

A New Laxative —the best known to modern medicine
—is the active principle which makes

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

so much better than ordinary physics. While thoroughly effective, they never gripe, purge or cause nausea, and never lose their effectiveness. One of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

The Blue Croquet-Ball;

Or, Ilona's Two Escapes.

CHAPTER VII.

Herr von Berningen seemed, however, not immediately to grasp the situation. He stood immovable, intently gazing upwards, for Ilona, poised on the point of rock, stood there like some wonderful silhouette, sharply outlined against the sky. The perfect figure, the grace of attitude—all gained a new value seen thus from a distance.

Then came the moment in which the Count so unexpectedly sank upon his knees, and this sight it was that rudely awakened Herr von Berningen from his dreams. The blood shot to his temples; he realized suddenly that he had no right to be here. If those two up there had not been so deeply engrossed with their own thoughts they could not have failed to notice his vicinity. They might notice it yet, any moment, and what else could they think but that he had come here to spy upon them?

All this took but a couple of seconds to dart through his head.

Count Rambert was only just safely landed on his knees when Herr von Berningen had already turned hastily round, and was seeking, as fast as he could, to retreat by a steep path along the rocky path which he had till now been following.

But he did not get far. At the same moment a sharp cry rang out behind him, followed immediately by a violent plunge in the water. Once again he faced about, and, with a fearful presentiment, looked upward.

The Count still knelt on the same spot, and still held his hands stretched out—but towards what? It was the empty air alone which he was seeking to embrace, for the spot where Ilona had stood, but a minute ago, was empty. Down there, the green water still foamed and gurgled, and lapped uneasily against the wall of rock.

It was not difficult to understand what had happened; and under the influence of so immediate a danger Herr von Berningen's calmness returned. His ideas ranged themselves, his peculiarly cool habit of thought asserted itself. It was for this reason, too, that he did not immediately fling himself into the water, for he had rapidly concluded that in order to catch the first glimpse of that vanished figure, he ought rather to occupy a higher position. Mounting upon a stone he waited, under a terrible tension of nerves, though to all appearance unmoved, for the reappearance of Ilona.

The fall had been high and the water was deep. The pause of forced inaction lasted, therefore, an appreciable time, which in reality was not more than about twenty seconds, though these seemed endless. Strangely enough, the feeling which quickened the young man's heartbeats during these fearful seconds was not so much a feeling of fear, as one of triumph; he was sure of his strength and of his agility, for from his childhood upwards he had few rivals in everything that came within the scope of physical exercise, and now he said to himself:

"She is in danger of death and I am going to save her! I can save her with God's help. It is I who will save her, not that yellow-haired puppet up there."

The poor Count still knelt as though petrified, and with wide open eyes and a face of deadly pallor stared down at Ilona's straw hat as it rocked gently to and fro upon the water.

Then, all at once, something brown popped up upon the green surface, at some distance from the shore, and at the same moment Herr von Berningen had swung himself from off the rock, and almost without a sound, had glided into the water. Very soon he had reached her, for his light summer coat scarcely hindered his movements. Ilona had lost consciousness during the fall, so that fortunately there were none of those desperate movements of the arms, which generally double the difficulty of the rescuer's task.

A few more minutes, and she was lying on the shore, white as death and with closed eyes. Her long brown hair had lost its hold, and wound about her neck and arms like some clinging water plant. Seeing her thus immovable a nameless fear seized upon the young man. He had saved her from drowning—but there on her white temple—what was that dark blue stain? It could only be that she had struck against some point of rock in her fall. "No, no, it cannot be," he told himself, "she cannot be dead; but how am I to revive her?" He cast an inquiring glance around him and perceived that Count Rambert was climbing down the rocks towards him.

"Call somebody—fetch some help!" he called out. "But quick, quick; I cannot bring her back to consciousness."

The unhappy Count would have preferred to lend what assistance he could in the work of reviving Ilona, but the other's imperious tone did not fail to do its work. Without a word of protest he did as he was bid.

