experience.

Now, however, I found that Bruhl was not my only most dangerous antagonist. Another was in the field—or, to speak more correctly, was waiting outside the arena, ready to snatch the prize when we should have disabled one another. From a dream of Bruhl and myself as engaged in competition for the king's favor, wherein neither could expose the other nor appeal even in the last resort to the joint-enemies of his Majesty and ourselves, I awoke to a very different state of things; I awoke to find those enemies the masters of the situation, possessed of the clue to our plans, and permitting them only as long as they seemed to threaten no serious peril to themselves.

No discovery could be more mortifying or more fraught with terror. The perspective stood on my brow as I recalled the warning which M. de Rosny had uttered against Cardinal Retz, or noted down the various

points of knowledge which were in Father Antoine's possession. He knew every event of the last month, with one exception, and could tell, I verily believed, how many crowns I had in my pouch. Conceding this, and the secret sources of information he must possess, what hope had I of keeping my future movements from him? Mademoiselle's arrival would be known to him before she had well passed the gates; nor was it likely, or even possible, that I should again reach the king's presence untraced and unsuspected. In fine, I saw myself, equally with Bruhl, a prisoner in this man's hands, his goings out and my comings in watched and reported to him, his mercy the only bar between myself and destruction. At any moment I might be arrested as a Huguenot, the enterprise in which I was engaged ruined, and Mademoiselle de la Vire exposed to the violence of Bruhl or the equally dangerous intrigues of the league.

Under these circumstances I fancied sleep impossible; but habit and weariness are strong persuaders, and when I reached my lodging I slept long and soundly, as became a man who had looked danger in the face more than once. The morning light, too, brought an accession both of courage and hope. I reflected on the misdeeds of my condition at St. Jean d'Angely, without friends or resources, and driven to herd with such a man as Fresnoy. And telling myself that the gold crowns which M. de Rosny had lavished upon me were not for nothing, nor the more precious friendship with which he had honored me a gift that called for no return, I rose with new spirit and a countenance which threw Simon Fleix—who had seen me lie down the picture of despair—into the utmost astonishment.

“You have had good dreams,” he said, eyeing me jealously and with a disturbed air.

(To be Continued.)

Food's, and Only Food's.

Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you desire to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merit of Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: “Shiloh's Vitalizer ‘SAVED MY LIFE.’ I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used.” For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAIN'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swaine & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Persistence and audacity generally win. SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose. 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by W. T. Strong.

There is never but one opportunity of a kind.

Why will you allow yourself to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing, and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Nothing is so hard but search will find it out. Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, catarrhs, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Obtuseness is sometimes a virtue.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: “Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy cured my first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good.” Price 50 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

Handel and Bach were born in houses almost within sight of each other. They were devoted to the same branch of art, but never met.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

One 200-acre peach orchard in Georgia has returned the owner a profit of \$125,000 in five years, and one season the crop was a failure.

Nothing Better for Children.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for “Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup,” and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The city of Cincinnati increased her population 15,000 the other day by the annexation of five suburban villages.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are specially subject.

Students in Constantinople are forbidden from frequenting theaters, music halls and similar public places.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

The King of Portugal could sell the jewels in his crown for \$6,500,000 in case of a royal financial stringency.

Try Derby Plug Sm king Tobacco, 5, 10 & 20c Plugs.

The cheapest and best place to buy watches, clocks and jewelry is at C. H. Ward's, 374 Richmond street, opposite Masonic Temple.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

ESSEX.

Lord Aberdeen will open the new Windsor driving park in July.

Windsor will adopt the curfew bell. J. N. Lean, proprietor of the Windsor Business College, was arrested Monday night and hurried off to Sandwich jail on a charge of debt. He was afterwards released.

Windsor police on Tuesday raided room 3 in the McKellar block and arrested Geo. Johns, Bart Bruce, Henry Langstaff, Charles Hough and Howard Cornell on the charge of gambling. They found a lot of policy tickets in the room, and there was money on the table where the men were sitting.

KENT.

The funeral of the late Samuel Tedford, president of the Harwich Agricultural Society, was the largest ever seen in Blenheim. Daniel Thompson, of Detroit, was handling a colt on Monday he received a kick with both feet in the stomach. He managed to walk to the house, and at first he did not seem to be very seriously hurt, but peritonitis set in and he died on Tuesday night.

OXFORD.

Two million white fish fry have been put in Lake Erie at Cedar Springs.

The South Oxford license commissioners have granted the following licenses: Ingersoll—Taverns, Charles Kennedy, George La Thompson, Thomas Lavin, M. and W. Murray, Robt. J. Smith, A. J. McCarty, Catherine O'Grady, Robt. Keating, J. Richardson; shops, Frank A. Brady, John Christopher, Norwich village—Taverns, C. Baker, W. R. Brown, N. Brady, W. F. Coker, North Oxford—Taverns, John McKenzie, Beachville; John McCartney, Thamesford, East Oxford—Taverns, Henry Ball, Eastwood.

PETER.

The Stratford council will ask that another story be put on the postoffice.

WATERLOO.

