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# A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

There was a silence between the two women. Miss Merton was watching Helene closely, but she was dis-appointed. Her face was set in cold, proud lines, but she showed no signs

trouble.

"Under these circumstances," Helene tid, "the locket belongs to you. you will allow me, I will ring now or my maid. I am leaving here this evening."
"I should like," Miss Merton said, "to tell you about Lord Wolfenden and

Helene smiled languidly. Helene smiled languidly.
"You will excuse me, I am sure,"
she said. "It is scarcely a matter
which interests me."
Miss Merton flushed angrily. She
was at a disadvantage, and she knew

"I thought that you were very nuch interested in Lord Wolfendeu,"

much interested in Lord Wolfenden, she said spitefully.

"I have found him much pleasanter than the majority of Englishmen,"
"But you don't care to hear about him—from me!" Miss Merton ex-

Helene smiled.

Helene smiled.
"I have no desire to be rude," she said, "but since you put it in that way I will admit that you are right."
The girl bit her lip. She felt that she had only partially succeeded. This girl was more than her match. She

girl was more than her match. She suddenly changed her tactics.

"Oh! you are cruel," she exclaim. "You want to take him from me; know you do! He promised—to marry me—before you came. He must marry me! I dare not go home!"

"I can assure you," Helene said quietly, "that I have not the faintest desire to take Lord Wolfenden from you—or from anyone else! I do not like this conversation at all, and I do not intend to continue it. Perhaps if you have nothing more to say haps if you have nothing more to say you will go to your room, or a war wish to go away I will order a carwill go to your room, or if you

wish to go away I will order a carriage for you. Please make up your mind quickly."

Miss Merton sprang up and walked towards the door. Her pretty face was distorted with anger.

"I do not want your carriage," she said. "I am leaving the house, but I will walk."

"Just as you cheere it.

Just as you choose, if you only go,

Helene murmured. She was already at the door, but she "I can't help it," she exclaimed. "I've

"I can't help it," she exclaimed. "I've got to ask you a question. Has Lord Wolfenden asked you to marry him?" Helene was disgusted, but she was not hard-hearted. The girl was evidently distressed—it never occurred to her that she might not be in earnest. She herself could not understand such leaster and respect. A single glown

She herself could not understand such a lack of self-respect. A single gleam of pity mingled with her contempt. "I am not at liberty to answer your question," she said, coldly, "as it concerns Lord Wolfenden as well as myself. But I have no objection to telling you this. I am the Princess Helene of Bourbon, and I am betrothed to my cousin, Prince Henri of Ortrens! So you see that I am not likely to marry Lord Wolfenden! Now, please,

go away at once!"
Miss Merton obeyed. She left the room literally speechless. Helene rang

'If that young person-Miss Merton lithit young person—also act of the high link her name is—attempts to see again before I leave, be sure that is not admitted," she told the sere again

The man bowed and left the room dene was left alone. She sank into easy chair by the fire and leaned r head upon her hand. Her self-conher head upon her hand. Her self-con-trol was easy and magnificent, but now that she was alone her face had softened. The proud little mouth was quivering. A feeling of uneasiness, of utter depression, stole over her. Tears utter depression, stole over her. Pairs stood for a moment in her eyes, but she brushed them fiercely away.

"How could be have dared?" she murmured. "I wish that I were a man!
After all, then, it must be—ambition!"

A Little Game of Cards. Mr. Sabin, whose carriage had set him down at the Cromer railway sta-tion with barely two minutes to spare, his seat in an empty first-clas king carriage of the London train eliberately lit a fine cigar. He filled with that sense of triumph was filled with that sense of triumphant self-satisfaction which falls to the lot of a man who, after much arduous labor successfully accomplished, sees very near at hand the great desire of his life. Two days' more quiet work, and his task was done. All that he had pledged himself to give he work, and his task was done. All thits he had pledged himself to give he would have ready for the offering. The finishing touches were but a matter of detail. It had been a great undertaking—more difficult at times than he had ever reckoned for. He told himself with some complacency that no other man breathing could have