And thus it came about that the company peacefully seated around the improvised table of rock, and on the very point of distributing the cold capon, was startled by the sudden appearance of the half-distracted Count. His hat had fallen from his head, his face was still of a ghastly pallor, and his golden hair stood up upon his forehead about as straight as the feathers of a newly fledged chicken.

"In Heaven's name what has happened?" cried Countess Engelsbrecht, springing to her feet with a lightness of movement which nothing short of a crisis was capable of calling forth.

"Where is Ilona?" screamed the girls, confused and breathless.

The poor Princess had begun to cry without waiting to hear the news.

All the gentlemen were still pressing round the Count, who still struggled for words, without succeeding in being coherent.

"He cannot bring her back to consciousness," he stammered at last with an effort.

"He? Who? Ilona unconscious?" shrieked the Princess. "She must have fallen over a precipice. Oh, those insupportable Alpnrosen! I said all along that something would happen. Why doesn't somebody force the man to speak?"

"It was into the water," said the Count reluctantly.

"That is ten times worse? she is certain

to catch her death of cold. Oh, ma pauvre tete! What am I to do?" And the Princess dashed off, blinded with tears, stumbling at every step, and without any idea of where she was to look for Ilona.

The rest of the company followed. Even the fat lieutenant tore himself away from the capon's wing which he had been about to discuss, and ran over rocks with his napkin tucked under his chin.

Fortunately Count Rambert still possessed sufficient presence of mind to act as guide, and to find again the spot where Ilona still lay unconscious on the shore.

The next few hours were passed in fear and excitement. It was long before Ilona slowly opened her eyes and threw a wondering glance around her. Even then perfect consciousness did not return; an expression of astonishment remained on her face, and she made no attempt to speak, not even when with many precautions she was raised from the ground and carried to the boat. The most urgent measures, obvious, was to reach the nearest peasant-hut.

With one fell swoop the company's good spirits had been dashed to the ground. The baskets which had been unpacked so deftly and amid so many playful smiles and innocent giggles, were now gathered together anyhow, by some startled-looking men, while the sobbing Princess and Countess Engelsbrecht took their places in the boat in which Ilona had been laid.

"I don't in the least comprehend how the thing took place," said Captain Ramsert to the juvenile lieutenant, while both gentlemen with military energy were ramming glasses and plates into a basket.

"How did she tumble in?"

"Yes, and who pulled her out?"

"It is not difficult to guess who pulled her out," laughed the captain. "A glance at that dripping retriever down there ought to be sufficient answer."

The Captain indicated Herr von Berningen who, with his hands in his pockets, was standing at some little distance, and about whom—besides his extreme nervousness—there was nothing specially to be observed, except that he looked rather pale.

"But how he happened to be there at all," added the Captain, "is what beats me. At the moment that we turned back there was no more trace of Berningen anywhere than there was a fiery-headed dragon. Perhaps Rambert can clear up matters a little."

But that was just what Rambert could not or would not do. In reply to all questions he appeared to be capable of no more definite action than sorrowfully to shake his head. For the rest the expression of his countenance would have been enough to soften a heart of stone. The poor wretch knew that his part was played out, and that Ilona who for one ecstatic moment had appeared to be almost within his grasp, was now lost to him for ever.

Ilona had been taken to a solitary house on the edge of the lake. Only half-conscious she was here laid on the primitive bed, and remained thus for long with closed eyelids, while her mother and the good-natured Countess Engelsbrecht held watch beside her.

The hours dragged on slowly; afternoon was waning into evening and still Ilona scarcely moved. The doctor who had been sent for had not arrived. At last Countess Engelsbrecht rose softly and left the room in order to look after her own daughters. Ilona and her mother were alone.

Now at length the heavy white eyelids were raised and Ilona looked long at her mother, then stretched out her hand and whispered:

"Why am I lying here, Mamma?"

The Princess's tears had flowed continually since the first moment of fright, and her voice was still muffled with sobs as she replied:

"Ah, mon enfant, you fell off the rock into the water."

