sun never looks into this depth. It must be far into the day, for I know that I have been here many hours. Will they not bring me food? I am hungry, and my throat is parched. Hark!?

He heard a footstep approaching and he arose to his feet. Pretty soon there was a large and the sun the sun thank and directly a sun the sun thank and directly as the sun thanks and directly as the sun thanks and directly as the sun thanks and the sun tha

He heard a footstep approaching and he arose to his feet. Pretty soon there was a grating sound close at hand, and directly a stream of light struggled into the place. The prisoner looked, and he was able to discover that a little wicket had been opened in the door—a wicket not larger than a man's hand, and even at that guarded by a bar.

"Orlando Vendorme!" pronounced a voice.

"I am here," answered our hero, moving

towards the door.

"Ha, ha, ha; you are there, are you!"

It was the voice of the prince Ludovico.

The first speech had been so strangely echoed by the solid walls that it had not been

recognized.

"How do you find yourself, sir knight of the silver cross?"

"What mean you?" demanded Orlando, coming close to the wicket, which was very near on a level with his face. "If I mistake not, you are Ludovice of Milan?"

"Aye, sir—I am; and I have come to bid you farewell?"

How those words struck into Vendorme's soul! Their meaning was too apparent.

'How, my lord? Do you say farewell?"

"Yes."
"Why do you say farewell? Are you going "Why do you say farewell." Are you going away?"
"Yes. I am going away from this place. Ho, ho-you are a dweller in the palace, sir knight, and you are highly honored, too. Fewfinen are so fortunate as you. Even the duke may, by some stroke of unkind fate, find himself without a home; but you are better provided for. So long as you live this roof shall cover you! Is not that a consolation."

tion."

Orlando could now see the outlines of Ludovico's face, as the light of the torch fell upon them, and the features were distorted by a most liendish expression. The meaning of the demon could be no longer mis-

ing of the demon could be no longer mistaken.

"Sir prince," the prisoner cried, with a realizing sense of his own helplessness, "do you mean that I am here to die—that I shall not leave this place alive?"

"Aye, Orlando Vendorme, I mean it! You have looked upon the sun for the last time! For the last time have you seen the blooming earth! and for the last time have you breathed the fresh air! Aye—and one thing more let me tell you. For the last time have you tasted food, and for the last time have you tasted food, and for the last time pressed the thirst-quenching draught to your lips!"

"Oh! no! no!" exclaimed the prisoner, clasping his hands in frightful agony. "There is no fiend in Tartarian depths could mete out such a doom!"

"And yet, Vendorme, such a doom is yours! Did you think the prince of Milan had no way of revenge! Did you think you could put your heel upon our house? Once you were banished from Milan, and for a deadly offence; you might have escaped further punishment. But you dared to brave our authority. Did you think, when you smote me down in the list, that that would be the end of it? Did you think that we would allow a dog of an outcast to wear a laurel upon um defeat!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Orlando, "and is this

through the grated wicket. He stagged for mercy. How long he had been there he could not tell. It must have been days—two—three and perhaps more.

"Is he dead?" he heard a voice ask.
"Is he dead?" he heard a voice ask.
"He may be," another voice replied.
"No! no!" the prisoner gasped, starting forward, and pressing the legal and the should be glad to know that the upset of the standard done nothing towards bringing about the first vice, in reply. It was the Duke of Milan who spoke.

"It had done nothing towards bringing about the first vice, in reply. It was the Duke of Milan who spoke.
"It had done nothing towards bringing about the first vice, in reply. It was the Duke of Milan who spoke.
"It had done nothing towards bringing about the remission of the deor behind him, and having assured himself that no attendants were present, he of the deor behind him, and having assured himself that no attendants were present, he of the dearwas was more horrible than before.

The prisoner would have put his thin hands a training the prisoner gasped, starting the popular to the scene.

The prisoner and the spoke as the standard that and the spoke as the month of the stage of the day following this interview, the days could alone. He closed the forest of the Savesa are him enemated of Goashel, whom he found alone. He closed the or behind him, and having assured himself that no attendants were present, he of the corn mere, but the wicket was closed suddenly like the city. He has often the was again in darkness. And now the darkness was more horrible than before.

