TER YEA

CANADA.

ones.

ing the charm of the partly unknown.

maid, however low in station, was un-

worthy of a kiss and some flattery;

must have no elements but magnificent

the court, and our passion must be at-

tended by circumstances of mystery,

danger, everything to complicate it

and raise it to an epic height. Such

find Paris. Remember, you who read

this, that I am disclosing the inmost

dreams of a man of twenty-one. Such

dreams are appropriate to that age;

with middle age that they become

ridiculous; and when thoughts of

amatory conquest are found in com-

mon with gray hairs, they are loath-

mind largely up to fancies of love, con-

sider that I was then at an age when

such fancies rather adorn than deface.

Indeed, a young man without thoughts

of love is as much an anomaly as is

an older man who gives himself up to

I looked back at La Tournoire, when

I reached the top of the hill that

would, in another minute shut it from

my view. I saw old Michel standing at the porte. I waved my hand to

him, and turned to proceed on my way.

Soon the lump in my throat melted

away, the moisture left my eyes, and

only the future concerned me. Every

object that come into sight, every tree

along the roadside, now interested me.

I passed several travellers, some of

whom seemed to envy me my indiffer-

ence to the cold weather, my look of

About noon I overtook, just where

cross a bridge, a small cavalcade con-

sisting of an exect, handsome gentle-

velvet doublet, and his attire, from his

manly countenance that invited ad-

dress. At the turn of the road he saw

me, and, taking me in at a glance, he

come up to him. He greeted me cour-

teously, and after he had spoken of

sky, he mentioned, incidentally, that

he was going to Paris. I told him my

own destination, and we came to talk-

ing of the court. I perceived, from his

remarks, that he was well acquainted

there. There was some talk of the

quarrels between the King's favorites

and those of his brother, the Duke of

Anjou; of the latter's sulkiness over

his treatment at the hands of the

King; of the probabilities for and

against Anjou's leaving Paris and put-

ting himself at the head of the mal-

content and Huguenot parties: of the

friendship between Anjon and his sis-

ter Marguerite, who remained at the

Court of France while her husband,

Henri of Navarre, held his mimic

Huguenot court in Bearn. Presently.

the name of the Duke of Guise came

Now we Huguenots held, and still

yard, in the Rue de Bethiszy, his mur-

had heard, too, of this illustrious

duke's open continuance of his armor

with Marguerite, queen of or leader,

him to the gentleman at whose side I

rode. I put no restraint on my tongue.

that I ever wish to say of him can be

very quickly spoken. If, as you Catho-

lics believe, God has an earthly rep-

resentative in the Pope, then I think

The gentlemen was quiet for a mo

ment, and looked very sober. Then he

"All men have their faults, monsieur.

The difference between men is that

some have no virtues to compensate

"If Henri de Guise has any virtues,"

I replied, "he wears a mask over them:

and he conceals them more effectually

sassination, his amours, and his design

League of which he is the real head."

to rule France through the Holy

The gentleman turned very red, and

darted at me a glance of anger. Then

"Monsieur, the subject can be dis-

cussed by us in only one way, or not

less, you are impatient to arrive there.

little faster. It is my intention to pro-

"Monsieur," said I, "whether or not

The man smiled gently, and replied

And he reined in his horse.

than he hides his predilection for as-

the devil has one in Henri de Guise."

said gravely

very low tone:

be agreeable to you."

without passion:

without accident.'

I could.

"The Duke of Guise!" I said. "All

Henri of Navarre. When I spoke of

snowy ruff to his black boots, was in

man of middle age, and several armed

joyous content.

some. If I seem to have given my

t is only when they are associated

but the real affaire d'amour of my life

BY HAGENBUCH WYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Two Encounters By Night. Hitherto I have written with the sword, after the fashion of greater men, and requiring no secretary. I now take up the quill to set forth, correctly, certain incidents which, having been noised about, stand in danger of being inaccurately reported by some mitator of Brantome and De l'Estoile. If all the world is to know of this matter, let it know thereof rightly.