"Off the rock?" repeated Ilona slowly.

"Yes, I remember now—the Alpnrosen and Count Rambert—it is all coming back again."

She closed her eyes and lay silent again for a while.

"So it was the water I fell into? It seemed to me like an endless precipice. But who—who saved me?"

"That kind Herr von Berningen. It was really very obliging of him to swim after you. I shall make your father give him something handsome; perhaps a set of diamond studs."

Ilona said nothing, but on her deadly pale face the first faint streak of color showed itself.

A long time passed in silence, but when she spoke again her voice regained strength.

"Why are you crying, Mamma? Don't you know that I am saved?"

"Yes, and saved from such a terrible danger!" sobbed the Princess.

"That awful rock! That awful water!"

"No, it is not the rock," Ilona dreamily replied. "The danger was quite different."

"And why must misfortunes of that sort happen just to you?" sobbed on the Princess, unheeding.

"For Heaven's sake, do stop talking of misfortunes," returned Ilona in a tone of irritation, which with her was unusual. "Do you not understand that it is a piece of good-fortune? The greatest good-fortune that has ever happened to me in my life!"

The Princess obviously believed that was the delirium beginning, for she gravely shook her head, and certainly there could be no doubt that Ilona's eyes were feverishly bright, and that a burning red sheen on her cheeks.

"Keep quiet, mon enfant," she implored in growing agitation. "Don't talk so much, you are overrating your strength. Keep quiet, and thank God that you are saved."

"Oh, yes, I am saved, saved from two dangers. How happy I am that I have not got to die. I am only beginning to live. How foolish I was when I said the world was tiresome, it has never been so beautiful as to-day."

"Ilona, au nom du ciel, be quiet! I don't understand you at all, I have never seen you so excited."

"Yes, I will be quiet, quite quiet," said Ilona with a happy smile, and sighed a

no less happy sigh from the bottom of her heart.

The evening sun poured in through the little square window, glorifying the humble room. Outside a light breeze hummed in the crowns of the pine trees, with a far off dreamy sound. On the white washed wall a rustic clock ticked on steadily.

Ilona was silent for so long that the Princess's alarm took a fresh turn, inducing her to re-open conversation.

"Do you feel unwell?" she began tentatively.

"No, Mamma, I feel very well."

"And don't you think that it is a good idea about the diamond studs?"

"I thought you were only joking."

"Not in the least. I was speaking perfectly seriously. The poor young man has probably got no fortune, and a thing of that sort will be of use to him all his life. One is bound to show oneself grateful, you know, and that just reminds me that I have not said a word to him. Your gratitude must be expressed to him at the very earliest opportunity, that is more urgent than anything else."

"No, not a word from me, do you hear, Mamma, not a word," said Ilona, vehemently, and turned her face to the wall.

But Ilona's eyes were so ungrateful.

"I cannot thank him to-day, perhaps some other time—perhaps never."

The Princess was prevented from answering by the arrival of the doctor. At sight of Ilona's burning cheeks he looked grave, and his first words prescribed that most unattainable of all medicines—"absolute quiet."

Her immediate removal to Eulenburg was likewise recommended, since care and comfort would be much required.

It was late that night when the invalid at length reached the Hotel Amerique, and she fell immediately into an exhausted sleep. But the consequences of the accident were not to be so lightly shaken off. On the following day a nervous fever declared itself, a slight concussion of the brain had taken place, and for several days Ilona hung between life and death. The Hotel Amerique was daily and at all hours besieged by inquiries, for all Eulenburg sympathized with the poor distracted Princess. Lili and Mimi Engelsbrecht trembled as though the life of a sister was in the question, and even Baroness Lebra forgot how often her admirers had deserted her for Ilona's sake.

The uncertainty lasted for a week. The day of the crisis came at last, and soon after the noon the news was proclaimed—Ilona was out of all danger.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was to be a croquet-party at the Engelsbrechts, for, in this part of the world, croquet is still played, and played, too, with a splendid indifference to the constitution of the soil. If you have a flat piece of ground to play it on, so much the better; if not, you will find that a little practice will soon teach you the knack of hitting hard uphill and tapping gently downhill. Fastidious people sometimes have the grass cut, but the general run of players are quite indifferent to such petty details.

