TORONTO, June 6th, 1905. I take great satisfaction in writing to you and telling you of the splecondition of health that I am which was brought about how in, taking your Gin alls.

For years my kidneys have been my Weak spot and kept me unh calthy, as get relief. Six weeks ag I hear a that widely sold in Outario, and I concir Aded to try them, though I did not be" seve the they could entirely cure me, but thry have, and I am now sure f gat my kidney trouble has disappear

I will alw on hand, ays have some of the pills my friements

> Yours respectively, F. E. BASKERVILLE.

Sold by druggists, 50c a box, or 6 boxes For \$2.50. We send sample free if you mention this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG MAN

By EMILE GABORIAU.

"Read." he said. At a glance she read its contents. She turned very red, then very pale. She trembled from head to foot. Her limbs seemed to give way, and she tottered so that Fanferlot, thinking she was about to fall, extended his arms to catch her. Useless precaution? Mme. Gipsy was one of those women whose inert listlessness conceals indomitable energy-fragile looking creatures whose powers of endurance and resistance are unlimited, catlike in their soft grace and delicacy, especially catlike in their nerves and muscles of steel.

"Explain yourself! What does all this mean? Do you know anything about the contents of this letter? Prosper is to be arrested, accused of being a thief?"

"Yes, madame; he is accused of taking 350,000 francs from the bank safe." "It is false, infamous, absurd!" she cried. "Prosper steal! It is absurd! Why should he steal? Is he not rich?" "M. Bertomy is not rich. He has nothing but his salary." This answer seemed to confound

Mme. Gipsy. "But," she insisted, "I have always seen him have plenty of money. Not rich-then"-

She dared not finish. But her eye met Fanferlot's, and they understood each other.

Prosper would never have stolen one cent for me! One can understand a man who is trusted robbing a bank for a woman he loves, but Prosper does not love me. He never has loved me. But I love him, and it is for me to save him! I will see his chief, the miserable wretch who dares to accuse him. I will prove that he is innocent. Come, monsieur, let us go, and I promise you that before sunset he shall be free, or I shall be in prison with him." Mme. Gipsy's project was certainly laudable and prompted by the noblest sentiments. Unfortunately it was impracticable. Besides, it would be going

counter to the plans of the detective. have not the least chance of success. his accomplice? M. Bertomy expressly forbade such a course in his letter." Mme. Gipsy remained thoughtful for a moment, then a ray of light seemed

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to cross her mind, and she cried: "Oh, I understand now! Fool that I was for not seeing it before! But where am I to go?" "Did not M. Bertomy say, my dear

lady, to the other end of Paris-to a boarding house or hotel?" "But I don't know where to find

he had great difficulty in concealing his delight at a sudden idea that flashed upon him. Itis little black eyes

fairly danced with jey. "I know of a hotel," he said at last, "but it might not suit you."

"Where is it?"

Mme, Alexandre," Mme, Nina was never long making

Your recommendation."

"With these three lines," he said, handing her the letter, "you can make Mme, Alexandre do anything you

"Very well. Now how am I to let Cavaillon know my address? It is he

Mme. Gipsy was about to send for a | doorknob and was about to enter when carriage, but Fanferlot said he was in the jailer stopped him. a hurry and would send her one. He seemed to be in luck that day, for a "Sit down here, and when your turn cab was passing the door, and he hail- comes you will be called."

"Wait here," he said to after telling him that he the driver tive, "for a little bruns a was a detecing her trunks. If the who is packdrive her to Que . she tells you to THE GREAT KIDNEY CURE address, get ? As gives you any other arrange you are your seat and sight." Arress, I will keep in

stood in ed across the street and had no the door of a wine store. He utes ong to wait. In a few minche loud cracking of a whip aped him that Mme. Nina had started r the Archangel.