no other man breathing could have brought it to so satisfactory a conclusion. His had been a life of great endeavors; this one, however, was the crowning triumph of his career. He watched the people take seats in the train with idle eyes; he was not interested in any of them. He scarcely saw their faces; they were not of his world, nor he of theirs. But suddenly he received a rude shock. He sat upright, and wheel away the moisture from the window, in order that he might see more clearly. A young man in a long ulster was buying newspapers from a boy only a yard or two away. Something about the figure and manner of standing and manner of standing to Mr. Sabin vaguely famil turned, and the eyes of the two men

met—then the last vestige of doubt disappeared. It was Felix! Mr. Sabin leaned back in his corner with dark-ening face. He had noticed to his dismay that the encounter, surprisdismay that the encounter, surprising though it had been to him. had
been accepted by Felix as a matter
of course—he was obviously prepared
for it. He had met Mr. Sabin's anxious and incredulous gaze with a
faint, peculiar smile. His probable faint, peculiar smile. His probable presence in the train had evidently presence in the train had evidently been confidently reckoned upon. Felix had been watching him secretly, and, knowing what he did know of that young man, Mr. Sabin was seriously disturbed. He did not hesitate for a moment, however, to face the position. He determined at once upon a bold course of action. Letting down the window he not out his head. the window he put out his head.

"Are you going to town?" he asked Felt, as though seeing him then
was the most natural thing in the

The young man nodded. "Yes, it's getting pretty dreary down here, isn't it? You're off back,

Mr. Sabin assented.
"Yes," he said. "I

Mr. Sabin assented.

"Yes," he said, "I've had about enough of it. Besides, I'm overdue at Pau, and I'm auxious to get there. Are you coming in here?"
Felix hesitated. At first the suggestion had astonished him; almost immediately it became a temptation. It would be distinctly piquant to travel with this man. On the other hand it was distinctly unwise; it was running an altogether unnecessary risk. Mr. Sabin read his thoughts with the utmost ease.

"I should rather like to have a little chat with you," he said quiet-

little chat with you," he said quiet ly: "you are not afraid, are you?" I am quite unarmed, and as you see Nature has not made me for a fightng man." Felix hesitated no longer. He mo

tioned to the porter who was carrying his dressing case and golf clubs, and had them conveyed into Mr. Sabin's carriage. He himself took the

opposite seat.

"I had no idea," Mr. Sabin marked, "that you were in neighborhood."

Felix smiled.

Felix smiled.
"You have been so engrossed in your—golf," he remarked. "It is a fascinating game, is it not?"
"Very." Mr. Sabin assented. "You yourself are a devotee, I see."
"I am a beginner," Felix answered, "and a very clumsy beginner, too. I take my clubs with me, however, whenever I go to the coast at this time of year; they save one from be-

yourself are a devotee, I see."

"I am a beginner." Felix answered, "and a very clumsy beginner, too." I take my clubs with me, however, whenever I go to the coast at this time of year; they save one from being considered a madman."

"It is singular." Mr. Sabin remarked, "that you should have chosen to visit Cromer just now. It is really a most interesting meeting. I do not think that I have had the pleasure of seeing you since that evening at the 'Milan,' when your behavior towards me—forgive my alluding to it—was scarcely considerate."

"I do not." Mr. Sabin remarked.

"Certainly not." Felix answered.

"Certainly not." Felix answered.

"Let me correct you, however, on one trifling point. I said, you must remember—my personal interest."

"I do not." Mr. Sabin remarked.

Mr. Sabin was quite friendly and unembarrassed. He seemed to treat the affair as a joke. Felix looked grimly out of the window.

grimly out of the window.
"Your luck stood you in good stead—as usual," he said. "I meant to kill you that night. You see I don't mind confessing it! I had sworn to make the attempt the first time we met ace to face.

face to face."

"Considering that we are quite alone." Mr. Sabin remarked, looking around the carriage, "and that from physical considerations my life under such conditions is entirely at your mercy, I should like some assurance that you have no intention of repeating the attempt. It would add some mercially to my convert." of repeating the attempt. It would add very materially to my comfort,"
The young man smiled without immediately answering. Then he was suddenly grave; he appeared to be reflecting. Almost imperceptibly Mr. Sabin's hand stole towards the window. He was making a mental calculation as to what height above the carriage window the communication cord might be. Felix, watching his fingers, smiled again.

tion cord might be. Fells, watching his fingers, smiled again.

