

WHIPPLE HUMANE HORSE COLLAR

Protect Your Valuable Horses and Cure Your Suffering Horses—Sold on 15 Days' Trial. Cost No More Than Old-style Collar, Hames and Short Tugs Which They Displace.

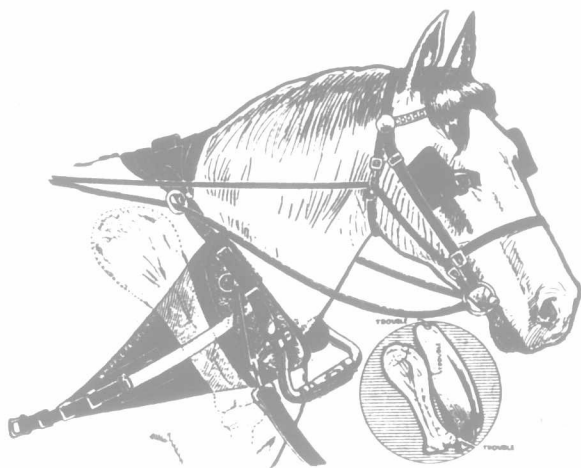
When a man can buy a Whipple Humane Horse Collar that will keep his horse well, it is a crime to torture him with a collar that will make him sore. And it's bad policy from a money-in-your-pocket point of view. We ask you to consider these facts, and decide to try at least one set of Whipple Humane Horse Collars.

Sold By Over 4,000 Harness Dealers on the Other Side Of the Border, But If Your Dealer Don't happen to Have Them Yet, We Will Supply You—Over 35,000 Sold Last Year.

Don't use "sweat pads." It's cruel—especially in hot weather—injures your horses, and costs more in every way. Use Whipple Humane Horse Collars, and your horses will have no more sores—galls or bruised shoulders. No more wasted time. No more loss of valuable horses ruined by sores, bunches or diseased shoulders. No more sweened colts either; can't be. Tell you why. You'll see in a minute from the illustration here, but better in our Free Book, "Horse Collar Sense," or by examining Whipple Humane Horse Collars at your harness dealer's. The simple facts are just these: 1. The pulling surface on these collars is properly distributed. 2. Your horses pull the heaviest load easiest with these collars, because there are 45 square inches of pulling surface on each shoulder as compared with only 10 square inches on old-style hame collars. 3. The burden of pulling comes above the lower shoulder joint, giving the horse a chance to step without bruising the joint where most bruises come. 4. There is no pressure on the thin skin and flesh over the shoulder blade, where so much trouble is caused with old-style collars. 5. No pressure at all on top of the neck or on the windpipe or breast to shut off the horse's breathing.

Every set comes complete and ready to use—less trouble to put on and take off, and fit any horse perfectly all the time by simple adjustment. Built to last for years by expert workmen, and of durable materials. Write us to-day for Free Book and testimonials. Address our nearest factory as below:

Whipple Horse Collar Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada.



UNION STOCK - YARDS Horse Exchange

WEST TORONTO, CANADA.

The Greatest Wholesale and Retail Horse Commission Market.

Auction sales of Horses, Carriages, Harness, etc., every Monday and Wednesday. Horses and harness on hand for private sale every day. The largest, best equipped and most sanitary stables in Canada. Half-mile of railway loading chutes at stable door. Quarter-mile open track for showing horses. Northwest trade a specialty. HERBERT SMITH, Manager. (Late Grand's Repository).

Clydesdale Studbook of Canada.

We will buy a few copies each of volumes 1, 8 and 12, or will give in exchange any of the following volumes: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16. To complete sets we can supply to members volumes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10 and 11 at \$1 each. Volumes 13, 14, 15 or 16 may be had for \$2 each. Address:

Accountant, National Live-stock Records, Ottawa, Canada.

