

The effect of malaria lasts a long time. You catch cold easily or become run-down because of the after effects of malaria. Strengthen yourself with Scott's Emulsion. It builds new blood and tones up your nervous system.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

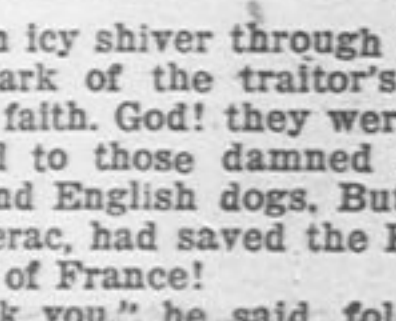


BY WYMOND CAREY. Copyright (1905) by G. F. Putnam's Sons.

He seemed to probe her secret to the bottom. He was also carefully studying every nook and cranny. There was only one way out of the room—by the door, which was half-open. He carefully moved so that he might face it, and if a swift rush were necessary not have the cable between him and the road to escape.

"There are the papers," she said in her passionless tones. She had taken them from a cupboard in the wall. He betrayed no eagerness, but his fingers trembled and his heart thumped wildly as he looked them through by the dim light of the lantern, one by one all the time watching the masked girl, who quietly knelt down by the fire with her back to him and began to blow on the embers with a bellows.

"They are what you want, are they not?" she remarked over her shoulder. "I believe so," he answered as carelessly. Yes, the vivandiere was right. The paper was a complete plan of the French encampment, marking accurately the positions of each battalion and each battery, and in the corner was drawn in blood a curious sign—two crossed daggers with 101 inserted in the gaps.



I sent an icy shiver through him, this countermark of the traitor's success and good faith. God! they were betrayed indeed to those damned Austrian hounds and English dogs. But he, Andre de Nerac, had saved the King and the army of France!

"I thank you," he said, folding the paper up and putting it deliberately within his cloak. "I do not desire your thanks," she replied as she blew away some ashes. Andre stared in dumb bewilderment at her. He knew there in front of the fire should be run her through at once or strangle her for an execrable traitress! The woman betrayed neither fear nor interest. She seemed to have forgotten his presence.

"Are you 'No. 101'?" he asked at last. "No," she was laughing softly. "I am only her agent." "Then the trait—then she is a woman?" "Yes," she stood up and shook some shavings from her cloak. "Yes, she is a woman," Andre knew she was lying. The fingers on his sword relaxed. Kill her he could not—yet. Depart he could not—yet. For he was in the grip of a weird fascination—a secret whose mystery numbed his senses.

"It is marvelous," he muttered, "but the English army thanks 'No. 101' and you." "Yes," she answered indifferently. "It is marvelous, but the English army is nothing to her nor to me. For myself I detest the English officers, but like you, sir, I simply do as I am bid. Give me the gold and I will wish you good-night."

The gold, English gold! Pest on it! The vivandiere and he had thought of everything but that. The perspiration welled on to his forehead. He grasped his sword and took a step towards the doorway. "I was given no gold," he said brusquely and waited with drawn breath. "No," she shrugged her shoulders and astonished him by kneeling down and taking up the bellows. "It is like English officers to buy secrets and not pay for them."

"You are unjust to the English," he protested. Ah! that surely was a stroke of genius. "I know them, the English," she said without looking round. Dead silence broken only by the wispy puffs of the bellows. Pity, fear, amazement, and a burning curiosity wrestled in Andre's breast. Was this masked girl flesh and blood or a devil in human form?

"Do you want the papers back?" he demanded. "They are not mine to ask. I was told to give them to you; keep them." The icy contentment in her voice struck Underwear made-to-order, for you couldn't possibly excel in fit nor equal in value.

PEN-ANGLE Guaranteed Underwear. Can't stretch nor bind nor bulge; outlasts other kinds, and is sold with a guarantee that insures you against any possible fault.

hoofs stamping out the dead woman's face as she lay where he had left her—a ride as of devil-tormented goblins through the pangs of hell—that was Andre's recollection of his return until he dropped fainting within his own lines. Two flickering candles danced in his eyes as he opened them. "Bravo!" whispered a caressing voice. "Bravo!" He was lying in a long chair and the little vivandiere was kneeling beside him. "Bravo!" she repeated, "and now drink—drink!" She forced brandy, dragoon and hot, down his throat.

"Ah!" He sat up. The horror was slowly fading away, though he could still see floating between her face and his that black cabin roaring red, and that outcast woman's face crushed into pulp beneath the iron of his horse's shoe. "The papers—the plans," he muttered. "They are here," she waved them softly, they were stained with blood. "Yes, we are saved—France and the army and the King are saved and you—you have saved us."

Andre smiled, letting his head drop. He was supremely happy. Denise would hear of this—Denise—ah! "Come, my friend," the vivandiere whispered, "look at yourself. It is too droll." He took the mirror from her and laughed—laughed loud and long. He was, indeed, a picture of a ruffian, with a uniform torn and singed, the paint smeared over his cheeks, one sleeve cut away, and his left arm bandaged!

"Pah! that was where Statham had stabbed him. He would pay for it tomorrow—no, to-day—to-day." "I found the papers when you fainted," said the vivandiere. "I wept when I found them, for I was sick with fear that you had fallen, and now, mon ami, I take them to Monsieur le Maréchal." "Yes, Mademoiselle, they are yours." Then Andre told his story while she listened in silence. But he did not tell her all, for instinctively he felt some things he had discovered that night had better be locked as a secret in his own heart until he knew more.

"I do not think that 'No. 101,'" she remarked thoughtfully. "But it is a pity you did not see her face. Some day hereafter it might be useful to be able to recognize that woman." "Perhaps so," he assented, and he added to himself, "I shall see it before I die. It is written in the stars." For the curious thought haunted his mind that if he had seen that woman's face he would never have returned. Yet Captain Statham had seen it; suddenly his cry, his look in that narrow passage, rose before him. Was it what he had seen which had shot such awful fear and horror into his eyes? Could it be that the girl in the mask was—ah! he must wait before the question was answered. And the answer would certainly come. That too was written in the stars.

"And now sleep, Vicome," his companion whispered. "In four hours dawn will be here. A battle is at hand, and once more you must fight for the fair eyes of your mistress, for the honor of France and the King." She half-carried him to the bed. The flame-red pictures of the night kept shooting through a blackness of pain in his eyes. How far away the weak he was. From far away a trumpet rang, a drum throbbed, a snatch of revelling song bubbled mockingly up. "I made a promise," dropped the soothing words in his ear, Monsieur le Vicome must never betray the secret to Monsieur le Maréchal and the King. Yet remember, I beg, there is nothing—nothing—I will not do for you if I can serve you, for I am grateful—more grateful than a woman can say."

Two soft arms slipped under his neck, two soft arms folded round his waist, and the lips, Vicome, came the caressing chant—"the lips that a king has kissed salute you." His head rested on her breast. "Adieu!" She had vanished and his numb senses ebbed away into an enchanted oblivion. The SCALY SORES AS BIG AS PENNIES. Covered Whole Head and Neck After an Attack of Measles—Hair All Came Out—Doctor's Treatment Had No Effect—Suffered 6 Months.

CURED IN 3 WEEKS BY CUTICURA COSTING \$1.50. "After having the measles my whole head and neck were covered with scaly sores about as large as a penny. They were just as thick as they could be, and my hair all came out. I let the trouble run along, taking the doctor's blood remedies and rubbing on salve, but it did not seem to get any better. It stayed that way for about six months; then I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies, and in about three weeks I was well entirely and I have not had the trouble any more, and as this was seven years ago, I consider myself cured. I used one bottle of Cuticura medicine, one box of Cuticura Ointment, and two cakes of Cuticura Soap. I think it a splendid medicine, and I recommend it whenever I can. Mrs. Henry Porter, Albion, Neb., Aug. 25, 1906."

FACIAL HUMORS Acne, Eczema, Ringworm Speedily Cured by Cuticura. Warm baths with Cuticura Soap, and gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment to the face, will clear the skin. Skin Cure, speedily cures, in the majority of cases, torturing itching, burning, facial and other humors of infants, children, and adults when seemingly incurable by all other remedies. No other treatment so pure, so sweet, and so speedily effective for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Cutaneous Disease, and Adult and Infantile Eruptions of the Skin, and Cures Resolvent of every form of Chronic and Acute Eruptions of the Skin, such as Eczema, Ringworm, Pimples, Boils, Itch, and all other eruptions of the skin. Sold throughout the world. Porter, Druggists, and Sole Agents, Cuticura Book of Cure of all Skin, Scalp, and Blood Diseases.

honor to-day. We shall not be wanted at all." "Do not be too sure," Andre said quietly. And the Chevalier nodded in agreement before he spurred off, to carry a message to the King, with Monsieur le Dauphin watching the fight near the Hermitage of Notre Dame de Bois. "Boom! boom!" on our front at last. There are the English field-pieces beginning to fire. The salute we have been lavishly doing out. They fire well, those English artillerymen, and their shots come plunging into the entrenchments and crashing into the forest. The men begin to drop in the first line.

