

FREE TO Asthma Sufferers

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use
Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a new method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as hay fever or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it To-day.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON.
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 28 W
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N.Y.

Send free trial of your new method to:



PICKED PIMPLE AND DIED

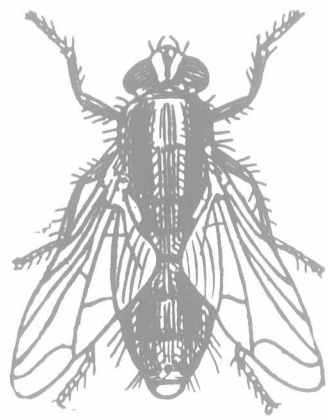
Under above heading a leading daily paper, of May 27, tells of a farmer's son in Leeds County contracting blood poisoning through picking a pimple. This happens only too often. We always advise patients not to press pimples and blackheads, but to leave them in and use

OUR HOME TREATMENT

to cure the trouble. It will do it every time. Let us convince you. We've been treating pimples, blackheads, blotches, eczema, etc., successfully for over seventeen years. Write us if you have any skin, scalp, hair or complexional trouble. Our charges are moderate, and we always cure. Get booklet "P"; it's free.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, Warts, Ruptured Veins, etc., always permanently destroyed by our reliable method of antiseptic Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
61 College St., Toronto. Estab. 1892



CAREFUL HOUSEKEEPERS COMMENCE USING Wilson's Fly Pads

early, knowing that a few flies killed prevent a host in midsummer.

Imperial Holsteins!

For sale. Bul calves sired by Tidy Abbe Kirk Mercedes Pasch, whose seven nearest dams have records within a fraction of 27 pounds, out of show cows with high official records. A most desirable lot of coming herd-headers. **W. H. SIMMONS, New Durham P. O., Ont., Oxford County.**

HEREFORD BULLS!

Three high-class young pure-bred Hereford bulls for sale at reasonable figures. Address:

J. LINDSAY, LIMEHOUSE, ONTARIO.

PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

confinement, fighting for liberty with the bars or walls of their prison. The exclusion of light by covering the cage with a cloth, will do much to allay this propensity; and in a short time the birds become so accustomed to their environment as no longer to persist in trying to gain an unknown freedom.

"The critical moment arrives when they are to be restored to their liberty out of doors. It is well not to forget that the education which has been given, has not fitted them to cope with the food problem as presented in nature. Moreover, they have become tame, semi-domesticated and fearless; so that they ought to be set at liberty in a place that no cats frequent. When ready to go out in this way, they have learned to feed themselves, if properly brought up; as a time comes when young birds no longer wish to be fed, either by their real or foster parents. They are also constantly gaining new information about food, for as soon as able to forage they taste whatever there is about them."

The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

The Chevalier did not notice, or did not care for, the slight touch of sarcasm in the Intendant's tone. "Thanks, Bigot!" drawled he. "My egg shall be hatched to-night down at Menut's. I expect to have little more left than the shell of it to-morrow."

"Well, never mind! We have considered all that, Chevalier. What one loses, another gets. It is all in the family. Look here," continued he, laying his finger upon a page of the ledger that lay open before him, "Mademoiselle Angélique des Meloises is now a shareholder in the Grand Company. The list of high, fair, and noble ladies of the Court who are members of the Company will be honored by the addition of the name of your charming sister."

The Chevalier's eyes sparkled with delight as he read Angélique's name on the book. A handsome sum of five digits stood to her credit. He bowed his thanks with many warm expressions of his sense of the honor done his sister by "placing her name on the roll of the ladies of the Court who honor the Company by accepting a share of its dividends."

"I hope Mademoiselle des Meloises will not refuse this small mark of our respect," observed Bigot, feeling well assured she would not deem it a small one.

"Little fear of that!" muttered Cadet, whose bad opinion of the sex was incorrigible. "The game fowls of Versailles scratch jewels out of every dung-hill, and Angélique des Meloises has longer claws than any of them."

Cadet's ill-natured remark was either unheard or unheeded; besides, he was privileged to say anything. Des Meloises bowed with an air of perfect complaisance to the Intendant as he answered: "I guarantee the perfect satisfaction of Angélique with this marked compliment of the Grand Company. She will, I am sure, appreciate the kindness of the Intendant as it deserves."

Cadet and Varin exchanged smiles, not unnoticed by Bigot, who smiled too. "Yes, Chevalier," said he, "the Company gives this token of its admiration for the fairest lady in New France. We have bestowed premiums upon fine flax and fat cattle, why not upon beauty, grace and wit embodied in handsome women?"

"Angélique will be highly flattered, Chevalier," replied he, "at the distinction. She must thank you herself, as I am sure she will."

"I am happy to try to deserve her thanks," replied Bigot; and, not caring to talk further on the sub-

ject, "what news in the city this afternoon, Chevalier?" asked he; "how does that affair at Belmont go off?"

"Don't know. Half the city has gone, I think. At the Church door, however, the talk among the merchants is that peace is going to be made soon. Is it so very threatening, Bigot?"

"If the King wills it, it is," Bigot spoke carelessly.

"But your own opinion, Chevalier Bigot; what think you of it?"

"Amen! amen! Quod fiat fiat! Seigny John, the fool of Paris, could enlighten you as well as I could as to what the women at Versailles may decide to do," replied Bigot, in a tone of impatience.

"I fear peace will be made. What will you do in that case, Bigot?" asked Des Meloises, not noticing Bigot's aversion to the topic.