T. H. Hassard, Markham, Ont., LATE OF MILLBROOK.—As I have just completed one of the finest stallion barns in Canada, in addition to the large barns purchased last year, I am now in a position to compete with any opposition in the stallion trade. I have made the largest importations of any firm in Canada the last three years, and the quick sales prove that I always have the right kind of horses, and sell at a right price. I intend sailing for Europe in August, to return with a larger and better importation than ever in September, and, consequently, will not be an exhibitor at the Toronto Exhibition, and would strongly advise intending purchasers to wait and see my stock, and judge for yourselves before buying, and not be governed by some of the judging so frequently done at show fairs. Markham is only 20 miles from Toronto, on the G. T. R., and 3 miles from Locust Hill, on the main line of the C. P. R., where I am always pleased to meet visitors upon short notice, by letter or phone. Long-distance phone in connection.



I TAKE this opportunity to thank my many customers. In the past year I have sold 25 stallions, and every customer pleased. I am going at once to Europe, and intend bringing out something better than ever. Will have a large choice for intending purchasers, and will sell at right prices, and give you right good ones to choose from. I am very careful to select the right kind. Will not be able to attend the Toronto Exhibition. Wait and see my stock. Bolton is 28 miles from Toronto, on Owen Sound Branch, C. P. R. T. D. ELLIOTT, BOLTON, ONTARIO.



Clydesdales SMITH & RICHARDSON & SONS, COLUMBUS, ONTARIO. Wait for our new importation of Clydesdale stallions and mares, which will arrive about the middle of August. We have still a few flashy Canadian-bred stallions and mares.



Clydesdales and Hackneys We have for sale a few choice Clydesdale mares, imported and Hackney stallions and mares, imported and Hackney stallions and mares for sale always. HODGKINSON & TISDALE, BEAVERTON, ONTARIO. G. T. R. and C. N. R. Long-distance phone.



Hackney Stallions Royal Saxon 468, sired by the champion, Saxon, bred by H. N. Crossley; 4 years old, stands 15.3 hands; a superior actor, being high, fast and straight. A choice pair of two-year-olds, sired by Winchester, Imp. One Standard-bred and one imported Clydesdale. HENRY M. DOUGLAS, Box 76, Meaford, or 48, Stayner, Ont.

Fanchon was honest enough to feel rather indignant at this speech. "Don't speak so of her, aunt; she is not bad. Although I ran away from her, and took service with Mademoiselle des Meloises, I will not speak ill of her."

"Why did you run away from Beaumanoir?" asked La Corriveau.

Fanchon reflected a moment upon the mystery of the lady of Beaumanoir, and something checked her tongue, as if it were not safe to tell all she knew to her aunt, who would, moreover, be sure to find out from Angelique herself as much as her mistress wished her to know.

"I did not like Dame Tremblay, aunt," replied she; "I preferred to live with Mademoiselle Angelique. She is a lady, a beauty, who dresses to surpass any picture in the book of modes from Paris, which I often looked at on her dressing-table. She allowed me to imitate them, or wear her cast-off dresses, which were better than any other ladies' new ones. I have one of them on. Look, aunt!" Fanchon spread out very complacently the skirt of a pretty blue robe she wore.

La Corriveau nodded her head in a sort of silent approval, and remarked: "She is free-handed enough! She gives what costs her nothing, and takes all she can get, and is, after all, a trollop, like the rest of us, Fanchon, who would be very good if there were neither men nor money nor fine clothes in the world, to tempt poor silly women."

"You do say such nasty things, aunt!" exclaimed Fanchon, flashing with indignation. "I will hear no more! I am going into the house to see dear old Uncle Dodier, who has been looking through the window at me for ten minutes past, and dared not come out to speak to me. You are too hard on poor old Uncle Dodier, aunt," said Fanchon, boldly. "If you cannot be kind with him, why did you marry him?"

"Why, I wanted a husband, and he wanted my money, that was all; and I got my bargain, and his, too, Fanchon!" and the woman laughed savagely.

"I thought people married to be happy, aunt," replied the girl, persistently.

"Happy! such folly. Satan yokes people together to bring more sinners into the world, and supply fresh fuel for his fires."

"My mistress thinks there is no happiness like a good match," remarked Fanchon; "and I think so too, aunt. I shall never wait the second time of asking, I assure you, aunt."