"Aha!" said he gayly. "I hold her, at any ratel

CHAPTER III. T the same hour that Mme. Nina Gipsy went to find refuge at the Archangel, so highly recommended by Fanferlot the Squirrel, Prosper Bertomy was being entered on the jailer's book at the police office. There he had to wait two hours while the commissary went to receive orders from higher auand will recommend them to thorities. When it was announced to who are troubled with ail- him that a coach was waiting for him

due to the defective work of their at the door, he got up, but before going out requested permission to light a cigar, which was granted. It was magnificent weather, a bright spring morning. As the ceach went along Montmartre street Prosper kept his head out of the window, smilingly complaining at being imprisoned on such a love-

ly day when everything outside was so

sunny and pleasant. "It is singular," he said. "I never felt so great a desire to take a walk." To the court clerk while he was going through the formalities of the commitment Prosper replied with haughty brevity to the indispensable questions

asked him. But when he was ordered to empty his pockets on the table and they began to search him his eyes flashed with indignation, and a single tear dropped upon his flushed cheek. In an instant he had recovered his calmness and stood up motionless, with his arms raised in the air so that the rough creatures about him could more conveniently search him from head to foot to assure themselves that he had no suspi-

cious object hid under his clothes. The investigation would have, perhaps, been carried to the most ignominious lengths but for the intervention of a middle aged man of distinguished appearance, who wore a white cravat and gold spectacles and was sitting by the fire. At sight of Prosper he started with surprise and seemed much agitated. He stepped forward and seemed about to speak to him, then suddenly changed his mind and sat down again. In spite of his own troubles, the cashier could not help seeing that this man kept his eyes fastened upon him. Did he know him? Vainly did he try to recollect having met him before. This man, treated with all the deference due to a chief, was no less a personage than a celebrated member of the detective corps, M. Lecoq. When the men who were searching Prosper were about to take

off his boots, saying that a knife might

be concealed in them, M. Lecoq waved

He was obeyed. All the formalities being ended, the unfortunate cashier was taken to a narrow cell. The heavily barred door was swung to and locked upon him. He breathed freely. At last he was alone. Yes, he believed himself to be alone. He was ignorant that a prison is made of glass; that the accused is like a miserable insect under the microscope of an entomologist. He did not know that the walls have stretched ears and eyes always watchful. He was so sure of being alone that he at once gave vent to his suppressed feeling and, dropping his mask of impassibility, burst into a flood of tears. His wrath, long pent up, now flashed out like a smoldering fire. In a paroxysm of rage he uttered imprecations and curses. He dashed himself against the prison walls like a wild

beast in a cage. In the evening when the failer brought him his supper he found him lying on his pallet, with his face buried in the pillow, weeping bitter tears. He was not hungry. Now that he was alone, he fed upon his own bitter thoughts. He sank from a state of frenzy into one of stupefying despair. The night was long and terrible, and for the first time he had nothing to count the hours by as they slowly dragged on but the measured tread of the patrol who came to relieve the sentinels. He suffered agony. In the morning he dropped into a sleep, from which he was awakened by the rough

voice of the Jailer. "Come, monsieur," he said, "to the judge of instruction."

"Let us go," said Prosper, without stopping to repair his disordered toilet. During the passage the jailer said, "You are very fortunate in having your case brought before an honest

The jailer was right. Endowed with remarkable penetration, firm, unbiased, equally free from false pity and excessive severity, Mr. Patrigent possessed in an eminent degree all the qualities necessary for the delicate and difficult office of judge of instruction.

Prosper was escorted along a corridor, through a room full of policemen down a flight of steps, across a kind of cellar and then up a steep staircase who should have brought me Prosper's which seemed to have no end. Finally he reached a long, narrow gallery, upon "He was unable to come, dear ma- which opened many doors bearing difdame," interrupted the detective, "But | ferent numbers. Summoning all his I will tell him where he can find you." | courage, he placed his hand on the

"Don't be in such haste," he said.

robbery?" "No; I dined and spent the evening with a friend. When I returned home about 1 o'clock, my wife was in bed. and I went to bed immediately." "And you were ignorant of what

"What was it?"

sum there was in the safe?"

Woman's Trials.