It was early in January, in the year 1578, that I first set out for Paris. My mother had died when I was twelve years old, and my father had followed her a year later. It was his last wish that I, his only child, should remain at the chateau, in Anjou, continuing my studies until the end of my twenty first year. He had chosen that I should learn manners as best I could at home, not as page in some great household as gentleman in the retinue of some high personage. "A de Launay shall have no master but God and the King," he said. Reverently I had fulfilled his injunctions, holding my young impulses in leash. I passed the time in sword practice with our old steware. Michel, who had followed my father in the wars under Coligny, in hunting in our little patch of woods, reading Latin authors in the flowery garden of the chateau, or in my favorite chamber-that was at the top of the new tower which had been built in the reign of Henri II. to replace the original black tower from which the earliest De Launay of note got the title of Sieur de la Tournoire. All this while I was holding in curb my impatient desires. So almost resistless are the forces that impel the young heart, that there must have been a hard struggle within me had I had to wait even a thousand years for the evil day which finally set me free to go what way I chose. I rose early on that cold but sunlit January day, made with lackeys. The gentleman wore a black eagerness to be off and away into the great world that at last lay open to ne. Poor old Michel was sad that I the best condition. He had a frank, decided to go alone. But the only servant whom I would have taken with me was the only one to whom I would entrust the house of my fathers in my fell behind his lackeys that I might absence-old Michel himself. I thought the others too rustic. My few tenats would have made awkward lackeys in the weather and the promise of the peace, sorry soldiers in war.

ed on my horse, which had been brought out into the court yard, and then he stood by me while I took my last breakfast in La Tournoire; and, in my haste to be off. I would have eaten little had he not pressed much upon me, reminding me how many leagues I would have to ride before meeting a good inn on the Paris road. He was sad, poor old Michel, at my going, and yet, he partook of some of my eagerness. At last I had forced down my unwilling throat food enough to satisfy even old Michel's solicitude. He girded on me the finest of the swords that my father had left, placed over my violet velvet doublet the new cloak I had bought for the occasion, handed me my new hat with its showy plumes, and stood aside for me to pass out. In the pocket of my red breeches was a purse holding enough golden crowns to ease my path for some time to come. I cast one last look around I had in my mind the picture of Colthe old hall and, trying to check the igny, under whom my father had rapidity of my breath, and the rising fought, lying dead in his own courtof the lump in my throat, strode out to the court yard, breathed the fresh | der done under the direction of that steaming horse, gave Michel my hand window into the cour at Henri's ordfor a moment, and, purposely avoiding ers, and there spurned by Henri's foot. eting his eyes, spoke a last kind word to the old man. After acknowledging the farewells of the other servants, who stood in line trying to look joyous, I started my horse with a little jerk of the rein, and was borne swiftly through the porte, over the bridge and out into the world. Behind me was the home of my fathers and my childhood: before me was Paris. It was a bracing winter morning, and I was twenty-one. A good horse was under me, a sword was at my side. there was money in my pocket. Will I ever feel again as I did that morn-

Michel had my portmanteau fasten-

Some have stupidly wondered why being a Huguenot born and bred, I did not, when free to leave La Tournoire go at once to offer my sword to Henri of Navarre or to some other leader of the party. This is easily answered. It was a Huguenot, I was also a man of twenty-one; and the latter much more than the former. Paris was the centre of the world. There was the court, there were the adventures to be had, there must one go to see the whole of life; there would I meet men and make conquests of women There awaited me the pleasures of which I had known only by report, there the advancement, the triumphs in persongreat love affair of my dreams. Who that is a man and twenty-one has not such dreams? The greatest fool, I think, is he who would have gone through life entirely without folly. What then mattered religion to me? Or what mattered the rivalry of parties, except as they might serve my own personal ambitions and desires? Youth was ebullient to me. The longing to penetrate the unknown made naction intolerable to me. I must rush into the whirlpool; I must be in the very midst of things: I longed for must sing, drink, fight, make love. It is true that there would have been some outlet for my energies in camp life but no gratification for my finer tastes, no luxury, no such pleasures as Paris afforded-little diversity, no elating sense of being at the core of Guise.' events, no opportunities for love-making. In Paris were the pretty women last circumstance alone would