Thieves broke into Reeve Robson's hardware store, Ayr, on Monday night and stole James Ellis, of Galt, left home a week ago, telling his wife he was going to Berlin. He has not been seen since and his friends are alarmed.

Railway Man Honored.

(Special to the Advertiser.)

PORT HURON, Mich., April 25.—On Monday morning the employees of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway Company at Port Huron, headed by Deputy Collector of Customs Hugh Higgins, proceeded in a body to Agent J. C. McFadden's office for the purpose of presenting him with a wedding ring. Mr. Higgins, who is a general favorite with railroad men, was selected to make the address, a duty which he performed in a very creditable manner. Among other things he said: “I have known Mr. McFadden from boyhood, and have always found him a genial, kind-hearted and gentlemanly young man—a man who commands the respect and obedience of his subordinates, as well as the confidence and esteem of his employers; a man of broad and liberal views, who recognizes the right of every man to worship God as his conscience dictates, never frowning upon nor slighting any man in consequence of his religious belief. Such a man not only deserves the love and respect of his employers, but of the community at large.”

Therewith Mr. McFadden was presented with a beautiful clock. He modestly returned his thanks. Mr. McFadden was for many years local superintendent of the G. T. R. at Point Edward.

The High Testimony.

Of hundreds of druggists affords convincing proof of the great merit of Nerviline in all painful affections. F. R. Melville, druggist, Prescott, writes: “My customers who have used Nerviline speak highly of it. I am satisfied that it will take a leading place in the market.” This expresses the universal verdict, and if you are suffering from any painful affection, internal or external, give Nerviline a trial, and immediate relief will be as certain as the sun shines. Nerviline is a powerfully penetrating pain remedy. Sold by dealers everywhere.

There are almost four times as many Americans living in England as there are in France.

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Fickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and lungs, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Four thousand Sioux Indians are said to be regular church attendants.

“Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and Dyspepsia.”—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes: “In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's Vioform Dropsy Cure having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now 79 years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here 57 years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your Vioform Dropsy Cure, which has done such wonders in my case.”

Worn-out billiard balls are usually cut up into dice.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply “SWAIN'S OINTMENT.” No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAIN'S OINTMENT. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The earliest method of spinning was by bunching a few fibers and rolling them into a thread with the hands.

USE POND'S EXTRACT

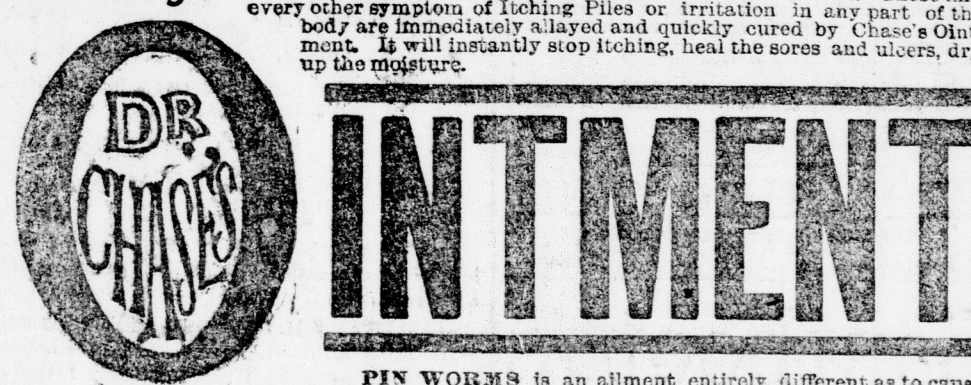
FOR PILES, BURNS, SORE EYES, WOUNDS, SORES, Headache, AND ALL PAIN.

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ITCHING AND PIN WORMS.

No More Misery.



ITCHING PILES is an exceedingly painful and annoying affliction, found alike in the rich and poor, male and female. The principal symptoms are a severe itching, which is worst at night when the sufferer becomes warm in bed. So terrible is the itching that frequently it is impossible to procure sleep. Often the sufferer unconsciously during sleep scratches the parts until they are sore—ulcers and tumors form, excessive moisture is exuded. Females are peculiarly affected from this disease, causing unbearable irritation and trouble. These and every other symptom of itching Piles or irritation in any part of the body are immediately allayed and quickly cured by Chase's Ointment. It will instantly stop itching, heal the sores and ulcers, dry up the moisture.

REFERENCES: Newmarket—J. T. Bogan; McKittrick, Hamilton—R. G. Deane, Sutton—Mr. Sheppard, Mr. McDonald, Raglan—Wm. Walker, Belleville—R. Templeton, druggist, Churchill—David Gross, Tottenham—James Scanlon, J. Reid, Bradford—R. Davis, J. Reid, Barrie—H. E. Garvin.

The celebrated Dr. Chase's Ointment is made expressly for Itching Piles, but it is equally good in curing all Itchy Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Itch, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, etc., etc. For sale by all druggists. Price 40 Cents. Mail address—EDMANSON, HATES & CO., Bradford, Ont., Sole Agents for Dominion of Canada.

6111 wt.



“OXFORD” Gas Ranges!

