

NEW CENTURY



with strong rigid Wringer Stand

This new Wringer Attachment is "head and shoulders" above any other. The entire stand is absolutely right—always in position—never in the way—and the water drains right into the tub.

"New Century" Washing Machine—complete and delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec—only \$9.95. Write for free booklet.

CONDWELL MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

Pimples, Blotches, Eczema



and all skin affections, scalp troubles, etc., are speedily cured when our reliable remedies are used. It will be unnecessary for you to come here unless you live near and desire to.

Our Home Treatment

will prove to all sufferers that it is superior to any other made. We know it is; results have proved it to be. If you have tried many cures without results, have thousands of others that our treatment cured. Consultation free at office or by mail.

Superfluous Hair,

Moles, Warts, etc., successfully treated and permanently removed without a scar by our reliable method of **Electrolysis**, which is anti-septic and practically painless. Satisfaction assured. Send stamp for booklet "F."

Hisco's Dermatological Institute,

61 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.
Established 1892.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

De Roxton (in 1915)—Looking for an aeronaut? Why, I thought that chap you had was a star?

Wadburn—I guess he thought so, too; from what I've heard, he was visible nightly entertaining his friends in my aeroplanes.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Ferry's are best because every year the retailer gets a new supply, freshly tested and put up. You run no risk of poorly kept or remnant stocks. We take the pains; you get the results. Buy of the best equipped and most expert seed growers in America. It is to our advantage to satisfy you. We will. For sale everywhere. Our 1929 Seed Annual free. Write to

D. M. FERRY & CO.,
Windsor, Ont.

Amelie, you would think it no sin to punish them for their perjuries."

"No, I don't know men," replied Amelie, "but I think a noble man is, after God, the worthiest object of a woman's devotion. We were better dead than finding amusement in the pain of those who love us; pray what became of Julien de St. Croix after you broke up his intended marriage with poor Francoise?"

"Oh! I threw him to the fishes! What did I care for him. It was mainly to punish Francoise's presumption that I showed my power and made him fight that desperate duel with Captain Le Franc."

"O, Angelique, how could you be so unutterably wicked?"

"Wicked? It was not my fault, you know, that he was killed. He was my champion, and ought to have come off victor. I wore a black ribbon for him a full half year, and had the credit of being devoted to his memory; I had my triumph in that, if in nothing else."

"Your triumph! for shame, Angelique! I will not listen to you; you profane the very name of love by uttering such sentiments. The gift of so much beauty was for blessing, not for pain. St. Mary pray for you, Angelique; you need

"Yes, I met with a double defeat last night," continued Angelique.

"Indeed! pray, from whom?" Amelie's curiosity, though not usually a troublesome quality, was by this time fairly roused.

Angelique saw her drift, and played with her anxiety for a few moments.

"My first rebuff was from that gentlemanly philosopher from Sweden, a great friend of the Governor, you know. But, alas, I might as well have tried to fascinate an iceberg! I do not believe that he knew, after a half-hour's conversation with me, whether I was man or woman. That was defeat number one."

"And what was number two?" Amelie was now thoroughly interested in Angelique's gossip.

"I left the dry, unappreciative philosopher, and devoted myself to charm the handsome Colonel Philibert. He was all wit and courtesy, but my failure was even more signal with him than with the cold Swede."

Amelie's eyes gave a sparkle of joy which did not escape Angelique, but she pretended not to see it. "How was that? Tell me, pray, how you failed with Colonel Philibert?"

"My cause of failure would not be a lesson for you, Amelie. Listen! I got a speedy introduction to Colonel

Philibert, with proper respect, ask about a lady."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, not half enough to content him. I confess I felt piqued that he only looked on me as a sort of pythoness to solve enigmas about you. I had a grim satisfaction in leaving his curiosity irritated, but not satisfied. I praised your beauty, goodness and cleverness up to the skies, however. I was not untrue to old friendship, Amelie!" Angelique kissed her friend on the cheek, who silently allowed what, in her indignation a few moments ago, she would have refused.

"But what said Colonel Philibert of himself? Never mind about me."