have decided me. I had reached twenty-one without having been deeply in love. I had, of course, had transient periods of inclination toward more than one of the Tournoire; but these demoiselles had grew older, I found it less easy to be attracted by young ladies whom I had there trying to persuade a perfectly something unexpected. So, to the night known from childhood. I had none the serene man to fight. So with an ab- roamer, every human sound or sight I would not have attacked you had I less desire to be in love; but the wo- rupt pull of the rein I started my has an unwonted interest. man whom I should love must be new horse, mechanically applied the spur. As I followed the turning of one of

manner more creditable to myself.

tercede for me again.' Then I wished that I had learned his have found out more about him. Hav-She must be some great lady of ing in his suite no gentlemen, but several lackeys, he was, doubtless, not himself an important personage, but a follower of one. Not wishing to meet him again until circumstances should way. was the amour I had determined to have changed, I passed the next inn to which I came, guessing that he so, for he did not come up with me that day, or at any time during my journey.

It was at sunset on a clear cold even-

the Rue de la Harpe at the crowds of people hurrying in either direction in "Peste," he hissed, as he slowly people hurrying in either direction in each person so absorbed in his own errand, and so used to the throng and the noise, that he paid no heed to the side, and clutching its elbow with his it?" lighted up the towers of the colleges so charmed me. At last I reached the left bank of the Seine and saw before me the little Isle of the City, the sunthe road left a wood and turned to the same coming and going of citizens, Reaching the right arm of the Seine I | condition of his arm. stopped again, this time on the Pontau-Change, and embraced, in a sweepcourt and the palaces, of the markets to-night." and of trade, the Paris in which I Paris into which, after taking this of the Louvre and the Tour de Bois anger, and then said: away leftward, to the Tour de Billy a jubilan heart. It was a quite dark the other's name a world of insult. Paris by the time I plunged into it. crooked corridors in a great chateau

But, dark as the city had become, I elty, so inviting to me were its countless streets leading to who knows what. I stopped at a large inn in the Rue St. hold, Henri de Guise to have been a Denis saw my tired horse well cared chief instigator of the event of St. Bartholomew's Night, in 1572. Always at my rustic solicitude for details, had my portmanteau deposited in a clean, white-washed chamber, overlooking the street, ate a supper such as only a Paris innkeeper can serve and a rav-

to be altogether dark.

It had grown colder at nightfall, and I had to draw my cloak closely around the few people whom I met were walk- made two steps and a thrust at De ing with head thrust forward, the better to resist the breeze when it should he could for a moment, so that Bussy oppose them. Some were attended by armed servants bearing lanterns. The signboards that hung from the projecting stories of the tall houses, swung as the wind swayed, and there was a continual sound of creaking. Clouds had risen, and the moon was obscured much of the time, so that when I looked down some of the narrower streets I could not see whether they ended within a short distance, turned out of sight, or continued far in the same direction. Being accustomed to the country roads, the squares of smaller towns and the wide avenues of the little park at La Tournoire. I was at first surprised at the narrowness of the streets. Across one of them lay a drunken man, peacefully snoring. His head touched the house on one side of the street, and his feet pressed the wall on the opporestraining himself, he answered in a site side. It surprised me to find so many of the streets no wider than this. But there was more breathing room wherever two streets crossed and at all. You are young, and it would where several of them opened into be too pitiful for you to be out off be- some great place. The crookedness fore you have even seen Paris. Doubt- and curvature of the streets constnatly tempted me to seek what might be It would be well, then, if you rode on a beyond around the corner, or the bend; and whenever I sought, I found still ceed at a much slower pace than will other corners or bends hiding the unknown, and luring me to investigate. I had started westward from the inn, I reined in mine likewise. I was intending to proceed toward the boiling with wrath at his superior tone, Louvre. But presently, having turned and his consideration for my youth, aside from one irregular street into anbut I imitated his coolness as well as other, I did not know what was the direction in which I went. The only gaiety, for mystery, for contest; I I ever see Paris is not a matter to con- by the wind, excepting now and then ing." cern you. I cannot allow you to con- came suddenly a burst of loud talk,

