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Connected with these springs is "The Welland," a happy combination of sanitarium and family hotel.

THE MINERAL BATH CITY

Mount Clemens, Mich., "The Mineral Bath City," is famous throughout America as an All-the-year-round-Health-Resort. The waters of the springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, paralysis in lighter forms, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, after effects of la grippe, general debility, protracted convalescence, etc. Rheumatism, probably the most common of all diseases, is treated with unfailing success. Seventy-five per cent. of rheumatics are cured and ninety per cent. benefitted.

The city has many luxurious and modern hotels where prospective visi-

tors can rely upon securing the very best accommodation. All of these have individual springs, with bath house attached. In addition are many boarding houses which furnish good accommodation very moderately.

Mount Clemens is situated on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, 21 miles from the City of Detroit.

troit.

For all information, rates, etc., apply to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

snow slope leading at an easy angle to the valley. And in the valley just below the point they had now reached was a line of light railway curving away into the lateral valley towards the mountain hamlet of Nussheim, where ski-runners found their best ski-ing slopes within comfortable access of the capital.

Had he himself possessed skis he would have abandoned his companions and taken to the hill-side. But to venture from the road without skis was inevitably to be engulfed in a sea of inevitably to be engulfed in a sea of uncohesive crystals; and what was true of a man was even truer of a horse-drawn conveyance. Nevertheless his plan, desperate and unpromising as it was, was made. He called abruptly to the coachman to stop, and the man drew rein.

"Heinrich," he called, "unharness the horses."

The man obeyed, and Cyril helped him in his task. The pole was unhitched, and the sleigh was turned so that the front runners overhung the edge of the roadway towards the valley.

"What madness is this?" asked the ex-Queen.

"We are going to have a toboggan

"We are going to have a toboggan ride," replied Cyril, not without glee, for the danger and the recklessness of the thing had changed his mood from despondency to an almost boyish excitement.

"I refuse to trust myself to such an insane procedure," said Charlotte.

"As you will, my dear," was the gibing response. "By all means stay with Heinrich and the horses here, for we don't want an ounce of overweight. If you continue your journey on foot to Weidenbruck you will be lodged at the nation's expense tonight—in the Strafeburg."

"My son will be with me," said Charlotte.

"Your son is going to toboggan with me," retorted the Arch-duke grimly.
"He is young and high spirited, and will enjoy the swift rush down the hillside."

Will enjoy the swift rush down the hillside."

K ARL gazed at the Arch-duke. He knew that the levity and excitement of Cyril's manner were masking not a rund of good-nature and kindliness, but an iron determination merciless as death. Nevertheless he made one bid for freedom.

"I like tobogganing, Cousin," he said, "but not over soft snow in a horse-sleigh. I will stay with my mother here, and look after her."

"Heinrich will look after your mother," retorted Cyril, "unless she decides to come with us."

"She will not come," said Karl, "and I should prefer to remain with her."

Cyril bestowed on the youthful Karl a look, and in that look all the wild-beast latent in him was plainly, and perhaps intentionally, made visible. Karl read the message, and knew that his poor bluff had failed. If he insisted on staying behind the Arch-duke would shoot him like a dog. He was no coward, and unarmed though he was, his youth and blood cried out for the heroic course. But he was sufficiently his father's son to accept the wretched part of yielding to the inevitable. The iron entered into his soul, and he ground his teeth, but he forced himself to bow to the ugly logic of lead and gunpowder. While there was life there was hope, but if he defied the desperate bully of Wolfsnaden, well, the game was at an end, and the losers were he, his friends, and Grimland.

"I will toboggan with you if you insist" he said and Grimland.

"I will toboggan with you if you insist," he said.

"I must insist," sneered Cyril, "otherwise you would surely fall into the hands of your enemies, and upon my word I would almost sooner see you dead than that."

"I believe you would," said Korl

"I believe you would," said Karl

softly.
"Will Your Majesty be pleased to get in?" asked the Arch-duke, with mock reverence.

Karl entered, and Cyril and the driver Heinrich pushed hard from behind. Then at the last moment, as the sleigh heeled over to the angle of the hill-side, the ex-Queen entered and took her seat beside her son. One final thrust and Cyril got in, too, leaving Heinrich to stay with the horses

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