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UNDER TWO FLAGS By, "OUIDA"

"She? Who? What story goes with was an artist. I had no money, I had these roses?"

"None," said Cecil, with the same inflection of annoyance in his voice. "None whatever. A generous thought-

soldiers"-"Ouf!" interrupted Cigarette before his phrase was one-third finished. "The stalled mare will not go with the wild coursers. An aristocrat may live with us, but he will always cling to his old order. This is the story that runs with the roses. Miladi was languidly insolent over some ivory chessmen, and Corporal Victor thought it divine because languor and insolence are the twin gods of the noblesse. Miladi, knowing no gods but those two, worships them and sends to the soldiers of France, as the sort of sacrifice her gods love, fruits and wines that day after day are set on her table to be touched. if tasted at all, with a butterfly's sip, and Corporal Victor finds this a charity sublime-to give what costs nothing and scatter a few crumbs out from the profusion of a life of waste and indulgence! And I say that if my children are of my fashion of thinking they will choke like dogs dying of thirst rather than slake their throats with alms cast to them as if they were beggars!"

With which Cigarette lit her pipe and hurried away. Her wrath was hot and her heart heavy within her. She had given up her whole fete day to wait on the anguish and to soothe the solitude of his friend lying dying there, and her reward had been to hear him speak of this aristocrat's donations, that cost her nothing but the trouble of a few words of command to her household, as though they were the saintly charities of some angel from heaven. In that moment she could have shot him dead herself without a second's thought.

"You have vexed her, Victor," said tern Hamen as she was lost to sight through the doors of the great desolate elmmis r.

"I thege not. I do not know how," answeped their "it is impossible to fol-

The other smiled.

"Ah, you do not know the little one yet. She is worth a study. I painted her years ago There was not a picture in the Pajon that winter that was sought like it. Her future? Well, she will die, I dare say, some bright day or another at the head of a regiment, a million of commonplace women ready | buds of Provence. to keep up the decorous traditions of their sex and sit in safety over their needles by the side of their hearths. One little lioness here and there in a generation cannot do overmuch harm."

Cecil was silent. Cigarette was charming now-a fairy story set into living motion, a fantastic little firework out of an extravaganza, with the

ONTARIO. impudence of a boy harlequin and the witching kittenhood of a girl's beauty. But when this youth that made it all fair should have passed, when there should be left in its stead only shamelessness, hardihood, vice. weariness, those who found the prettiest jest in her now would be the first to cast aside with an oath the charred. wrecked rocket stick of a life from which no golden, careless stream of many colored fires of coquette caprices would rise and enchant them then.

"Who is it that sent these?" asked Leon Ramon later on as his hands still wandered among the flowers. For the moment ne was at peace; the ice and the hours of quietude had calmed him.

Cecil told him again. "What does Cigarette know of her?"

he pursued. "Nothing, except, I believe, she knew that Mme. Corona accepted my chess carvings."

"Ah, I thought the little one was jealous, Victor."

"Jealous? Pshaw! Of whom?" "Of any one you admire, especially of this grande dame."

"Absurd," said Cecil, with a sense of annoyance. "Cigarette is far too bold a little trooper to have any thoughts of those follies, and as for this grande Blankets. Flannels, Yarns, dame, as you call her, I shall in every Tweeds, Ready-made Clothing, likelihood never see her again unless when the word is given to 'carry Men's Hats, Caps, Boys' Hats. | swords' or 'lances' at the general's salute, where she reins her horse beside M. le Marechal's at a review, as I have

done this morning."

The keen ear of the sick man caught Call and examine the the inflection of an impatience, of a If So goods and find out prices mortification, in the tone that the speaker himself was unconscious of. "Cigarette is right," said Ramon, with | wounded; she wound her scarf rounda slight smile. "Your heart is with your old order. Well, keep your history as you have always done, if you will. What my friend was matters nothing. I know well what he is and how true a friend. As for miladi, she

will be best out of your path, Victor. Women! God, they are so fatal! Do you know what brought me here? No? As little as I know what brought you, though we have been close comrades all these years. Well, it was she! I