"Look at that fool De Grammont," Andre muttered, pointing with his sword. An officer on a white charger was galloping to and fro in front of his regiment of guards, encouraging them in the most gallant madcap fashion to keep steady under before ever-increasing fire. "By God! he's down," he exclaimed as he saw the white horse stumble and fall, struck by a six-pounder; and friendly arms were carrying his shattered rider dying to the rear. "Poor De Grammont!" said St. Benoit, wiping away a tear, "never again will his hot-headed chivalry lead us into a devil's trap as at Dettingen."

CHAPTER X. The dull boom of a gun away on the right greeted Andre as he swung himself into the saddle, and the trumpets were echoing all along the line from the citadel of Anthon on the slopes on which the brigaded army lay right up to the forest of Barry which covered the French left. A plumed officer galloped to him. It was the Chevalier de St. Aman. "The Dutch and the Austrians," he cried, "are concentrating opposite us on our right, but the centre of the attack will be—'he waved his sword northwards of Pontenoy—'the English form the enemy's right flank.'"

"Will make the third line of the cavalry behind the carabineers and the foot guards yonder. But you are wounded, Vicome?" "A scratch—nothing at all," Andre replied brusquely. The Chevalier looked at him, smiled, and nodded away. It was past seven o'clock. Andre paused to cast a hasty eye out towards Maubray and Veyon, whence the foe must come. Around him staff officers centered this way and that; hoarse orders were being shouted, regiments were being lined up, employing the entrenchments, one, two, three, deep. Everywhere the strenuous confusion and fierce excitement of an army hurriedly preparing for battle. Over the plain hung a soft grey mist gently rolling up as the day grew, but dimly in the distance, past the enclosures and the coppices of the Bois de la Fontaine, the wreathed hamlet of Bourgeon still smoked sullenly in the raw air, troops—cavalry mainly—were collecting. Yes, the enemy really meant business. It was to be an assault along the whole front and there was no time to waste.

"With the Chevaulegers de la Garde Andre found St. Benoit. "Where the devil have you been?" his friend demanded. "We looked for you everywhere last night. Jeannette and Gabrielle supped in my coach." "Two assassinations," Andre laughed. "Surely I can tell you that." "And you that slit between the two, I suppose." "Yes, and a good deal more. Hullo! What's that?" The guns from the citadel and the redoubts on the slopes had begun in real earnest, answered as yet feebly from the enemy's left. St. Benoit and Andre trotted forward to make the position out. "Mark you there!" cried St. Benoit. "Those are English cavalry forming up and see—see! There come the red-coated backguards behind 'em. By God! they're going to let us give 'em a bit of our quality."

"Do you imagine they will dare to march across the plain in the teeth of our artillery?" Andre asked. "It looks like it," St. Benoit replied smiling. "And so much the better." The pair watched eagerly. The rattle of muskets crackled up from the left, the skirmishers of the Pandours and Grassins are out, and every minute it is hotter and hotter work; the smoke drifts up, and through it they can catch glimpses of red-coated infantry falling in, company on company, battalion upon battalion, in the rear of the covering squadrons or horse. Ha! their guns are broken, and now, and already there are empty saddles in the dragons so placidly arrayed amongst the lanes and enclosures, but those stolid islanders mind it as little as a fisher does flies on a July day. Down rolls the smoke, waiting in sullen clouds, straddling the slope and the enclosures, and broken by fitful puffs of air or torn by red flashes of the plunging of the round shot. Yet this is a mere prelude up here, though on our right the engagement has really begun. "Monsieur, poor devil!" whispered St. Benoit, but what a spirit!

Yes, that is Monsieur le Maréchal de St. Armand in a white frock, for he cannot sit his horse. He is dying of dropsy is Monsieur, but he will see for himself, and as he is carried along he sucks a leaden bullet to assuage his raging thirst. The fire of battle glows in those eyes which Adrienne encountered so many women have adored, and it inspires every man on whom his glance falls, so full of confidence and calm is he as he issues his orders, serene, majestic, and watchful. No troops in the world can ever force this entrenched camp he is thinking, and before death takes him he will have sought cover, huddled behind Bourgeon. Their horse is broken and tumbled up, and the plain is littered with their dead. They won't trouble us much more."

"It will be the same here, worse luck," St. Benoit grumbled. "Those cursed artillerymen are to have all the honors to-day. We shall not be wanted at all." "Do not be too sure," Andre said quietly. And the Chevalier nodded in agreement before he spurred off, to carry a message to the King, with Monsieur le Dauphin watching the fight near the Hermitage of Notre Dame de Bois. "Boom! boom!" on our front at last. There are the English field-pieces beginning to fire. The salute we have been lavishly doing out. They fire well, those English artillerymen, and their shots come plunging into the entrenchments and crashing into the forest. The men begin to drop in the first line.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Dr. J. C. Carter. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Women Who Wear Well. It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate woman's organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in renewed comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native American medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making his advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve tonic adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments. Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter free of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

PHYSICIANS. W. L. HERRIMAN, M.D., M.C.P. & St. G. Office, opposite Baptist Church, Cambridge-st., Lindsay—9614. D. R. F. BLANCHARD. Graduate Toronto University, Coroner for Victoria County. Office—Ridout-st., cor. Kent and Lindsay-sts., (former residence of late Dr. Kempf.) Telephone 45. D. R. J. W. WOOD. Late of Kirkfield. 30 Bond-st., first door west of Cambridge-st. Methodist Church. Office Hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Phone 196.

J. McCULLOCH, M. D., C. M. Formerly of Blackstock, Ont. GRADUATE OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY. Special attention will be given to Midwifery, Diseases of Women and Diseases of Children. NOW LOCATED AT JANETVILLE (Successor to Dr. Nasmyth.) DENTISTRY. DR. NEELANDS & IRVINE. DENTISTS. Everything up-to-date in Dentistry, Natural teeth preserved. Crown and Bridge work a specialty. Splendid fit in artificial teeth. Finest extraction assured. Prices moderate. Office nearly opposite Simpson House Lindsay. DOCTOR GROSS. Dentist - Lindsay. Member Royal College Dental Surg., Ont. All modern methods in the different departments of dentistry successfully practiced. ROOMS ON KENT-ST. DR. F. A. WALTERS. DENTIST, Lindsay. Honor Graduate of Toronto University. All the latest and improved branches of Dentistry carefully performed. Office—Over Gregory's Drug Store at corner Kent and William-sts.—78-lyr.

BUSINESS CARDS. PITTON & SMITH, O. L. Surveyors and Civil Engineers. Mail orders promptly attended to. Box 25, Lindsay. W. F. O'BYRNE, Clerk of the Municipal Council of Lindsay. Fire, Life and Accident—best companies. MONEY TO LOAN. Private and other loans at lowest rates. General Accountant, Real Estate Agent, etc. Office: OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, LINDSAY. EIGH R. KNIGHT. Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Real Estate Agent &c. Representing Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Waterloo, the Federal Life Insurance Company of Hamilton, and the Dominion of Canada Guarantee and Accident Company of Toronto. Office of Weldon & Knight, Mine Block Lindsay. BARRISTERS, Etc. McDIARMID & WEEKS. Barristers. (Successors to McSweeney & Smith). Have private funds to loan at lowest possible rates. OFFICES—Opposite Pym Hotel, Kent-st. Lindsay. G. H. HOPKINS, Barrister, etc. 56 at lowest rates. Office, No. 6, William-st., Lindsay, Ont.—25.

CARRIAGE WORKS. First class Buggies and Wagons kept in stock. Repairs done on shortest notice. Repainting done by first-class workmen, at CHRIS. McILHARGEY'S, Kylie's Old Stand. THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND LIFE. The Largest Fire Insurance Office in the World. Capital, \$10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, 30,500,000. Invested in Canada, 900,000. Rates and premiums as low as any other responsible company. The settlement of losses is prompt and liberal. The resources and standing of the company afford these insured in its periclit security against loss. W. R. WIDDESS. Agent for Lindsay and Victoria County. FARM LOANS. MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgage or any term from 5 to 10 Year at Lowest Current Rate of Interest, with privilege of repayment in instalments when required. Expenses kept down to the lowest notch. All business of this nature kept strictly private and confidential. Come and see me if you want money and get my terms. J. H. SOOTHELAN. Land Agent, 91 Kent-st. Lindsay. WANTED! HIDES AND BARK. The R. M. Beal Leather Co., of Lindsay, will pay HIGHEST CASH PRICE for HIDES, HEEPSKINS, LAMBSKINS, TALLOW and BARK. Office and warehouse at Wellington-st Bridge—6m.

MISCELLANEOUS. JAMES KEITH. Seed Merchant and Dealer in Agricultural Implements. Great care is used in supplying every article true to name and of good quality. William-St., LINDSAY, Ont. LINDSAY MARBLE WORKS. R. CHAMBERS, Prop. The only up-to-date Marble and Granite Works in the County. Latest designs, lowest prices and best work. Call and see the pneumatic tools at work. Get our prices before buying elsewhere. MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES. We are prepared to make loans on town and farm property from either private persons or loaning companies, as may be desired, and in sums to suit borrowers, with special privileges. You may pay in instalments without increase in rate of interest. Interest and instalments payable at our office. STEWART & O'CONNOR. Barristers, Lindsay.

—Listen to this! It has been said that "want advertisement has a thousand eyes." If you are looking for anyone or anything, it is not better to employ a thousand eyes than the mere pair which you own? An advt. in The Daily Post meets the eyes of at least 6000 readers every night.