

A Knot of Blue

BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON.
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It was almost noon when he reached his home and found Armand waiting for him. He ran up to his faithful friend and embraced him affectionately. "Mon dieu!" cried the latter, as he looked in astonishment at the tattered clothes and scratched face, "where have you been?"

Raoul smiled as he observed his friend. "I do not wonder at your surprise. I have been up there all night," pointing to the blue line of hills in the distance, "hunting for a lost man, mon ami, and have at last found him—myself."

Armand looked puzzled. "You were lost in the woods?" he queried.

"Yes, mon cher Armand," returned Raoul, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder, "I lost myself, my better self, months ago, in the woods of folly. You knew it, for you tried to save me, but I would not let you. Almee, with her sweet woman heart, knew it and put out her feeble hand to stop me, but I brushed her aside. But now, Grace a dieu, I am found; I have awakened. Armand's face glowed with honest joy. "Madame Duvivier—," he murmured.

"Speak not of her. Your idea of what she is would make her out an angel compared to what I now know her to be. We are strangers from henceforward. Instead of a friend, I have found her to be an enemy, worthy only of my revenge were she a man; lucky for her she is a woman, and is safe."

"She is beyond your reach now," was Armand's calm rejoinder. "She was found dead in bed this morning. All Quebec is astir at the news. It was to tell you this that I came."

In spite of himself, Raoul was shocked. Not that there was any lingering remnant of his old infatuation left, but because of the thought of their recent interview. He shuddered, remained silent a moment, then related all his experiences of the previous night, both in regard to the false du Tillet, and Madame Duvivier. When he had finished, Armand was breathless with amazement. At length he asked:

"What are you going to do? Of course you will see the governor and lay the matter before him, so that he

can cause the villain's immediate arrest."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," was the cool reply. "Do you suppose the sight of him in chains will satisfy the feeling here?" He struck his chest fiercely. "Would the knowledge that he was ending his days in the Bastille efface the memory of his taunts, his insults? Only one thing can do that—to feel my sword point penetrating his vile breast on the way to the heart. No, no, mon ami, do not interfere with any such advice as that. Before I do anything or say a word, I shall seek him out alone and, armed only with my sword, shall force him, under his own roof, to fight, and if he refuses—split him like a dog."

Armand saw that it was useless to attempt to dissuade him from this course, so he remained silent. At length he said:

"The governor, and Almee—will you not see them first? Remember they know nothing of all that has happened during the past few days. They are anxious, I know, at not seeing you so long, and will be doubly so since the death of Madame Duvivier."

Raoul mused a moment before he replied:

"No," he said thoughtfully. "I do not want to meet the Governor until I can say, 'A rat has bitten me, and I have killed it.' As for Almee—ah! Armand, what a wonderful woman our friend is, so noble, so true. Before this wretched nightmare that has just passed, as I said, we were the best of friends, the very best of friends. I fondly imagined that we could go on together, when children's hand in hand in innocent, joyful companionship. But a day came—would that it had come earlier—when I awoke to the fact that we were children no longer, and I knew that there existed something stronger, deeper than mere childish affection in the heart of her. But at that moment came the darkening shadow, and I fell under the unearthly influence of that—that woman. As I look back now I can see how I was first attracted to her. It was by her beauty; by a certain sensual charm; by that subtle, something strong, mysterious and holy, that thrills, intoxicates, and makes one dizzy—and that was all; nothing deeper, nothing nobler, nothing more lasting. But my former feeling for Almee—how different! There was no thrill, but rather a peaceful calm, a restful security, no intoxication, but a purifying influence, a clearing of the vision for better, higher things, an easy interchange of lofty thought and aim and purpose, and all that beautifies, that exalts, that makes a man develop his true manhood. My love for her was something strong and true and holy. It was a nobility uncorrupted, destined to control the course of my whole existence."

Raoul paused, and a troubled look came into his eyes.

"But I did not tell her. Whatever her feelings may have been, she can scarcely be as I would wish them now, after all my acts of folly and ingratitude. Her tender nature undoubtedly recoiled with pain under my repeated slights and neglect. I do not blame her. As for me, I told you, mon ami, that I had found myself, and in doing so I discovered that the old love, covered up so long, had smoldered and spread until now it permeates my whole being. Let me but get this affair with my enemy settled, and I will go, sword in hand and head down every difficult until I can come back to her covered with honor and glory, having proved by manhood once more. If then she can forget the past and face the future with me, all will be well. If not—"

Here Raoul paused without finishing his sentence. Armand, patiently listening to his friend, whose every word was a stab to his own heart, was dumb. Then seeing the look of blank despair and the light of hope quenched in Raoul's eye at the mere thought of losing his prize in the end, he was deeply stirred. Summoning all his strength to aid him, he replied:

"Be of good cheer, mon cher ami! I double not your success when you have carried out your plans to their completion. In proof of my encouragement, let me remind you of the affair of the Governor's pardon. You thought it was Madame Duvivier who had influenced him. It was not."

He then related the details of Almee's ride, and the result, ending with: "You see, at that time, at any rate, you had reason to hope. A woman does not do a thing of that sort for a mere friend."

Raoul laughed, and there was a joyous ring in his tone.

"This is another lie revealed; thus do I find one more debt of gratitude I owe the woman that I love."

But a moment's thought sobered him. "That happened at the beginning of my folly. What can I hope for when she learns its full extent?"

After Armand had taken his departure, Raoul ate a hearty meal, and sought refreshing sleep. When he awoke it was already dark. He made preparations for his visit of vengeance upon the false du Tillet. He laid aside his father's sword in shame and chose another and a lighter blade, and in due season was on his way to La Maison Sombre.

Meanwhile the members of "The Royal Four" had gathered, as was their yearly custom now, in the great hall of their leader's residence. They were anxious that night, because it was necessary to map out some concerted plan of action to meet any move of retaliation that Raoul might make. The audacity of their past misdeeds had made them reckless, a mood greatly augmented by the huge quantities of wine that their host pressed upon them.

Gaspard himself was in an ugly frame of mind, which he evidenced by throwing an empty goblet at the head of Marie Giroi when she entered with a refilled flagon. She dodged the missile with a frightened look. Some time later she was again summoned by a tray bearing more wine. In passing to the table on which she was about to place the tray, she tripped over the out-

stretched foot of Roguin, who sat half-flying in the seat of his great chair, and fell, the flagon of wine spilling its contents over the floor. With an infuriated cry he sprang up and, seizing the unfortunate woman by the throat, shook her furiously.

"A murder! a murder for your clumsiness!" he cried, and pushed her from him, then in an access of fury he kicked her as she fell to the ground, once, twice, thrice, accompanying each movement with a torrent of abusive epithets.

The poor creature received the shaking without a protest, but when she had suffered the last indignity she half raised herself and, glaring at her tormentor with blazing eyes and raising a warning finger which she pointed at him, she cried in a voice at first feeble, but gathering strength until it became a shriek:

"Cruel son of a cruel father that you are! Faithfully did I serve him," here she pointed to the slab in the floor, beneath which the elder Roguin lay buried, "and to my hurt. Faithfully have I served you, despite your wickedness. But the cup of your wrong doing is filled up. The day you raise your hand against me, whom, if you but knew my power, you would honor and overwhelm with kindness, that day sees us enemies. I am only a woman, old and without strength, but I have a tongue and can talk—hell he!" Launching this tirade she slowly and painfully arose, and with sounds of eldritch laughter, disappeared through the door.

Gaspard, who had watched her in silent astonishment, now that she was gone, burst into a loud guffaw. "Par-tout!" he cried, "the old hag was wrong doing is filled up. The day you raise your hand against me, whom, if you but knew my power, you would honor and overwhelm with kindness, that day sees us enemies. I am only a woman, old and without strength, but I have a tongue and can talk—hell he!" Launching this tirade she slowly and painfully arose, and with sounds of eldritch laughter, disappeared through the door.

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"The only difficulty in our path is to get him here. If he once enters this room before he tells all he knows, we are safe, and he is lost."

A loud knock thundered at the door. The four men looked at one another in consternation. They heard the sound of the servant admitting someone, followed by the click of a boot heel upon the floor, and Raoul de Chalignac stood before them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The four conspirators started to their feet and stood motionless, staring in astonishment at the unexpected appearance of the person concerning whom they had been talking. Raoul walked deliberately across the room and halted in front of his enemy. "Monsieur," he said in clear, vibrant tones, "I have the satisfaction of telling you that you are a cheat, a rogue and a scoundrel. I have come to kill you. Will you fight? If provocation is yet lacking, perhaps this will add to your decision, and as he spoke he raised his hand, which grasped a glove, and smote his enemy a vigorous blow across the eyes.

