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E. N. HUNT
190 Dundas Street.

A King's Gentleman.

"As what, gentlemen?"

"That the silence you propose, with unnecessary asperity, in regard to all your worldly affairs, shall extend to those spiritual as well. That you shall never mention any person beyond us three, your religious beliefs or opinions, or in any manner inculcate or teach them, even in your own household. The matter will be a secret confined to ourselves and hence no scandal shall arise. We must also stipulate that you shall, as often as convenient, attend divine service at the meeting-house on Sunday, and instruct your family so to do. And in concluding, I pray you, sir, not to resent this plain speaking, or this somewhat rigid stipulating upon our part, since we act, as it were in the place of fathers of the family among whom we are simply willing to intrust the bodies of our children your skill and judgment, we would anxiously insure against peril to the souls which are so much more to be valued, even as men, while lighting a fire in times of pestilence to purify the air, hedge it about with jealous care lest it consume their homes."

"In truth, Master Bradford, you are a plain speaker, and I know not whether of two courses to pursue: to wish you all a very good morning, call for my horse, and ride away, relieving this good town of its present danger, or association with a noxious and loathsome poison, tongue of adder, venom of toad and destroying fire, all which similes you have used in describing me—or to give you my hand, call you the only honest man I ever saw, and accept your offer on your own conditions."

"The latter is the wiser and more Christian course, doctor," said Bradford, smiling grimly.

"Say you so? Then I adopt it," exclaimed Le Baron frankly, and courteously suiting the action to the word. "But allow me to tell you, friend, that your medical education is far behind the light of modern science."

"Indeed? Well, doctor, we shall be ready to learn of you in all matters physical; and by God's grace you may learn of us some of those great and awful spiritual truths which startled our fathers from their sleep."

"Hold, good Master Bradford! I have in turn one condition to impose before the bargain is sealed."

"And what is that?" asked Bradford anxiously.

"That no one shall seek to corrupt me to Protestantism. Let the silence on the subject of religion be mutual."

"Friend, I stand corrected," replied Bradford humbly; and so went his way, followed by his colleagues.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Again at Montarnaud, again in the summer garden where the flowers bloom as freshly and as gayly as they did twelve years ago; where still the fountains tinkle, and the birds sing, and the sweet winds come and go with kisses on their breath. The chateau is even more imposing than of old; for the revenues of Rochenbois have come to fill the empty coffers of Montarnaud, and the old house has been restored, amplified and embellished, until it hardly knows itself. Time the Destroyer has given way to Time the Perfecter everywhere; and not a change is to be seen that is not an improvement. But stay; what shall we say of the lady reclining in this garden chair beneath the shade of the fragrant oleanders, one of whose petals has fallen so harmfully upon her dusky hair? What! have twelve years done for her whom we left a girl of 16 in all the glory of her morning loveliness? The cheek could hardly be more colorless than it was then; but one seems to feel that the blood no longer pulses so rapidly beneath its creamy surface, and the merry mouth has learned to fold itself more immovably, perhaps more scornfully; the wealth of lustrous hair is coiled more artistically than in the old time; and the large dark eyes move more languidly, and hardly care to raise their numerous lids at every call. The totter is no longer that of a careless girl, but perfect in its taste, art and benighted richness. In fact, we have here the handsome and elegant dame du grand monde; and the Valerie who perched in the branches of the oak, and teased her nurse and governess, is gone forever. And yet one must change his half-breathed sigh of regret at this loss into one of astonishment.

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ment and delight, as he catches sight of a little fairy form chasing butterflies among the roses; a little atom of lift and light and motion, looking, with her floating gold-brown curls, her glowing cheeks and parted lips, her dancing eyes and swift aerial motions, more like the creation of some wonderful magician, a fairy caught and clothed with some elemental and unsubstantial body, than a child of ordinary earth. And this is the little Therese, heiress of Montarnaud and Rochenbois, only child surviving of Valerie's loveless and disastrous marriage. Up and down the garden paths skims the child, swift as a swallow, uncertain as the butterflies she chases; and after her toils a young woman, her comely face warm with wrath and sunshine, for she wishes of all things to seat herself in some cool and shady nook to spell out a note just handed her by one of the servants, in the handwriting of her dearly-loved brother, whom as yet she has seen but once since his return from his travels, and who is to visit her, this very day; but in chasing this restless little sprite up and down, she cannot even find time to read what may be the announcement of his arrival.

