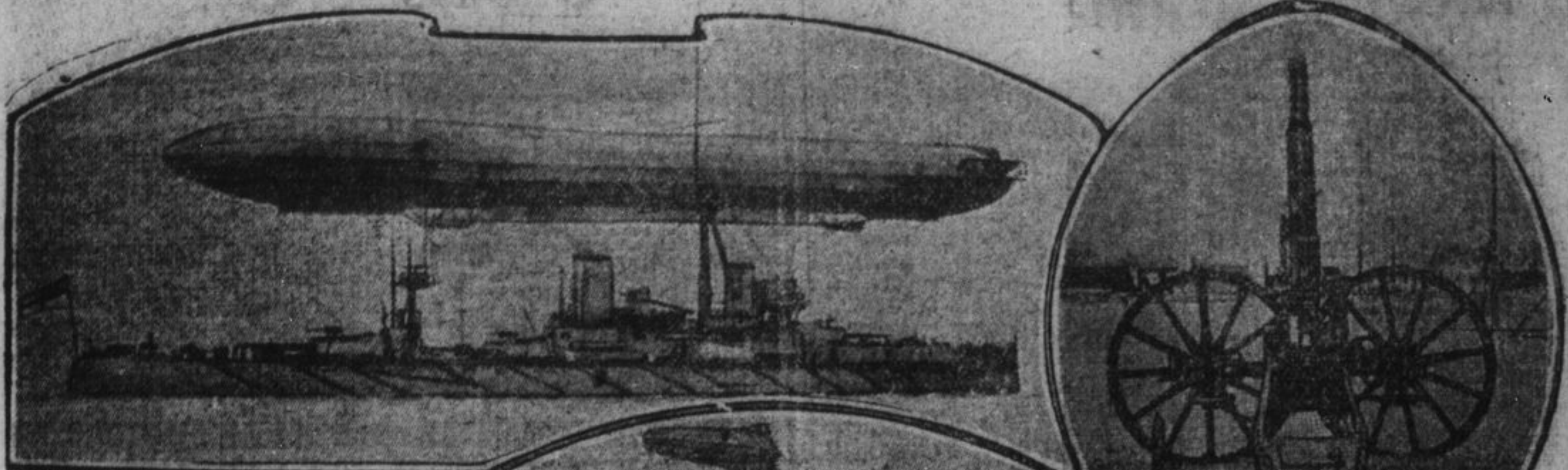


PREPARING FOR ATTACK ON ARMED AIRSHIPS



The Zepplin Airship and the Dreadnought Compared—Now each offers large mark for Gunner

THE DEVIL'S VALLEY

A plunging horse, a cloud of dust, a crash echoed by a cry, and, finally, a riderless horse galloped away down the road, a young man picked himself up from a bed of nettles and looked around him.

"You are hurt, monsieur?" The silvery voice came from the same direction as the cry, and the young man, wheeling round, found himself—some what to his discomfort—face to face with a dainty, a piece of femininity as he had ever beheld.

But whilst he staggered a negative, raising his cap from his curly head and thereby disclosing his own handsome features, mademoiselle broke into a merry little laugh.

"You are the Irish cousin," she cried, clapping her hands. "It is certain, ah! monsieur mon cousin, it is good that you did not break your neck just now."

He was beside her now, having vaulted the low rail easily enough. "I am Dermott O'Mara," he said, bowing with an Irishman's ready grace over the small, extended hand and I have come to take you away."

She flashed her eyes at him, pleased and yet rebellious at his masterful words.

"It was my father who asked you to come," she said. "Holas! my poor father—he told me he had done it on his deathbed. He feared for me, he said, in these terrible days when the cannaille are ravaging our poor France; but, after all—well—after all, they have not planted the tree of liberty at Quiberon, and my uncles say they never will for they love us well—our people."

Yet she sighed, and a faint reflection of fear showed in her wistful eyes, for the autumn of 1792 had been a terrible one in Brittany, where the king's cause, upheld by the brave and gallant Marquis de la Rocheville, had been crushed by the strong grip of the revolutionaries, and its leader was even now hiding from his enemies in some danger and distress.

"We will not wait for the planting of such a tree," replied O'Mara. "Out yonder waits the good ship Dragon to carry us to Ireland—it was your father's wish, my fair cousin."

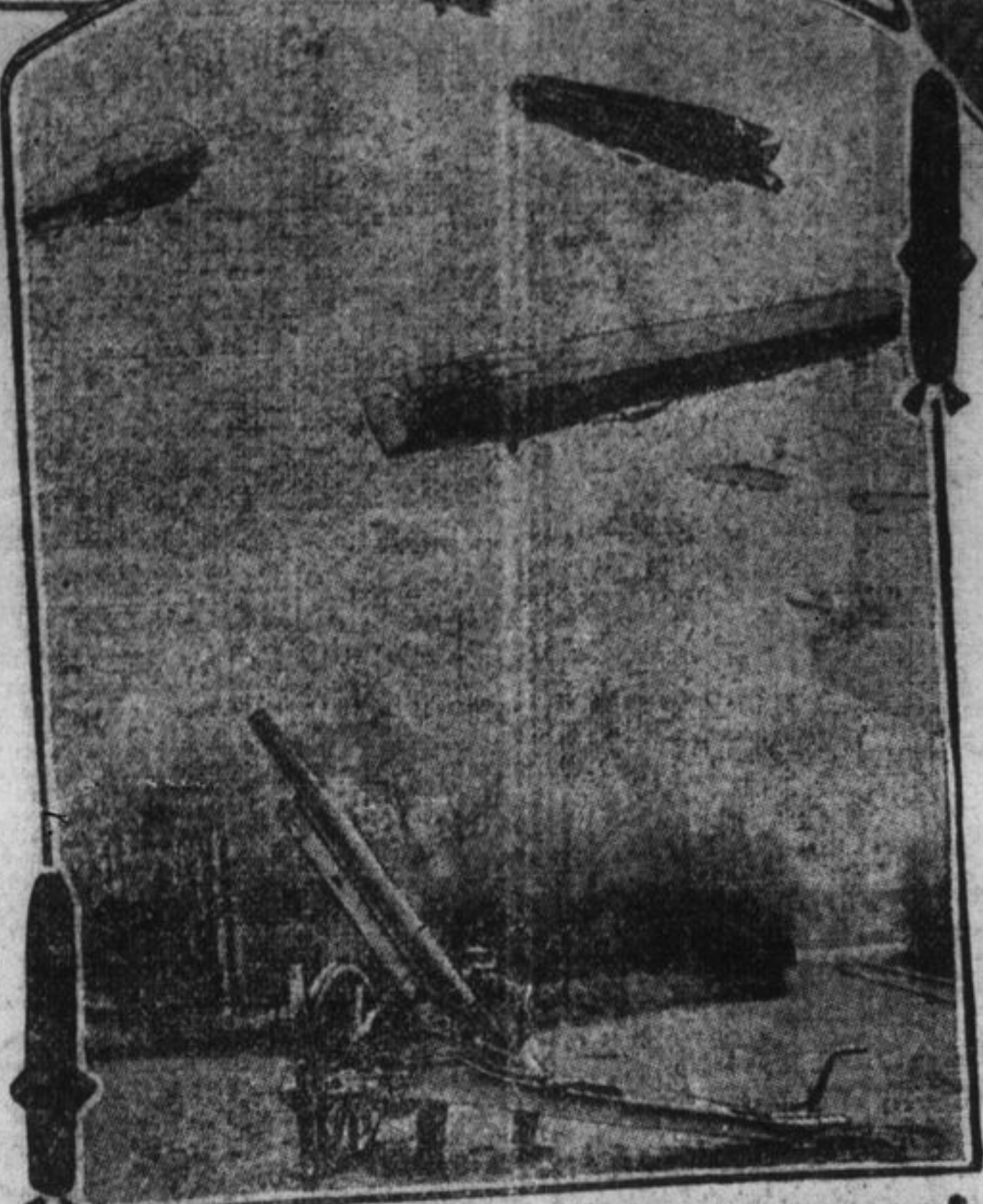
"But it will not be my uncles," said she, "and I would not leave him alone—it would be impossible."

M. le Comte d'Aubarac welcomed his new nephew cordially enough. He was a thin, middle-aged gentleman, this M. le Comte, with a pale, delicate face and aristocratic bearing, who took snuff constantly, and read always; he was a scholar, that was all, and for him it was sufficient.

Miss Yvette did the honors of the chateau, dispelling its gloom with gay charm. Yet, as they sat in the autumn twilight overlooking the garden with its sweet melody of old-world flowers and roses, she grew grave, almost to sadness.

"You see for yourself, monsieur mon cousin," she sighed, "that my uncles trust implicitly to our people. There will be no terror at Quiberon, he says, and he will not move from his books."

"I am afraid," she whispered, "and I will tell you of whom. It is of Pierre Foucheron, my uncles' valet. My



The Krupp 6.5-centimetre Gun for Fighting Dirigible Balloons (and the Zepplin at Various Heights)

No sooner had the airship become a factor to be reckoned with in wartime than the gunmakers set about the designing of a weapon by which dirigible balloons might be destroyed. Such a weapon is the Krupp 6.5-centimetre gun, here shown upon a field gun carriage, in such a way that the rang-finder and the method of disposing the wheels during the firing may be added. It has been argued that it is not easy to hit a dirigible balloon, nor is it; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that such an airship as the Zepplin offers a mark that is scarcely smaller in size than the Dreadnought. For their gun Messrs. Krupp have made a special burning shell, intended to pierce the envelope of the balloon and fire the gas. The ordinary projectile passes through the gas bag and does no more harm than make a couple of holes. The special shell can be used also against aeroplanes, though in that case it does not fire, but acts as an ordinary projectile.

uncle clings to him, and yet always I say to myself that he will betray us. I tremble when he looks at me. It is an evil look."

But the morning told a different tale, for as they came in from the garden where Yvette showed her flowers to the new cousin, old Nanette met them in a perfect whirlwind of terror, screaming and chattering, indeed, so fast that it was well-nigh impossible to understand all she said.

"Comte Jean was dead-murdered! It was a certainty, Nanette had seen for herself, there was no room for doubt! But who—who had done it?"

Quick and incisive came the demand from the O'Mara, who stood pale and grim beside her, facing Nanette. Such a choked torrent of cursing and invectives answered him, circling round the name of Pierre Foucheron.

The passion and the terror had not too much for faithful old Nanette, and she had fallen in a fit upon the floor; but just now the thoughts of those two were not for Nanette.

"He will come back," muttered Yvette, and her great hazel eyes had the fear in them which you have seen in some hunted creatures of the woods.

"If not with the men of Quiberon then with others, and then—then—"

But Dermott O'Mara flung back his handsome head with a laugh. "They

she was a witch, and they were afraid of her. Many times she was sentenced to death, but none could be found brave enough to go and fetch her. At last, for a great reward, Yanik Alloa-dee said he would go.

"It was night when he arrived in the valley, and as he was going toward the cavern he heard below him a terrible cry, echoing again and again; and, looking, he beheld a fearful sight, for a cart was being driven at full speed up the rough road, as surely no earthly cart could drive, and the horses were horned and terrible, and were being driven by—"

Yvette's voice dropped—the devil himself, who stood upright shouting terribly, and—and after that Yanik remembered no more; but when he recovered consciousness and went in search of Mère La Grande the cavern was empty.

"And smell of brimstone?" "You laugh, mon cousin."

"Call me Dermott—you say it divinely; but, seriously, how did Yanik recognize his fantastic majesty?"

"He had horns, horns that shone in the darkness—he never really recovered from the horror."

"I should think not. Well, this cavern will make excellent stables in the morning for our horses, in case we have further need of their services. It is well to be cautious."

He was laughing as he led the horses along the edge of the ravine, for his hot, youthful blood was all aglow with new-born love and the joy of adventure; and thus, in a moment of mad devilry, he shouted aloud, his voice echoing down the pass.

"By St. Patrick, you have a fine echo here," he cried in some dismay as the echo leaped as it were from crag to crag, reverberating afar.

"Aboo—aboo—aboo—" "Yvette," she murmured, "It sounded terrible," she murmured.

"Nay, it hath done so many times in the cave of the enemy, quoth he lightly. "For it is the battle cry of the Desmonds, beneath whose banners my fathers fought. And again he cried softly beneath his breath, "Shantit aboo—aboo—"

"Let us hasten," she implored feverishly. "I am afraid!"

"So they went together through that lonely valley, and reached in safety the forest beyond, but, alas, when hope whispered that danger and fear were far behind them they met both in their way."

For, through the trees, all unexpectedly, came a rabble of men, red-capped, red-eyed, red-handed, singing ribald songs and screaming curses to the same tune as the terrible one which rang throughout France in that fearful year. And, at their head, strode the man whom Yvette d'Aubarac feared—Pierre Foucheron.

"Holas! Holas!" he shouted, gleefully; "the little aristo susses us a long walk. See, she has come herself to welcome us, comrades. Hein, is she not a pretty bird, as I told you? She is a prize worth having, this one, and one that I will deserve."

"Nay, nay, comrade," laughed another, and a bigger man, who wore the tricolor jauntily in his hat. "That will be for the tribunal at Santac to

SMART RECEPTION GOWN.



POSED BY MISS MAUD GILL, OF BILLIE BURKE'S CO. PHOTO BY MOLL FROST.

The lines of this frock are its most striking feature, the fit over the hips being faultless and the folds about the feet sloping gracefully. The skirt fits over the little bodice, with no belt to break the smoothness. The bodice is braided and embroidered in self tones. A panel of chiffon down the side of the waist continues the effect of the fasteiding shown in the skirt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY AFFAIRS.



By the retirement of Capt. John P. Green from the first vice-presidency of the Pennsylvania Railroad a general moving up of officers resulted. New men in important posts are shown above. It denotes brain weakness when style is the paramount thought and endeavor.

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SOCIETY'S NEW AMUSEMENT: THE FASHIONABLE MARIONETTE.



There are distinct signs of a revival of interest in the marionette, and London possesses once again a theatre in which puppets are the only actors. At this marionette theatre, which for the time being is at 28 Abercorn place, there has already been produced Maurice Maeterlinck's "Interior," specially translated for the occasion by William Archer. The present craze is, of course, only a revival. In the eighteenth century, for instance, London had no fewer than four recognized marionette theatres—in Panton street, in Covent Garden, in the Haymarket and in Piccadilly.

Your Neighbors Cough Remedy.
The general judgment of a committee was based upon the matter of experience. A large share of the people in this community have for years used the Diamond Cough Remedy to cure their coughs and colds. In bottles, 25c. and 50c. at Wade's drug store.