

Denton & Deeks

MERCHANT TAILORS and
IMPORTERS OF WOOLLENS

Fall importations of stylish
goods for this season are complete.
Every pains will be taken to please
those who favor them with their
orders, which will be made up in
the most fashionable style, with the
best quality of trimmings and
workmanship.

324 Richmond St., London.

A King's Gentleman.

CHAPTER I.

"The Montepan is in great beauty tonight," said the Marquis de Vannes to the Comte de Chablais, as the two stood waiting with the rest of the world for the entrance of the royal party. It was the grand gallery of Versailles where they stood, and from the lofty ceiling the grim warriors depicted there by Le Brun looked down in surly admiration upon the beauty of the world, so notably assembled at the French court during the first half of the reign of Louis XIV., for Anne of Austria, always a Spaniard, loved to see herself surrounded by the dark eyes and to hear the hissing accents of her native land; nor did she fail to encourage her poor, timid daughter-in-law in the same tastes, if, indeed, Maria Theresa can be said to have had anything so decisive as a taste, except in the direction of chocolate. Differing subtly from the Spaniards, and yet resembling them in race-marks, came a troop of Italy's fairest and best-born, following the Mancinis and Martinis, all hoping fortune and preferment from Mazarin. Poor, charming, doomed Henrietta of England was the magnet of a bevy of fair aristocrats, whose blonde loveliness contrasted to their mutual advantage, with the brown beauties of Spain, Italy and France, and surpassed in refinement that of the Germans who had already appeared at the court of France, heralding, perhaps, the advent of their queen, the young woman, the second Duchess of Orleans. But we return to the two gallants themselves, no mean personages at court, who stood discussing the scene with the gay cynicism of their age.

"In beauty, yes," replied De Chablais, glancing across the gallery at the Marquis de Montepan, who stood surrounded by flatterers, rivals, imitators, enemies, everything but friends, "she looks as content as the cat who has just lapped up the cream, and is still singing jubilate over the fall of poor, dear La Valliere."

"Don't be uncharitable, mon cher," replied De Vannes, maliciously. "Madame de Montepan was the friend of the Duchess de la Valliere, and proved it by dragging an earthly crown from between her hands and giving her an heavenly one instead. No doubt Sister Louise de la Misericorde feels deeply grateful."

"Oh, of course! especially as this devoted friend prevents any danger of a lapse from grace by herself monopolizing the peril formerly shared by both."

"While the Widow Scarron meekly offers herself as a monument of pious peace set in the very whirlpool of these contending passions."

"Monsieur de Chablais turned and looked keenly at his friend, then breathlessly asked:

"What do you say, De Vannes? Surely this prudent of a conversation will not presume to supersede her friend and equal?"

"If by mistress you mean Madame de Montepan, my friend, I beg to contradict you. Madame de Montepan, as we are now to style the Widow Scarron, is the governess, not of Madame de Montepan's children, but of the king's."

"A distinction, I perceive; but where is the difference?"

"The difference of serving a master or a mistress."

"I perceive; but allow me to observe it is a dangerous bon-mot, since that master is also our master, and possesses sharp ears, keen eyes, and remarkably long arms."

"All which will presently exercise themselves, unless he is the more careful upon that handsome youth devoting himself so frankly to the fair Marquise."

"I see. He seems about to devour her bodily, and she conquers in his behalf that timid and shrinking reserve we all recognize as her distinctive charm. Who is he?"

"Son of that poor old Count de Montepan, I believe."

"What the courtier of King Clovis? Is he still extant?"

"Oh, yes! and is forever in the king's path, asking him to make this boy generalissimo of the French army."

"Is that all? The young fellow is making out a better road to advancement for himself, if he plays his cards well."

"If the king surprises him making eyes at Madame, he is likely to be advanced with a vengeance—advanced to the front ranks of the next forlorn hope, against some Dutch city with an unpronounceable name."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! the king!" announced an usher, passing in front of the speakers, who immediately fell back into the formal line adopted by the courtiers about to be passed in review by the monarch, at this moment appearing in the folding doors thrown open at his approach. A slight murmur of adulation and delight replaced the busy hum of conversation in the grand gallery, a sort of courtly paraphrase of the song issuing from the lips of Memnon as the first rays of the morning sunlight touched them; and then Louis, followed by several members of the royal family, passed slowly down the hall, pausing at almost every step to address now one and then another of the rustling and glittering ranks of courtiers, who bent before him look as a parterre of tulips bends before the west wind.

"Did you mark the glance his Majes-

ty shot at the Montepan and her new belle?" murmured De Vannes to De Chablais, without turning his head. "I would not be in the shoes of the captain of cavalry for something, unless the marquise puts him in her pocket before his Majesty reaches that spot."