"If the King makes it, invitus amabo! as the man said who married the shrew," Bigot laughed mockingly. "We must make the best of it, Des Meloises! and let me tell you privately, I mean to make a good thing of it for ourselves whichever way it turns."

"But what will become of the Company should the war expenditure stop?" The Chevalier was thinking of his dividend of five figures.

"Oh! you should have been here sooner, Des Meloises; you would have heard our grand settlement of the question in every contingency of peace or war."

"Be sure of one thing," continued Bigot, "the Grand Company will not, like the eels of Melun, cry out before they are skinned. What says the proverb, 'Mieux vaut engin que force' (craft beats strength)? The Grand Company must prosper as the first condition of life in New France. Perhaps a year or two of repose may not be amiss, to revictual and reinforce the Colony; and by that time we shall be ready to pick the lock of Bellona's temple again and cry, 'Vive la guerre! Vive la Grande Compagnie! more merrily than ever!'"

Bigot's far-reaching intellect forecast the course of events, which remained so much subject to his own direction after the peace of Aix la Chapelle—a peace which in America was never a peace at all, but only an armed and troubled truce between the clashing interests and rival ambitions of the French and English in the New World.

The meeting of the Board of Managers of the Grand Company broke up, and—a circumstance that rarely happened—without the customary debauch. Bigot, preoccupied with his own projects, which reached far beyond the mere interests of the Company, retired to his couch. Cadet, Varin and Penissault, forming an interior circle of the Friponne, had certain matters to shape for the Company's eye. The rings of corruption in the Grand Company descended, narrower and more black and precipitous, down to the bottom, where Bigot sat, the Demiurgos of all.

The Chevalier des Meloises was rather proud of his sister's beauty and cleverness, and, in truth, a little afraid of her. They lived together harmoniously enough, so long as each allowed the other his or her own way. Both took it, and followed their own pleasures, and were not usually disagreeable to one another, except when Angélique commented on what she called his penuriousness, and he upon her extravagance, in the financial administration of the family of the Des Meloises.

The Chevalier was highly delighted to-day to be able to inform Angélique of her good fortune in becoming a partner of the Friponne, and that, too, by the grace of his Excellency the Intendant. The information told Angélique with delight, not only because it made her independent of her brother's management of money, but it opened a door to her widest hopes, which she had been hitherto unable to realize. She was glad to tell the good news to her

which she knew would be made to-night by Le Gardeur de Repentigny.

The Chevalier des Meloises had no idea of his sister's own aims. He had long nourished a foolish fancy that, if he had not obtained the hand of the wealthy and beautiful heiress of Repentigny, it was because he had not proposed. Something to-day had suggested the thought that unless he did propose soon his chances would be nil, and another might secure the prize which he had in vain fancy set down as his own.

He hinted to Angélique to-day that he had almost resolved to marry, and that the projected alliance with the noble and wealthy house of Tilly could be easily accomplished if Angélique would only do her share, as a sister ought, in securing her brother's fortune and happiness.

"How?" asked she, looking up savagely, for she knew well at what her brother was driving.

"By your accepting Le Gardeur without more delay! All the city knows he is mad in love, and would marry you any day you choose, if you wore only the hair on your head. He would ask no better fortune!"

"It is useless to advise me, Renaud!" said she, "and whether I take Le Gardeur or no, it would not help your chance with Amélie! I am sorry for it, for Amélie is a prize, Renaud! but not for you at any price. Let me tell you, that desirable young lady will become the bride of Pierre Philibert, and the bride of no other man living."

"You give one cold encouragement, sister! But I am sure, if you would only marry Le Gardeur, you could easily, with your tact and cleverness, induce Amélie to let me share the Tilly fortune. There are chests full of gold in the old Manor House, and a crow could hardly fly in a day over their broad lands!"

"Perfectly useless, brother! Amélie is not like most girls. She would refuse the hand of a king for the sake of the man she loves, and she loves Pierre Philibert to his finger-ends. She has married him in her heart a thousand times. I hate paragons of women, and would scorn to be one, but I tell you, brother, Amélie is a paragon of a girl, without knowing it!"

"Hum, I never tried my hand on a paragon; I should like to do so," replied he, with a smile of decided confidence in his powers. "I fancy they are just like other women when you can catch them with their armor off."

"Yes, but women like Amélie never lay off their armor! They seem born in it, like Minerva. But your vanity will not let you believe me, Renaud! So go try her, and tell me your luck! She won't scratch you, nor scold. Amélie is a lady, and will talk to you like a queen. But she will give you a polite reply to your proposal that will improve your opinions of our sex."

"You are mocking me, Angélique, as you always do! One never knows when you are in jest, or when in earnest. Even when you get angry, it is often unreal and for a purpose! I want you to be serious for once. The fortune of the Tillys and De Repentignys is the best in New France, and we can make it ours if you will help me."

"I am serious enough in wishing you those chests full of gold, and those broad lands that a crow cannot fly over in a day; but I must forego my share of them, and so must you yours, brother!" Angélique leaned back in her chair, desiring to stop further discussion of a topic she did not like to hear.

"Why must you forgo your share of the De Repentigny fortune, Angélique? You could call it your own any day you chose by giving your little finger to Le Gardeur! you do really puzzle me."

The Chevalier did look perplexed at his insubstantial sister, who only smiled over the table at him, as she nonchalantly cracked nuts and sipped

"and he drops."

"and he drops."