A figure in clerical costume appears at the head of the steps leading from the terrace to the garden, and Madame Clotilde, as she is called, utters a joyous exclamation:

"It is he, my dear brother, mademoiselle!"

"Can he catch butterflies?" asks the little lady, and then adds in a tone of disgust, "Why, he's a priest, too! I wish somebody but priests would come here. I like soldiers better; I wish mamma did."

Madame Clotilde approaches her mistress and joyously announces:

"My brother, madame. May I leave mademoiselle with her nurse and take him into the house?"

"No; fetch him here, and take Therese to the other end of the garden," languidly replies the countess. "The heat and her voice have given me a headache, and perhaps Pere Vincent's conversation may amuse me for a while."

So Clotilde, with a decided pout and frown upon her pretty face, goes to meet her brother, and deliver the lady's mandate, adding a few words of muttered complaint on her own part, at which he gently smiles, murmuring: "By and bye, my child, by and bye."

Then he approaches madame, who does not disturb herself except to smile graciously and wave her hand toward a chair close beside her couch. Therese studies his companion with sidelong, imperceptible glances.

"It is a long time since we met, Monsieur l'Abbe," says Valerie in a tone of courteous indifference.

"And yet nothing is changed except for the better here at Montarnaud, madame."

"That is as one thinks. Twelve years leave their mark wherever they pass. And a gloomy shadow crosses the countess' beautiful face, as if those twelve years suddenly stood between her and the sun. But, rallying immediately, she inquires absently:

"And where have you been all these years, monsieur?"

"In many places, madame. I have visited nearly all the countries of the world."

"Indeed! You must have seen many curious things. And where did you remain longest?"

"I can hardly tell, madame; for it has seldom been an unbroken year in any one place."

"And were you never homesick, abbe?"

"Sometimes, I confess, madame; for there is no spot of earth so charming or so dear to me as France."

"Then why did you not return sooner?"

"I had work to do abroad, madame. 'Oh! you were sent upon some mission by the church?'"

"We priests do nothing except under direction, madame."

"And you were never allowed to travel alone, I am informed," said the lady carelessly.

"Madame forgets perhaps that I am not a Regular," said the abbe, with an air of explaining everything.

"Well, then, you did travel alone," demanded the countess petulantly.

"Sometimes, madame."

"And other times who was your companion?"

"One is always meeting friends and associates, madame. From Rome to Vienna I traveled with Pere Clement, a pupil of Pere Candore, and a very holy man. Then in Ghent I met with the venerable Pere Bourdoulou, and we traveled to Geneva; and—"

"Yes, yes, I understand; but I meant rather to inquire how long you held your position as a husband's brother, le Baron Francois. You went abroad in his company at first, if I remember."

"He is not in France now, then, madame?"

"That is what I am asking you, monsieur."

"Excuse me, madame; but it is I who am so new an arrival on French soil must ask news of you in such matters. That I have hardly yet seen anyone."

(To be Continued.)

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No family living in a bilious country should be without Farmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin county, Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Farmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

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Another!

Stormy Meeting in Collins' Hall,
London West.

Nominations for Municipal Officers Were Made Last Night,

And the Villagers Had a Rousing Time.

Mr. W. J. Saunby to Oppose Reeve Macdonald.

Councillor Moore and Deputy Reeve Murdock Make Fun for the Crowd—Councillor Andrews Declines Re-election—Other Nominees and What They Had to Say.

A six-foot policeman and a very big chairman couldn't begin to keep the crowd quiet that gathered in Collins' Hall, London West, last night, when the nominations for the various offices in the Village Council and School Board were held. The meeting was unlike that of Friday night in two respects—it was more numerously attended and it was more boisterous. The old hall did not contain an empty seat throughout the evening, while until after 11 o'clock nearly 100 were satisfied with standing room at the entrance. The majority of the crowd had doubtless come for a good time, and they had it in their own way. Interruptions at London West meetings are of a very common occurrence, and when they occurred last night the small boys would goad on the persons who differed with the speakers. Several times the uproar was simply deafening, despite the 200 pounds avoirdupois and persuasive eloquence of the chairman, Mr. Levi Hammond, and the efforts of the village constable, R. W. Ward, to restore order.

