

"Grandpa Says THESE Are Good for Little Boys!"



"GOOD" is right. Pure chocolate, pure milk and pure sugar—that's what Maple Buds are. They're not only good to the taste—they're nourishing and wholesome. The children may eat all they want. Maple Buds satisfy their craving for sweets and at the same time build up their little bodies.

Buy Maple Buds at your grocery. Teach the children to spend their pennies for these wholesome sweets.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS

Name and design registered.

Look for the Name.

They're not Maple Buds
unless they're Cowan's

203

THE COWAN CO.
Limited
Toronto, Ont.



**A Dirty Carpet
Or a Clean Painted Floor!
WHICH IS BETTER?**

You **KNOW** which **YOU** would sooner have. You know which **LOOKS** the best and is the easiest to **KEEP** clean. Better decide now to reshen things up right away with a tin or two of **M-L Floor Paint**.

M-L

You should use **M-L Pure Paint** to paint anything that needs painting. It protects the surface covered better and longer than most other paints. You buy it in tins—all ready to apply. Made of guaranteed pure materials, mixed with twenty years' knowledge of paint-making for practical painters.

Think what a difference a few dimes' worth of **M-L Pure Paint** would make about the house. It would make some of the wood-work look like new—or a worn-bare, shabby-looking floor made spick and span as when you first walked on it with **M-L Floor Paint**.

PURE PAINTS

Paint the **WALLS** and **CEILINGS** with **M-L Flat Wall Colors**. You'll find it far easier to keep them clean and sanitary as well as brighter looking. Easiest to apply. The colors are clearer and brighter; keeps its **FRESH LOOK** longest. Artistic, sanitary, durable, washable and **VERY economical**.

M-L

Made in forty-seven colors for every paint purpose by Imperial Varnish & Color Co. Limited, Toronto. Sold by dealers who believe in giving you your full money's worth.

**M-L is
The Most
Economical
Paint You
Can Buy**

**For Floors
Get M-L
Floor Paint
Dries Hardest
Wears Longest**

710
DECORATION SCHEMES FREE—Fill in and mail this coupon to us
IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO., LIMITED
6-24 Morse Street, Toronto

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, free of all charge, full information about M-L Paints and your suggestions for decoration, inside and out.

NAME

ADDRESS

gotten and emperors and kings are distinguished in history only by the numbers attached to their names. Such men as Wilbur Wright do not need to blazon themselves with medals and orders of distinction, or to herald their claims to glory, for the world is their country, and the world takes care of their fame."

The Scarlet Pimpernel.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE.

By Baroness Orczy.

(Serial rights secured by "The Farmer's Advocate.")

By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXV.

The Eagle and the Fox.

Marguerite's breath stopped short; she seemed to feel her very life standing still momentarily whilst she listened to that voice and to that song. In the singer she had recognized her husband. Chauvelin, too, had heard it, for he darted a quick glance towards the door, then hurriedly took up his broad-brimmed hat and clapped it over his head.

The voice drew nearer; for one brief second the wild desire seized Marguerite to rush down the steps and fly across the room, to stop that song at any cost, to beg the cheerful singer to fly—fly for his life, before it be too late. She checked the impulse just in time. Chauvelin would stop her before she reached the door, and, moreover, she had no idea if he had any soldiers posted within his call. Her impetuous act might prove the death-signal of the man she would have died to save.

"Long to reign over us,
God save the King!"

sang the voice more lustily than ever. The next moment the door was thrown open and there was dead silence for a second or so.

Marguerite could not see the door: she held her breath, trying to imagine what was happening.

Percy Blakeney on entering had, of course, at once caught sight of the cure at the table; his hesitation lasted less than five seconds, the next moment Marguerite saw his tall figure crossing the room, whilst he called in a loud, cheerful voice—

"Hello, there! no one about? Where's that fat Bragaro?"

He wore the magnificent coat and rid-

ing-suit which he had on when Marguerite last saw him at Richmond, so many hours ago. As usual, his get-up was absolutely irreproachable, the fine Mechlin lace at his neck and wrists was immaculate in its gossamer daintiness, his hands looked slender and white, his fair hair was carefully brushed, and he carried his eyeglass with his usual affected gesture. In fact, at this moment, Sir Percy Blakeney, Bart., might have been on his way to a garden-party at the Prince of Wales', instead of deliberately, cold-bloodedly running his head in a trap, set for him by his deadliest enemy.

He stood for a moment in the middle of the room, whilst Marguerite, absolutely paralyzed with horror, seemed unable even to breathe.

Every moment she expected that Chauvelin would give a signal, that the place would fill with soldiers, that she would rush down and help Percy to sell his life dearly. As he stood there, suavely unconscious, she very nearly screamed out to him,—

"Fly, Percy!—'tis your deadly enemy!—fly before it be too late!"

But she had not time even to do that, for the next moment Blakeney quietly walked to the table, and, jovially clapping the cure on the back, said in his own drawly, affected way,—

"Odds fish! . . . er . . . M. Chauvelin . . . I vow I never thought of meeting you here."

Chauvelin, who had been in the very act of conveying soup to his mouth, fairly choked. His thin face became absolutely purple, and a violent fit of coughing saved this cunning representative of France from betraying the most boundless surprise he had ever experienced. There was no doubt that this bold move on the part of the enemy had been wholly unexpected, as far as he was concerned: and the daring impudence of it completely nonplussed him for the moment.

Obviously he had not taken the precaution of having the inn surrounded with soldiers. Blakeney had evidently guessed that much, and no doubt his resourceful brain had already formed some plan by which he could turn this unexpected interview to account.

Marguerite up in the loft had not moved. She had made a solemn promise to Sir Andrew not to speak to her husband before strangers, and she had sufficient self-control not to throw herself unreasonably and impulsively across his plans. To sit still and watch these two men together was a terrible trial of fortitude. Marguerite had heard Chauvelin give the orders for the patrolling of all the roads. She knew that if Percy now left the "Chat Gris"—in whichever direction he happened to go—he could not go far without being sighted by some of Captain Jutley's men on patrol. On the other hand, if he stayed, then Desgas would have time to come back with the half dozen men Chauvelin had specially ordered.

The trap was closing in, and Marguerite could do nothing but watch and wonder. The two men looked such a strange contrast, and of the two it was Chauvelin who exhibited a slight touch of fear. Marguerite knew him well enough to guess what was passing in his mind. He had no fear for his own person, although he certainly was alone in a lonely inn with a man who was powerfully built, and who was daring and reckless beyond the bounds of probability. She knew that Chauvelin would willingly have braved perilous encounters for the sake of the cause he had at heart, but what he did fear was that this impudent Englishman would, by knocking him down, double his own chances of escape; his underlings might not succeed so well in capturing the Scarlet Pimpernel, when not directed by the cunning hand and the shrewd brain which had deadly hate for an incentive.

Evidently, however, the representative of the French Government had nothing to fear for the moment, at the hands of his powerful adversary. Blakeney, with his most inane laugh and pleasant good-nature, was solemnly patting him on the back.

"I am so demmed sorry . . ." he was saying cheerfully, "so very sorry . . . I seem to have upset you . . . eating soup, too . . . nasty, awkward thing, soup . . . er . . . Begad!—a friend of mine died once . . . er . . . choked . . . just like you . . . with a spoonful of soup."

And he smiled shyly, good-humoredly, down at Chauvelin.