"My Barbary horse against your Damascus sword? That she don't, and that Montepan is either banished, imprisoned or punished in some manner."

"Done, although I shall lose my sword."

"You will if he does." And as the king's sonorous measured accents drew nearer the courtiers became mute and expectant.

It was, in fact, true, that the Grande Montepan, who, like all potent rulers, had microscopic as well as telescopic powers of vision, had, upon her first entrance into the hall, singled his favorite from among the glittering throng, and at once perceived that she was carrying on one of those audacious and sudden flirtations which some women toss off as others do a glass of champagne or a full inhalation of volatile salts—a brief exhilaration and serious and systematic efforts in some other direction.

Already the stimulus told; for never had Madame de Montepan looked more magnificently handsome than tonight, with her great dark eyes overflowing with brilliancy, her cheeks and lips burning with color, her wonderful hands and arms showing like those of a statue against the garnet-colored vest of her robe, her shoulders and bust rising inviolable from a sea-foam border of priceless lace. Arms and head glittered with the jewels this woman loved so much better than she did soul or honor, and which her royal lover lavished upon her with such princely munificence that her collection of owning a richer collection than any queen could lay claim as private property.

To be sure, they were not all brought in to Louis XVI. about a century later, and he, poor scapegoat, settled for all.

Yes, the Montepan was in great beauty tonight, and so evidently thought the handsome young man in the uniform of a captain of the guards, who stood beside her, devouring her with his bold black eyes, and bending more contentedly than deferentially toward her.

At the entrance of the king, he drew himself up and made a movement of adieu; but the marquise, not appearing to notice the gesture, continued the conversation in a yet more familiar tone, and the Vicomte de Montepan, bred in the school of reckless gallantry, whether of love or war, so popular in that day, followed her lead without further hesitation or more patient and humble man than Louis Dieu-donne might have felt a little annoyed at the slight to himself involved in this absorbing interest in another, displayed by his haughty mistress.

A slight but ominous frown gathered upon the Olympian brow, and the courteous phrases scattered hither and thither among the expectant crowd by the "lips of fate," as the king called the royal mouth, grew scantier and more mechanical, so that several courtiers, not sure of favor, skillfully contrived to melt away behind their companions, preferring not to risk the compliments their royal master was quite capable of bestowing when in an ill humor.

Suddenly the king's eyes lightened wrathfully, and yet unaccountably; for the figure upon which they rested was as harmless an one as could be imagined, and surely a very familiar one, for the Comte de Montepan had been longer at court by many years than Louis himself. An old man, wigged, painted, padded, and courtly—a man whose face nature had made handsome and noble, and 70 years of court life had rendered insignificant, crafty and cringing. As he perceived that the king would address him, the wizened face lighted with joy, and the poor old bent back in a bow so profound that one knew not whether to fear the vertebrae should become misshapen, or the peruke tumble off; misfortune about equal, since the meant death and the other royal displeasure. Before either danger was fully overpast the king spoke coldly and haughtily:

"Monsieur de Montepan, you asked permission some time since for the eldest son to Mademoiselle de Rochenbois, your ward."

"I had thought of it, your Majesty; but when your Majesty deigned to remark that you did not like your subjects to marry too young, I relinquished."

"I withdraw my opposition, and permit the marriage. Nay, more: as you have been a faithful servant of my august father as well as of myself, the marriage may take place in the royal chapel; and we shall see if some position about the court can be found for the bride, who will remain here while she is now."

"At the Chateau de Montepan, your Majesty."

"In Provence, I believe."

"Yes, your Majesty, near Marseilles."

"Ah, near Marseilles. And what family have you there, Monsieur le Comte? You are a widower, I believe."

"Since fifteen years, your Majesty. My family consists, besides my ward, of only two sons."

"Two? Where is the other? I never heard of him."

"Oh, your Majesty, he is but a boy yet, hardly 20 years old, and still with his tutor. He inherits a little property from his mother, and with it the title of le Baron de—"

"But where is he, I ask? At Montepan, near Marseilles, with Mademoiselle de Rochenbois?"

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the poor old courtier, feeling that the prolonged conversation, which at first had overruled him with delight, was assuming a tone of menace and aggression anything but indicative of royal favor to the house of Montepan. Nor was the king's parting speech calculated to assuage the cruel forebodings of the old man's heart; for, with a very pronounced sneer upon his Austrian lips, Louis passed on, saying:

"Really, Monsieur de Montepan, you are a man of resource. Since it was not permitted to marry your elder son to this wealthy ward, you shut her up in a country house with the young one, trusting to the chapter of accidents for a marriage, public or private. I should therefore, expect to receive Madame la Vicomtesse de Mon-

taud, nee de Rochenbois, within the month."