few friends, but I had youth, I had ambition, I had, I think, genius till she killed it. I loved my art with a great love, and I was happy. Happy-until fulness for our common necessities as she looked at me," he pursued, while his voice grew in feverish haste over the words. "Why would she not let me be? She had them all in her golden nets-nobles and princes and poets and soldiers; she swept them in far and wide. She had her empire. Why must she seek out a man who had but his art and his youth and stead these? It was the first year I touched triumph that I saw her. They began for the first time to speak of me. It was the little painting of Cigarette as a child of the army that did it. Ah, God, I thought myself already so famous! Well, she sent for me to take her picture, and I went. I went, and I painted her as Cleopatra-by her wish. Ah, it was a face for Cleopatra, the eyes that burn your youth dead, the lips that kiss your honor blind! Through month on month my picture grew, and my passion grew with it, fanned by her hand. She knew that never would a man paint her beauty like one who gave his soul for the price of success. Then came my reward. When the picture was done, her fancy had changed. A light scorn, a careless laugh, a touch of her fan on my cheek. Could I not understand? Was I still such a child? Must I be broken more harshly in to learn to give place? That was all, and at last her lackey pushed me back with his wand from her gates! She had killed me. She had struck my genius dead. What of that? She had her beauty eternal in the picture she needed, and the whole city rang with her lovelinees as they looked on my work. I have never painted again. I came here. What of that? An artist the less, then, the world did not care. A life the less soon, she will not care either!"

Then as the words ended a great wave of blood beat back his breath and burst from the pent up torture of his striving lungs and stained red the dark and silken masses of his beard. His comrade held him upward in his arms and shouted loud for help. The great luminous eyes of the French soldier looked up at him through their mist with the deep, fond gratitude that beams in the eyes of a dog as it drops down to die, knowing one touch and one voice to the last.

"You do not forsake," he murmured brokenly, while his voice ebbed faintly away as the stream of his life flowed faster and faster out. "It is over now -so best! If only I could have seen with some desperate battle turned by | France once more-France"- Then a the valo, of her charge and the sight | deep sigh quivered through his lips. of the torn tricolor upheld in her little | his hand strove to close on the hand of hands. That is what Cigarette hopes his comrade, and his head fell, resting for. Why not? There will always be on the flushed blossoms of the rose-

He was dead.

An hour later Cecil left the hospital, seeing and hearing nothing of the gay riot of the town about him, though the folds of many colored silk and bunting fluttered across the narrow Moorish streets, and the whole of the populace was swarming through them with the vivacious enjoyment of Paris mingling with the stately picturesque life of Arab habit and custom. In Leon Ramon he had found a man whom he had loved and who had loved him. And now that the one lay dead a heavy, to go to bed. weary sense of loneliness rested on the other. Passing one of the cafes, a favorite resort of the officers of his own regiment, he saw Cigarette. Her tunic skirt was full of bonbons and crackers that she was flinging down among the crowd while she sang, stopping every now and then to exchange some passage of wit with them that made her hearers scream with laughter, while behind her was a throng of young officers drinking champagne, eating ices and smoking, echoing her songs and her satires with enthusiastic voices and stamps of their spurred boot heels. As he glanced upward she looked literally in a blaze of luminance, and the

late stood together. "She has the playfulness of the young leopard, and the cruelty," he thought, with a sense of disgust, forgetting that she did not know what by she would have never laughed all for ordinary food. her life through in the battalions of

wild, mellow tones of her voice ringing

ing bed beside which they had both so

She saw him as he went beneath her balcony, and she sang all the louder, she flung her sweetmeat missiles with the reckless force of a Roman carnivalist, she launched bolts of tenfold more audacious raillery at the delighted mob below. Cigarette was a good soldier when she was the nerve that ached and only laughed

the gayer. And he did her that injustice which the best among us are apt to do to those whom we do not feel interest enough in to study with that closeness which can alone give comprehension of the intricate and complex rebus, so faintly sketched, so marvelously involved, of human nature.

He thought her a little leopard in her vivacious' play and her inborn

bloodthirstiness. Well, the little leop ard of France played recklessly enough that evening. Algiers was en fete, and Cigarette was sparkling over the whole of the town like a humming bird or a firefly-here, there and everywhere. She played through more than half the night the agile, bounding, graceful play of the young leopard to which he had likened her and with a quick punishment from her velvet sheathed talons if any durst offend her. Then when the dawn was nigh, leopardlike, the little one sought her

"The chateau of Cigarette" was a standing jest of the army, for none was ever allowed to follow her thither or to behold the interior of her fortress, and one overventurous spahis, scaling the ramparts, had been rewarded with so hot a deluge of lentil soup from a boiling casserole poured on his head from above that he had beaten a hasty and ignominious retreat. "The chateau of Cigarette" was neither more nor less than a couple of garrets high in the air in an old Moorish house in an old Moorish court, decayed, silent, poverty struck. Up a long and winding rickety stair Cigarette approached her castle and opened her door. There was a dim oil wick burning. The garret was large and as clean as a palace could be. Its occupants were various and all sound asleep except one, who, rough and hard and small and three legged, limped up to her and rubbed a little bullet head against her lovingly.