Gaspard smiled vindictively and bowed. "I accept, Monsieur."

The two men then removed their coats and waistcoats. Raoul was ready first and stood, sword in hand, awaiting his antagonist. Roguin, assisted by Gaudais, to whom he gave a few directions in a low voice. He then placed all the candles on the mantel so that neither would have the light directly in his eyes. When all was done, the three spectators ranged themselves along the side of the room, he stepped briskly to his place.

"A votre service!" he said, and drew his sword. The blades crossed, crossed, and the duel began. Raoul attacked with ardor, pressing his enemy vigorously, who in return remained on the defensive only, dodging and parrying. The idea of his adversary's out. This evident purpose angered Raoul still further, and he renewed his assault with increased energy. Backward and forward they moved, now advancing a step, now retreating, now gradually working to the right or left. Raoul had taken up a new position, with his back to the three bystanders, when Gaspard, suddenly abandoning his conservative plan, made a quick rush upon him with a vicious lunge. Raoul parried the blow, but at that instant he was assailed from above, and was borne to the floor by the combined weight of the three accomplices, while his sword was snatched from his hand.

He struggled vainly in the grasp of his captors. "Coward!" he cried, as he saw Gaspard standing above him, resting his foot on the floor, with a derisive smile playing about his features. "I might have suspected some treachery at your hands."

"A clever plan, well executed," was the reply. "I really could not do otherwise, Monsieur, for you surely do not expect us to fight with every penniless youth?"

Raoul glared at him, but did not deign to speak.

"Come, my good comrades," he continued, addressing the three who held Raoul, "bring our excitable friend with you, and we will place him in retirement. Perhaps by morning he will be less agitated."

So saying, he seized a candle and led the way to the door of a room on the first floor, which he unlocked and entered. Raoul was forced along in the grip of the men behind him.

"I will leave you this light," went on Gaspard with a mocking air, "so that you can accustom yourself to your surroundings before seeking repose. The chamber, as you see, is cheerful, while the bed is excellent."

The three confederates, giving their prisoner a vigorous push which sent him sprawling against the wall, hastily withdrew, and the door was closed and locked after them.

Raoul, trembling with rage, sprang to the only window in the room, but he could see through the glass that escape in that direction was barred by heavy wooden shutters. He looked at the outside. Looking about the chamber, he found that it was large and scantily furnished by a huge chest of drawers, on which the candle had been placed, a large bed, and a fur rug upon the floor. There was no even a chair which he could reach for a weapon.

The door was an massive piece, with huge iron hinges that could easily defy any attack by even sword or axe. There was evidently no means of escape.

Not daring to go to sleep for fear that he might be surprised and murdered without a chance to strike a blow in his own defense, he paced up and down the room.

He was a new and unfortunate state of affairs, brought about by his cursed stupidity, and desire for vengeance. He could blame no one but himself for his predicament. Had he taken Armand's advice and appealed to the Governor, his enemy and his precious crew of confederates would now be lodged behind the bars.

He comforted himself, however, with the thought that Armand knew of his expected visit, and would probably be at his house early in the morning to learn the result. Not finding him there, he would immediately surmise some villainy on the part of Roguin, and would undoubtedly hasten to his rescue, with assistance, by noon. There was nothing for him to do then but wait until morning. Wearied at last by his walking he carefully snuffed the candle and lay down upon the bed, his head resting at the foot and his feet toward the head in order to keep an eye on the door and detect any attempt at opening it silently.

The house was still. No noise was audible outside. Not finding him there, he would immediately surmise some villainy on the part of Roguin, and would undoubtedly hasten to his rescue, with assistance, by noon. There was nothing for him to do then but wait until morning. Wearied at last by his walking he carefully snuffed the candle and lay down upon the bed, his head resting at the foot and his feet toward the head in order to keep an eye on the door and detect any attempt at opening it silently.

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Gaudais remained all night at La Maison Sombre for the simple reason that he could not get away. The huge quantity of wine that he drank after Raoul was safely under lock and key seemed to pass immediately to his legs, for they soon refused to be of any service to him whatever. Accordingly Berthier dragged him to a couch and left him snoring there while he and Lieutenant Loe took their departure.

When he awakened late in the morning he arose with difficulty made his way to Gaspard's room, where he found him dressing. After this operation was finished and they had parted, the two cups of strong coffee and Lieutenant Loe took their departure. When he awakened late in the morning he arose with difficulty made his way to Gaspard's room, where he found him dressing. After this operation was finished and they had parted, the two cups of strong coffee and Lieutenant Loe took their departure.