The Engelsbrechts croquet-ground was something between a field and an orchard—sprinkled with autumn crocuses and furnished with apple-trees, whose broad stems formed, on occasion, excessively convenient shelters from the attacks of inimical balls.

A crisp September day smiled benignly upon the little entertainment, which might have been looked for forward to by all Eulenburg. Several weeks had passed since the day on which Ilona had fallen from the rock. To-day, for the first time since her illness, she was to reappear in society—for the first, but also for the last time, for the day of departure had been fixed. Her appearance was looked for now with a certain touch of excitement, very much as it had been looked for at Hirschthal, when the Eulenburgs had had their first glimpse of her. Everyone felt honestly glad of the prospect of seeing her again—for the celebrated beauty who for three months had been "on the way through," had gained a corner of almost every heart, but the pleasure to-day was not unmingled with curiosity. It would be so interesting to know whether her illness had changed her—perhaps even aged her—such waxes were, after all, not uncommon. And then, might not a close observer detect about her some sign of depression or disappointment, which of course could easily be brought into connection with the sudden departure of Count Rambert, who immediately after the Sterneneis picnic had left Eulenburg on a three months' leave?

"If only Ilona does not find the autumn air too cool and end by not coming," said Lili Engelsbrecht, who, together with her sister and one or two of the early arrivals, was employed in placing the hoops.

"Ilona will not find that," replied Mimi—but her mother is the danger. If you, Berningen, why are you not helping me with the hoops?"

"I beg your pardon," said Herr von Berningen, awaking with a slight start out of something that looked suspiciously like a day-dream, and seizing upon half-a-dozen hoops.

7% GUARANTEED 7%
And a Share in the Profits

As a rule our clients get the benefit of all the "certainties" we control. To-day we are making use of "An Absolute Certainty" for the purpose of extending our clientele. Here's the proposition in a nut shell—

—a 7% profit-sharing preference stock on which dividends are paid twice a year—a stock issued by a concern with a record of 25 years' successful and progressive business experience—a concern at present controlling Natural Resources which are bound to double the value of its securities before long.

We guarantee 7% on this investment. We are practically certain that this stock will pay higher profits. It's the best industrial stock, at par, on the market.

Furthermore, we guarantee to buy it back at par, plus 7%, in one year from date of investment, if desired. Write at once to,

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
Confederation Life Bldg., TORONTO 383 Board of Trade Bldg., MONTREAL

"They don't need to be in a straight line, do they? For, if so, I should have first to cut down a few of these apple-trees."

"Do you know, Mimi," said Lili still following her own train of thought, "I am almost sure that the Princess won't let her come. Just now, before the journey, she has the best excuse."

"Before the journey," repeated Herr von Berningen, speaking rather quicker than was his wont. "It is really settled that the Scentmiers are going to leave?"

"Irrevocably settled. Day and hour are fixed, the coupe has been reserved; I believe that even the boxes are packed."

"Oh well, as for that," laughed Baron Strobl, with a flash of his white teeth, "a box can be unpacked, and a day can be unfixed. The Scentmiers have started so often in theory that I begin to disbelieve its ever turning into practice."

"And yet you will have to believe this time," sighed Mimi. "The Princess declares that she has nowhere had so many misfortunes as at Eulenburg, and now that both her daughters are so important she is determined not to let slip the opportunity for flight, for she says who knows what new misfortune may be lying in wait for her if she tempts fate by lingering here longer."

"And which is the day fixed for the departure?" asked Herr von Berningen.

"They start next Wednesday at two o'clock."

"Only four days more," he said to himself, and put in the next hoop so badly that it had to be immediately extracted.

"Your fears were groundless, Lili," cried Mimi suddenly, "there comes Ilona, in spite of the September air, but of course Herr Mamma has smothered her in fur."