"You need have no fear," he said;

"Yhe cause of personal enmity between you and me is dead. You have nothing more to fear from me

Mr. Sabin's hand slid down again to his side. "I am charmed to hear it," he de-

"I am charmed to hear it," he declared. "You are, I presume, in earnest?"

"Most certainly. It is as I say; the cause for personal enmity between us is removed. Save for a strong personal dislike, which under the circumstances, I trust that you will pardon me"—Mr. Sabin bowed— "I have no feeling towards you whatever!"

Mr. Sabin drew a somewhat exag-gerated sigh of relief. "I live." he said, "with one more fear removed. But I must confess," he added, "to a certain amount of curiosity. have a somewhat tedious journey be-fore us, and several hours at our disposal; would it be asking you too

relix waved his hand.

"Not at all," he said. "A few words will explain everything. I have other matters to speak of with you, but they can wait. As you remark, we have plenty of time before us. Three weeks ago I received a telegram from Brussels. It was from-forgive me, if I do not utter her name in your presence it come componed its security of the securit ence; it seems somehow like sacrilege."

Mr. Sabin bowed; a little red spot
was burning through the pallor of his "I was there," Felix continued, "in

a matter of twenty-four hours. She was ili—believed herself to be dying. We spoke together of a little event many years old; yet which I venture to think neither you, nor she, nor I have ever forgotten. It had come to her knowledge that you and I were together in London—that you were once more essaying to play a part in civilized and great affairs. And lest our meeting should bring harm about, she told me—something of which I have always been in ignorance. She showed to me a little pistol; she explained to me that a woman's aim is a most uncertain thing. Besides, you were some distance away, and your

a most uncertain thing. Besides, you were some distance away, and your spring aside helped you. Then, too, so far as I could see from the mechanism of the thing—it was an old and clumsy affair—it carried low. At any rate, the shot, which was doubtless meant for your heart, found a haven in your foot. From her lips I learned that she, the sweetest and most timid of her sex, had dared to become her own avenger. Life is a sad enough thing, and pleasure is rare, yet I tasted pleasure of the keenest and subtlest kind when she told me that story. I feel even now some slight return of it when I look at your—shall we call it deformity—and consider how different a person—"

Mr. Sabin half rose to his feet; his face was white and set, sare where a single spot of color was flaring high up near his cheekbone. His eyes were boodshot; for a moment he seemed about to strike the other man. Felix broke off in his sentence, and watched

from warily.

'Come." he said, "it is not like you 'Come," he sald, "it is not like you to lose, control of yourself in that manner. It is a simple matter. You wronged a woman, and she avenged herself magnificently. As for me, I can see that my interference was quite uncalled for; I even venture to offer you my apologies for the fright! must have given you at the 'Milan'. The account had already been straightened by abler hands. I can assure you that I am no longer your enemy. In fact, when I look at you"—his eyes seemed to fall almost to the ground—"when I look at you! The promit myself "when I look at you, I permit myself some slight sensation of pity for your unfortunate affliction. But it was magnificent! Shall we change the subject now?"

Mr. Sabin sat quite still in his cor-

mr. saunt sat quite still in his cor-ner; his eyes seemed fixed upon a dis-tant hill, bordering the flat country through which they were passing. Fellx's stinging words and mocking smile had no meaning for him. In fact smile had no meaning for him. In fact he did not see his companion any longer, nor was he conscious of his presence. The narrow confines of the railway carriage had fallen away. He was in a lofty room, in a chamber of a palace, a privileged guest, the lover of the woman whose dark, passionate eyes and soft, white arms were gleaming there before his eyes. It was but one of many such scenes. He shuddered very slightly, as he went back further still. He had been faithful to one god, and one god only—the ful to one god, and one god only—the god of self! Was it a sign of coming trouble, that for the first time for many years he had abandoned himself to the impotent morbidness of abstract thought? He shook himself free from it with an effort; what lungey! from it with an effort; what lunacy!
To-day he was on the eve of a mighty
succe s—his feet were planted fruly
upon the threshold! The end of all
his ambitions stool fairly in view, and one of the first names in Europe! The one of the first names in Europe! The thought thrilled him. the little flood of impersonal recollections ebbed thought thrilled him, the little flood of impersonal recollections ebbed away; he was himself again, keen, alert, vigorous! Suddenly he met the eyes of his companion fixed steadfastly upon him, and his face darkened. There was something ominous about this man's appearance; his very presence seemed like a foreboding of dieaster.