The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been ere she learnt to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to bind marital li together, the absence of this one pled to mutual affection is a common disar pointment. Many unfortunate couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift spart, one may read the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerou In many cases of barrenness or chil easily removed by the cure of weakness or the part of the woman. Dr. Picrce's Fa-vorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription fame presides. In all cases where chil dren are desired and are absent, an effort should be made to find out the real cause,

since it is generally so easily removed by In all the various weaknesses, displace ments, prolapsus, inflammation and debilitating, catarrhal drains and in all cases of nervousness and debility, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most efficient remedy that can possibly be used. It has to its credit hundreds of thousand of cures -more in fact than any other remedy put up for sale through druggists especially for woman's use. The ingredi ents of which the "Favorite Prescription" is composed have received the most positive endorsement from the leading medical writers on Materia Medica of al the several schools of practice. All the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper enclosing the bottle, so that any woman making use of this famous medicine may know exactly what she is taking. Dr. Pierce takes his patients into his full confidence, which he can afford to do as the formula after which the "Favorite Prescription" is made will bear the most careful exam-

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for women. stated this fact to the commissary in M. Bertomy's presence, and he acknowledged it to be the case."

"That will do, monsieur." M. Patrigent was well informed of the high standing of the banker and knew almost as much of his affairs as did M. Fauvel himself.

He asked him to sign his testimony and then escorted him to the door of his office, a rare favor on his part. Five o'clock struck before the list of witnesses summoned for the day was come out of the judge's office and cry | exhausted, but the task of M. Patrigent was not yet finished. He rang for his bailiff, who instantly appeared.

and said to him:

thought it his duty to treat him to a any shape and form he chooses." drink, and the bailiff had found it necat the corner.

"How is it that you keep people waiting?" said the judge.

Fanferlot bowed almost to the floor Despite his smiling face, he was very uneasy. To reliow the Bertomy case alone it required a double play that might be discovered at any moment To manage at once the cause of justice and his own ambition he took one of my clients, M. de Clameran, in great risks, the least of which was the losing his place.

> "I have had a great deal to do," he said to excuse himself, "and have no lost any time."

And he began to give a detailed ac count of his movements. He was embarrassed, for he spoke with all sorts of restrictions, picking out what was to be said and avoiding what was to be left unsaid. Thus he gave the history of Cavaillon's letter, which he handed to the judge, but be did not breathe word of Madeleine. On the other hand he gave biographical details, very mi nute indeed, of Prosper and Mme. Gipous quarters. As he heard the story M. Patrigent's convictions were strength-

"The young man is evidently guilty,"

Fanferlot did not reply. His opinion was different, but he was delighted that the judge was on the wrong track, thinking that his own glory would the bottom of an already long list of off as it had ever been.

After hearing all he had to tell, the judge dismissed Fanferlot, telling him to return in the morning.

"Above all," he said as Fanferlot left the room, "do not lose sight of the girl | the night before instead of waiting til

Fanferlot smiled knowingly.

eleur. The lady is in good hands." case and to arrange that the rest of the said M. Fauvel, "and permit me to tell | depositions should be made. This case you that to a safe like mine the key | had actually taken possession of his is of no importance. In the first place, | mind. It was at the same time purone must know the word upon which | mling and attractive. It seemed to be the five movable buttons turn. With surrounded by a cloud of mystery. which he determined to penetrate.

"Had you forgotten it on the day of The first was the office boy sent by "No; the word had been changed the | bank. He was ill from a fall. The day before, and its peculiarity struck | second was M. Raoul de Lagors. But from growing, and on the ensuing Monday, five days after the robbery, M. Patrigent thought he held in his hands enough moral proof to crush the

CHAPTER IV.

URING these minute investigations of his past life Prosper was in prison in a secret not appeared very long. He had re-

WITH a sort of rage plans or Commen and memoranda of justification. The third day he began to be uneasy at not seeing any one except the condemned prisoners who were employed to serve those confined in secret cells and the jailer who brought him his

"Am I not to be examined again?" he would ask. "Your turn is coming," the jailer in-

variably answered. Time passed, and the wretched man, toriured by the sufferings of solitary conduement, which quickly break the spivit, sank into despair.

The cell door opened, and the jaller's gruff voice called out, "Come to the

man with the gold spectacles who had watched him so intently the day he

"Courage, M. Prosper Bertomy," he said. "If you are innocent, there are those who will help you." Prosper started with surprise and

was about to reply when the man dis-

of the guard. "Don't you know him?" replied the policeman, with surprise. "Why, it is

-ron might as well say 'monsieur," said the offended policeman. "It would not burn your mouth. M. Lecog is a man who knows everything he wants to know without its ever being told to him. If you had had him instead of that imbecile Fanferiot, your case would have been settled long ago. Nobody is allowed to waste time when he has command. But he seems to be

"I never saw him until the first day

"You can't swear to that, because no one is sure of the real face of M. Lecog. It is one thing today and anothman, sometimes a fair one, sometimes quite young and then a centenarian. Why, often he deceives even me. I be-"Go at once and bring Fanferlot | gin to talk to a stranger-presto! It is M. Lecoq! Anybody on the face of It was some time before the detect the earth might be he. If I were told tive answered the summons. Having | that you were be, I should say, 'It is met a colleague on the gallery, he possible.' He can convert himself into

The guard would have continued foressary to bring him from the little inn | ever his praises of M. Lecoq had not the sight of the judge's door put an end to them. This time Prosper was not kept waiting on the wooden bench. The judge, on the contrary, was waiting for him. His surprise was great to see the cashier's bearing-resolute without obstinacy, firm and assured without defiance.

"Well," he said, "have you reflect "Not being guilty, monsieur, I had

"Ah, the prison has not been a good counselor. You forget that sincerity and repentance are the first things necessary to obtain the indulgence of a judge. Will you be good enough to tell me," he added, "how much you

stop to reflect and calculate. "Yes, monsieur," he answered unhesitatingly. "Circumstances made it necessary for me to preserve the greatest order in my extravagance. I spent

"In the first place, 12,000 francs was left to me by my mother. I received from M. Fauvel 14,000 francs as my salary and share of the profits. At the Stock Exchange I gained 8,000 francs. The rest I borrowed and intend repaying out of the 15,000 francs which I have with M. Fauvel."

"Who lent you the money?" "M. Raoul de Lagors." This witness had left Paris the day of the robbery and could not be found. For the time being M. Patrigent was compelled to rely upon Prosper's word. "Well," he said, "I will not press this point. But tell me why, in spite of the formal order of M. Fauvel, you drew the money from the Bank of France

"Because M. de Clameran had told

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keeper took a seat beside him. Presently a little old man dressed in black, wearing the insignia of his of-

fice, a steel chain, cried out: "Prosper Bertomy!" Prosper arose and, without knowing how, found himself in the office of the

judge of instruction. M. Patrigent's homely face, with its irregular outline and short red whiskers, lit up by a pair of bright, intelligent eyes and a kindly expression, was calculated to impress one favorably at

first sight. "Well," he said abruptly, "you are accused of having robbed M. Fauvel of 850,000 francs. What have you to answer?"

"That I am innocent, monsieur: 1 swear that I am innocent." "I hope you are," said M. Patrigent, "and you may count upon me to assist you to the extent of my ability in prov-

ing your innocence. Have you any-

thing to say in your defense?" "Ah, monsieur, what can I say when cannot understand this dreadful business myself? I can only refer you to my past life."

The judge interrupted him with an mpatient gesture. "Let us be specific. The robbery was committed under circumstances that prevent suspicion from falling upon any one but M. Fauvel and yourself. Do you suspect any one else?"

"No, monsieur." "You declare yourself to be innocent; therefore the guilty party must be M. Fauvel."

"Have you," persisted the judge. "any cause for believing that M. Fauvel robbed himself? If you have, say The prisoner preserved a rigid si-

Prosper did not answer.

"I see, monsieur," said the judge, "that you need time for reflection. Listen to the reading of your examination, and after signing it you will return to prison." The unhappy man was overcome.

The last ray of hope was gone. He

signed the paper without looking at it.

He tottered as he left the judge's office so that the keeper was forced to support him. If Prosper had remained an hour longer in the gallery, he would have seen the same bailiff who had called him

Witness No. 3, who was awaiting his turn and answered the call, was M. | here." Fauvel. Although he had very slightly examined Prosper, the judge was now scrupulously attentive and particular

in naving every question answered.

of being dishonest?" he asked.

a scandalous gambling affair."

"Did you ever suspect your cashier

"Number three!"

"Certainly not. Yet there were thousand reasons which should have made me distrustful." "What reasons?" "M. Bertomy gambled. I have known of his spending whole nights at the gaming table and losing immense sums of money. He was intimate with a bad set. Once he was mixed up with

"You must confess, monsieur," interrupted the judge, "that you were very imprudent, not to say culpable, to have intrusted your safe to such a man." "Ah, monsieur, Prosper was not always thus. Until the past year he was a model of goodness. He was received into my house as one of my family. He spent all of his evenings with us and was the bosom friend of my eldest son, Lucien. Then suddenly he left

us and never came to the house again

Yet I had every reason to believe him

attached to my niece Madeleine." "Then you can see no motive for your cashier's conduct?" The banker paused to reflect. "It is impossible for me to account for it. I have, however, always supposed that Prosper was led astray by a

about this time, M. Raoul de Lagors." "Ah! And who is this young man? "A relative of my wife, a charming fellow, but somewhat wild, though rich enough to pay his way." The judge listened attentively to this, then wrote the name Lagors at

young man whom he met at my house

"Now," he said, "we are coming to the point. You are sure that the robbery was not committed by any in your house?" "Quite sure, monsieur," "You always kept your key?" "Usually I carried it about on my

person, and whenever I left it at home

put it in the secretary drawer in my

his memoranda.

bed chamber." "Where was it the evening of the "In my secretary." "But then"-"Pardon me for interrupting you,"

key, but without the word"-"And this word you never told to any "To no one in the world, monsieur, and sometimes I would have been pugzled to know myself with what word

the word one can open it without the

the safe had been shut." the theft?"

"Gipsy-G-i-p-s-y," said the banker, spelling the name. M. Patrigent wrote down the name. "One more question, monsieur. Were you at home the evening before the | accused.

"Absolutely. After my positive or- quested and been granted some sheets ders I could only suppose that a small of paper, numbered, which he was sum had been left there over night. I shilled to account for and he wrote

"Am I to stay here forever?" he

court of instruction!" He instantly obeyed the order. But his step was no longer unsteady, as a few days previous a complete change had taken place within him. He walked with head erect, a firm step and the fire of resolution shining in his eye. He knew the way now, and he walked a little ahead of the guard who escorted him. As he was passing through the room full of officers he met the

"Who is that gentleman?" he asked

M. Lecoq of the secret service." "You say his name is Lecon?"

a friend of yours."

er tomorrow. Sometimes he is a dark

nothing to reflect upon."

have spent during the last year?" Prosper did not find it necessary to

about 50,000 francs." "Where did you get it?"

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nisbed promptly on application. Works north of market square. Cambridge st.

Call at Ingle's Planing Mills.

There are many causes of nervousness, but poor blood heads the list. The doctors call it anemia. The blood lacks red corpuscles. At your first opportunity, consult your doctor

them aside, saying, "That is suffi-"No," she cried, "I regret to say that

"What will you gain by acting thus, my dear madame?" asked Fanferlot. "Nothing. I can assure you that you You will compromise Prosper. Who knows if you will not be suspected as

Fanterlot seemed to be reflecting, but

"On the other side of the river, Qual St. Michel the Archangel, kept by

up her mind. "Here are writing materials, Write

sy, which he had collected from vari-

thereby be the greater when he discovered the real culprit. The fact was that this grand discovery was as far

Gipsy. She must know where the the morning of the payment." money is and can put us on the "You may rest easy about that, mon-Left to himself, although the evening was far advanced, M. Patrigent continued to busy himself with the

The next morning he was in his office much earlier than usual. On this day he examined Mme, Gipsy, called Cavaillon and sent again for M. Fauvel. For several days he displayed the same activity. Of all the witnesses subpænaed only two failed to appear. Prosper to bring the money from the their absence did not prevent the file of papers relating to Prosper's case

cell. The first two days had