His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.



my se ma had stricked into his serwebook had reached an amusing deument "To be sure," he whispered bet behind his lace handkerchief. and he never is so polite to the Queen s when he is hopelessly in love with

your Pontchartrain," whispered the meness, "always kisses me with pasin half an hour before he kisses parcoise. All well-bred men are like wing in that, I suppose. It is the is of peace," she pouted at the High

the Abbe tittered again with dulcet ferum, but, seeing Denise's eye on in prayed for the rest of the service th exemplary fervency and finished thore story at the same time.

When the congregation broke up Queen's antechamber was the meral meeting-place of the noble wels and Denise, lingering without. wited with surprise Madame de Pommour's sedan chair stop in the galm. Madame de Pompadour had her air just because it was the privilege fresdames of the blood-royal, but to that this way was a fresh outrage. Denise was still more surprised stand I am to be dismissed-from Verthe she was addressed.

"beg you," said the lady, "to preest my humble duties to her Majesty al to pray her to do me the honor of assigning these flowers." She tender-4s magnificent bouquet. Denise looked her up and down. "The

mieman-usher of the week, Mame," she replied, making a motion

I am aware of that," Madame de impadour said sweetly, "but I asked inter, Mademoiselle; may I simply ill that I hope if the Marquise de has Sejour should so far forget her-Miss ever to ask a favor of the Marme de Pompadour she will not be so wish or so uncharitable as to refer it her gentleman-usher."

The two women confronted each da in silence. Then Madame de madour curtsied deferentially, tone. "That woman has won. Fate is med into her chair, and disappear- against us." Denise walked into the antechamwith two angry red spots in her theeks and her grey eyes blazing. "Im Dieu!" cried the Comtesse des "It is insufferable. What in-My consolations, dear Ma-

There is something coming," the the de St. Victor said gravely. "The mette's speech was a trumpet of Before long there will be a new of honor—that's what she \_\_\_\_" "A hundred 1-livres to one," stam-Des Forges, "that it is n-not this

swelled pencil the Duchess had him. "I want a hundred livres France.

emoiselle Claire. Well! the news-the news?" cried men excited voices.

Terrible," said the Duchess, fan-Berself languidly, "terrible. Pontstrain is ordered to his estates; he bridden Paris and Versailles." For how long?"

for ever-for ever. No time was Prove by St. Louis and refused to there are so many rosy-cheeked that milk cows. Pontchartrain take to drinking milk for break-1 am cure, before I am dressed, Prancoise will never consent to of Heaven." m our chateau, and I sha'n't have one worth a sou to wash my lace to my heir. Ah! the King is ab-

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and wine flavors, and you have before she could ask what he meant or cous dessert in a few minutes. Price, 10 cents,

any flavor you like. OBERT GREIG CO., LIMITED TORONTO

ominably cruel and inconsiderate While the ladies were bewailing her fate, St. Benoit turned to the Abbe.

"How could the Duke be such a fool," he asked savagely, "as to allow Andre to be attacked-Andre of all men?" "The information was explicit," the Abbe said, in a low voice. "If the attack had succeeded, we should have ruined the grisette."

St. Benoît made an impatient ges-"The folly," added the Abbe, "lay in

employing fellows who could be recog-"With the result," growled St. Benoit, "that the country will enjoy the ablest head in our party. It's simply

"Exactly," commented the Chevaller drily. "I sympathize with the Duke. Only I haven't a chateau to retire to, worse luck." The remark had been heard by the

ladies, and called out a dozen ques-"Yes, Duchess," the Chevaller said quietly, "this afternoon I have my last audience with His Majesty. I under-

"But who will take your place?" cried Mademoiselle Claire. "The lady who will shortly take all our places, Madame la Marquise de

sailles, perhaps from France."

He glanced at Denise, and the glance went home. She had refused to let him ruin Madame de Pompadour and Anthe her fan, "conveys messages to her dre with her; he had obeyed because he loved her; and he alone, poor boy, was to pay the penalty. In Denise's soul, stricken by remorse, surged the wild desire that had been shaping for

> repair the Terrible harm that her love for Andre had done to her and their

days. If only by some great act of re-

nunciation, of self-sacrifice, she could

"We are ruined, beaten," the Comtesse des Forges said in a hopeless

"Yes, nothing but a miracle can save us now," St. Benoit remarked. "And even the Abbe will admit that the age of miracles is past."

"You forget, mon cher. The grisette is herself a miracle-of Satan," retorted the Abbe, but the company was in no mood for jests. The completeness of Madame de Pompadour's triumph was too convincing and too galling. And the Duke's dismissal they knew well would be followed shortly by other blows as cruel, as well directed, and as insulting. The King was in the hands of an able and unscrupulous Il take that," said the Abbe, using woman with an abler hero as her ally, and the King was absolute master of

"If only His Majesty would fall ill," Here is the Duchess," exclaimed murmured the Duchess, "if only he would fall dangerousy ill."

"Ah!" the Comtesse cried, with a splendidly vindictive gleam under her heavy eyelids, "ah, then we could treat that wanton as we treated the Duchess of Chateauroux."

The company assented in silence. Well did they all remember the memorable events of Metz in 1743, when The King was dreadfully angry. Louis the Well-Beloved had been smitten down, and the Church and the ere all Pontchartrain's falsehoods. Court had so skilfully used his fears by friends, think of living always of death to get the maitresse en titre, de country, the horrible country, the Duchess of Chateauroux, dismiss-

> "And the Duchess died, the miserable sinner," said Mademoiselle Claire, "very soon. It surely was the judgment "The same miracle," smiled the

Abbe, "never happens twice, alas!" "And the King was never so well as to-day," added St. Benoit, remorsefully.

Denise had already withdrawn. Deep as was her resentment against Madame de Pompadour, strong as was her desire by self-sacrifice, if need be, to atone for what she now felt was a sin, the conversation of her friends never failed to offend her tastes and her conscience. She was working for a cause, they were simply bent on ven-

The Chevalier met her in the gallery as he thoughtfully strolled away. "Courage, Mademoiselle," he stopped to say. "I cannot win your love; perhaps I may yet be permitted to help to make you happy," and he glided off

speak a word of all the things she longed to say. The young man had guessed aright. That afternoon Louis dismissed him in royally curt words, intimating at the same time that he desired to see him no more at Versailles or Paris. The Chevalier simply bowed, and the King now sat alone in his private Cabinet de Travall busy with his secret corres

mind. Madame de Pompadour had had her way, but the Chevalier de St. Amant, Louis was aware, left his ser vice with a dangerous store of knowledge. And Louis was in fact penning a secret order to the police for his immediate arrest and detention in the fortress of Vincennes when the rings of the curtain over the door behind him rasped sharply. Some one had un ceremoniously entered.

The King turned angrily at this ex-traordinary defiance of his express command that he was to be disturbed by no one. One glance, and the pe dropped from his hand. "You recognize me, Sire?" said the

ntruder slowly. "Dead-dead," the King muttered. His fingers had clenched, his face was ashy grey.

"I was dead, but I have come back as I promised. The dead do not forget, Louis stared straight at him as man stares in fear through the dark. Two great drops of perspiration dripped on to the unsigned lettre de cachet. "Some day, perhaps sonn," said the man, "your Majesty will answer for your acts, not at the tribunal of men

but at the tribunal of-the devil."

Louis crouched in his chair. His lips moved, but he could not speak. "Fifteen years ago we last met, your Majesty and I. My wife was stolen from me, my nobility branded, myself condemned on a false charge, and you, Sire, were the author of all these foul deeds. To-day your Majesty is betrayed. by the unknown. The man who steals, and will continue to steal, your papers. Sire, is not 'No. 101'; it is I-I he stepped forward-"I, the dead." Louis shrank back, his dry lips mov-

ng; his fingers convulsively crept towards the hand-bell "Touch that bell," said the man in a terrible tone, "and I will strangle!

Louis's arm fell paralyzed at his

"Take warning," the unknown continued, "take warning in time. If you, Sire, would save yourself from the judgment of God, dismiss at once the woman who betrays you, the woman called the Marquise de Pompadour," He paused and repeated her name doubt presently support the confessor. twice, adding with emphasis on each word, "And remember Dieu Le Ven- repeating itself at Versailles. The geur! Dieu Le Vengeur!'

chord in the King's memory. He covered his face with his hands. When at last a long silence gave him courage again to look up, the room was empty. He was alone!

Ah! He had dreamed an evil dream, that was all. With a shudder of relief he stretched his arms as one freed from the mastery of unendurable pain. A dream, thank God! an evil dream. And then his eye fell on his desk. The lettre de cachet was torn into bits, and the bits were wet with the perspira tion of his agony. The King tottered to his feet, clutched at the hand-bell feverishly, and rang-rang-rang.

The gentleman-usher stared in awe at His Majesty's ashy grey face and twitching lips. "Did-did any one pass out?" Louis

"Sire?" "Did any one pass out, out from here?" Louis repeated. "No, Sire." The man's face was both puzzled and frightened. His royal mas ter put his hand on a chair to support

stammered.

kimself. "You are sure?" "I heard voices in the room. Sire

"You heard voices, ah." "But I can swear no one either entered or left since your Majesty gave orders for-ah! Au secours! Hola there! hola! au secours! the gentleman-usher's voice had become a shriek. "Au secours! Le Roi, le Roi!" Louis had fallen in a dead faint on the floor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The wished-for miracle had hanner

Affected Hands, Arms and Legs-Endured Terrible Itching and was Unable to Sleep-Would Tear the Bandages to Scratch the Skin -In less than One Week

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had suddenly fainted, which spread like wildfire through the palace, was at in many faces; the noblesse were here the Abbe de St. Victor, "likes to show to flatter the Dauphin, to intrigue, to a touch of human and feminine weak. | traffic at the foot of a new throne in ness; he faints as women do, to re- the squalld and sleepless scuffle for lieve the ennul of perpetual flattery." places, pensions, ribbons, honors, pow-In two or three hours, however, it was er. Andre turned away and gazed out known that after being put to bed His of the window, at the serenely noble Majesty had fainted again and again, gardens where the autumn sun was that he had scarcely rallied, that the | shining on the autumn trees, on the

doctors whispered of palsy and a dewy grass, and gleaming statues. Yes, stroke, and that his condition was the peace of Nerac near the Loire truly critical. The excitement slowly | would be welcome though bought by rose to feverish anxiety, mingled with | failure in this Court of Versailles. But no little exultation. Versailles was there remained "No. 101," and the fasthrilled as Paris and France had been | cination of that unsolved riddle gripthrilled in 1743, when the King's dan. | ped him to-day more mercuessly than gerous illness at Metz had fired every passionate loyalty. About midnight the watchers could relate that urgent couriers had been despatched, on what love; never could he forget that suerrands no one could precisely say, but it was certain that Monsieur le Dauphin, absent on a hunting expedition, all that a man's soul could dream or dehad been summoned to return at once, that mesdames the princesses were Ah, had he? And as he stared out to being fetched from their convent, that | wards the Fountain of Neptune the gara council of ministers would be held as soon as the Dauphin arrived, that I staircase, and once again he heard the the Archbishop of Paris and the saint. | beating of the heart of the Pompadour ly Bishop of Bordeaux, then in the capital, had been invited by the King's confessor to come to Versailles, Towards dawn the doctors reported that he of all men not know it?-on whose His Majesty had been twice bled, that I carriages glowed coronets and haughty he had rallied for an hour and then slowly slipped back into virtual uncon sclousness. Unless-unless, the whispers ran, a change for the better came | ed and were absolved. Confession and soon, France would have a new king.

you, Sire—royal betrayer of women, ing of her royal lover's illness, had at derstand before it judged the heart of er it was with the King's consent or not. What was certain was that the King's confessor had refused to prepare his Sovereign for absolution so that the Archbishop of Paris and the Bishop of Bordeaux would without King must be reconciled to his Queen The motto seemed to strike an awful and wife, must confess bis sin, and promise to dismiss the partner in his guilt from his Court and his presence before he cou'd receive the most solemn ministrations of the Church. And when Queen Marie Leczinska's ladies were aware that their royal mistress had on her own initiative gone to her husband's sick couch, had been admitted, and had not yet returned, a sigh of thankfulness, exultation, and vengeance went up. The hours of Madame de Pompadour's supremacy were numbered. A just Heaven had interven-

ed. Madame de Pompadour was doom-By nine o'clock next morning the noblesse had flocked, or were still flocking, in crowds from Paris to Versailles, thirsting for news, pining for revenge, on the tiptoe of excitement. The court-yards and stables were blocked with their carriages and every minute brought fresh arrivals. The Oeil de Boeuf was filled with officers, nobles, clerics, officials, who overflowed into the Galerie des Glaces, in the noble windows of which chattered groups of eager questioners. In the Oeil de Boeuf itself the subdued babble of talk rose and fell, but all eyes were alertly watching the white and gold doors so jealously kept by the Swiss Guards. Beyond was the royal bedchamber, but what was passing within who could say? The physicians had forbidden the entree to every one save the King's valet, a couple of menial servants, the royal confessor, and now the Bishop of Bordeaux. How critical affairs were reckoned to have become Pontchartrain, and the Comte de Mont

exile imposed by the sick King. "I t'tell you," Des Forges was say- boy's eye when he had spoken? ing, "he s-saw a d-devil and f-fainted. I d-don't w-wonder."

"It was n't a devil nor the devil; it was a woman," the Abbe corrected. "Some women are devils, but all devils together, which is rare."

added. "A woman in the shape of a | ers half open met the eye in every corvampire." chartrain laughed, and he threw in a | the face of a woman sleepless, hagribald story which set his hearers gard, and worn-the face of one quiet-

choking with laughter. "Well, when he was bled the blood came out black-" "No, no; purple"-"yellow"-"blue" -corrected half a dozen voices, and | poor courage as he could summon.

each had a witness who had seen the bleeding and could swear to the color; of the King's illness gaily ran on. The something" was now a matter of common knowledge. But all were agreed on one point-Madame de Pompadour's fate was sealed. Whether the King recovered or whether the Dauphin succeeded him the grisette was ruined.

Andre had hurried from the Queen's antechamber to learn what could be learned. A glimpse of Denise's proud. pale face had been granted him as his spurs rang along the galleries. He had read in it pity wrestling with joy, and his soul was bitter within him. And the cold glances, the silence of his friends if he drew near, the shrugs of the shoulders, completed the tale. He, too, was ruined if the Court could have its way. His foes, though they had not treat me but they published their evidence yet, could could not give me a | prove that he was the ally of Madame de Pompadour. His success inspired their jealousy, his ability their fear. They had tried to murder him in order to procure the final damning proof, and they had failed. But he could never be forgiven for the humiliation of the Duke of Pontchartrain, and Mont Rouge's arm, not yet healed, cried out for vengeance. To-morrow it would be his turn for exile to Nerac, stripped of his honors, happy if permitted to eat his heart out in a debt-loaded chateau far from Paris and Versailles. Andre had played for a great stake; he had The most torturing and disfiguring been within an ace of winning and now humors, eczemas, rashes, itchings, irrihe had lost. Yet alone, shunned, netations, and inflammations of the skin, glected in this seething crowd, he found himself despising as he had never despised before the noblesse to which he belonged. The Court of a dying king does not show even an ancient and haughty nobility, justly proud of its manners and its refinement, at its best. Of the hundreds here were there any who felt any pity, any real affection, for the Sovereign over whose l vices they were jesting, at whose weak-

pondence and somewhat troubled in | ed arter all. Yet the news that the King nesses oney plear Ambition, curiosity. greed, avarice, jealousy, could be read first made light of. "The King," said to worship and honor the rising sun, ever before. The key to the mystery was so near. Was he, too, like all the others, to be baffled? And then there was Denise. He could have had her preme moment when they had stood hand in hand, and life had given him sire; but he had lost Denise. Had he? dens melted into a dark and secret The vision filled him with a great pity. coats of arms, with as little right to absolution as Madame de Pompadour and the dying King. But they confessabsolution! The mummery of priests. And Madame de Pompadour? Her | She at least had sinned from ambition name was on every one's lips. A new | because the flesh and the spirit would king! Would it be the Bastile or Vin. | not permit her to remain Antoinette de cennes for the grisette then? Fierce | Poisson. But she was a bourgeoise and joy throbbed in the Queen's apart. I they were noble. For all that, could ments when the rumor was confirmed | those noble women or these men ever that Madame de Pompadour, on hear- understand-would the world ever unonce hurried to his room, but that the such a woman as the Pompadour? To revealed because his heart, too, beat as hers did, and assuredly to that hated and feared woman to-day the bit-

> alone-if there was a God-could know all and judge aright. For her and for The dramatic scene at Metz was in fact | him, in this hour of defeat, a great pity was surely fittest. No one came to speak to him. The renegade Vicomte de Nerac, alone there in the window, scarcely moved even compassion. He had deserted his order; he deserved punishment-to be an example to traitors who betrayed their dignity-and the punishment had begun. No one? Yes, one; the Chevalier de St. Amant. Andre was surprised | Alabastine

terness of death would be sweet and

welcome compared with the bitterness

-the tragic bitterness-of failure. God

-touched. "Pardon my presumption," the young man said, "but you and I, Vicomte, have more than once crossed swords, I at least have done my best | Glazed Sewer Pipe to defeat you; you have done yours to defeat me."

"Certainly," Andre admitted readily. "And you have won." "Have I?" Andre smiled as he looked down the crowded Galerie des Glaces and back at the empty space where they stoo.d

"Yes, Vicomte, you are victor." His tones trembled with emotion. "Victor in the one prize that matters-a woman's heart. Do not you forget that. I at least cannot."

Andre looked into his eyes, but he said nothing. "Whether," the Chevalier continued "I go to Italy or you go to Nerac is a little thing; but the other is a great thing; and the result will always be what it is-always. It has been a fair | fight if fights for a woman's love can Yonge & McGi I-sts., Toronto. Superior ever be fair. Will you give me the courses in all subjects. Students assisted

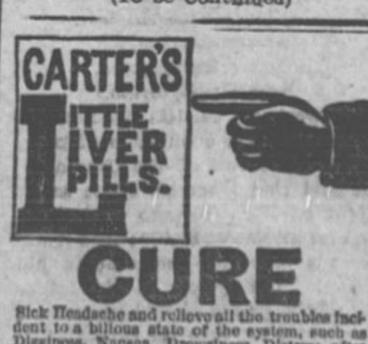
pleasure of shaking hands?" "Yes," Andre answered, with much catalogue. T. M. WATSON, Principal emotion. "And if I am not sent to Nerac you shall not go to Italy."

"We will see." The Chevalier had resumed his jesting tone, for they were could be judged by the presence of the | both being jealously watched. He nod-Chevalier de St. Amant, the Duke of | ded and slipped away. Andre, muttering, "Always, always," slipped away, Rouge, who had dared thus to defy the | too. "Always." Was Denise still to be won, or why had a tear stood in the

"Madame!" he cried, aghast, as he stepped into the Marquise de Pompa-She was sitting in her peignoir in

front of the fire, her hair about her are not women. That is logic and truth | lovely shoulders, staring at the smouldering logs. Trunks half packed litter-"Yes, it was a woman," Mont Rouge | ed the room, Papers torn up and drawner. And when she wearily turned "It was only a flower girl," Pout- round at his exclamation her face was ed by fear, misery, and failure. "Ruined, Vicomte," she murmured

hopelessly, "ruined, and you, too." "Not yet," he answered, with such She flung back her hair and pointed at him with a bare arm. "Look in the and so the speculation as to the causes | glass, miserable Tellow-gampler; your eyes are as mine, hunted by despair most extraordinary theories were and defeat, and we are both right. My afloat, for that the King had "seen God, have I ever passed such a night? (To be Continued)



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