"exactly see the distinction; in fact,
I do not follow you at all."
"I am so stupid," Felix declared,
applogetically. "I ought to have
explained myself more clearly. It is even possible that you, who know everything, may yet be ignorant of my present condition."
"I certainly have no knowledge of it," Mr. Sabin admitted.

Felix was gently astonished.

"Really! I took it for granted, of course, that you knew. Well, I ameniployed—not in any important post, of course—at the Russian Embassy. His Excellency has been very kind

Mr. Sabin for once felt his nerve grow weak; those evil forebodings of his had very swiftly become verified. This man was his enemy. Yet he This man was his enemy. Yet he recovered himself almost as quickly.

recovered himself almost as quickly. What had he to fear? His was still the winning hand.
"I am pleased to hear," he said, "that you have found such creditable employment; I hope you will make every effort to retain it; you have thrown away many chances."

Folly at first smilled; they he leaned

back amongst the cushions and laughed outright. When he had ceased, he viped the tears from his accessed, he ed outright. When he had ceased, he wiped the tears from his eyes. He sat up again and looked with admiration at the still, pale figure opposite to

You are inimitable." he said, "wonderful! If you live long enough, you will certainly become very famous. What will it be, I wonder—Emperor, Dictator, President of a Republic, the Minister of an Emperor? The latter, I should imagine; you were always such an aristocrat. I would not have missed this journey for the world. I am longing to know what you will say to Prince Lobenski at King's Cross."

Mr. Sahin looked at him keenly "So you are only a lacquet after all, then?" he remarked—"a common

"Very much at your service," Felix answered, with a low bow. "A spy, if you like, engaged for the last two weeks in very closely watching your movements, and solving the mystery of your sudden devotion to a heathen-lah game!"

"There of any rote" Mr. Sahin

"There, at any rate," Mr. Sabir said calmly, you are quite wrong, If you had watched my play I flatter myself that you would have realized that my golf at any rate was no pre-

tence."
"I never imagined," Felix rejoined,
"that you would be anything but
proficient at any game in which you
cared to interest yourself; but I never
imagined either that you came to

Cromer to play golf—especially just now." "Modern diplomacy," Mr. Sabin sald, after a brief pause, "has under-A DUFI

"Modern apriomacy, Mr. Sabin said, after a brief pause, "has undergone, as you may be aware, a remarkable transformation. Secrecy is now quite out of date; it is the custom amongst the masters to play with the cards upon the table."

"There is a good deal in what you say," Felix answered thoughtfully. "Come, we will play the game, then I It is my lead. Very well! I have been down here watching you continually, with the object of discovering the source of this wonderful power by means of which you are prepared to offer up this country, bound hand and foot, to whichever Power you decide to make terms with. Sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it? But you obviously believe in it yourself, and Lobenski believes in you."

"Good!" Mr. Sabin declared. "That power of which I have spoken I now possess! It was nearly complete a month age. In how; work now will

possess! It was nearly complete a month ago; an hour's work now will make it a living and invulnerable fact."

fact."

"You obtained," Felix said, "you final success this afternoon, when yo robbed the mad Admiral."

Mr. Sabin shook his head gently.
"I have not robbed anyone," he said.
"I never use force."

Felix looked at him reproachfully.
"I have heard much that is ev about you," he said, "but I have neve heard before that you were known to the arm to dear me, it is a very unpleasant. -to-dear me, it is a very unpleasant thing to say!"
"Well, sir?"

"To cheat at cards!" "To cheat at cards!"
Mr. Sabin drew a short little breath,
"What I have said is true, to the
letter," he repeated. "The Admiral
gave me the trifling information I
asked for, with his own hands."

Felix remained incredulous. hypnotism," he decusother accomplishments."
(To be Continued.) n you must add the power ism," he declared, "to yo

### RICH, RED BLOOD

### Absolutely Necessary to Health and Strength.

Chrough the Blood Every Organ, Blood is Impure, Disease Takes

tem is in danger of a breakdown, and what is termed anaemia, general debility, or even consumption may be the result. Prudent people occasionally take a tonic for the purpose of keeping the blood pure, but the unwell are those to whom this article is chiefly valuable, as it will point out an easy and speedy means to renewed health. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, who keeps a grocery at the corner of St. Germain and Hermoine streets, St. Sauveur, Que., tells the following story of broken health and renewed igor: "I suffered for many months," said Mrs. Herbert, "from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. I was very pale and felt languid and indisnosed to exertion. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly from a chair, or coming down stairs, often troubled me. The least exercise would leave me almost out of breath, and my heart would palpitate violently, while at other times I would feel a smothering sensation. Often my face out a blow." Fontaine was as white as a shect. He trembled. Two large tears stole down his cheeks. He kept his eyes on Trouillefou; at his nonsensical remark he wiped them, covered his head with his military cap, hurled at Trouillefou the words. "You are an asset and a second or the words." heart would palpitate violently, while at other times I would feel a smothering sensation. Often my face and arms would swell and puff, and the arms became almost useless. I doctored more or less for the trou-ble, but did not get any real benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been using the pills only a few weeks when I found Pink Pills. I had been using the pills only a few weeks when I found myself growing stronger and better in every way. I continued taking the pills for nearly three months—for I pills for nearly three months—for I was determined the cure would be thorough—but sometime before I discontinued using them I felt in better health than I had enjoyed for years before. My sleep is now healthful and refreehing, my appetite excellent, and I feel equal to almost any exertion. I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it will always give me pleasure to recom-It is the mission of Dr. Williams

Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, courish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble drive disease from the system. Other medicals are the results of the result cines act only upon the symptoms of are discontinued the trouble returns often in an aggravated form. If often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer cannot sup-ply you the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Wil-liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Secret of Beauty in Middle Age The woman of forty or thereabouts whose great aim in life is to preserve her figure and her complexion not whose great aim in life is to preserve her figure and her complexion not only pays strictest attention to her bath, gymnastic and massage, but she is more careful as to what she eats than any old Roman gladiator. one society woman, who at forty-five is famous for her good looks and generally attractive and youthful appearance, never puts a bit of bread in her mouth; it might be rank poison, for the seamt divility it receives at her hands. Nor does a sweet of any at her hands. Nor does a sweet of any kind, sort or description ever pass her lips, nor an nee, nor coffee, nor chocolate. What does she eat? Beef, mutton and all vegetables that grow above ground, but of these she eats only sparingly, so fearful is milady of emboupoint, that foe to youthful ppearance.-Frances Smith in Les

The strike among the employees of the Reading Iron Company's tube mill spread with such rapidity that the entire plant is closed. About

# **UNDER PROTEST**

The duel between Count Boni de Castelland and Fernand de Rodays fought in the Pare des Princes in Paris on Saturday, March 16th, in which the famous editor of Figaro was wounded, recalls a tragic duel which occurred at Nantes in 1853, and is graphically described by Maurice Mauris:

Oliver Fontaine, lieutenant in a light infantry regiment stationed there, belonged to an old Toulouse family. His mother, to whom he was devoted, had educated him in the most orthodox fashion. He fulfilled his religious duties in the regiment as regularly as though he had been tied to her apron string. The Bishop of Nantes, who in his youth had been a cavalry officer, used to say that Lieut. Fontaine would have made a better bishop than himself. He was a good and amiabla companion, as well as a loyal, active and dutiful soldier. He was idolized by all his fellow-officers executives one. I lieut. Tracullefou Oliver Fontaine, lieutenant in a was idolized by all his fellow-officers was Monzet by an interior others excepting one. Lieut. Troullefou, who owed his commission to the Revolution of 1848. Troullefou was a perfect type of vulgarity and ignorance, and a declared enemy of all that was noble, delicate and reflect the continuous transfer of the continuous transfer fined. He continually boasted of a slight wound received in a fight at the barricades. In his eyes there slight wound received in a fight at the barricades. In his eyes there was no glory beyond that gained in revolutionary wars. Like most ignorant men, Troulliefou wanted to pass as a learned man. His historical blunders were without parallel. One day, while the glories of the French army before the revolution of 1789 were being discussed by a group of officers seated at a table of a cafe, the name of Marshal Saxe was mentioned. "What do you talk about?" interrupted Troullefou. "Marshal Saxe was not before the revolution." The officers looked at each other in as-

was not before the revolution. The officers looked at each other in astonishment. "Don't you know that he was killed at Marengo?"
"True," Fontaine replied; "but at Marengo the name of De Saxe was

ed Desnix." pronounced Desaix."
From that day Trouillefou's hatred for Fontaine increase. He never missed an occasion to insult the religious feelings of his comrade. He called him a canting priest, a nun and similar names. Fontaine for a time bore good Possession of the System.