"You are a fool, Fanchon," said La Corriveau, but your mistress deserves to wear the ring of Cleopatra, and to become the mother of witches and harlots for all time. Why did she really send for me?"

The girl crossed herself, and exclaimed, "God forbid, aunt! my mistress is not like that!"

La Corriveau spat at the mention of the sacred name. "But it is in her, Fanchon. It is in all of us! If she is not so already, she will be. But go into the house and see your foolish uncle, while I go prepare for my visit. We will set out at once, Fanchon, for business like that of Angelique des Meloises cannot wait."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Weird Sisters.

Fanchon walked into the house to see her Uncle Dodier. When she was gone, the countenance of La Corriveau put on a dark and terrible expression. Her black eyes looked downwards, seeming to penetrate the very earth, and to reflect in their glittering orbits the fires of the underworld.

She stood for a few moments buried in deep thought, with her arms tightly folded across her breast. Her fingers moved nervously, as they kept time with the quick motions of her foot, which beat the ground.

"It is for death and no lost jewels that girl sends for me!" mut-

tered La Corriveau through her teeth, which flashed white and cruel between her thin lips. "She has a rival in her love for the Intendant, and she will lovingly, by my help, feed her with the manna of St. Nicholas! Angelique des Meloises has boldness, craft and falseness for twenty women, and keeps secrets like a nun. She is rich and ambitious, and would poison half the world rather than miss the thing she sets her mind on. She is a girl after my own heart, and worth the risk I run with her. Her riches would be endless should she succeed in her designs; and with her in my power, nothing she has would henceforth be her own—but mine! mine! Besides," added La Corriveau, her thoughts flashing back to the fate which had overtaken her progenitors, Exili and La Voisin, "I may need help myself, some day, to plead with the Intendant on my own account—who knows?"

A strange thrill ran through the veins of La Corriveau, but she instantly threw it off. "I know what she wants," added she, "I will take it with me. I am safe in trusting her with the secret of Beatrice Spira. That girl is worthy of it as Brinvilliers herself."

La Corriveau entered her own apartment. She locked the door behind her, drew a bunch of keys from her bosom, and turned towards a cabinet of singular shape and Italian workmanship which stood in a corner of the apartment. It was an antique piece of furniture, made of some dark oriental wood, carved over with fantastic figures from Etruscan designs by the cunning hand of an old Italian workman, who knew well how to make secret drawers and invisible concealments for things dangerous and forbidden.

It had once belonged to Antonio Exili, who had caused it to be made, ostensibly for the safe-keeping of his cabalistic formulas and alchemic preparations, when searching for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, really for the concealment of the subtle drugs, out of which his alchemies distilled the aqua tofana, and his crucibles prepared the poudre de succession.

In the most secret place of all were deposited, ready for use, a few vials of the crystal liquid, every single drop of which contained the life of a man, and which, administered in due proportion of time and measure, killed and left no sign, numbering its victim's days, hours, and minutes, exactly according to the will and malignity of his destroyer.

La Corriveau took out the vials, and placed them carefully in a casket of ebony not larger than a woman's hand. In it was a number of small flasks, each filled with pills like grains of mustard seed, the essence and quintessence of various poisons, that put on the appearances of natural diseases, and which, mixed in due proportion with the aqua tofana, covered the foulest murders with the lawful ensigns of the angel of death.

In the box of ebony was the sublimated dust of deadly nightshade, which kindles the red fires of fever and rots the roots of the tongue. There was the fetid powder of stramonium, that grips the lungs like an asthma; and quinia, that shakes its victims like the cold hand of the miasma of the Pontine marshes. The essence of poppies, ten times sublimated, a few grains of which bring on the stupor of apoplexy; and the sardonic plant, that kills its victim with the frightful laughter of madness on his countenance.

The knowledge of these and many more cursed herbs, once known to Medea in the Colchian land, and transplanted to Greece and Rome, with the enchantments of their use, had been handed, by a long succession of sorcerers and poisoners, down to Exili and Beatrice Spira, until they came into the possession of La Corriveau, the legitimate inheritrix of this lore of hell.

Before closing the cabinet, La Corriveau opened one more secret draw-