"Bouffarick, little Bouffarick," returned Cigarette caressingly in a whisper, and Bouffarick, content, limped back to a nest of hay, being a little wiry dog that had lost a leg in one of ing. In her sight the survivor of the the famous battles of Oran and lain in army of Italy was sacred; sacred the its dead master's breast through three eyes which, when full of light, had days and nights on the field. Cigarette, shading the lamp with one hand, glanced round on her family. They had all histories-histories in the French army, which was the only history she consid- nervous with youth, had borne the ered of any import to the universe. There was a raven perched high, by name Vole-qui-Veut. He was a noted character among the zonaves and had made many a campaign riding on his owner's bayonet. He loved a combat and was specially famed for screaming "Tue, tue." all over a battlefield.



Cigarette glanced round on her family. He was very gray now, and the zounve's bones had long bleached on the edge of the desert.

a ball that had been the darling of a

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough

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Tringlo and had traveled all over north Africa on the top of his mule's back seven seasons through. In the eighth the Tringlo was picked off by a flying

There were little Bouffarick and three other brother dogs of equal celebrity, one in especial, that had been brought from Chalons, in defiance of the regulations, inside the drum of his regiment and had been wounded a dozen times, always seeking the hottest heat of the skirmish. And there was, besides these, sleeping serenely on a straw palliasse, a very old man with a snowy beard and a head fit for Gerome to give to an Abraham.

A very old man-one who had been a conscript in the hands of young France and marched from his Pyrenean village to the battle tramp of the "Marseillaise" and charged with the children of Paris : ross the plains of Geniappes, who had known the passage of the Alps and lifted the long curls from the dead brow of Desaix at Marengo and seen in the sultry noonday dust of a giorious summer the guard march into l'aris, while the people laughed and wept with joy, surging like the mighty sea around one pale, frail form, so young by years, so absolute by genius. A very old man, long broken with

poverty, with pain, with bereavement, with extreme old age, alone save for the little Friend of the Flag, who for four years had kept him on the proceeds of her wine trade in this Moorish attic, tending him herself when in town, taking heed that he should want for nothing when she was campaignseen the sun glitter on the breastplates of the hussars of Murat, the dragoons of Kellerman, the cuirassiers of Milhand; sacred the hand which, when standard of the republic victorious against the gathered Teuton in the Thermopylæ of Champagne; sacred the ears which, when quick to hear, had heard the thunder of Arcola, of Lodi, of Rivoli and, above even the tempest of war, the clear voice of Napoleon.

Cigarette had a religion of her own and followed it more closely than most desciples follow other creeds.

CHAPTER X.

snowy cloud of pigeons was her bright brown face looked out as any of the ivery he carved. He, from the lattice hole Cecil, with some of the rough riders of his regiment, was sent far into the interior to bring in a string of colts, bought of a friendly desert tribe and destined to be shipped to France, for the Imperial Haras. The mission took two days. Early on the third day they returned with the string of wild voung horses, that it had taken not a little exertion and address to conduct successfully through the country into Algiers. Chateauroy was himself present when the colts were taken into the stable yard, and himself inquired, without the medium of any third person, the whole details of the sale and of the transit. It was impossible, with all his inclination, to find any fault either with the execution of the errand or with the brief, respectful answers by which the There was a big white cat curled in corporal replied to his rapid and imperious cross questionings; hence the inspection passed off peaceably. As the marquis turned on his heel, however, he paused a moment.

"Victor!"

"My commander?"

"I have not forgotten your insolence with those ivory toys, but the princess herself has deigned to solicit that it shall be passed over unpunished. She cannot, of course, yield to your impertinent request to remain also unpaid for them. I charged myself with the fulfillment of her wishes. You deserve the lash, but since miladi herself is lenient enough to pardon you you are to take this instead. Hold your hand, sir!"

Cecil put out his hand. He expected to receive a heavy blow from his commander's saber that possibly might break the wrist. These little trifles were common in Africa.

Instead a handful of napoleons was laid on his open palm. Chateauroy knew the gold would sting more than

For the moment Cecil had but one impulse-to dash the pieces in the giver's face. In time to restrain the impulse

he caught sight of the wild, eager hatred gleaming in the eyes of Rake, of Petit Picpon, or a score of others who loved him and cursed their colonel and would at one signal from him have sheathed their swords in the mighty frame of the marquis, though they should have been shot down the next moment themselves for the murder. The warning of Cigarette came to his memory. His hand clasped the gold. He gave the salute calmly as Chateauroy swung himself away, and, his hour years passed as a private soldier of of liberty being come, he went slowly France. There was a passionate reout of the great court, with the hand. ful of napoleons thrust in the folds of

Rather unconsciously than by premeditation his steps turned through the streets that led to his old familiar haunt, the As du Pique, and, dropping down on a bench under the awning. he asked for a draft of water. It was brought him at once, the hostess, a quick, brown, little woman from Paris. whom the lovers of Eugene Sue called We will be glad Rigolette, adding of her own accord a lump of ice and a slice or two of lemon. for which she vivaciously refused payment, though generosity was by no means her cardinal virtue. He did not look at the newspapers she offered him, but sat gazing out from the tawny awning, like the sail of a Neapolitan felucca, down the checkered shadows and the many colored masses of the little, crooked, rambling, semibarbaric alley. He was thinking of the nano-

Cross?

Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver. cure biliousness.

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leons in his sash and of the promise he had pledged to Cigarette. That he would keep it he was resolved. Yet a weariness, a bitterness, he had never known in the excitement of active service came on him, brought by this sting of insult from the fair hand of an aristocrat.

There was absolutely no hope possible in his future. The uttermost that could ever come to him would be a grade something higher in the army that now enrolled him-the gift of the cross or a post in the bureau. Algerine warfare was not like the campaign of the armies of Italy or the Rhine, and there was no Napoleon here to discern with unerring omniscience a leader's genius under the uniform of a common trooper. The heavy folds of a Bedouin's haik, brushing the papers off the bench, broke the thread of his musings. As he stooped for them, he saw that one was an English journal some weeks old. His own name caught his eve-the name buried so utterly, whose utterance in the sheik's tent had struck him like a dag-

ger's thrust: THE ROYALLIEU SUCCESSION.

We regret to learn that the Right Hon. Viscount Royallieu, who so lately succeeded to the family title on his father's death, has expired at Mentone, whither his health had induced him to go some months previous. The late lord was unmarried. His next brother was, it will be remembered, many years ago killed on a southern railway. The title, therefore, now falls to the third and only remaining son, the Hon. Berkeley Cecil, who, having lately inherited considerable properties from a distant relative, will, we believe, revive all the old glories of this peerage, which have, from a variety of causes, lost somewhat of their ancient brilliancy.

Cecil sat quite still, as he had sat looking down on the record of his father's death when Cigarette had rallied him with her gay challenge ARLY that morning when the among the Moresco ruins. His face flushed hotly under the warm golden circling down to take its daily hue of the desert bronze, then lost all alms from Cigarette where color as suddenly, till it was as pale



He laid on the table the gold.

a common soldier in the Algerian cavalry, knew that by every law of birthright he was now a peer of England.

The vagabond throngs - Moorish, Frank, negro. Colon-paused as they pushed their way over the uneven road and stared at him vacantly where he stood. There was something in his attitude, in his look, which swept over them, seeing none of them, in the eager lifting of his head, in the excited fire in his eyes, that arrested all, from the dullest muleteer ploiding on with his string of patient beasts to the most volatile French girl laughing on her way. He did not note them, hear them, think of them. He remembered nothing save that he, and he alone, was the rightful lord of Royallieu. Holding the journal clinched close in his hand, he went swiftly through the masses of the people out and away, he little noted where, till be had forced his road beyond the gates, beyond the town, beyond all reach of its dust and its babble and its discord, and was alone in

the farther outskirts. Reaching the heights, he stood still involuntarily and looked down once more on the words that told him of his birthright. He was Viscount Royallieu as surely as any of his fathers had been so before him and was dead forever in the world's belief. He must live and grow old and perish by shot or steel, by sickness or by age, with his name and his rights buried and his volt, a bitter heartsickness on him. All the old freedom and peace and luxury and pleasure of the life he had left so long allured him with a terrible temptation. The honors of the rank that he should now have filled were not what he remembered. What he longed for with an agonized desire was to stand once more stainless among his equals, to reach once more the liberty of unchallenged, unfettered life, to return once more to those who held him but as a dishonored memory, as one whom violent death had well snatched from the shame of a criminal career.

"But who would believe me now?" he thought "Besides, this makes no difference. If three words spoken would reinstate :..e. I could not speak them at that cost. The beginning perhaps was folly, but for sheer justice's sake there is no drawing bag Let him enjoy it. God knows grudge him it."