noises that I heard were those caused and I am disposed to be accommodatobliging; then consider that nothing in ly shut off, when the door of some the world would be a greater favor to cabaret opened and closed. When I "Then, as we certainly are not going kept a wary eye on the strangerto fight, let my refusal be, not on ac- knowing that in passing each other we

motions reflected mine. His horse stood still. His lackeys At night, in the narrow streets of a stood pawing and snorting at a re- fall heard, every human figure seen rapidly become insipid to me. As I spectful distance. It was an awkward emerging from the darkness, the posmoment for me. I could not stand sibility of an encounter, an adventure,

to me, a mystery, something to fathom and galloped off. A few minutes later the narrowest streets, the darkness, arm." and yet unfathomable. She must be I was out of sight of this singularly some distance ahead of me, was sud- And he came for me again,

ed my description of the Duke of Guise. Window that was quickly opened in the I was annoyed for some time to think second story of a tall house on the handling from the most invincible that he had had the better of the oc-currence, and I gave myself up for an window was darkened by the form of den quarrel, in France! I liked the hour to the unprofitable occupation of a man coming from the chamber with- generosity which impelled him to acmentally re-enacting the scene in a in. At his appearance into view I knowledge me a worthy antagonist, as stood still. Resting for a moment on much as I resented his overbearing in-"I may meet him in Paris some his knees on the window ledge, he low- solence; and I began to think there a world, inexhaustible, always retain- day," I said to myself, "and find ered first one leg, then the other, then was a chance for me. an occasion to right myself in his esti- his body, and presently he was hang- For the first time, I now assumed I had high aspirations. No pretty mation. He shall not let my youth inthe face of a woman appeared in the ness that Bussy fell back, out of sheer window, and as the man remained curprise. He had forgotten about the

> "but be quick. We are just in time." sword wrist. His glove did not save And she stood ready to close the win- him from being jarred and bruised; dow as soon as he should be out of the and, for a moment, he relaxed his firm

and dropped to the street. The lady ed his guard and ended the matter: would stop here. He must have done immediately closed the window, not but I dropped my point instead. even waiting to see how the man had alighted. Had she walted to see that she would

vent his sword from striking the ing that, without further adventure, I rode into Paris through the Porte St. ground, lose his balance on a detached go on fighting, for I would not give Michel and stared as I proceeded along paving stone, and fall heavily on his you another such opening, nor would

each of the narrow, crooked streets, scrambled to his feet. "I have broken am glad not to be killed, for what is my arm.' With his right arm hanging by his

animation that so interested and stir- left hand, as if in great pain, he hasred me. The rays of the setting sun | tened away from the spot, not having noticed me. I followed him. After a second turn, the street cross

wishing to stop at an inn until I should cross, as could be seen by the moonhave seen more of the panorama that light that now came through an in- life. But, M. de Quelus, your arm will terval in the procession of wind-driven

clouds. Just as the man with the hurt arm. lit towers of Notre Dame rising above | who was slender, and had a dandified the wilderness of turrets and spires walk, reached this open space, a gust surrounding them. I crossed the Pont of wind came into it with him, and at the next crossing of streets by four St. Michel, stopping for a moment to there came also, from the other street, look westward toward the Tour de a robust gentleman of medium height, Nesle, and then eastward to the Tour- holding his head high and walking nelle, thus covering in two glances the briskly. Caught by the gust of wind, river bank of the university through my gentleman from the second- story which I had just come. Emerging window ran precipitately into the from the bridge I followed the Rue de other. The robust man was not sent la Barillerie across the Isle of the City, backward an inch. He took the shock finding everywhere the same bustle, of meeting with the firmness of an unyielding wall, so that the slender priests, students and beggars, all alert, gentleman rebounded. Each man utyet not to be surprised at any spec- tered a brief oath and grasped his tacle that might arise before them. sword, the slender one forgetting the

"Oh, it is you," said the robust man, in a virile voice, of which the tone was ing look from left to right, the river now purposely offensive. "The wind not such a fool as to lose it through bank of the town, the Paris of the blows fragile articles into one's face pride.

"It blows gentlemen into muckcomprehensive view from the towers laugh, meant to aggravate the other's

"We do not need seconds, M. de away rightward, I urged my horse with Quelus," putting into his utterance of can handle a sword so well." "Come on, then, M. Bussy d'Am-The Rue St. Denis along which I rode, boise," replied the other, pronouncing expect the favor of a court appointwas beginning to be lighted here and the name only that he might, in rethere by stray rays from windows. The turn, hiss out the final syllable as if it still narrower streets, that ran like were the word for something filthy. Both whipped out their swords, M.

from the large thoroughfare, seemed de Quelus now seemingly unconscious of the pain in his arm. I looked on from the shadow in

was naturally the greater for having learned the names of the antagonists. effeminate chamberlains, whom he gate of the Louvre?" called his minions, and that Bussy d'Amboise was the most redoubtable of the rufflers attached to the King's discontented brother, the Duke of

Bussy d'Amboise, disdaining even to remove his cloak, of which he quickly A wind had come up, too, and gathered the end under his left arm, Quelus. The latter made what parade stepped back to try a feint. De Que lus, trying to raise his sword a trifle higher, uttered an ejaculation of pain, and then dropped the point. Bussy had already begun the motion of a lunge, which it was to late to arrest, even if he had discovered that the other's arm was injured and had disdained to profit by such an advantage. De Quelus would have been pierced through had not I leaped forward with drawn sword and, by a quick thrust happened to strike Bussy's blade and make it diverge from its course. De Quelus jumped back on his side,

as Bussy did on his. Both regarded me with astonishment "Oh, ho, an ambush!" cried Bussy. 'Then come on, all of you, messieurs of the daubed face and painted beard! shall not even call my servants, who

wait at the next corner.' And he made a lunge at me, which I diverted by a parry made on instinct, not having had time to bring my mind to the direction of matters. Bussy

then stood back on guard. "You lie!" said De Quelus, vaindy trying to find sufficient strength in his arm to lift his sword. "I was alone. My servants are as near as yours, yet I have not called. As for this gentleman, I never saw him before.

"That is true," I said, keeping my guard, while Bussy stood with his back to the cross, his brows knit in his effort to make out my features. "Oh, very well," said Bussy. "I do not recognize him, but he is evidently a gentleman in search of a quarrel

sider my youth. You wish to be mingled mirth and jangling, as quick- prised myself vastly by being able to resist the onslaughts of this, the mo me than an opportunity to maintain heard footsteps on the uneven pebble France. But I dared not hope for final formidable swordsman at the court of with my sword my opinion of Henri de pavement of the street, and saw ap- victory. It did not even occur to me proaching me out of the gloom some as possible that I might survive this cloaked pedestrian I mechanically fight. The best of which I hoped was and who leaned on the arm of a stout ing and found my way back to the Whyte's to ask for the services gripped the handle of my sword, and that I might not be among the easiest

victims of this famous sword. count of your youth, but on account must almost touch elbows. His own Bussy and I kept it up, with offence on The lady wore a mask, and although "Monsieur," said De Quelus, while lackeys. of my necessity of reaching Paris suspicions and cautious demeanor and his part, defence on mine; "I am sorry that I cannot intervene to save your demoiselles in the neighborhood of La also had stopped their horses, which great town, there exists in every foot- and I cannot even hold up my sword." life. My arm has been hurt in a fall, she could. The four men had swords

why I interfered.' "The devil!" cried Bussy. "Much as known that. But this gentleman, at least, has nothing the matter with his

self-controlled gentleman, who resent- denly cleft by a stream of light from a Nothing the matter with my arm!

name, that I might, on reaching Paris, there, suspended, he looked up at her cross that stood in the centre of the place and, in leaping backward, he inquiringly. place and, in leaping backward, he "It is well," she said, in a low tone, struck this cross heavily with his grasp of his sword, and before he could "Good night, adorable," he replied, renew his clutch I could have destroy

Bussy looked at me in amazemen and then dropped his.

"Absurd, monsieur! You might very have seen him, in lurching over to pre- fairly have used your advantage. Now you have spoiled everything. We can't kill a man who gives me my life." "As you will, monsieur," said I. "I

the use of having fought Bussy d'Am-

boise if one may not live to boast of

He seemed pleased in his self esteem, and sheathed his sword. am destined not to fight to-night," he answered. "One adversary turns out my left stood black against the purple ed another. In the middle of the open to have a damaged arm, which would and yellow sky. I rode on and on, not space of the junction, there stood a make it a disgrace to kill him, and the other puts me under obligation for my recover.

"I hope so, if for only one reason," replied Quelus.

Bussy d'Amboise then bowed to me and strode on his way. He was joined lackeys, who had been waiting in shadow. All had swords and pistols and one bore a lantern, which had been concealed beneath his cloak. De Quelus, having looked after him

with an angry frown, now turned to me, and spoke with affability: "Monsieur, had you not observed the condition of my arm, I should have resented your aid. But as it is, I owe you my life no less than, he owes you his, and it may be that I can do more than merely acknowledge the obliga-

I saw here the opportunity for which a man might wait months, and I was "Monsieur," I said, "I am Ernanton

de Launay, Sieur de la Tournoire. hoped to find a splendid future, the heaps," responded the other, quickly, arrived in Paris to-day, from Anjou, The hearty gentleman gave a loud with the desire of enlisting in the French Guards." De Quelus smiled. "You desire very

little for a gentleman, and one who "I know that, but I do not bring any letters, and I am not one who could

ment. I am a Huguenot.' "A Huguenot?" said De Quelus. "And yet you come to Paris?" "I prefer to serve the King of France. He is at present on good terms with the Huguenots, is he not?" "Yes-at least, he is not at war with had determined to explore some of it that night, so charming was its nov- lowed De Que'us into the little open to be wasted, even though Huguenots. them; well, gentlemen like you are not

space. My interest in the encounter Attach yourself to Duret's company of the guards for the present and who knows when you may win a vacant At La Tournoire I had heard enough | captaincy? I will bring you to the atfor by a hostler, who seemed amazed of the court to know that the Marquis | tention of the King. Can you be, tode Quelus was the chief of the King's morrow at 11 o'clock, at the principal 'Yes, monsieur. Duret, also, about you."

He looked at my active figure, air with a new ecstacy, mounted the same Henri, his body thrown from his steaming horse, gave Michel my hand window into the course of the King and that between the dainty neither broad nor too thin, observed your, and went afoot, after curfew, into the now entirely dark and no longer crowded street, to find what might beshowing with the sword against Bussy. I could see that he was thinking. "It is well to have in one's debt as many such strong and honest young gentlemen as can be had. Even a Huguenot may be useful in these days!

"Then, when so many leaders contended, every man was desirous of gaining partizans. At court, wise people were scrupulous to repay obligations, in the hope of securing future benefit. I divined De Quelus' motives, but was none the less willing to profit by them as to the possible vacant cap-

"Then I thank you, monsieur, and will keep the appointment," I said. "You are alone," said De Quelus One does not know when one may have one's throat cut for a sou, after dark in the streets of Paris. Will you accept the escort of two of my servants? They are waiting for me in the next street. One does not, you know, let one's servants wait too near windows out of which one expects to drop," he added with a smile

"I thank you, monsieur, but I have that I should fear to change my fortune by taking attendants." "I thank you, monsieur. No, thank dently clandestine.

you, I can sheathe my own sword. My arm has lost its numbness. Parbleu! latter, with a mere "I thank you, mon-I should like to meet Bussy d'Amboise And he strode away, leaving me dants died out of hearing.

standing by the cross. be shut out for the night.

left. Looking in that direction, I saw emerged, that I might remain unseen woman, doubtless a servant. Behind

ary wind, and walked as rapidly as a lady's mask. and pistols, and were sturdy fellows, "I know that," I replied. "That is able to afford her good protection. The two men in advance passed without seeing me, stepping easily over I detest you, M. de Quelus, you know a pool of muddy water that had collected in a depression in the street and had not yet had time to freeze.

stepped at its brink and looked down alley, the whippletree striking the curb man allowed out on bail, which

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Toron to, Can.

"I cannot step across this lake," she said, in a voice that was low-pitched, rich and full of charm to the ear. "We must skirt its borders."

And she turned to walk a short distance up the street in which I stood. "No so, madame," I said, stepping forth and bowing. "The lake is a long after the arrest of the reputed tra one, and you would have to go far out of your way. I will convey you across in a moment, if you will allow me." And I held out my arms, indicating my willingness to left her across the pool. The two servants in the rear now hastened up, ready to attack me, and "Very well. I will speak to Capt. those ahead turned and came back,

their hand on their weapons. The lady looked at me through the eyeholes of her mask. Her lips and wards, have been allowed to

"Why not?" she said, motioning her servants back. I caught her up in my arms and

lifted her over the puddle. She slid we will make representations from my grasp with a slight laugh. I sought some pretext to prolong this | vincial government. The prese meeting. "When I came out to-night," a contingent of the Dominion Mou "I dared not hope for such Police in British Columbia would

happiness as this." "Nor did the astrologer predict any- no reason why a corps should thing of the kind to me," she replied. stationed at a point like Kamloo From this I knew the cause of her be- another farther south and also ing in the street so late—a secret visit | den. The provinces of Albert to some fortune-teller. Then she call- Saskatchewan are favored in ed to the stout woman, who was looking for a place to step over, the pool. Come, Isa, in the name of heaven! settled and remote districts know that if the guard is province surely require just

changed---" She stopped, but she had already betrayed herself. She meant the guard | this country as the result of of the palace, doubtless; and that her secret entrance, so long after the closing of the gates, depended for its keeping bloodhounds at certain ease on the presence of some officer in this province—this opinion whom she had an understanding. She result of interviews with the already fared so well alone to-night must be one of the ladies attached to of the dogs we brought from the royal household, and her nocturnal -Harry Draper and his a excursion from the Louvre was evi- Thomas Hopper, both men of

Is a now joined her mistress, and the who have done a great deal sieur," turned and hastened on her way. Soon the footsteps of her atten- bia.

I had not even seen her face, save I hesitated between returning to the the white, curved chin and the deliinn, and resuming my exploration of cate mouth. I had only beheld her the streets, I decided to go back, lest lithe figure, felt its heaving as I carried her, had my cold cheek warmed I had made my way some distance, for a moment by her breath, heard her bers. in the labyrinth of streets, when, on provoking laugh and her voice, rich reaching another junction of ways, I with vitality. Yet her charm had first cordon and escaped so heard steps at some distance to the caught me and remained with me. I Douglas lake, Colonel Perry had could not, nor did I try to throw it-off. way to Penticton a contingent approaching a little procession head- I was possessed by a craving to see Mounted Police under ed by two men servants, one of whom her again, to know more of her. Al- Church, who would be there on carried a lantern. I stepped back into ready I made this unknown the heroine the street from which I had just of my prospective love affair. I could the aid of the provincial officers soon find her, after gaining the en- Indian trackers and detectives until it should pass. Peering round tree of the court; and I could identify have certainly captured the des the street corner, I saw that behind her by her voice as well as by her does before they got over the the two servants came a lady, whose probable recognition of me. Heaving a lary if they made for it. form indicated youth and elegance, deep sigh, I left the place of our meet-Thanks to the presence of some | Mounted Police, and also the ex these two came another pair of late drinkers, I got in without much dinarily late drinkers, I got in without much dinarily prompt way Col. pounding on the door; and in my little brought the nien from Calgary whitewashed chamber I dreamt of soft other points to the scene heavily cloaked, shivered in the Janu- eyes that glowed through the holes of trouble."

(To be continued.)

-The horses attached to a heavy truck on Friday charged with steal belonging to J. Heaney made things lively propellor from private prope on Waddington Alley for a short time Esquimalt. The arrest was Friday afternoon. They broke away Provincial Officer Conway. from the E. & N. depot when an engine gins, who represented the ommenced to blow off steam, and were asked for an adjournment When the lady reached this pool, she stopped when turning the corner at the day. This was granted and the at it, with a little motion of consterna- and overthrowing one of the horses.

MOUNTED POLICE WANTED General Superintendent of C. P.

Advocates Stationing in British Columbia R. Marpole, general superinter

of the C. P. R., made an interes suggestion when interviewed in Van couver upon his return from Kamlo robbers. According to the Newsvertiser he strongly advocates the cation of a body of Dominion Mou Police within British Columbia and permanent keeping of packs of hounds at suitable points. In course of an interview he said. "There appears to be a numb

tough characters in the country of Kamloops whose antecedents s be looked into-some of them lik ince and there must be some ra change to prevent such despe making our country a harbor of connection to the executive of th tainly have a deterrent effect such a magnificent body of maintain law and order-the cessity for something to be investigations made by our spec tectives. I am strongly in fa ence as hunters of outlaws a hunting, that is, big game in t of Idaho and Eastern British

"Colonel Perry, chief commis R. N. W. M. P., who came to Kan with his men, has every reaso proud of them-and he followed k by advice and precept all the made on all hands to capture th

"Had the robbers broken throug day with expert local guides, and

"It was a happy inspiration

-A Chinaman named Chun Sin arraigned in the provincial police fixed at \$500.

Vol. 36.

SHAUGNESSY ON TRADE DEVEL

SPEECH

C. P. R. PRESIDENT'S

the Company's Poli for the Up-building Canada.

Quebec, May 21.-

shaughnessy, presiden was the guest of the of Trade on Saturday anquet tendered him Frontenac, which will g history as the most s of this kind in the histo ient capital. The oc first sailing of the Can magnificent new steame Britain, which with o dred passengers on h Liverpool at 3.45 Sunda Geo. E. Aimyot, preboard of trade, presided right hand the guest while at the table of seated Hon. Chas. Fi ister of justice; Hon. minister of agricultur Brodeur, minister of Rodolphe Lemieux: s R. L. Borden, leader and many members of House of Commons an legislature, while arou were gathered leading b the city. When Sir Thomas re

a toast of his health Chairman Aimyot, the markable scene of entl some moments before able to proceed.

Sir Thomas's speech the acevelopment of tions and waterways, note for the remainin evening. He began by ing those present that Empress was not bein treal was that the c deep enough. A steam not willingly pay the his cargo 175 miles by his vessel and, Sir face!iously, "paying t rates charged by the

could avoid it. Then followed an h iscence of the develop Lawrence route from ques Cartier. To-day and distinct epoch m vent of the Empress, l more expensive than tofore engaged in the would solve the proble or not passenger tra tracted to the St. L volumes as to warrar speedier ships. Howe subvention might would not be satisfac sessed commercial himself he thought th ties of the route w ple. To succeed ther many things necessa way must be buoyed to remove obstruction of danger. Much had much remained. The was spending millions ment of its Atlantic must also do its utn want to jag behind. the whole country ple, if they were to ment of a trainload Northwest to the A surprised at the am task required. There for jealousy between tic ports. There wo enough for them all them to take care o that the cost of hand will not be an extra In order to illustra

might be worked up of St. John. In the the total tonnage o handled through the was 32,606 tons, and creased 363,821 tons, facilities there were earn for it the name port. Under existing s not another possib the Atlantic coast of was too far away from the traffic originates A few years ago in a much less satis

than to-day, her ov trade relations with were in some cases r ence bordering on co was prospering, and changed their tune were anxious to com and furnish outlets Can we not get alor tance tendered at this ed Sir Thomas. The Eastern Canada cou quirements of the We tion of the country own manufacturing let them see that the ed the Atlantic coast route to the extent t so without resorting sive or undesirable On more than one