1. Have Perfect Combustion.
2. Are Powerful and Economical.
3. Have Two Capacious Ovens.
4. Bake Perfectly.
5. Roast Perfectly.
6. They are Immense Water Heaters.

Oxford Oil Gas Stoves

Make and burn gas from ordinary coal oil.

A GRAND SUMMER STOVE

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Gurney Foundry Co'y (Ltd.)

FOR SALE BY—

Wm. Wyatt & Son, 364 Richmond Street & Market Square

LONDON.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co

LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Manufacturers of Refined Sugars of the well-known brand:

Redpath

Of the Highest Quality and Purity, made by the Latest Processes and the Newest and Best Machinery, not Surpassed Anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR, in 50 and 100 pound boxes.

“CROWN” GRANULATED, Special brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED, very Superior Quality.

“CREAM” SUGARS, (not dried).

“YELLOW” SUGARS of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS of all Grades in barrels and half-barrels.

SOLE MAKERS of high class Syrups in tins, 2 pounds and 8 pounds each.

WE MANUFACTURE

GLASS Advertising Signs, Paper Weights, Advertising Panels

in GOLD, SILVER or COLORS.

HOBBS GLASS WORKS

LONDON - - - ONTARIO.

NAVIGATION AND RAILWAYS.

CUNARD LINE

“LANE ROUTE.”
From New York to Liverpool via Greenock, town, Fast Express Mail Service.
ETRURIA.....Saturday, April 28, 11:30 a.m.
LUCANIA.....Saturday, May 5, 11:30 a.m.
UMBRIA.....Saturday, May 12, 11:30 a.m.
CAMPANIA.....Saturday, May 19, 11:30 a.m.
ETRURIA.....Saturday, May 26, 11:30 a.m.
LUCANIA.....Saturday, June 2, 11:30 a.m.
UMBRIA.....Saturday, June 9, 11:30 a.m.
CAMPANIA.....Saturday, June 16, 11:30 a.m.
RATES OF PASSAGE—Cabin, \$50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$40, \$35, \$30, according to accommodations; return tickets on favorable terms. Steerage tickets to and from Liverpool and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates. Through bills of lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other parts on the continent, and for all other ports.
VERNON H. BROWN & Co., agents, 4 Bowling Green, New York.
E. DE LA HOOKE
“Clock” corner Richmond and Dundas Sts.
A. G. SMYTHE
445 Richmond St., sole agents for London

OCEAN

Tickets via ALLAN, BEAVER, DOMINION and all lines in the Canadian Atlantic service. Steerage outfit FREE. Free TRANSFER of baggage in Montreal.

F. S. CLARKE,

Agent, 416 Richmond street, next door to ADVERTISER'S OFFICE.

FOR PARTICULARS ABOUT THE
SETTLERS' TRAINS
TO
MANITOBA
AND THE
NORTH-WEST

See your nearest Railroad Agent and get a copy of
“Free Facts,
Farms and
Sleepers”

THOS. B. PARKER, City Passenger Agent, 161 Dundas street, southwest corner Richmond. City Office open 7 a.m.

SOLE AGENCY OF THE

WHITE STAR LINE.

Berths secured, sailing lists furnished and information given at

“CLOCK” CORNER

RICHMOND & DUNDAS STS.

E. DE LA HOOKE, Agent.

GRAND TRUNK

FOR

CHICAGO

And all western points take the

St. Clair Tunnel Route.

Seven express trains daily. Elegant coaches. Fast time. No transfers.

Tickets and information at “Clock” corner Richmond and Dundas streets, or at G. T. R. depot office.

L. J. SEARGEANT, General Manager.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, calling at Montreal.

From Montreal, From Quebec, Sardinian.....May 12 Not calling, Laurentian.....May 12 Not calling, Parisian.....May 19 May 29, Monfalcone.....May 27 May 27, Numidian.....June 2 Not calling.

Cabin rates of passage—From \$50 and upwards, according to steamer and location of berth. Cabin, \$35; extra accommodation, \$55; steerage, \$24.

STATE LINE SERVICE

New York and Glasgow, via Londonderry. From New York, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.....May 11, STATE OF ILLINOIS.....May 18, STATE OF IOWA.....May 25, STATE OF KENTUCKY.....June 1, Cabin passage, single, \$45 and upwards; return, \$85 and upwards, according to location of berth; second cabin, \$30; steerage, \$10; through rates. For tickets and information apply to

AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, “Clock” corner Richmond and Dundas streets, and at G. T. R. depot office, 416 Richmond street.

Detroit;

Jackson, Chicago,

Omaha, Denver,

Salt Lake City, San Francisco,

Portland, Seattle,

And all Western and Northern points quickly reached by the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

“The Niagara Falls Route.” Baggage checked and tickets sold through City Office: 395 Richmond Street.

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent.

O. W. RUGGLES, Gen. Pass. Agent.

JOHN G. LAVEN, Can. Pass. Agent.

COFFEE HOUSE

MARKET SQUARE.

Everybody that calls on us for a meal or a snack goes away satisfied. A few more try us. Six dinner tickets 90 cents. Luncheon at all hours from 5 cents up.

J. S. BURNETT, proprietor.

711