"Your Majesty shall be obeyed," murmured the count, trembling upon his knees, as the chill breath of the royal displeasure swept over his head, like the first frost of the autumn over the parterre of tulips, to which but now he likened the ranks of courtiers.

Passing on, the king reached the station of the marquise and her coterie; and while graciously acknowledging her careless salute, and the profound reverence of her companions, he gayly said to the former:

"Madame, by the pleased expression upon this young gentleman's face, I suspect that you are congratulating him upon his approaching marriage and the already renowned beauty of his bride."

A slight and angry color rose to the haughty beauty's brow; and turning her eyes upon the startled, almost coldly said:

"Monsieur had not informed me of his happiness."

"His Majesty is pleased to jest. I am not so unfortunate as to be in bondage to any of the ladies of the court, divided between the king or of speaking to anyone else in his presence, and the desire to retain his place in favor of the imperious beauty, to whom he had just vowed to carry her colors triumphantly through the next battle in which he should be called to engage, and of whom he had begged and obtained permission to present himself at her apartments the next day and there receive from her own hands the scarf to be thus borne."

And although neither the social nor the moral code in those days, nor above all the code of Montepan, objected to the devotion of anybody's husband to anybody else's wife, it was nevertheless, as both the marquise and her admirer felt, a little out of taste that a man in the same breath ask permission to marry a charming young girl, and of the king's mistress to carry her colors through the wars.

Louis glanced from the one face to the other, and took a pinch of snuff with uncommon grace.

"This good news is nevertheless true," said he, in his most debonaire and gracious tone, "to reward the good soldiers who win so many laurels for me, and, as monsieur your father tells me your heart is set upon this marriage, I have consented, not only that it shall take place in the royal chapel, but that Madame de Montepan shall be entertained at court during your absence in the approaching campaign in Holland. The nuptials may be, I fear, a little hurried, but you shall have permission to fly to Montepan at the earliest possible hour tomorrow."

The king passed on; Madame de Montepan stifled a yawn, and turned her back upon the young man, who, with a brow as black as night, made his way to the lover and of the hall, where his father awaited him with a pale and frightened face.

(To be Continued.)

You Can Believe

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system, and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or deficient blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act promptly, easily and effectively.

The darkest day in any man's career is that when he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than the honest way of earning it. Ah, that is the ruinous thought, the entering wedge of dishonesty! If once a man has harbored it, he will work death. Holiness keeps evil thoughts at a respectful distance.—Horace Greeley.

As you physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Gonorrhea, they will recommend it. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Knowledge is like an instrument on which we go up, note after note, and octave after octave; but at last there comes a note which our ears cannot hear, and which is silent for us.—John Tyndall.

It Saves Lives Every Day. Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. T. Strong.

It is remarkable what a fascination metaphysics seems to possess for the human mind. It is like falling in love. But you get over it after a time.—B. Jovett.

The Ills of Women. Consumption causes more than half the ill of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Consumption. For sale by W. T. Strong.

If you cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that perhaps more heavy.—Thomas a Kempis.

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

Applause is the daily bread of the philanthropist.—Lord Shaftesbury.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an invigorant, it gives the system a most substantial claims to public confidence.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese millionaire, is not as fearful of assassination as other men in his precarious position could be. He considers his narrow escape from death in Japan the fulfillment of a prediction made to him by a Chinese mystery-monger years ago, that he would dodge death narrowly many times and live to be over 90 years of age.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a time, and it had cured her best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me. I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state, that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

M. Rousseau, the new Governor of the French possessions in Indo-China, is a radical dress reformer, and has issued orders that all ladies attending Government balls shall wear high-necked gowns. He has been nicknamed "Mr. Modesty."

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The King of Corea is a living example of the man of the song who sang "My wife's dead and I've got another one." It has only been a few weeks since his consort was murdered, yet he has already chosen her successor.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits and ask for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

ATTACKED BY A HUMAN VAMPIRE.

Terrible Struggle With a Madman That Kills Cattle With His Teeth and Claws.

Pierre, S. D., Nov. 13.—The cattle-men on the ranges west of Pierre tell a ghastly story of a madman who for some time past has been roaming over the reservation killing cattle with his naked hands to suck their blood, and on some cases even attacking men. No one seems to know who the man is, nor how long he has been wandering about the ranges. He was first seen some four or five weeks ago. Repeated attempts have been made to capture him, but thus far without success.

He is said to labor under the hallucination that he is a vampire. How he manages, without a weapon of any kind, to kill the cattle on which he has left them, the animals appear to have been seized by the head, borne to the ground by main strength and torn to pieces by the teeth and claws of the maniac.

