

"Turn to the Right."

It was then, my thoughts turning to the lady who was now so near, and who, noble, rich, and a stranger, seemed, as I approached her, not the least formidable of the embarrasments before me—it was then that I made a discovery which sent a cold shiver through my frame, and in a moment swept all memory of my paltry 10 crowns from my head. Ten crowns! Alas! I had lost that which was worth all my crowns put together—the broken coin which the King of Navarre had entrusted to me, and which formed my sole credential, my only means of persuading Mademoiselle de la Vire that I came from him. I had put it in my pouch, and of course, through the loss of it, only came home to my mind now, it had disappeared with the rest.

I drew rein and sat for some time motionless, the image of despair. The wind which stirred the naked boughs overhead, and whirled the dead leaves in volleys past my feet, and died away at last among the whispering bracken, met nowhere with wretchedness greater, I believe, than was mine at that moment.

CHAPTER IV.

My first desperate impulse on discovering the magnitude of my loss was to ride after the knaves and demand the token at the sword's point. The certainty, however, of finding them united, and the difficulty of saying which of the five possessed what I wanted, led me to reject this plan as I grew cooler; and since I did not dream, even in the dilemma, of abandoning the expedition, the only alternative seemed to be to act as if I still had the broken coin, and essay what a frank explanation might effect when the time came.

After some wretched, very wretched, moments of debate, I resolved to adopt this course; and for the present, thinking I might gain some knowledge of the surroundings while the light lasted, I pushed cautiously forward through the trees and came in less than five minutes within sight of a corner of the chateau, which I found to be a modern building of the time of Henry II., raised, like the houses of that time, for pleasure rather than defense, and decorated with many handsome casements and towers. Despite this, it wore, as I saw it, a gray and desolate air, due in part to the loneliness of the situation and the lateness of the hour; and in part, I think, to the smallness of the household maintained, for no one was visible on the terrace or at the windows. The rain dripped from the trees, which on two sides pressed so closely on the house as almost to darken the rooms, and everything I saw encouraged me to hope that mademoiselle's wishes would second my entreaties, and incline her to lend a ready ear to my story.

The appearance of the house, indeed, was a strong inducement to me to proceed, for it was impossible to believe that a young lady, a kinswoman of the gay and vivacious Turcotte, and a friend of the charming and pleasant of the court, would elect of her own free will to spend the winter in so dreary a solitude.

Taking advantage of the last moments of daylight, I rode cautiously round the house, and, keeping in the shadows of the trees, had no difficulty in discovering at the north-east corner of the balcony of which I had been told. It was semi-circular in shape, with a stone balustrade, and hung some fifteen feet above a terrace wall which ran below it, and was separated from the chase by a low sunk fence.

I was surprised to observe that, notwithstanding the rain and the coldness of the evening, the window which gave upon this balcony was open. Nor was this all. Lurking in store for me at last, I had not gazed at the window for more than a minute, calculating its height and other particulars, when, to my great joy, a female figure, closely hooded, stepped out and stood looking up at the sky. I was too far off to be able to discern by that uncertain light whether this was Mademoiselle de la Vire or her woman; but the attitude was so clearly one of dejection and despondency, that I felt sure it was either one or the other. Determined not to let the opportunity slip, I dismounted hastily and, leaving the Old loose, advanced on foot until I stood within half a dozen paces of the window.

At that point the watcher became aware of me. She started back, but did not withdraw. Still peering down at me, she called softly to some one inside the chateau, and immediately a second figure, taller and stouter, appeared. I had already doffed my cap, and I now, in a low voice, begged to know if I had the honor of speaking to Mademoiselle de la Vire. In the growing darkness it was impossible to distinguish faces.

"Hush!" the stouter figure muttered in a tone of warning. "Speak lower. Who are you, and what do you want?"

"I am here," I answered respectfully, "commissioned by a friend of the lady I have named, to convey her to a place of safety."

"Mon dieu!" was the sharp answer. "Now? It is impossible."

"No," I murmured, "not now, but to-night. The moon rises at half-past two. My horses need rest and food. At three I will be below this window, and the means of escape, if mademoiselle choose to use them."

I felt that they were staring at me through the dusk, as though they would read my breast. "Your name, sir?" the shorter figure murmured at last, after a pause which was full of suspense and excitement.

"I do not think my name of much import at present, Mademoiselle," I answered, reluctant to proclaim myself a stranger.