"Oh, impatient that you are! He said nothing of himself. He was so absorbed in my stories concerning you. I told him as pretty a fable as La Fontaine related of the Avare qui avait perdu son tresor! I said you were a beautiful chatelaine, besieged by an army of lovers, but the knight-errant Fortunatus had alone won your favor, and would receive your hand! The brave Colonel! I could see he winced at this. His steel cuirass was not invulnerable. I drew blood, which is more than you would have dared to do, Amelie! But I discovered the truth hidden in his heart. He is in love with you, Amelie de Repentigny!"

"Mad girl! How could you? How dare you speak so of me? What must Colonel Philibert think?"

"Think? He thinks you must be the most perfect of your sex! Why, his mind was made up about you, Amelie, before he said a word to me. Indeed, he only just wanted to enjoy the supernal pleasure of hearing me sing the praises of Amelie de Repentigny to the tune composed by himself."

"Which you seem to have done, Angelique!"

"As musically as Mere St. Borgia when singing vespers in the Ursulines," was Angelique's flippant reply.

Amelie knew how useless it was to expostulate. She swallowed her mingled pleasure and vexation salt with tears she could not help. She changed the subject by a violent wrench, and asked Angelique when she had last seen Le Gardeur.

"At the Intendant's levee the other day. How like you he is, too, only less amiable!"

Angelique did not respond readily to her friend's questioning about her brother.

"Less amiable? That is not like my brother. Why do you think him less amiable than me?"

"Because he got angry with me at the ball given in honor of the arrival of the Intendant, and I have not been able to restore him to perfect good humor with me since."

"Oh, then, Le Gardeur completes the trio of those who are proof against your fascinations?" Amelie was secretly glad to hear of the displeasure of Le Gardeur with Angelique.

"Not at all, I hope, Amelie. I don't place Le Gardeur in the same category with my other admirers. But he got offended because I seemed to neglect him a little to cultivate this gay new Intendant. Do you know him?"

"No; nor wish to! I have heard much said to his disadvantage. The Chevalier La Corne St. Luc has openly expressed his dislike of the Intendant for something that happened in Acadia."

"Oh, the Chevalier La Corne is always so decided in his likes and dislikes; one must either be very good or very bad to satisfy him!" replied Angelique with a scornful pout of her lips.

"Don't speak ill of my godfather, Angelique; better be profane on any other topic; you know my ideal of manly virtues is the Chevalier La Corne," replied Amelie.

"Well! I won't pull down your idol, then. I respect the brave old soldier, but I could wish him with the army in Flanders!"

"There are not a few people



Angelique and Amelie.

her prayers!" Amelie rose up suddenly.

"Nay, do not get angry and go off that way, Amelie," ejaculated Angelique. "I will do penance for my triumphs by relating my defeats, and my special failure of all, which I know you will rejoice to hear."

"I, Angelique? What have your triumphs or failures to do with me? No, I care not to hear." Angelique held her half forcibly by the scarf.

"But you will care when I tell you that I met an old and valued friend of yours last night at the Castle—the new Aide-de-Camp of the Governor, Colonel Philibert. I think I have heard you speak of Pierre Philibert in the Convent, Amelie?"

Amelie felt the net thrown over her by the skillful retainer. She stood stock-still in mute surprise, with averted eye and deeply-blushing cheek, fighting desperately with the confusion she feared to let Angelique detect. But that keen-sighted girl saw too clearly—she had caught her fast as a bird is caught by the fowler.

Philibert, who, I confess, is one of the handsomest men I ever saw. I was bent on attracting him."

"For shame, Angelique! How could you confess to aught so womanly!" There was a warmth in Amelie's tone than was less noticed by herself than by her companion.

"Well, it is my way of conquering the King's army. I shot my whole quiver of arrows at Colonel Philibert, but, to my chagrin, hit not a vital part! He parried every one, and returned them broken at my feet."

His persistent questioning about yourself, as soon as he discovered we had been school companions at the Convent, quite foiled me. He was full of interest about you, and all that concerned you, but cared not a fig about me!"

"What could Colonel Philibert have to ask you about me?" Amelie unconsciously drew closer to her companion, and even clasped her arm by an involuntary movement which did not escape her friend.

"Why, he asked every one a question about you."