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Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene, complete, \$2.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., Inc., 100 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

The "D.L." Emulsion
(Trade Mark.)
Will GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!
TONE YOUR NERVES!
MAKE YOU STRONG!
MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Sup. of the Prot. Hospital for Diseases, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives us permission to use his name.

Miss Clark, Sup. Gen. Hospital, Toronto, writes they have used it with the best results.

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Genuine Lombard Plums put up in 2 lb. tins.

10c per Can
3 Cans, 25c

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Pt. jar Honey, 30s.
3 lb. Dried Apples, 25c.
Good Firm Pickles, 10c per bottle.
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Pain-Killer
(PERRY DAVIS')
From Capt. F. L. Lyle, Police Station No. 1, Montreal: "We frequently use Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chills, colic, cramps, which afflictions which afflict men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that Perry Davis' is the best remedy to have near at hand."
Used Internally and Externally.
Two Sizes, 50c. and 60c. bottles.

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No matter how serious your case may be or how long you may have had it, our NEW METHOD OF TREATMENT will cure it. The "worn-out" veins return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment. The organs become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a permanent cure guaranteed. NO CURE, NO PAY. NO OPERATION NECESSARY. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS.

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We treat and cure BLOOD POISON, NEURALGIA, DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, SEMINAL LOSS, BRUISES, BURNED, SKIN DISEASES. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. CHARGES MODERATE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME Treatment.

KENNEDY & KERGAN
143 Shelby St. Detroit, Mich.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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As they approached and their heavy tread was heard on the paths around the house the door was thrown suddenly open, and a girl appeared there.

"Have you found the sheep, father?" she asked in a sweet voice.

"Sheep? We have found sheep and wolves this night!" was the farmer's reply.

"Sheep and wolves! Sheep and wolves! What do you mean, Sester?" now came an anxious voice from the doorway as a woman appeared and stood by the girl's side. "Have the wolves ventured forth from the Green forest again?"

"It's human wolves I mean, and whether they came from the Green forest or the haunts of vice in cities I know not."

As the farmer ended his speech he stepped within the circle of light that streamed from the doorway.

"A young man, father?"

"And what is this? Our Debbisk wounded?" cried Mme. Volner.

"Two beds at once. We must attend their wants, then satisfy your curiosity," said the farmer.

Mme. Volner and her daughter at once sprang to do the bidding of the farmer. The wounded men were placed upon two snowy beds.

"It is far to the surgeon, though he might be got at by daylight," said Volner. "However, the priest is skilled in surgery, and he can tell if we need another."

A man was at once dispatched for the cure of the village, which village was some three miles away.

While waiting for the cure the farmer worked over his two wards.

Debbisk, he found, was shot through the jaw. His wound, though terrible to look at and disfiguring in its probability, was not necessarily fatal.

Volner soon had his wife and daughter attending the man. He then applied himself to Buckford.

He found that a pistol ball had entered the young man's side from behind, had glanced on a rib, gone in an upward direction and was now lodged somewhere in or near the chest cavity. By a miracle it had not touched the heart.

There were also severe bruises on the white forehead, which had bled considerably.

"Here, Adria," called Volner, "Come to me. This one needs your tender hand much more than Debbisk."

And in an instant the pretty Adria was bending over Buckford.

The cure came. He was a gentle old man, skilled not only in what comforted the soul, but in what soothed the aching brow or healed the crimson wound.

"This man, my son," he said to Volner as he stood over Debbisk, "is not in danger. His wound will be painful, but there is no danger. It is strange that he is so slow in recovering consciousness—ah, he moves his eyelids now. Yes, in a short time he will be awake. But this other, this poor youth, whom I believe to be an Englishman or American, is sorely near to death. I think we had need of the surgeon in this. Send for him at once."

"I will, father. And now I will leave these two in your hands while I take some men to the ravine. The rascals who did the work are there."

"No, no!" cried Mme. Volner and Adria together, throwing their arms around the farmer's burly neck. "You shall not risk your life. You have not told us who the rascals are, but we know they must be formidable foes, for they have wounded our powerful Debbisk."