Everybody pressed forward to greet the convalescent. Ilona came somewhat slowly along the gravel path. No doubt the heavy fur cloak in which her mother had insisted on wrapping her was a hindrance to rapid walking. Light as feathers the snow-white fur lay in a cap on her shoulders, while a band of the

same costly trimming formed the edge of the long white mantle.

"Yes, she is changed," was the reflection of more than one member of the company, as Ilona slowly drew nearer. Her whole appearance bore the stamp of something new, but she was not aged,—indeed it would be truer to say that within these last weeks she had grown younger. A tender pink shone upon her usually so colorless cheeks, and from her eyes every trace of world-weariness had vanished. They looked about them with a sort of joyful surprise, as though having only now discovered all that the world has to show.

Soon she was surrounded by the girls. Questions and answers followed each other rapidly; congratulations on her recovery and condolences on her impending departure streamed in from all sides.

"It is quite settled that you are going on Wednesday?" was asked for the fiftieth time.

"Quite settled," said Ilona, and as she said it her eyes met those of Herr von Berningen, who stood a little apart, and showed no sign of wishing to draw nearer. The situation reminded her of that first day at Hirschthal. There also she had been the centre of a circle, and only Herr von Berningen had kept apart. On that day she had felt nothing but a faintly indignant surprise at finding herself thus disregarded, but to-day she was conscious of a sharp pang of pain.

"But it is my own fault," she said to herself, "I have never even thanked him."

"The hoops are all in," called out Lili, "now for the distribution of the players!"

(To be continued.)

A girl usually thinks that her voice harmonizes with the piano—and the chances are that the piano needs tuning.

HEALTH IN PURE SUGAR

Sugar is one of the best, and most widely used foods. Would you risk your health for the sake of a few cents on a hundred pounds of sugar? Buy only



EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

Its Purity and Quality cannot be questioned. Compare it with any other and note the difference in color.

PARIS LUMPS

When buying Leaf Sugar ask for Redpath Paris Lumps sold in RED SEAL dust proof cartons, and by the pound.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.,
MONTREAL, CANADA. Limited

Established in 1854 by John Redpath



SAVE OVER \$25
WHEN BUYING YOUR
RANGE
THIS FALL.

\$41.00
TO
\$49.00
AND WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You Can Buy "DOMINION PRIDE" RANGE At Factory Price
Direct From The Largest Malleable Range Works in Canada

If you want to save from \$25 to \$30, and at the same time get the most satisfactory kitchen range made, write for our Catalogue and look into the merits of the "DOMINION PRIDE," at from \$41 to \$49.

If we sold you identically the same range in the usual way, through a dealer, you would have to pay from \$69 to \$78 for it. You would be paying two extra profits—to wholesaler and retailer—which would add \$25 to \$30 to the cost of your range, but absolutely nothing to its value.



"The Evolution of the Cook Stove"

Tells about cooking from the time the Cave Dwellers dropped hot stones into the pot to boil it. It also tells all about "Dominion Pride" Ranges. Whether you need a new one or not you will enjoy reading this book. Write for Free Copy.

Besides costing much less than other ranges in its class, the "DOMINION PRIDE" is much more satisfactory. It is made of tough, strong, malleable iron and the best blue polished steel—materials which will not warp, crack or break.

The polished steel does not need blackening—simply rub it over with a cloth. With its cold rolled steel plate over—sectional iron fire-box lining, with air chambers—and double-walled flues lined with asbestos—the "DOMINION PRIDE" is the most economical range you can buy. Actual tests have proved that it saves over 30% of fuel, burning either wood or coal.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

A "DOMINION PRIDE" Range, with high closet shelf and elevated tank or flush reservoir, with zinc sheet to go under range, sections blue polished steel pipe and two elbows, will be delivered to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces for \$41, or to any station in the four Western Provinces for \$49—\$5 to be sent with order and balance to be paid when the Range is delivered at your station. If not convenient to pay cash we will arrange to accept your note.

Canada Malleable & Steel Range Mfg. Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.
When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper.