

**OUR CLUBBING LIST.**

THE GUIDE-ADVOCATE AND

Family Herald and Weekly Star with premium	\$ 1 85
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Weekly Farmers Sun	1 85
Weekly London Free Press	1 85
Weekly London Advertiser	1 85
Weekly Globe	1 85
Northern Messenger	1 40
Weekly Montreal Witness	1 85
Hamilton Spectator	1 85
Weekly Farmer's Advocate	2 35
Toronto Saturday Night	3 50
Daily News	2 50
Daily Star	2 50
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His filthy origin and habits, and the fact that his body is generally laden with disease-producing germs, makes him one of the greatest enemies of the human race.

If the housekeepers of Canada will use

**WILSON'S FLY PADS**



persistently, this peril would be tremendously reduced.

**Her Protector**

An American Wife in Berlin Shows Ability to Take Care of Herself

By SARAH EHRLICH

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When Commander Haverslaugh, U. S. N., went to Berlin as naval attaché at the imperial court his daughter, Louise, was just nineteen years old. Though so young, she had been a heart smasher among the cadets at the Naval academy, where her father had been stationed for three years, besides having gone through several campaigns at West Point. She could not help flirting—not that she went out of her way to find any one to flirt with; indeed, there was nothing aggressive about her. The trouble was that every young fellow she met found in her something that acted as an incentive for him to make love to her.

Louise being of a marriageable age while her father was at Berlin, she very naturally married one of the young Germans she met at court, Baron Carl von Hilderschoff, a major in the army and connected with the general staff. Before Commander Haverslaugh would consent to the marriage he told the baron that Louise was a natural flirt, but that her flirtations were innocent and he need have no fear of her disgracing him or herself. The commander exacted a promise that the baron would trust her, relying entirely on her sense of honor and self respect to choose the right path.

It was not long after the marriage that Baron von Hilderschoff was ordered away from Berlin on some temporary duty. There was one man in Berlin, Count Gethart, who had been attentive to Louise before her marriage. This man the baron disliked and distrusted. Before leaving the capital he said to his intimate friend, Captain Manteufel:

"I am obliged to leave my young wife for a few weeks here, and I wish to leave her in your charge. You see, I don't wish her to be lonely. There is one man here I don't like. As soon as I am gone he will attempt to be devoted to her. I wish you to be so attentive to her that he will have no opportunity. You understand?"

"Perfectly. And I feel very much flattered at your confidence in me. Who is the man?"

"Count Gethart."

"H'm! You are quite right; he is a dangerous man. Is your wife to know of your placing her in my care?"

"Well, no. I don't suppose there will be any necessity for you to interfere in the matter. It is only in case Gethart becomes aggressive, you know."

"I see. Well, old fellow, I promise to do the best I can in the matter, though I do not expect any action on my part will be necessary."

Von Hilderschoff departed, and Manteufel called upon the baroness. Indeed, he made several calls, and to give an excuse for doing so he told her that her husband, fearing she would be lonely during his absence, had asked him to drop in once in a while to cheer her up.

Now, Louise, being an American with plenty of American shrewdness, suspected that something had passed between her husband and his friend of which she had not been made aware by the latter. If the captain's good offices were to be confined to keeping her from being lonely her husband would have told her that he had made such a request of his friend. When a woman wishes to get a secret she usually succeeds. It was not long before she had wormed out of Manteufel that he had been commissioned to protect her from

Count Gethart. Commander Haverslaugh's warning had not been heeded.

It so happened that Von Gethart met his old flame at a social function the very evening after Manteufel had "let the cat out of the bag." She was very gracious to him and danced with him. Manteufel saw them together and as soon as the dance was over joined them. Louise straightway dismissed Gethart and walked away on the arm of Manteufel.

Manteufel treated her during the rest of the evening as he would have treated a schoolgirl who had been placed under his orders, and had been disobedient. She seemed to be very penitent and promised not to do so any more. Not only this—the next day she wrote a note to her protector expressing more penitence.

That the baroness' penitence was only skin deep was evident from the fact that she saw as much of Von Gethart as of Manteufel. The latter, still insensible to the fact that his interest in his charge was rather for himself than her husband, protested to the baroness against her accepting attentions from a man her husband disliked and distrusted. The baroness claimed that she could not decline them without giving offense. From this moment the bitter feelings that had entered the breast of Manteufel were turned principally against the man instead of the woman.