If you want to be well take care of the blood. The blood is aptly termed the vital fluid, and it is through it that every organ and every tissue of the body is nourished. If the blood becomes impoverished, the entire system is in danger of a breakdown, and was speaking of Thorwaldsen's monu-ment to the martyrs of the Swiss

"The poor Swiss!" exclaimed one of the party. "Really, they have always had bad luck. Even in our revolution they generally received our first blows."

"It is true," added Fontaine. "It was also against them that, in 1658, the Parisians, under the Duc de Guise, constructed their first barricades."

Lieut. Fontaine had hardly uttered the word "barricades" when Trou-illefou, who was smoking at the next table, and apparently perusing a newspaper, arose from his seat and struck the speaker in the face. There was great excitement. Troullefour was great excitement. Troullefou was asked why he had struck his comrade. With flushed face, bloodshot eyes and foaming lips, he said: "He has spoken disrespectfully of barricades for the purpose of again insulting me. No one shall insult me without a blow."

but he declined their offer. He walked straight to the chapel of the Virgin, fell upon his knees and buried himself in constant himself in prayer. There he remained two hours. When he left the church he was as calm as though nothing had happened. Nearly all the officers of the regiment offered their services as seconds. He thanked them, but declared that he had been but declared that he had sought advice from One "whose wisdom and from One "whose wisdom and love had never deceived him," and that he had irrevocably determined not to challenge Trouillefou. The officers were astounded. Some remarked that military honor required

that he should fight. He replied that Christian honor forbade it; that Jesus had set an example of for-giveness that no Christian ought to giveness that no Christian ought to disregard. Warned by others that he would be suspected of cowardice, he answered that he believed he could offer better evidence of his courage by obeying God than by yielding to human prejudice. If the army and the world misjudged his motives he did not care, for God read his heart.

his heart.
Although esteemed and loved by all his comrades, Lieutenant Fon-taine could not convince them of the correctness of his views. His refusal correctness of his views. His refusal to fight created such a commotion in the regiment that the colonel deemed it prudent to interfere. He summoned the officer to his presence. "Is it true," he asked, "that you have been slapped in the face by Lieutenant Trouillefou."

"Yes, colonel," he replied.
"Have you asked for satisfaction?" You must ask for it without fur-

"I shall not, for three reasons," was the reply.

"Let us have your reasons," rejoined the old officer. "Because duelling is opposed to human law, to divine law, and to

"Is that all?" the colonel inquired.
"Yes, colonel."
"Well, Monsieur Fontaine, if before "Well, Monsieur Fontaine, if before the end of the week you do not chal-lenge Troulliefou to a duel, I will expel you from the regiment." Fontaine remarked that only sol-diers gullty of some crime deserved expulsion. The colonel rejoined that to stain the uniform of a regiment with cowardice was a crime, and repeated his threat. Fontaine left without flinching in his determina

The general then intervened. As he loved the officer dearly, he entreated he described him to fight, for the honor of his line regiment. The lieutenant firmly re-

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piled: "Order me to give up life in behalf of my country, of so lety, of religion, of any noble cause, and I will willingly encounter death. But ask me not to disobey the gospel."

Fontaine, however, could not resist the treatment of his comrades and subordinates. He tendered his resignation. The Minister of War replied that it could not be accepted under the circumstances. He could only be dismissed in disgrace. That filled the measure. One evening Fontaine again walked into the Cafe Cambronne, where his comrades were assembled.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you were

"Gentlemen." said he, "you were "Gentlemen," said ne, "you were witnesses of the insult received from Lieut. Trouillefou. I intended to forgive it, because my religion teaches me to forgive. You will have who has witnessed the struggle of my heart, will allot to each his share of responsibility for what may happen. You force me to fight. I will fight. I make two conditions. First, that all who were present at the outrage shall witness the reparation; second, that the latter be proportionate to the offence. I want a duel to death, with pistols, and only one of them loaded, the distance to be 15 feet. tance to be 15 feet. Do you ac-

tance to be 15 feet. Do you accept, Lieut. Troublefou?"
The latter hesitated, but finally stammered, "All right."
"To-morrow, at 6 Cclock in the morning, in the Forest of Chavandere, by the cross road of the Trois-Louvards," said Fontaine.
A roar of applause greeted his words. The officers crowded around him to congratulate him upon his determination, and to protest their

determination, and to protest

friendship.
"Wait until to-morrow, gentlemen,"
"You have "Walt until to-morrow, gentlemen," the lieutenant replied. "You have suspected me of being a coward. Before protesting your friendship, you had better see me on the ground;" and he withdraw.

At the appointed time the officers of the regiment were at the Trois Louvards. The colonel loaded one of the pistols, enveloped them in a silk handkerchief, and requested Fontaine to choose a weapon, as he was

handkerchief, and requested Four-taine to choose a weapon, as he was the insulted party. The combatants were placed fifteen feet from each other. The officers silently formed in two lines on the right and left of the duelists, and the colonel gave the

duelists, and the colonel gave the word.

Trouillefou was the first to fire. His pistol carried no bullet. He staggered as though already wounded. Fontaine could now forgive. But the Christian feeling had given way under the pressure of bitter sarcasm. He calmly leveled his weapon, fired, and Trouillefou fell, with a shattered skull. There was a cry of horror, the spectators rushed toward the dead duelist, but before they reached him Fontaine was at his side. He dipped his hand in the blood of the dead of ficer, and with that blood washed the cheek upon which he had been struck, exclaiming, "Well, gentlemen, do you think the insult sufficiently washed away? Then, running like a lunatic, away? Then, running like a lunatic, he disappeared in the forest and was seen no more at Nantes. Years af-terward he was discovered in a monastery at Rome, where, ruler the religious name of Fra Pancrazio, he was still praying for the remission of his sins, and for the eternal salvation of the man whom he had killed .- The Argonaut.

Will They Spare the Poor or Increase Undertakers' Prophets? There is no man with soul so dead, says the Philadelphia Record, who has not sometimes turned a thought to his future. When the pomp and circumstance of his existence have ended he wants to know that he will go to the last rest with some belit-ting dignity. Kipling, who once vis-ited an American undertaker's shop-cried out against the fraudulent clothes which the trade puts upon its rictims and which only cover them in exposed places. A broadcloth coat without a back, paper collars and paper shirts with dicky fronts raise a feeling of resentment in every self-respecting breast. Such tailorself-respecting breast. Such tailor-ing makes a man really dread what shakespeare called his "taking off."
The latest assault on a man's native and inalienable rights at his own funeral comes in the shape of a paper coffin. Now, we would not say right off the bat that a paper coffin is as off the bat that a paper collin is as great a swindle as a paper colliar or a paper shirt, but the idea savors of cheapness. There is no luxury in a paper collin. Indeed, the inventor, a Brooklyn doctor, who was visited with the idea while rusticating in the Adirondacks, boldly says that it the Adirondacks, boldly says that it is 50 per cent. cheaper than any other coffim—which condemns it on the spot and forces him to add that it is 50 per cent. better than other coffins. It is very doubtful, we think, whether the free citizens of America will look with favor upon this shoddy product of the undertaker's art. Man will not be skimped on the last day, and whether he is to be put under ground or is to be reduced to ashes at the crematory he will reto ashes at the crematory he will resent any contact with papier mache. He will not be trifled with at a time like that, especially when the bills must be paid out of his own estate.

Where to Hunt for Them.

"Did you see in the American papers those advertisements for lost English heirs? There must be at least a score of them." said Grigsby to a friend or them, said Grigody to a Friend to-day.

"Gone astray, have they? Well, there's no use advertising here for them. Why don't they hunt for them where'they are likely to be found?"

"Where's that?"

"Why, in Astray-lia, of course."

A pupil in the juvenile department astonished his teacher recently by describing a circle as "A straight line that's crooked all the way round."