"Formidable foes!" growled the farmer as he gently pushed them away. "Formidable foes! Three skulking wolves that dare not strike except at a man's back! Formidable foes!

With the hands on this farm I could whip an army of them."

He would not stay, but took two men with him, armed, and searched in the ravine and vicinity for the three Frenchmen. But those worthless, having had enough of Farmer Volner's ready strength, had disappeared.

As the good cure had said, Debbisk recovered more rapidly than the ugliness of his wound had promised, but Buckford lingered long in the land of unconsciousness.

The surgeon came, examined him and announced that the cure was competent to manage the case.

And the cure, relinquishing many other duties, took charge of the interesting and mysterious patient.

But, splendid as were the efforts of the cure, the nursing of Adria Volner deserved as much praise. She was ever at the bedside. Her touch was cooling to the fevered brow. She was gentle. She was thoughtful.

"He looks like a brave young man," she said. "Suppose it was my Bosso, brave, reckless, loyal Bosso Duvally, who was wounded in a strange land. I will do for him what I would wish others would do for Bosso. Is it not right, mother?"

"Quite right, my daughter. And now we may hope to see Bosso in a short time. The news has come that the prince has been stopping in Berlin for a few days and will reach Denesia by way of Ontro."

"Oh, I must see Bosso at the village. Will the royal coaches pass this way."

As they approached and their heavy tread was heard on the paths around the house the door was thrown suddenly open, and a girl appeared there.

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hidden to attend the wounded at Volner's house?"

"You are not to enter, or any one, father."

The priest, shaking his head sadly, turned his horse and rode homeward.

"Here's a pretty pass!" cried one of the farm hands, who had started for the village to make purchases, to Volner when he had been sent back. "I was stopped at the gate by the bailiffs of Prince Casparin, who informed me that not one of us was to be allowed to leave the place nor another enter."

"My God! Has Casparin resolved thus to crowd me to death? What plan has he by which he can squeeze money from the stones on this farm, whether people go or come?"

"Well, it seems there is a rascally story that you have planned to leave Denesia, rob him of his due and seek a home and fortune elsewhere."

"My God, my God!" groaned Volner, sinking into a chair. "If they say that, they have lied. And if they have sunk so low as to lie about me, they are plotting something worse. Ah! This wounded lad! He is the center of this attack, I am sure. Oh, that he could speak and tell!"

"Father, come quick!" cried Adria just then, bursting in upon him. "Come at once! May heaven be with us now, for we need God's power to help. Our young man is talking, and the cure is not arrived. Oh, come and hear these terrible whisperings! I know not if they be the rambling of the delicious or the words of awful truth!"

"I do not know. There are but two roads from Ontro to Trolle, and the road by the Green forest is the shortest and best. It is likely the coaches will pass this way."

"Then I will see Bosso," said Adria. "Dear Bosso! I wonder if that wicked Paris has changed him any?"

"No, Bosso cannot change," said Mme. Volner. "He is made of oak. It stands the changing winds of the evil world."

Adria smiled. She loved to hear her lover praised, and she knew how well he deserved it. Had he not saved the life of the prince more than once by his courage and shrewdness?

The road they were in was considered a safe one. But though the wound seemed inclined to heal, the stunned brain refused to resume its functions.

And while the good people in Volner's house nursed him so tenderly four rascals were holding a secret conference in the castle of Casparin at the edge of the Green forest, not far away.

"This is most unfortunate, what you tell me," Casparin was saying. "You should not have taken up the pursuit. We could have found the fool with less trouble. Now undoubtedly he has told his story to Volner. And Volner is a strong adherent of my brother, though a tenant of myself. Ha! I have an idea. Volner owes me considerable land tax. He is so far behind that I threatened him but a day or two since. Now I will issue orders not to allow a single member of his household to leave the farm. I will have the place surrounded, and any one attempting to get away I will cause to be arrested and brought here. It can appear that I suspect them of an attempt to rob me of my dues, for he has no goods, this Volner, upon which I can seize."

"In this way, even if the American does tell the story, we can keep it from getting out till we know what is to be done. If this report is true and my brother intends entering Denesia by way of Ontro, then all is easy as the ravine," said Vandal.

"Yes, was it not?" said Casparin, with a laugh. "How do you like Papa Volner? He is a host in himself. Have you seen the daughter yet?"

"No; I have not been near the place. It would be rash. But you shall see her soon enough. This Duvally, who stands like a tiger between my brother and his foes, shall be among the first to meet his fate."

It was on the following day that the cure, while riding his sleepy and well-fed horse toward Volner's farm, was stopped on the road by two of the bailiffs from Casparin's official household.

"Whither goest thou, father?" asked they.

"Whither indeed, my son, but to nurse the wounded. Hast thou not heard of the poor young gentleman who lies wounded at Volner's farm?"

"We know naught of that, father, but we have received orders from Prince Casparin, our master, to allow no one to enter Volner's or one of Volner's people to come out."

"Is that so?" queried the priest in surprise. "I know that Volner was behind in his rents, but what has he done to merit this?"

"It has become known that he is planning to step out and leave the place and the prince in the lurch."

"Nonsense! Volner was talking with me yesterday about his plans for the coming year."

"And has been writing to land agents in England to obtain a farm for this very month," said the bailiff, with a ready lie.

"Is it possible? Is it possible?" said the gentle cure. "I did not suspect that of Volner. Then I am even for him."

"You sent for me," said Volner. "What is it you wish to say?"

I knew that his wife was called the Princess Margaret and his sister the Princess Marie Alexia.

To be Continued.

The Size of Locomotives.

Thirty years ago the average locomotive used on western mountain railroads weighed not more than twelve and a half tons. Now locomotives are being called into requisition there which weigh seven or eight times as much. The Northern Pacific has just received from the makers a ninety-nine ton compound, four cylinder locomotive. So modern locomotives are not only immensely larger than any known a quarter of a century ago, but quite recently also multiple expansion cylinders are being used in them, a device heretofore almost exclusively confined to stationary and marine engines.

Disquieted Peereases.

There is already talk among the peereases of a requisition to the earl marshal asking that his order should be modified in so far as it compels them to wear heavy crimson velvet and ermine at the coronation. June is usually associated with muslins and chiffon. Those who remember the stifling heat at the jubilee celebrations cannot but regard with some degree of apprehension the wearing of velvets and furs for hours at a stretch in a crowded building on a hot summer's day.—Week End.

Some have such bad luck that life seems one grand confidence game to them.

CHAPTER XII.

ADRIA GIVES WARNING.

VOLNER followed his daughter into a room where the wounded American lay with his white expectant face turned toward the door.

The farmer stepped quickly to the side of the bed and looked down into the upturned eyes. He saw at once that the delirium had passed. Whatever this man said now was said with full possession of his reason.

"You sent for me," said Volner. "What is it you wish to say?"

"You are Volner?" whispered Buckford, using his voice only enough to carry the faint words to Volner's lowered ear.

"That is my name," was the answer. "Do you know me?"

"Your daughter—her name is Adria?"

"Why, yes. 'Twas she who nursed you."

"She is to be the wife of Bosso Duvally, the captain of the prince's guard?"

"Yes, that is what these young people are planning."

"Are you—are you for or against the prince?"

"What! For or against the best and noblest prince in Europe? Count the drops of blood in my veins, and every drop is his."

"Good! Now listen. I am an American and have lived some time in Paris. One night I stood on a bridge over the Seine, feeling dejected and low spirited because things had not gone well with me. I was accosted by a Frenchman who thought I was going to commit suicide. He spoke of a plot, and I, being somewhat of an adventurous nature, allowed him to lead me into it to see what it really was and if I could not prevent a crime."

"I learned of a plot against a prince who was then in Paris incognito. In a room in an inn I saw the photograph of this prince, his wife and his sister."

"You sent for me," said Volner. "What is it you wish to say?"

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