From 7:30 to 8:30 o'clock the clerk, Mr. John Simpson, received nominations, after which the speech-making took place. The following were nominated, some amid applause, while others were received with derisive jeers:

FOR REEVE.
D. C. Macdonald, nominated by Alfred Butler, seconded by Levi Hammond.

W. J. Saunby, by Arthur Wilkins, seconded by A. Perkins.

Wm. Spence, by James Hevey, seconded by Levi Hammond.

FOR DEPUTY REEVE.
Wm. Moore, nominated by Alfred Butler, seconded by Wm. Cotton.

Alex. Murdock, by F. A. Jones, seconded by D. Paul.

Dennis Collins, by James Hevey, seconded by John Ackland.

FOR COUNCILLORS.
W. T. Hamilton, by A. Ferguson, seconded by Alf. Butler.

Levi Hammond, by Wm. Moore, seconded by Alex. Thompson.

Dennis Collins, by James Hevey, seconded by Mr. Johnston.

David Andrews, by D. Connolly, seconded by Wm. Smith.

W. T. Duff, by F. A. Jones, seconded by Arthur Wilkins.

Wm. Smith, by W. J. Saunby, seconded by John Chapman.

Wm. Nicholls, by W. Cotton, seconded by J. F. Johnston.

Wm. Moore, by Levi Hammond, seconded by Alfred Butler.

John Ackland, by W. Cotton, seconded by Wm. Spence.

R. J. Kearney, by James Hevey, seconded by Dennis Collins.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.
Cameron Macdonald, by R. F. Lacey, seconded by Wm. Moore.

Thomas Glover, by W. Dell, seconded by Levi Hammond.

Hugh McPherson, by James Campbell, seconded by J. Saunby.

Wm. Smith, by Alfred Butler, seconded by John Chapman.

F. H. Dell, by Levi Hammond, seconded by Cameron Macdonald.

Alex. Currie, by F. D. Cooper, seconded by Wm. Moore.

Alex. Pudney, by Alfred Butler, seconded by Levi Hammond.

MR. W. J. SAUNBY.
Mr. Wm. J. Saunby thanked his mover and second, stating that he had the pleasure of standing on the platform a year ago. "And I got there," said Mr. Saunby, "but I didn't stay there long. (Laughter.) Friends offered to come to my assistance in protesting the election, but I didn't think it worth the while, and was therefore satisfied to stay out."

Mr. Saunby then occupied the chief magistrate's chair. And show me a year in the history of the city when business, and more of it, was better done than during the year just closed. All it requires is the straightforward conduct of business; but the worst of it is, a good many of these experienced men know too many crooked things about municipal law. (Cheers.)

Mr. Macdonald had stated that he never heard of Mr. Saunby in municipal life, not even as pound-keeper. But Mr. Saunby thought it would have been better for the village if Mr. Macdonald had started his municipal career as a humble pound-keeper and never risen above it. (Laughter.) Mr. Macdonald was deputy reeve when a five-year contract was made to light the village at 40 cents per night per light, and was partly responsible for the piling up of the \$11,000 floating debt. The mayor then had not been elected by the people, but had only got the seat by manipulation of the ballots.

Squire Lacey took exception to Mr. Saunby's statement regarding the floating debt. "You are maligning an honest man's character," said the squire.

"It just shows the reeve's inability to conduct municipal matters," replied Mr. Saunby.

MR. SPENCE DECLINES.
Mr. Spence briefly declined to stand for reeve. He paid a little attention to Mr. Macdonald, who, he said, had defied the people for two years by coming out on a false issue.