The prisoner are voiled have put his thin hands a training the prisoner would have put his thin hands a training the prisoner would have put his thin hands a training the prisoner would have put his thin hands a training the prisoner would have put his thin hands were himself that no attendants were present, he of the prisoner would have put his thin hands were himself that no attendants were present, he of the prisoner would have put his thin hands were himself that

A Traveller's Experience. DEATH OF MGR. TACHE

Northwest.

Rappings

A ATTERION

A THE WATER TO MILLAN

AND THE WATER TO MILLAN

A and ruddy after such a term of hustling railroad life and varied diet, Mr. Lear? questioned the reporter.

"Well," was the answer, "it is a long story, but one well worth telling. I weigh 190 pounds to-day, and am in better health than I ever before enjoyed in my life. Two years ago I got down to 155 pounds. Constant travelling, r.ughing it on trains and in country hotels broke me all up and left me with a nasty case of kidney complaint and indigestion. My head was all wrong, my stomach bad; I was suffering continual pains and dizziness, and my urine was extremely thick and gravelly. I began to get scared. I consulted several physicians in Montreal, Winnipeg and other cities, but their treatment did not give me a particle of relief. One day I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a trial. They seemed to help me, and I bought a second, third and fourth box, and they cured me. My stomach was all right, the dizziness left my head; no more lassitude, and all traces of my kidney disease disappeared. I was a new man, and gained flesh immediately, and have never been troubled since I consider my case astonishing, because kidney complaint, especially gall stones, is hereditary in our family. It helped to hurry my father to an early grave, and an uncle on my mother's side, Dr. Whittle, of Sydney, Australia, had been a chronic sufferer from gall stones from boyhood. I was so impressed with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I took to the control of the control of the complished literateur. The most striking trait of the character was that his amiability made friends for him among all classes. The complished literateur. The most striking trait of the character was that his amiability made friends for him among all classes. The complished literateur the worth was complished literateur. The most striking trait of the character was that his amiability made friends for him among all classes. The complete of the control of the complete of these wontered the control of the comple

as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaema, chloros's or green

Twenty-Five Years for Attempting to

The Distinguished Prelate of St. Boni-

SKETCH OF A BRILLIANT CAREER

seven, He Was the Youngest Pre-late So Honored in a Century -His Work in the

WINNIPEG, Man., June 23.—Archbishop Tache died yesterday morning. Funeral on Wednesday next. Alexandre Tache was born July 23, 1823, Alexandre Tache was born July 23, 1823, at Riviere du Loup, of an illustrious family of French origin. He was a son of Charles Tache and Henrietta Boncher. Finishing his classical studies at the college at St. Hyacinthe he went to the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal to pursue his theological course. He concluded with the Oblate Fathers at Longenti and was received into the priesthood.

Then he wont west. Six years, under many trials and tribulations he spent evangelizing the savages of the Northwest. With the missionaries of his congregation he pushed his spiritual conquest into regions hitherto unknown to white men.

the 63rd regiment of militia, and a rising merebant.

"How comes it that you are so fat and ruddy after such a term of hustling ailroad life and varied diet, Mr. Lear?" uestioned the reporter.

"Well," was the answer, "it is a long"

est. The case will come up again of

These Rivers, Que., June 19.—Hooper spoke for three hours yesterday from copions notes which he took during his trial, claiming that witnesses and jury were prejudiced against him.

Mr. McMaster, for the crown, replied that the jury was as intelligent a one as could be found in this country. The judge, before passing sentence, said that the places had had a fair trial, and that his fore passing sentence, said that the prisoner had had a fair trial, and that his own relatives if they had been on the jury could not have done otherwise than give the same verdict. Hooper was then sen-tenced to twenty five years in the peniten-

to decide the competitors for the greatinal. Speculation on the event is not of nnai. Steedman of the wagering is indulged in, Byan being a strong favorite. Wright is now rowing fast, and aquatic men here admire him very much. Both Canadians are well.

Trampled to Death. Trampled to Death.

OWEN SOUND, June 23.—Wm. Dobarty, a farmer, of Keppel, left his house with a team of horses, intending to clear stones off a field. He was found lying in the road in an unconscious condition. Medical road in an unconscious condition. Medical aid was at once sent for, but the unfortu-

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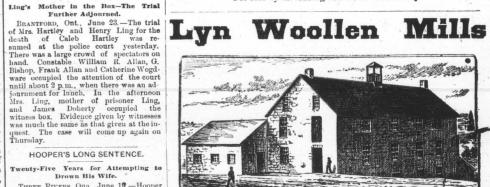
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