Jack Lewis, a cowboy on one of the ranges about midway between Pierre and the Black Hills, is the hero of the most exciting adventure with the madman yet reported. It was nearly a fortnight ago, Lewis had been out for several days with a party on the range and about 8 o'clock in the evening he wandered away from his companions, and dismounted for a few moments. As he stood by his horse he was suddenly attacked from behind, hurled to the ground and nearly strangled by the maniac. He struggled furiously, but was unable to reach his weapon. While his assailant frothed at the mouth and made every effort to seize the cowboy by the throat with his teeth. Such wonderful strength did his display that Lewis was nearly overpowered, and would doubtless have been killed had not his friends, attracted by his cries, arrived in time to rescue him. The madman tried in time to strike Lewis, but Lewis was quite badly torn about the face and neck by the man's teeth, and received a shock from which he has not yet fully recovered.

The madman is described as very tall, nearly naked, his skin bronzed by exposure, and his savage face clearly hidden by his long, unkempt hair and beard. Lewis, himself a strong man, activity, and cunning almost beyond belief, and that no three ordinary men would stand a chance in a fight against him without firearms.

The Feet Not All Dead Yet. Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill-smelling, oily, and often useless preparations for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful and penetrating as Nerviline is can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly aches and pains. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for internal pains. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

What is**CASTORIA**

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

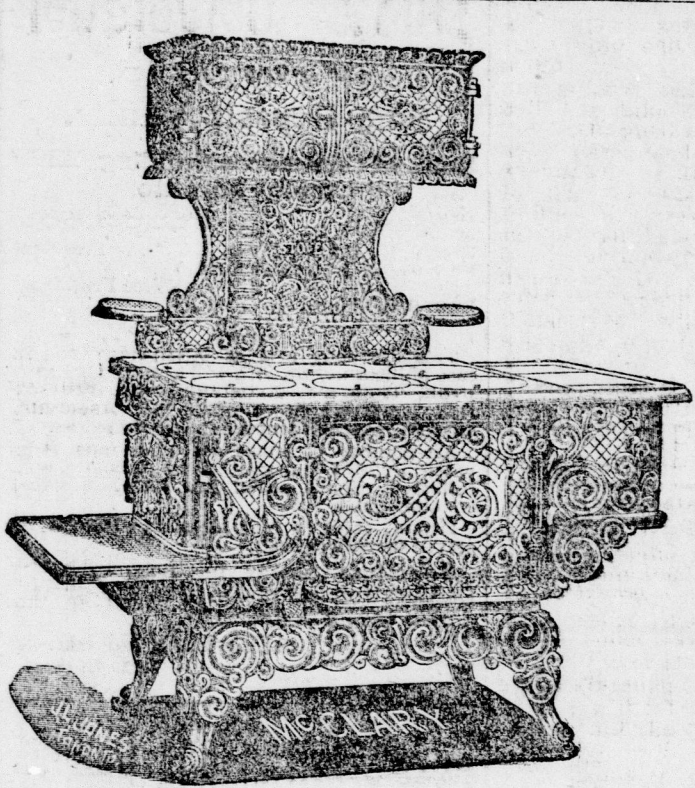
H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Knechtle, Conway, Ark.

Allen C. Smith, Pres., UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.



STOVES!
STOVES!

Our stock is still large and fully assorted in all lines. The Famous Active Range is a perfect baker and the most economical in fuel. We guarantee every stove we sell so our customers run no risk. We have a nice line of Gas Radiators and Oil heaters at very low prices. Stove and Furnace repairing promptly done. Repairs furnished for all makes of Stoves.

STEVELY'S 362 RICHMOND STREET, 'PHONE 452.

BEAUTIFUL GOODS!

Everybody admires our Parlor Cabinets. They are the newest addition to the Drawing-Room. Our reproduction of Furniture of the early English and French School are admitted by experts to be perfect.

London Furniture Man'g Co.,

184 to 198 Dundas Street - - - - London, Ont.

DEAR SIR:—I have suffered from Eczema for two years: tried different kinds of medicine. I was at the hospital for some time, and was told there that all had been done for me that could be done. I ceased treatment at Christmas, but got no relief. I have taken four bottles of Kootenay Cure, and I am now well and free from Eczema. Yours very truly,

WM. MARCHEM,
242 Barton St. East, Hamilton.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

KOOTENAY

CURES RHEUMATISM.

DEAR SIR:—After examining a very severe sufferer from Rheumatism, also a bad case of blood disease and skin disease, I have no hesitation in recommending your medicine as an A1 article. Yours respectfully,
DR. ENGBRY, Niagara Falls, Canada.

Parties wishing pamphlet containing hundreds of cures can obtain same by addressing
S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

Hobbs Hardware Co.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

Smokeless Powder,
Quick Shot Powder,
Chilled Shot and Shells Of Every Description,
Loaded Cartridges, etc.

ALL THIS WEEK

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co., 169 Dundas St.

We are Cooking with **Cottolene**

Drop in and have lunch with us. We are sure you will be pleased.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.