"Your name, your name, sir," she repeated imperiously, and I heard her little head rap upon the stone floor of the balcony. "Gaston de Marsoe," I answered unwillingly.

They both started, and cried out together. "Impossible!" the last speaker exclaimed, amazement and anger in her tone. "This is a jest, sir. This—"

"What more she would have said I was left to guess, for at that moment her attendant—I had no doubt now which was mademoiselle and which Franchette—suddenly laid her hand on her mistress's mouth and pointed to the window behind them. A second's suspense, and with a warning gesture the two turned and disappeared through the window.

I lost no time in regaining the shelter of the trees; and concluding, though I was far from satisfied with the interview, that I could do nothing more now, but might rather, by loitering in the neighborhood, awaken suspicion, I remounted and made for the highway and the village, where I found my men in noisy occupation of the inn, a poor place, with unglazed windows, and a fire in the middle of the earthen floor.

My first care was to stable the Cid in a shed at the back, where I provided for its wants as far as could be in the aid of a half-naked boy, who seemed to be in hiding there.

This done, I returned to the front of the

house, having pretty well made up my mind how I would set about the task before me. As I passed one of the windows, which was partially closed by a rude curtain made of old sacks, I stopped to look in. Frensy and his four rascals were seated on blocks of wood round the hearth, talking loudly and fiercely, and ruffling it as if the fire and the room were their own. A peddler, seated on his goods in one corner, was eyeing them with evident fear and suspicion; another corner two children had taken refuge under a dokey, which some fowls had chosen as a roosting-place. The inn-keeper, a sturdy fellow, with a great club in his fist, sat moodily at the foot of a ladder which led to the loft above, while a slatternly woman, who was going to and fro getting supper, seemed in equal terror of her guests and her good man.

Confirmed by what I saw, and assured that the villains were ripe for any mischief, and it not checked, would speedily be beyond my control, I noisily flung the door open and entered. Frensy looked up with a sneer as I did so, and one of the men laughed. The others became silent, but no one moved or greeted me. Without a moment's hesitation I stepped to the nearest fellow and, with a sturdy kick, sent his log from under him. "Rise, you rascal, when I enter!" I cried, giving vent to the anger I had long felt. "And you, too!" and with a second kick I sent his neighbor's stool flying also, and administered a couple of cuts with my riding-cane across the man's shoulders. "Have you no manners, sirrah? Across with you, and leave this side to your betters."

(To be Continued.)

Don't Delay.

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which affects nearly every man in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

The effect of the hard times upon the workingman is different from the effect upon the buxom man, in that the former cannot find anything to do and the latter cannot find anybody to do.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat, and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruise, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The one-legged man has this advantage over other mortals: He never finds it any trouble to put his best foot forward.

Children Teaching.

Mrs. Winslow's *SOOTHING SYRUP* has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN; CURES DIARRHEA, and is the best remedy for COLIC. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

At the Opera.—Mrs. P'OM de Terre.—Don't you think, Count, that the acoustics are very bad? Count Wait-ER-I smell nothing.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is pleasant, sure and effective. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Some women forget half their snow, especially when it comes to telling their ages. The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Fogg refers to his glasses as an oversight.

A Man Made Happy.—GENTLEMEN.—For five years I have been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was rest either day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad, she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it.

Signed, MELVILLE H. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

A Georgia girl who raises pigs marks them by cutting their tails off very short. She says it takes a bushel less of corn to fatten them thus.

Piles Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS.—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT cures the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Civil engineers say the wings of the butterfly display the greatest possible lightness combined with the greatest possible strength.

Mr. John L. Fortner, who is well and favorably known in the city, has opened a barber shop at 219 Dundas street. ywt

Westlake's views of London are fine. See them at studio, 201 Dundas street. Phone 671. ywt

Another consignment of \$1 oak finished rockers just arrived, also great bargains in sideboards, at TRAFFORD'S Popular Furniture House, 95 and 97 King street. Phone 864.

At this season of the year a great many are looking for the spring styles, etc. You can't do better than see the fine work of Cooper, the photographer. Prices moderate. ywt

TEEMING SWARMS OF LONDON.

A Population of 30,000,000 Among the Possibilities for 1931.