"Come, we will see if our guest is more submissive than he was last night. Perhaps hunger has changed his warlike spirit."

They listened outside the door but heard nothing. Throwing it open, Gaspard said in a taunting voice: "Come, Monsieur, get up. It is time you rest well? No answer from the darkened room. Advancing to the bed they found it empty. They made a hasty examination of the room but found no prisoner. Gaudais ran for a candle. When it was lighted they peered under the bed, opened the chest of drawers, but discovered no trace of Raoul. Gaspard examined the window carefully; his fastenings were intact.

"Ten thousand devils!" muttered Gaudais. He has escaped."

[To be continued.]

THREE IN ONE FAMILY

Cured of Skin Disease by Zam-Buk.

Once more Zam-Buk, the great herbal balm, has been proved vastly superior to ordinary remedies, and has cured where other preparations had signally failed. It is a cure for skin disease, and has been proved by the most reliable tests. The balm is a cure for skin disease, and has been proved by the most reliable tests.

My three children were all broken out with sores on face, hands and feet. Their condition was pitiable, and although I tried various ointments and salves, they did not seem to be able to get at the root of the evil, and the sores continued to spread. One day I saw a report in a local newspaper telling how beneficial Zam-Buk was for skin diseases, ulcers, etc. I got a supply of the balm and applied it to the children's sores. Almost immediately they got better, and the sores began to heal. Although the skin disease had defied all the salves I had previously tried, in one week Zam-Buk overcame the trouble, and today the children have not a pimple or spot or mark of disease on their skin. For this grand result I have Zam-Buk to thank. It is a splendid healer.

Zam-Buk is thus shown to be altogether different and superior to ordinary remedies. It is a healing balm compounded from saps and essences of the finest known medicinal herbs. It has high antiseptic power, killing disease germs which settle on sores and eruptions, and, which excite festering, blood poison and suppuration. It cures eczema, skin rashes, cuts, burns, bruises, abscesses, ulcers, acne, blackheads, ringworm, blood poison, etc. It heals cracked and chapped hands, cold sores, etc. An embrocation of it is also very useful, and gives speedy relief in cases of muscular rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Rubbed on the chest in cases of colds, it relieves the tightness and aching. All druggists sell at 50c a box, or may be obtained post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price, 6 boxes \$2.50. Send one cent stamp for dainty trial box.

During a harvest festival at the fishing town of Puncok, Dorset, England, mackerel, hung across the channel, formed part of the church decorations.

RICH MADWOMAN PASSING AWAY

Margaret Folsom, Who Is Worth \$4,000,000, Spends 35 Years in an Asylum.

New York, Jan. 16.—Margaret Winthrop Folsom, probably the wealthiest insane woman in the world, is reported dying in a sanatorium in Waverly, Mass. There she has spent most of the 35 years since she was declared incompetent to conduct an estate which she inherited in 1872. The estate was extremely large for those days, and is now enormous. It consists almost entirely of realty in this city, and is probably close to \$4,000,000 in actual value.

The Folsom family, of which she is a member, 30 years ago was one of the most prominent in society and politics in this state. Today her only relative and heir is her brother, George Winthrop. She collected an income of \$150,000 a year from the 30 properties which she owns, and from the bonds, stocks and mortgages amounting to a quarter of a million dollars included in her estate. For his services as committee of her person and estate her brother is allowed \$30,000 a year by the supreme court. He has no other occupation.

Miss Folsom is 64 years old. In a sanatorium she occupies a suite of four rooms with a dining-room. Two nurses are in constant attendance and everything that money can buy is given to her to add to her comfort or gratify her slightest wish. But her wants are few. Last year the cost of her maintenance was only \$4,532.

PLAYS HEROINE AS HUSBAND DIES

Lighthouse Keeper's Wife Keeps Lamps Burning During Gale for Two Nights.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 16.—For two nights, while the storm raged on the sound, Mrs. Samuel A. Armour, alone in the Sperry lighthouse, two miles from the shore, kept the light burning brightly, kept the fog horn sounding, and did her duty like the heroine she is.

Yet during every instant of the two nights while she was warning sailors of the shoals and rocks, Mrs. Armour was distracted by the dread that her husband, the lighthouse keeper, had perished.

She learned yesterday that he was drowned Thursday night while trying to return to her through the gale. Then, it was a relief to her. For she loved him dearly, children, they had lived together in the lonely lighthouse for years.

Capt. Armour left the light Thursday afternoon on an errand of mercy. His assistant was ill. Armour took him ashore in a fifteen-foot sailboat that he had on the lighthouse. For she loved him dearly, children, they had lived together in the lonely lighthouse for years.

"I'm going out to my light," said he, "my friends told me, and tried to dissuade him."

"Why, my wife expects me," said he, ending all argument. "You see, she has lighted the light, as I asked her to. I told her I would be back tonight, and back I go."

He hoisted his bow into the raging surf and quickly disappeared in the night. The light burned, the fog horn sounded; Armour's friends reassured themselves.

"He reached the lighthouse, all right," they said, "was there ever such a fellow? He is a fighter of nothing."

But Friday afternoon, although the sea was running high, Mrs. Armour rowed ashore in a small boat.

"Has anyone seen my husband?" she asked, fearfully.

"He started for the lighthouse last night," his friends told her.

"My God, I knew he would, for he said he would," she cried. Soon she rowed away to the lighthouse and Friday night again the light burned bright and the fog horn sounded, that men might not be drowned.

The captain of the British schooner Darrach C. reported yesterday that as he was coming into the harbor during the gale he saw an overturned boat and a man in uniform clinging to it. The schooner hove to and three times a line was cast to the man, then he disappeared in the tossing, black water. Today, too, the keeper of the south-west ledge light, on the opposite side of the harbor, reported that he heard cries of distress about the same time.

The news that Capt. Armour was lost was telegraphed to the lighthouse station on Staten Island and this afternoon a tender came here with a keeper for the Sperry light. The captain of the tender took to the lighthouse Miss Eva Green, Mrs. Armour's cousin.

"I know," said the captain's wife when she saw her cousin. "You need not tell me. He's lost. He said he would come back to me and he tried to."

And, worn out and overwhelmed with grief, Mrs. Armour fell to weeping. Her devotion to duty under such harrowing circumstances will be reported to the department of commerce and labor at Washington.

A man who is waiting to have some one give him a start can see his finish with his eyes shut.

MANITOBA AFTER THE RAILWAYS

Appeals to the Railway Commission in Effort to Secure Better Service.

Winnipeg, Jan. 16.—The Provincial Legislature has decided to take a hand in the failure of the railways to perform the duties of common carriers, resulting in heavy loss and inconvenience to the farmers and the interruption of business. In the House today Mr. Steele gave notice of the following motion: "Whereas the lack of motive power and rolling stock on the railways in the Province have resulted in loss and inconvenience to the farmers, more particularly during the months of September and October, when a large percentage of the crop is marketed, compelling them to sell at street prices, and thereby lose the difference between the street and track price, therefore resolved, that the amount of grain marketed, that the apportionment of the Province be made to the railway commissioners of Canada to exercise and carry into effect the general powers given them by the act of the Parliament of Canada compelling railway companies operating lines of railway in the Province to pay demurrage in all cases of such companies not being able, or failing, to furnish cars within a week after being ordered, and demurrage to be at the same rate per day as charged by the said company when a car is not loaded in a given time, and to be deducted from the freight rate; further, that said commissioners should meet and make a complete distribution of cars, each point to be entitled to receive cars in proportion to the amount of grain marketed; that the apportionment of the Province be made to the railway commissioners of Manitoba of their ability to provide all necessary cars and adequate power and rolling stock for the full and effectual operation of such lines when completed; that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the board of railway commissioners of Canada, with the request that all the grievances complained of be forthwith dealt with by them."

There is no hard work necessary to do this; no need of a rigid and self-denying diet list; no call for nasty and disagreeable medicines. Simply take a Mi-o-na stomach tablet before each meal and before going to bed, and it will so strengthen the stomach that before long a hearty meal will give you gratification and comfort, without the least fear of distress and suffering. The strongest proof we can offer of our faith in this advice, is the fact that W. T. Strong gives an absolute, unqualified guarantee (applying to two boxes of Mi-o-na), that your money will be refunded unless Mi-o-na cures. A guarantee like this gives you confidence in Mi-o-na. He takes the whole risk, and the remedy will not cost you a penny unless it cures. Mi-o-na is not a mere digestive, giving only temporary relief, but a specific for all diseases of the stomach, strengthening the digestive organs and making a permanent cure.

DOCTOR PASTEUR HEADS THE LIST

Greatest French Citizen of the Nineteenth Century—Victor Hugo Comes Next.