Meanwhile the baroness was writing loving letters to her husband, in which she never failed to mention the many kind acts of his friend Manteufel. She also wrote that she had met Gethart at a social function and that he had called upon her. This, she said, had seemed to excite the disapprobation of Manteufel. She did not like to repulse Gethart, fearing to make trouble. She longed for the day when her husband

would return and relieve her of an embarrassing position. To this the baron replied that he would be at home on a certain date, arriving on a midnight train.

The evening of Von Hilderschoff's expected arrival the baroness wrote a note to her protector and one to the man from whom she was being protected, asking them to call upon her. They met. The scowl that lowered upon Manteufel's brow was like a thunderstorm in the Alps. Believing that he acted in the interest of his friend instead of from the promptings of jealousy, forgetting that he had not been commissioned to pick a quarrel with the man his friend disliked, he walked right into a trap and before he had been in Von Gethart's presence half an hour had in the most gentlemanly manner in the world insulted him. It happened in this wise:

"I do not think," said the baroness, "that your men in Germany have the respect, the reverence, for women our men in America have."

"You are right, baroness," said Manteufel, looking fiercely at Gethart. "We have here in Berlin men who would not hesitate to take advantage of a woman left unprotected by her husband."

A brief silence marked this throwing down the gauntlet, after which the lady turned the conversation into other channels. A few minutes later Gethart bowed himself out, and the baroness indicated to Manteufel that she would prefer to be alone. As soon as he had gone she called in a manservant and said to him:

"Heinrich, I have a very delicate job for you."

"What is it, baroness?"

"Count Gethart and Captain Manteufel are about to fight a duel. I wish you to inform me as to the time and place of the meeting."

"I could not well do that, baroness, except that the valet of Count von Gethart is my friend. This may help me out."

At 12 midnight Baron von Hilderschoff returned and found his wife waiting to greet him.

"Well," he said after exhausting ordinary matters that had occurred during his absence, "how about this Von Gethart? Has he been offensive in his attentions?"

"Not at all, but your friend Captain Manteufel has been more loyal to you during your absence than has been necessary."

"How so?"

"He evidently knows that you don't like the count and has assumed to keep him away from me."

"So?"

"Yes. They met here this evening. Manteufel insulted Von Gethart, and they are going to fight."

"So?" repeated the baron, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes. The affair will be the talk of Berlin."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the baron.

"We must interfere."

"How?"

"I have sent Heinrich to discover the time and place. I am expecting him back every moment."

"Himmel, may he be successful!"

It was 2 o'clock when Heinrich returned, and all he knew was that a carriage had been ordered by Count von Gethart to be at his door at 4 o'clock in the morning. But this was

not enough. The baron and his wife ordered their own carriage to be ready at half past 3, drove to a point near the count's residence, saw him leave and followed him to a grove near the city, where his carriage stopped and he and a companion alighted. Another carriage had just arrived. The baron and baroness alighted some distance from the others. The day was breaking when they saw two men taking positions for a duel. Then they advanced.

"Gentlemen," cried the baron, "will you kindly inform me as to the cause of this quarrel?"

Both men, astonished, stood mute.

"I have been informed by the baroness," continued Von Hilderschoff, "that there has been trouble between you two. If my wife has anything to do with it I beg you to put up your swords. Neither of you need be concerned about her. I alone assume to defend her."

Both the men addressed looked as if they wished the earth would open and swallow them, but it was Manteufel who seemed especially crushed. He had gone on the field believing that he was protecting his friend's wife, but cherished a hope that knowledge of the quarrel might never reach his friend.

"Gentlemen," said the baroness with a certain sweetness that never deserted her, "we should be pleased to see you both at dinner this evening."

"You are very kind, but"—began the count.

"Really, baroness, you must excuse"—began the captain. But the lady simply put them both in the position of being ungallant if they declined, and both gave a reluctant acceptance.

The party left the field in the conveyances by which they had come. After a brief nap the baron, at his wife's request, called upon Gethart and Manteufel and persuaded them to meet as friends at her house.

"Something of this may leak out," he said, "and if you two men meet at dinner under my roof the story will be nipped in the bud."

This was an argument that struck home with both the men addressed, and in the evening they met at the dinner under at least the guise of ordinary friendliness.

The next day the baroness sent Captain Manteufel the letters he had written her during her husband's absence, and, reading them over, he was astonished to see that he had shown every evidence of jealousy and infatuation for his charge.

**Simple Remedy**

For Backache and Kidney Trouble.

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