Mr. Wm. Moore was the first of the nominees for the deputy reeve to take the platform. He referred to the fact that the village had at the present time what it has not had since 1880—and that was a balance of \$1,922 to its credit in the Bank of British North

America. Many people had grumbled because he (the speaker) had been careful over the small sums, but it was certain that if the small sums had not been watched closely, the balance would never be in the bank today. It had been rumored that if he and the reeve were thrown out of the council a guillotine would be provided for the beheading of the officials which had been appointed by the council of 1894. This, Mr. Moore considered, would be a foolish step, as the treasurer, collector and clerk were as honest men as could be secured. (Applause.) Mr. Moore spoke of the way in which affairs were running when he entered the council. It was then supposed that the floating debt was \$8,000, but a little research showed that it really was \$11,000.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW.
The members didn't know that there were several years' county rates unpaid. They didn't know that the collector was going around with about \$1,700 of the corporation's money down his pant leg. They didn't know that the treasurer was walking about the streets, paying Harry, Dick and Tom with loose change, and that there was \$400 paid out and useless vouchers entered therefor. Mr. Moore reviewed the many advantages of consolidating the debt, and concluded by leaving his candidature in the hands of the electors, and stating that he would be just as well satisfied if left at home as if elected.

Deputy Reeve Murdock first spoke of the consolidation question, and then ridiculed the action of Reeve Macdonald in crowding over the \$800 which had recently been received. He claimed that it cost \$740 to audit the books and get the money, and that before the matter was finished the whole sum would be gobbled up. He also expressed his disapproval of the continuance of the electric light at such a high price, while the city got theirs much cheaper.

"Yes," said a ratepayer, "but we have only three or four, while they have a thousand." (Laughter.)

CAN RUN A WHEELBARROW.
Mr. Murdock said the reeve was going to fight the railway company, but it would be a hopeless case, as there was no agreement with the village. The company could run a horse car, a trolley car, a mule car, or a wheelbarrow. (Laughter.) They could stop six months and begin again. When Mr. Moore found out that the late collector was likely to be behind, he ran down town and told the wholesale grocers that Mr. Lord was short in the village.

"I say I didn't," excitedly exclaimed Mr. Moore, as he jumped from his seat.

"Sit down," cried the crowd, with considerable persistence, but Mr. Moore got a hearing finally, and said to Mr. Murdock: "You are trying to scandalize me as you scandalized Mr. Laing, the Government auditor, the other evening, but I will put up \$100 if you will produce a man to whom I imparted such information regarding Mr. Lord."

Mr. Murdock—But I would believe Mr. Lord as soon as I would believe you.

The crowd got really warmed up by this time, and the enthusiasm ran high.

When order was restored, Mr. Murdock proceeded to deal with the statement by Councillor Moore that he (Murdock) had endeavored to secure his son's entrance to the City Hospital as a pauper. "It was a DIRTY, MEAN SLUR," said Mr. Murdock, and he pulled a number of papers out of his inside pocket.

Mr. Moore again interrupted the speaker, and tried to get a hearing, but it was a useless task. He was going to be worsted, however, and he worked his way up to the platform, and, shaking his finger in Mr. Murdock's face, stated that he did try to have his son treated in the hospital as a pauper, but was told by Mr. Gilmour, the county hospital trustee, that he would have to pay for his keep.

Mr. Murdock opened the papers which he had drawn from his pocket and read them. One was a bill from the City Hospital, and the other was from the physician who attended his son. "Do you see them?" said Mr. Murdock, as he exhibited them to the chairman.

"Oh, yes," nodded Mr. Hammond. "They are bills, all right; but they are not receipts, I see."

The reply of Mr. Hammond started the uproar again.

"Give us something about municipal matters," shouted somebody.

"Get out of sight!" cried another ratepayer, while the band of small boys cried "Time! Time!"

"There was a time when a certain man in London West had a lot of fancy chickens," Mr. Murdock went on to say.

"Oh, rats!" broke out the boys, and they followed up with a chorus of hisses.

Chickens were mentioned no more, and Mr. Murdock took his seat.

Councillor Hamilton reviewed the doings of the Board of Works; Mr. W. T. Duff sailed into the council of 1894 for its misdeeds, and Messrs. Levi Hammond, Dennis Collins, D. Andrews and Wm. Smith spoke briefly. Mr. Andrews declined re-election.

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