Paris, Jan. 16.—The word plebiscite has been for more than 30 years a word of ill-omen in France. One of the most widely-circulated of French newspapers, the Petit Parisien, has, however, been rehabilitating the word during the past few weeks in a way too striking to be ignored. It appealed to its readers all over the country to vote in the question of the relative pre-eminence of the great Frenchmen of the last century. Fifteen million answers have been received, and what gives striking demonstration to the duty, as well as of civil and moral distinction. It is the revelation to the foreigner of an idealism hitherto unsuspected. Only those observers who have had the privilege of studying the evolution of the French mind and feeling over the unbroken series of years, were aware of the profound transformation which the republican school system and stable republican government in general have effected in the points of view of the present generation of Frenchmen.

Napoleon Is Fourth

The winner of the recent contest is Victor Hugo, who runs him close, having received 1,228,103 votes, against 1,338,425 for the world-renowned man of science. But it is characteristic that two men of peaceful pursuits should precede on the lists those great Frenchmen who might have appeared as candidates for the presidency of the republic. It is the revelation to the foreigner of an idealism hitherto unsuspected. Only those observers who have had the privilege of studying the evolution of the French mind and feeling over the unbroken series of years, were aware of the profound transformation which the republican school system and stable republican government in general have effected in the points of view of the present generation of Frenchmen.

For the sixth place what foreigner would have suggested the name of Lazare Carnot. The order of the names which succeed Lazare Carnot is interesting in the extreme. Curie, the inventor of radium; Chevreul, Du-mas, Berthier, and a host of others, generations, not only of Frenchmen, but also of Englishmen; Dr. Roux, the discoverer of diphtheria serum; Pasteur, the discoverer of the potato blight; then Ampere, the father of dynamic electricity; Buzza, the founder of the French West Africa; Zola, whose place here, the thirteenth on the list, shows conclusively what France now thinks of his courageous deed as author of "J'accuse"; Lamar-tine, a consoling selection for those who have always regarded the author of "The Lark" as the most seductive Frenchman of the nineteenth century, and Francois Arago, the astronomer and physicist.

Sarah Bernhardt's Place.

The sixteenth place is held gloriously by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. But immediately afterward comes M. Waldeck Rousseau, MacMahon, the hero of the famous "Ty suis, Ty raste"; President Carnot, who certainly incarnates here a very characteristic conception of civic duty; Chevreul, the chemist, and Chateaubriand, the most eloquent French of all the writers of the last century, among the names of the list after De Lesseps. That is a victory which shows how shortlived is French rancor.

Ten years ago no plebiscite in France could have given such a result, the stolid energy of the creator of the Suez Canal having been forgotten amid the tempest of the Panama scandals. The next four names are Jacquard, the inventor of the weaving machine; Jules Verne, President Loubet, and Denfert-

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Breaks up COUGH OR COLD IN 24 HOURS

Tell your Druggist you have got to have it Sold by all druggists, or from THE WILSON-PAUL CO., LIMITED Niagara Falls, Ont.

Rochereau. The results constitute a lesson full of instruction, not only for the rulers of France, but for foreigners curious as to the temperament and the ideals of contemporary Frenchmen.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

TO ENJOY A GOOD DINNER

How to Avoid Distress and Indigestion After Eating.

Let us tell you how you can enjoy a good dinner, so that the heartiest meal will set well on your stomach and cause no unpleasant and disagreeable after effects.

We will show you how to regain the appetite of your childhood and the enjoyment of food, so that it will taste as well as when mother cooked the dinner.

There is no hard work necessary to do this; no need of a rigid and self-denying diet list; no call for nasty and disagreeable medicines. Simply take a Mi-o-na stomach tablet before each meal and before going to bed, and it will so strengthen the stomach that before long a hearty meal will give you gratification and comfort, without the least fear of distress and suffering. The strongest proof we can offer of our faith in this advice, is the fact that W. T. Strong gives an absolute, unqualified guarantee (applying to two boxes of Mi-o-na), that your money will be refunded unless Mi-o-na cures. A guarantee like this gives you confidence in Mi-o-na. He takes the whole risk, and the remedy will not cost you a penny unless it cures. Mi-o-na is not a mere digestive, giving only temporary relief, but a specific for all diseases of the stomach, strengthening the digestive organs and making a permanent cure.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young. From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young. From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes: "At one time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my housework. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was better."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes