

"Turn to the Right."

I turned fiercely to the door, which I had left ajar, resolved to re-enter by the way I had come, and have an explanation whether or no. To my surprise—I had not moved six paces from the door nor heard the slightest sound—I found it not only closed but bolted—bolted both at top and bottom, as I discovered on trying it.

I fell on that to kicking it furiously, desperately, partly in a temper of rage and chagrin, partly in the hope that I might frighten the old woman, if it was she who had closed it, into opening it again. In vain, of course; and presently I saw this and desisted, and still in a whirl of haste and excitement, set off running towards the place where I had left Simon Fleix and the horses. It was fully six o'clock as I judged; but some faint hope that I might find him there with mademoiselle and her woman still lingered in my mind. I reached the end of the lane, I ran to the very foot of the ramparts, I looked right and left. In vain. The place was dark, silent, deserted.

I called "Simon! Simon! Simon Fleix!" but my only answer was the sounding of the wind in the eaves, and the slow tones of the convent-bell striking six.

CHAPTER XI.

There are some things, not shameful in themselves, which it shames one to remember, and among these I count the succeeding hurry and perturbation of that night: the vain search, without hope or clue, to which passion impelled me, and the stubborn persistence with which I rushed from place to place long after the soberness of reason should have had me desist. There was not, it seems to me, looking back now, one street or alley, lane or court, in Blois which I did not visit again and again in my frantic wanderings; not a beggar skulking on foot that night, whom I did not hunt down and question; not a watched woman sleeping in arch or doorway whom I did not see and scrutinize. I returned to my mother's lodging, again and again, always fruitlessly. I rushed to the stables and rushed away again, or stood and listened in the dark, empty stalls, wondering what had happened, and torturing myself with suggestions of this or that. And every where, not only at the North-gate, where I interrogated the porters and found that no parties resembling that which I sought had passed out, but on the parvis of the Cathedral, where a guard was drawn up, and in the common streets, where I burst in on one group and another with my queries, I ran the risk of suspicion and arrest, and all that might follow thereon.

It was strange indeed that I escaped arrest. The wound in my chin still bled at intervals, staining my doublet; and as I was without my cloak, which I had left in the house at the Rue Valois, I had nothing to cover my disordered dress. I was keenly, fiercely anxious. Stray passers meeting me in the glare of a torch, or seeing me hurry by the great braziers which burned where four streets met, looked askance at me and gave me the wall; while men in authority cried to me to stand and answer their questions. I ran from the one and the other with the same savage impatience, disregarding everything in the feverish anxiety which spurred me on and impelled me to a hundred imprudences, such as at my age I have never blushed to commit. Much of this feeling was due, no doubt, to the glimpse I had had of mademoiselle, and the fiery words she had spoken; more, I fancy, to chagrin and anger at the manner in which the cup of success had been dashed at the last moment from my lips.

For four hours I wandered through the streets, now hot with purpose, now seeking aimlessly. It was now six o'clock when at length I gave up the search, and, worn out both in body and mind, climbed the stairs to my mother's lodgings and entered her room. An old woman sat by the fire crooning softly to herself, while she stirred something in a black pot. My mother lay in the same heavy, deep sleep in which I had left her. I sat down opposite the nurse (who cried out at my appearance) and asked her dully for some food. When I had eaten it, sitting in a kind of stupor the while, the result partly of my late exertions, and partly of the silence which prevailed around me, I bade the women call me if any change took place; and then, leaning heavily across to the garret Simon had occupied, I lay down on his pallet and fell into a sound, dreamless sleep.

The next day and the next night I spent beside my mother, watching her, his ebb fast away, and thinking with grave sorrow of her past and my future. It pained me beyond measure to see her die thus, in a garret, without proper attention or any outward comfort, the existence which had once been bright and prosperous ending in penury and gloom, such as my mother's love and hope and self-sacrifice little deserved. Her state grieved me sharply on my account, but seeing that she had formed none of those familiar relations which unite of my age have commonly formed, and which console them for the loss of parents and forbears; Nature so ordering it, as I have taken note, that when look forward rather than backward, and find in the ties they form with the future full compensation for the parting strands behind them. I was alone, poverty-stricken, and in middle life, seeing nothing before me except danger and hardship, and these unlighted by hope or affection. This last adventure, too, despite all my efforts, had sunk me deeper in the mire; by increasing my enemies and alienating from me some to whom I might have turned at the worst. In one other respect also it had added to my troubles not a little for the image of mademoiselle wandering alone and unguarded through the streets, or vainly clinging on me for help, persisted in thrusting itself before my imagination when I least wanted it, and came even between my mother's patient face and me.

I was sitting beside Madame de Bonne a little after sunset on the second day, the woman who attended her being absent on an errand, when I remarked that the lamp, which had been recently lit, and stood on a stool in the middle of the room, was burning low and needed refilling. I went to it softly, and while stooping over it, trying to improve the light, heard a slow, heavy step ascending the stairs. The house was quiet, and the sound attracted my full attention. I raised myself and stood listening, hoping that this might be the doctor, who had not been that day.

The footsteps passed the landing below, but at the first stair of the next flight the person, whoever it was, stumbled and made a considerable noise. At that, or it might be a moment later, the step still ascending, I heard a sudden rustling behind me, and, turning quickly with a start, saw my mother sitting up in bed. Her eyes were open, and she seemed fully conscious of which she had not been for days, nor indeed since the last conversation I have recorded. But her face though it was now sensible, was vinous and white, and so drawn with mortal fear that I believed her dying, and

sprang to her, unable to construe otherwise the pitiful look in her straining eyes.

"Madame," I said, hastily passing my arm round her, and speaking with as much encouragement as I could infuse into my voice, "take comfort, I am here. Your son."

"Hush!" she muttered in answer, laying her feeble hand on my wrist and continuing to look; not at me, but at the door.

"Listen, Gaston! Don't you hear? There it is again. Again!"

For a moment I thought her mind still wandered, and I shivered, having no fondness for hearing such things. Then I saw she was listening intently to the sound which had attracted my notice. The step had reached the landing by this time. The visitor, whoever it was, paused there for a moment, being in darkness, and uncertain, perhaps, of the position of the door; but in a little while I heard him move forward again, my mother's fragile form clasped as it was in my embrace, quivering with each step he took, as though his weight stirred the house. He tapped at the door.

I had thought while I listened and wondered, of more than one whom this might be: the leech, Simon Fleix, Madame Bruil, Fresnoy even. But as the tap came, and I felt my mother tremble in my arms, enlightenment came with it, and I pondered no more. I knew as well as if she had spoken and told me. There could be only one man whose presence had such power to terrify her, only one whose mere step, sounding through the veil, could drag her back to the man who had beguiled her, who had traded so long on her terrors.

I moved a little, intending to cross the floor softly, that when he opened the door he might find me face to face with him; but she detected the movement, and, love so fiercely that I had not the heart, knowing how slender was her hold on life and how near the brink she stood, to break from her. I constrained myself to stand still, though every muscle grew tense as drawn bowstring, and I felt the strong rage rising in my throat and choking me as I waited for him to enter.

(To be Continued.)

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.**

"Did your late boarder succeed in removing all his effects?" "I should say not," rejoined the landlady. "I don't suppose I can ever get the cigarette smell out of the curtains."

The great lung healer is found in the excellent medicine sold as **Pitcher'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.

Farmers in Texas, after experimenting four years, have at last succeeded in raising very fair tobacco.

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

A St. Louis man wants to divorce his wife because she is completely under the domination of the hired girl.

SHILOH'S CURE is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incontinent Consumption, Cough, etc. Only one cent a dose. 25 cts. per bottle. Sold by W. T. Strong.

"What do you girls call that club of yours?" "The Analytical." "H'm. What do you analyze?" "Other people's reputations, mostly."

To Mothers! **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN SUFFERING WITH PERIODIC CRISSES. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN; CURES DIARRHEA, and is the best remedy for WINCOLIC, 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 what time in life do you consider a man in his prime?" "When he is neither young enough nor old enough to want to write poetry."

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. About a year ago I took a very severe cold, had a violent sore on my lips, was laid with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the bottle the sore and signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using three bottles of the Vegetable Discovery the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know." 3

Wife—Isn't it funny? Prof. Garner says the gorilla only speaks eight words. Husband—Nothing strange; he has five or six wives.

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 especially subject.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

London Park.
To the Editor of the ADVERTISER:

At this time of day it is so unusual to discover within easy reach of civilization one little patch of this earth's surface which some man has not bought, to have and to hold, his heirs and assigns after him forever, that when one does make such a discovery he begins to realize what it must feel like to roam at his sweet will where the foot of the Government surveyor has never trod—to roam without forebodings of arrest for vagrancy or trespass. The inhabitants of this part of the country have been allowed to enjoy themselves on the Eau Point. Some buildings were erected there which cost a not inconsiderable sum of money; others, though erected at a small cost, served the purposes of their owners. As might have been expected, the appearance of the latter buildings was never intended for the gratification of those in search of the merely æsthetic. Yandalism, which seems to be inseparable from the presence of human beings, has obtained at the Point, to an extent sufficient to render buildings of some sort for the housing of boats, a prime necessity. Such a house I built last autumn for a catamaran which had hitherto afforded me but little pleasure, as when it was not in use it had to be taken to pieces and brought home, thus consuming much time in mere drudgery. It has been hinted to me that the Government will grant a man a lease only upon condition that he will put up a building that will be a thing of beauty and thus a joy forever to all who behold it. If such is the Government's intention it is unfortunate. Many of us cannot afford much of an expenditure and yet we are perhaps among those who need recreation most. The ground is large. Could we not be granted permission to erect our humble dwellings in places somewhat remote from the most frequented spots, thus enabling us to avoid offending the susceptibilities of our wealthier neighbors and the numerous visitors from far and near who call in future resort to the Pointe aux Pins Park? As pioneers we rather deserve some reward than exclusion. Would not this plan do for a commencement? The more the merrier! Sincerely yours,

A. S. VOGLER.

Ridgetown, April 3.

Bruce Assizes.

WALKERTON, April 4.—At the Bruce Spring Assizes, which opened here on Tuesday before Judge Ferguson. There are but two criminal cases on the docket. The following is the civil list: Port Elgin Public School Board vs. Eby, et al., an action for recovery from euries on a bond by the late treasurer of the Port Elgin Public School Board. The treasurer is dead and the trustees are seeking to recover from his executors. Action not completed at close of court. Ayers vs. Bingham, et al., action by a daughter against her father to set aside a deed to her brother. Scott vs. Blair and Township of Greenock, action about drainage of a lake in the township of Greenock, postponed. Black vs. McDougall, action for slander. Hampton, et al. vs. Little, action against a mortgagee who acted for assessors of interest. Crawford vs. Brodie, action for declaration under a will. Thendyle vs. Gray and Bruce Mutual Fire Insurance Company, action under a fire insurance policy for \$1,300, which company refuses to pay on the ground that the plaintiff smoked in his barn contrary to the conditions of the policy.

Real merit is characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is manifested every day in the remarkable cures the medicine accomplishes. About 500 different persons handle a pair of kid gloves are they are completely made.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.
Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shilo's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong.

"There was great constipation on the stage of the Oriental last evening," wrote the critic, "when Ah Sing, the leading actor, lost his cue."

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 Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger averted? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving the healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

COFFEE HOUSE

MARKET SQUARE.

Everybody that calls on us for a meal or a lunch goes away satisfied. A few more try us. Six dinner tickets 90 cents. Luncheon at all hours from 5 cents to 15 cents. ywt

JAS. BURNETT, proprietor.

MONEY LOANED

On real estate and notes; also on household furniture, pianos, horses and all kinds of chattels, by

J. & J. R. MILNE

DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, land and house insurance agents. ywt

THERE IS JUST ONE THING THAT the citizens of London and vicinity would do well to make a note of, that, at 181 Dundas Street, London, and negatives of all kinds and styles are bound neatly, cheaply and tastefully.

W. J. MOFFAT

RECORDBINDER. ywt

A GOOD TRICK,

and one that will always please is to buy a bottle of **SKREI Cod Liver Oil** and send your friends by becoming plump and rosy cheeks. Almost tasteless, it always

TAKES WELL.

MADE ONLY BY

K. CAMPBELL & CO., MONTREAL

KEARNEY'S

HERBAL HAIR TONIC

Cures Dandruff Promotes Growth of the Hair, Prevents Falling Out and Imparts to the Hair a Beautiful Gloss.

It being a purely Vegetable Compound it may be used freely without injury to the most delicate scalp. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

1 PER BOTTLE.

R. J. KEARNEY

383 Richmond Street, London, sole proprietor and manufacturer, London, Ont. All orders by mail are promptly attended to.

Ask your druggist for it, all the leading druggists in London keep it.

No. 11

Now Out. Don't
Fail to Get It.

REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE

Buildings and Scenes of the Great White City

No. 11 contains the following Realistic Views:

Bird's Eye View to the North,
The Mammoth Crystal Cave,
Danish Taste and Handicraft,
Italy's Dainty Display,
Indian Tribes of Canada,
An Old-Time Grist Mill,
In Luna's Light Alone,
The World's Greatest Dynamo,

Shore of the North Lagoon,
Monarchs of Plain and Mountain,
Chariot of a New Empire,
Germany's Iron Gates,
Homes of the Javanese,
Interior of Terminal Station,
Main Pier, Looking East,
The Voice of Independence.

Will Commence
Next Week with

No. 12

OF THE

Superb World's Fair Art Portfolios

The Index to No. 12 is:

Nave of Agricultural Building,
French Masterpiece in Bronze,
Some Triumphs of Terra Cotta,
Innocence Baffling Cupid,
Gem of Spanish Metal Work,
An American Myth,
Blind Man's Buff,
Camp of Damascus Colony,

In the Shoe and Leather Building,
The Old Locomotive "Rocket,"
Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village,
Dom Pedro's State Carriage,
Relics of a Nameless Race,
Down in the Windmill Section,
In a Mammoth Conservatory,
An Event in Church History.

THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE CITY

Is slowly but surely being destroyed. For months it was a joy and a delight to hundreds of thousands of people. We feel a confidence that our enterprise will be a joy and a delight to an equal number.

Magnificent Structures, The Superb Statuary,
The Beautiful Grounds, The Rich Exhibits,

Together with innumerable details of both Buildings and Grounds which the average visitor to the Fair failed to see.

Every Photograph in the Collection

Is a triumph of art and mechanical skill and cannot afford anything but pleasure to the most critical inspectors.

This magnificent collection is contained in portfolios 11x13 inches in size with sixteen photographs in each.

Every picture in the portfolio is worth at least a dollar, but from us they can be obtained for the merest trifle.

This SUPERB WORK WILL NOT BE COMPLETE until sixteen parts have been issued.

You should not fail to get every number, in order that you may have a complete set. You cannot afford to miss any of them. The full sixteen parts, nicely bound, will make the handsomest collection of photographs of noted and interesting scenes and places ever produced.

16-GET EVERY ONE-16

HOW YOU CAN GET THEM.

Send or bring THREE of the COUPONS, which are printed on Page 8 of the DAILY ADVERTISER, and TEN CENTS, and you will receive Cabinet No. 11, containing sixteen photographic reproductions.

COUPON FOR PORTFOLIO NO. 12 WILL COMMENCE MONDAY, APRIL 9.

ADDRESS—

Art Portfolio Department,

Advertiser Printing Company, London, Ont.

FRUIT.

Apricots, Peaches, Nectarines, Plums, Cherries, Prunes,
California Evaporated Fruits.

Bartlett Pears, Peaches and Apricots in tins.

The quality of these goods is acknowledged to be the best.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.

169 DUNDAS STREET.