

MANHOOD

Necessary to a
Happy Life



RICH BUT WEAK

Don't sell your health. Don't fritter away your strength. It is better to live upon a crust and be a perfect man physically and mentally than to possess wealth without strength to enjoy it. Any man who is weak from youthful errors or later excesses has my compassion, because he has much to regret in the folly of his past days. Parents are largely to blame for the alarming extent of this great vice. A father should make it his duty before all else to take his boy in hand just at that tender age when nature must be most assisted in her work of development. The man, young, middle-aged, or old, who suffers from Nervous Debility, Impotency, Lame Back, Losses, Varicocele, etc., allows his imagination to get the better of his good judgment. The trouble is, as a rule, he lets some "quack" scare him half to death, and then proceeds to fill his stomach with a lot of rank stimulating drugs, which not only do no good, but result only too often in a permanent injury. Reader, my advice is that you throw all such away, and if you follow my suggestions and take ordinary care of your general health, I promise to make you a sound, strong man, with new energy for business and pleasure. In the first place, I would want you to get my famous



POOR BUT STRONG

Electric Belt

with electric suspensory attachment, and then I would ask that you follow a few simple little health rules, which I would get up for you according to your case and requirements. That is all. No drugs, and no further expense. I can give you with this simple remedy a strong, vigorous life, and such health as you have never known. My electric belt is a patented article, but there is no secret in what I use. Simply nature's own simple restorer—the pure galvanic current of electricity. The current as I apply it flows from a point over kidneys at small of back, through all the weak-end glands and parts to the suspensory in front, giving almost immediate benefits. You wear it at night. It soothes, strengthens and cures you while you sleep. Drop in some day and consult me free of charge, or if you live too far send for free book, "Three Classes of Men," sent in plain sealed envelope. It explains all. Established 30 years.

DR. B. E. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto

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THE CRIME OF THE BOULEVARD

BY JULES CLARETIE

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one among all others who might have committed the deed.

"You never saw the woman who visited Rovere?"

"Yes; the veiled lady, the woman in black, but I do not know her. No one knew her."

The story told by the portress about the time when she surprised the stranger and Rovere with the papers in his hand in front of the open safe made quite an impression on the examining magistrate.

"Do you know the name of the visitor?"

"No, monsieur," the portress replied.

"But if you should see him again would you recognize him?"

"Certainly. I see his face there before me."

She made haste to return to her house so that she might relate her impressions to her fellow gossips. The worthy couple left the court puffed up with self-esteem because of the role which they had been called upon to play.

The obsequies were to be held the next day, and the prospect of a dramatic day in which M. and Mme. Moniche would still play this important role created in them an agony which was almost joyous.

The crowd around the house of the crime was always large. Some few passers-by stopped—stopped before the stone facade behind which a murder had been committed.

The reporters returned again and again for news, and the couple, greedy for glory, could not open a paper without seeing their names printed in large letters. One journal had that morning even published an special article, "Interviews With M. and Mme. Moniche."

The crowd buzzed about the lodge like a swarm of flies. M. Rovere's body had been brought back from the morgue. The obsequies would naturally attract an enormous crowd, all the more as the mystery was still as deep as ever.

Among his papers had been found a receipt for a tomb in the cemetery at Montmartre, bought by him about a year before.

In another paper, not dated, were found directions as to how his funeral was to be conducted.

M. Rovere, after having passed a wandering life, wished to rest in his native country. But no other indications of his wishes, nothing about his relatives, had been found. It seemed as if he was a lone being in society or any claim on any one to bury him. And this distressing isolation added to the morbid curiosity which was attached to the house, now all draped in black, with the letter "R" standing out in white against its silver escutcheon.

Who would be chief mourner? M. Rovere had appointed no one. He had asked in that paper that a short notice should be inserted in the paper giving the hour and date of the services and giving him the simple title ex-consul.

"I hope," went on the writer, "to be taken to the cemetery quietly and followed by intimate friends, if any remain."

Intimate friends were scarce in that crowd, without doubt, but the dead man's wish could hardly be carried out. Those obsequies which he had wished to be quiet became a sort of fete, full of real and noisy, where the thousands of people crowding the boulevard crushed each other in their desire to see, and pressed almost upon the draped funeral car which the neighbors had covered with flowers.

Everything is a spectacle for Parisians. The guardians of the peace strove to keep back the crowds; some gamins climbed into the branches of the trees. The tier had been placed at the foot of the staircase in the narrow corridor opening upon the street. Mme. Moniche had placed upon a table in the lodge some loose leaves, where Rovere's unknown friends could write their names.

Bernardet, alert, with his eyes wide open, studying the faces, searching the eyes, mingled with the crowd, looked at the file of people, scrutinized one by one, the signatures; Bernardet, in mourning, wearing black gloves, seemed more like an undertaker's assistant than a police spy. Once he found himself directly in front of the open door of the lodge and the table where the leaves lay covered with signatures. When in the half light of the corridor draped with black, where the tier lay, he saw a man of about 50, pale and very sad looking. He had arrived in his turn in the line at the table, where he signed his name. Mme. Moniche, clothed in black, with a white handkerchief in her hand, although she was not weeping, looked herself side by side with Bernardet; in fact, their elbows touched. When the man reached the table, coming from the semidarkness of the passage, and stepped into the light which fell on him from the window, the portress involuntarily exclaimed, "Ah! she was evidently much excited and caught the police officer by the hand and said:

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She spoke in such a low tone that Bernardet divined rather than heard what she meant in that stifled cry. He looked at her from the corner of his eye. He saw that she was ghastly, and again she spoke in a low tone, "He, he whom I saw with M. Rovere before the open safe."

Bernardet gave the man one sweeping glance of the eye. He fairly pierced him through with his sharp look. The unknown, half bent over the table where-

on lay the papers, showed a wide forehead, slightly bald, and a pointed beard, a little gray, which almost touched the white paper as he wrote his name.

Suddenly the police officer experienced a strange sensation. It seemed to him that this face, the shape of the head, the pointed beard, he had recently seen somewhere, and that this human silhouette recalled to him an image which he had recently studied. The perception of a possibility of a proof gave him a shock. This man who was there made him think suddenly of that phantom discernible in the photographs taken of the retina of the murdered man's eye.

"Who is that man?"

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