The favorite name of Cobbett for London—"the wen"—is going to be truer than it ever has been, if we can trust some remarkably interesting statistics just issued by the London County Council, says the Westminster Budget. One question discussed is whether London is or is not being checked in its rate of growth. On a first glance at the registrar's figures with regard to London itself it appeared as though it were, for before 1881-91 London's population was increasing every ten years at a rate varying from 16 to 21 per cent., but in the decade ending with 1891 the rate of increase had only been 10 per cent. "Does this mean," asks the committee of which Mr. Costello is chairman, "that London has reached the turning point, and that in a few years the increase will become a decrease?" The committee finds that it does not. It appears that the true reason for the apparent diminishing rate of increase is that the building space in London is gradually being appropriated, and that the people, aided by improved railway and tramway and omnibus accommodations, are betaking themselves more to outside London residences. Even in Greater London this is noticed to a smaller extent. The rate of increase in population, while still very rapid in Greater London, is beginning to show a tendency to become slower, and it is discovered that the Londoners are moving still further out into the home counties.

Then there are speculations as to what the size of London will be 50 years hence or less upon the milder suppositions. If we do not add any more to the population than the amount per decade that had been added since 1881, it seems that we should have a population in 1931 of close upon 10,000,000. If we allow for a growth at the rate of the natural increase of births over deaths, there will be nearly 11,000,000 in London in that year. If we reckon that London will grow at the average rate of the last three decades we shall be over 14,000,000, but if inner London and outer London go on together growing at the rate they are now growing for the past three tens of years, we are to expect a London population in 1931 of a trifling 17,500,000. If we look at the matter in another way, and as to what population Greater London will contain when it has attained throughout the mean density of its known areas, we get the following appalling calculation:

If Greater London were only peopled as densely as Hampstead it would contain a population of 13,000,000. If it were peopled as densely as Finsbury it would contain a population of 20,000,000. If it were peopled at the rate of St. George's, Hanover Square, the total would rise to 30,000,000. Whitechapel is now three times as densely peopled as St. George's itself. The moral is obvious.

Rheumatic Pains

Require no description, since, with rare exception, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerfully penetrating remedies reach to its very foundations. The most successful treatment known, and it is frequently resorted to by medical men, is the application of that now famous remedy for pain—Polson's Nerviline. It is safe to say that nothing yet discovered has afforded equal satisfaction to the suffering, and no matter how bad the case may be Nerviline is sure to cure it. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue.

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT."

No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clean and healthy. Its great healing and curative power is not possessed by any other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Westminster bridge, built in 1750, was the first in which the foundations were laid by the aid of caissons.

Captain Sweeney, U.S.A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50 cents. Sold by W. C. Strong.

California has a 3,300-acre prune orchard.

Victoria, Australia, had a gold output of about \$15,000,000 last year.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unparagoned for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

"Pat, I was up by y' house the other night, and I couldn't raise yez at all. I know it Mike, and if I hadn't been a-bed I'd a got up and let yez in, I would."

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose. 25 cents a bottle. Sold by W. C. Strong.

Actor.—When I am acting I forget everything about myself. I see nothing but my role; the public disappears entirely. Friend—I don't wonder at that.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are specially subject.

Wood Carving.

A wood carving establishment opened here. Our work is carved, not pressed, made of art moldings: furniture, easels, capitals and architecture of the public buildings. Artistic wood carvings and woodwork made to order. First-class work. D. A. DARR, Anderson block, East London, Ont. ywt

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Have opened an establishment at 397 Clarence street, Phone 1012. And any orders given in will be promptly attended to. We do Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating. Also put in and repair Electric Bells. Jobbing a specialty. ywt

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Good assortment of New Furniture and Cooking Stoves taken in exchange.

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FOR PILES, BURNS, SORE EYES, WOUNDS, SORES, Headache AND ALL PAIN.

Have the early frosts or too late a lingering by the garden gate again aroused that RHEUMATISM so peacefully slumbering the summer long? Well, if it's very bad you must change your diet and perhaps take some distasteful drug—the doctor will tell you what—but first rub thoroughly the part afflicted with POND'S EXTRACT, then wrap it warmly with flannel, and the rheumatism may wholly disappear. It will certainly be much relieved. Now that you have the POND'S EXTRACT try it for any of the many things its buff wrapper mentions. It's a wonderful curative. But don't accept substitutes. POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Chatham (C. P. R.)..... 7:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m.

Fargo..... 7:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m. 7:30 a.m.

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