



## Your Doctor.

We wish you would ask your doctor what he thinks of Vapo-Cresolene. He will say "It's certainly the best way of reaching the throat and lungs, this in a long method." You see, it brings the medicine right in contact with the weak places. If it's asthma, bronchitis, whooping-cough, croup, or any such trouble, the Cresolene vapor touches every inflamed place. Relief is quick, certain.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.50; extra supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing directions for use sent free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co. 120 Fifth St., New York, U.S.A.

## After Work or Exercise

## POND'S EXTRACT

Softens tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and generally contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

**Wood's Peppermint Cure.** The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Big packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Spasms, Neuralgic Pain, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package \$1.50, six, \$5. One sent when you will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Peppermint Cure is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

## The Whole Story in a letter:

## Pain-Killer

(FRANK DAVIS)  
From Capt. F. Police Station No. 1, Montreal: "We frequently use FRANK DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, from colds, influenza, cramps, and all ailments which beset men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."  
Used Internally and Externally.  
Two Sizes, 50c. and 10c. bottles.

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—ON MORTGAGES—  
4-1-2 and 5 per cent.  
Liberal Terms and privileges to borrowers.  
Apply to  
**LEWIS & RICHARDS**

## The D.L. Emulsion

(Trade Mark.)  
**Will** GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!  
TONE YOUR NERVES!  
MAKE YOU STRONG!  
MAKE YOU WELL!  
Dr. B. B. Davis, M.D., Sec. of the Prot. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, prescribes it constantly and gives it as a permanent remedy to his patients. Miss Clark, Miss Grace, Miss Hamilton, Toronto, writes: "I have used it with the most successful results. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles."  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

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DETROIT, - - MICHIGAN.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The little child's favorite.  
It is every mother's friend.

# THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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"What? You jest! A plot in Paris to murder me?" exclaimed the prince.

"So, and nothing less. I am now quoting his story. I do not claim to be stating facts. This plot seemed to include among its victims the Princess Marie Alexia."

"My sister! Horrible!"

"And the Princess Margaret."

"My wife! My unborn child! My God! This is terrible, gentlemen! Why was I kept in ignorance of the existence of such a plot?"

"For the simple reason that the prefect of police was the only official who knew it, and he doubted the truth of the story, and does yet. Such plots were common enough at one time in Paris, but are rare now. But this is the story of the American. He was commissioned by the prefect to return to the haunts of the plotters, learn more and come to the prefecture with the facts."

"And did he return?"

"Oh, he returned. He returned with the purse of the murdered man in his possession and blood on his hands and cheeks."

The visiting prince sat back in his chair and gazed in mute astonishment at M. Senecal.

"And now we come to Duvally's part in this," said M. Senecal. "Yesterday he came to me and introduced himself as the captain of your highness' guard. His general appearance and the elegance of the equipage in which he arrived dispelled all doubt. He informed me that your highness was familiar with the story and that you wished to reward the young man for his distinguished efforts in your behalf. He also requested an order admitting him to the jail to see the prisoner. I gave him the order. He visited the jail. He used a disguise to enter, appearing as a black bearded man of 50. When he left the jail, he took the prisoner with him."

The prince looked now in still greater amazement.

"Do you mean that he assisted the prisoner to escape?"

"That is just what I mean, your highness."

"Incredible! Then the man is guilty?"

"He certainly feared the investigation."

"This must be looked into at once. I will have Duvally here."

An attendant obeyed the call of the prince.

"Send Captain Duvally to me at once."

In three minutes the captain of the prince's guard entered. He was about 24, tall, handsome and brave looking.

"Captain Duvally, these gentlemen, representatives of the departments of the police and justice, come to me with a strange story of your exploits yesterday. I wish you would explain your action."

"I shall be happy to explain anything I have done that does not meet with the approbation of your highness," said the captain.

"But—pardon me, your highness," stammered M. Senecal. "This is not the man!"

"Well, really," said the prince, passing his white hand wearily over his forehead. "This matter becomes more inexplicable each moment. You asked for Captain Duvally. He is here."

"Then it is not Captain Duvally I want. This is not the man to whom I gave the order admitting him to the jail."

"Jail! Jail! I have wished to visit no jail!" said Duvally. "It is easy enough to get into jail without soliciting the privilege."

"It seems to be just as easy to get out," said M. Senecal in a voice expressive of exhaustion. "I ask but one more favor of your highness. Will you allow me to inspect the horses and carriages in your stables?"

"Assuredly, Captain, since you are not the culprit, assist these gentlemen all in your power."

"Certainly will," said Duvally. "I'd like to know who is doing tricks in my name."

Duvally looked savage and capable of doing a trick or two himself.

He led the two investigators to the stables. After a close inspection M. Senecal discovered a pair of fine chestnut horses and a splendid carriage.

"That is the equipage that came to my door," he said positively.

Duvally, who had expected nothing of this kind, was much surprised.

"Well, now we can get at it. Where is Wilhelm, the German coachman?" he asked of a groom.

"Wilhelm has not been here today."

"Not been here? Does he not reside in the establishment?"

"Oh, yes, but he had business away last night, and the superintendent excused him."

"Ask the superintendent to step this way."

A man with horseman's written all over him soon made his appearance.

"There is a mystery connected with this carriage," said Duvally. "It was driven to the door of Magistrate Senecal yesterday with a person who claimed to be myself."

"That is strange," said the superintendent of the stables. "I cannot understand that. No one left here in the carriage."

"Then why was it sent out?"

"The horses had not been used in sev-

eral days, and when the prince ordered a carriage for his regular afternoon drive I had that pair harnessed to the carriage. Then the prefect came to the count—countermanded the order. Wilhelm, the coachman, came to me and said the horses needed exercise. As they were already harnessed, I ordered him to drive them about for two hours. He did so, returned with them, and obtained permission to be away for the night to visit some friends. He has not returned."

"What kind of looking man was this coachman?" asked M. Senecal.

"A heavy faced German. You might know him anywhere by his thick neck and powerful shoulders. He could manage any horse."

"The very man! He it was who drove the horses to my door!"

"I agree with his highness that the matter becomes more inexplicable every minute," said Duvally. Bewildered, staggered by the mystery that confronted them, the two investigators returned to the office of the magistrate, this time accompanied by the real Bosso Duvally, who had received a

stealthy order from his prince to follow the matter up and learn what it all meant.

It was now the hour set by M. Senecal for the regular examination. Everybody connected with the case was on hand—with the exception of the prisoner.

"Well, let us see what has been learned," said the magistrate. "Since the prisoner is not present, what has the detective in charge of the case got to say?"

At a nod from his chief a shrewd looking detective stepped forward.

"Well," interrogated M. Senecal. "I have looked up the record of the prisoner," said he. "I give this condensed as much as possible. Eight months ago he came to Paris from New York. He took art lessons from M. Plaster, the celebrated painter. He seemed supplied with unlimited wealth. He had luxurious lodgings. Recently he gave up his work on the recommendation of M. Plaster, who found the young man would never succeed in art. He is an able, practical, energetic fellow, but no artist. At the same time, his money came to an end. He gave up his lodgings. Letters taken from his pocket when he was arrested give this explanation: He was supported by an uncle in America who was wealthy. This uncle had kept him in funds. The uncle, however, had recently died, and instead of bequeathing the young man anything left him his entire fortune, amounting to something like 50,000,000 francs, to a family of nobles."

"Fifty million francs! There is no millionaire of France so wealthy!" exclaimed M. Senecal.

"The habits of the young man were unexceptional," continued the detective, not noticing the interruption. "He

utilized the coal ashes."

Discovery that fireproof mortar can be made therefrom.

George F. Averill of Arverne, N.Y., says that he has discovered a means of using the waste coal ash cinders that will make that hitherto useless material of great commercial value. The use which Mr. Averill has found for these coal ashes is in a new kind of fireproof mortar, 90 per cent. of which is made up of coal ashes and the rest double hydraulic cement.

Mr. Averill has had tests made under the supervision of the department of buildings in Manhattan which show that the insulating properties of a block constructed according to Mr. Averill's specifications are very great. In fact, Mr. Averill says that with over 1,700 degrees F. hardly any perceptible heat could be felt by the hand on the other side of the block. Matches which had been laid on the block were not ignited, and some white pine and oak splinters showed no signs of charring. A thermometer on the upper side of the block during the whole time of the test registered only 116 degrees.

Mr. Averill also proposes, according to The Brooklyn Eagle, to make a fireproof concrete from the waste ashes, which can be used in ceilings and can be made into blocks for partitions. It has been estimated that the amount of waste coal ashes in Manhattan and Brooklyn aggregates 6,000,000 cubic yards yearly, the greater portion of which is now dumped into the ocean.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

had few friends. There was one friend, one M. Monroe, an American like himself, who has lived in Paris several years, having married a Parisian lady."

"Ah! Did you see this M. Monroe?"

"No, for, unfortunately, M. Monroe has disappeared, leaving his wife in a condition bordering on collapse. She has no idea where he went."

"Ah! When did he go?"

"The lady has not seen him since yesterday morning."

M. Senecal, the chief of detectives, and Bosso Duvally all looked at one another significantly.

"So much for the prisoner," said M. Senecal. "Now, what about the murderer?"

At a nod from the chief another detective stood out.

"But little has been discovered," he said. "It was learned, however, that M. de Bullion had been in the house some time. The watchman he employed is a man of no intelligence and is now little more than a gibbering idiot. He cries continually for his leather jacket. He cares more for the leather jacket than for M. de Bullion."

"Well, but the murderer?"

"This is all. M. de Bullion is dead. There is a dispute as to when he died and what killed him."

"Come, now, another mystery? What is this dispute?"

"Well, when the coroner examined the body he declared that the man had been dead but a short time. It was strange, he remarked, that the blow, or wound, did not bleed more. A surgeon, however, whom he called in to assist him declares that M. de Bullion was not murdered at all."

"Oh, come now! The case is becoming a monster of a hundred claws and neither head nor tail."

"I am giving you the declaration of the surgeon. He will appear himself to corroborate it. He declares that M. de Bullion died of heart disease. The expression of pain on his face, the position as if writhing in agony, all go, so the surgeon declares, to prove that M. de Bullion died of a severe heart trouble. He was dead when the robber plunged the knife into him, probably thinking he was asleep. That would account for the wound not bleeding."

"But the prisoner's feet and hands were covered with blood when he was arrested," said the chief of detectives.

"Well, it was not the blood of M. de Bullion, for that gentleman, according to the surgeon, shed none."

"Well, this case will drive me to an insane asylum," said M. Senecal. "The investigation must now stand adjourned until we recover the prisoner. Hello, you're the thing!"

"That is the leather jacket the prisoner borrowed of the watchman of M. de Bullion."

"Let me examine it."

The leather jacket was handed to the magistrate. He examined it with more than ordinary curiosity. It was the only thing connected with the great case remaining in the hands of the police.

"Hello! Here!" he said. "Here is a lump."

He ripped open the lump. It proved to be a wad of bank notes.

"No wonder the watchman mourns for his leather jacket," said the magistrate. "Take his savings to him, and perhaps his mind will clear and help us."

Captain Duvally was about to leave.

"Give our respects to his-to-the count," said M. Senecal, "and tell him we will push the case with the utmost vigor."

"I believe it," replied Bosso, "and I think I may take a hand in it myself. I am very eager to meet this remarkable murderer and the courageous scoundrel who takes my name to assist that murderer to escape."

He was about to leave when a commotion held him back. An agent of police hurriedly entered and bawled out in excited and nervous tones to M. Senecal and the chief of detectives:

"Another murder in the Rue de Mont-Rouge! The body of M. Monroe, the rich American, has just been found in a heap of refuse back of the stables of a brewery!"

And silence, the silence of utter, hopeless dismay, fell upon the group.

Paris now had cause enough to go insane.

To be Continued.

UTILIZATION OF COAL ASHES.

Discovery that fireproof mortar can be made therefrom.

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BECAUSE (1) they are so exquisitely put up that people naturally infer superior merit.  
(2) a trial of the medicine invariably justifies the inference.

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Use Kent Mills Gold Medal Flour.

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