



THE Universal Favorite

Is a High-class Family Steel Range, honorably built of the best material, and put together as tight as a steam boiler, and is guaranteed to cook and bake perfectly.

NOTE

The spacious firebox for wood.
The large firebox opening, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
The roomy square oven.
The top-hinged key plate.
Also note how easily the coal grates can be removed.
The linings can be changed from coal to wood, or vice versa, without the disturbing of a bolt.

Lots of room on the top and in the oven to do the busy morning's work.

There are thousands of these Ranges in the homes of the best farmers in the country giving absolute satisfaction.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DEALERS.

We will have a nice display of these Ranges at the Toronto Fair, and cordially invite you to call and see us in the Stove Building.

FINDLAY BROS. CO., LTD.,
CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO.

guise of a paysanne, one of a cargo of unmarried women sent out to the colony on matrimonial venture, as the custom then was, to furnish wives for the colonists. Her sole possession was an antique cabinet, with its contents, the only remnant saved from the fortune of her father, Exili.

Marie Exili landed in New France, cursing the Old World which she had left behind, and bringing as bitter a hatred of the New, which received her without a shadow of suspicion that under her modest peasant's garb was concealed the daughter and inheritrix of the black arts of Antonio Exili and of the sorceress La Voisin.

Marie Exili kept her secret well. She played the ingenue to perfection. Her straight figure and black eyes having drawn a second glance from Sieur Corriveau, a rich habitant of St. Valier, who was looking for a servant among the crowd of paysannes who had just arrived from France, he could not escape from the power of their fascination.

He took Marie Exili home with him, and installed her in his household, where his wife soon died of some inexplicable disease which baffled the knowledge of both the doctor and the curate, the two wisest men in the parish. The Sieur Corriveau ended his widowhood by marrying Marie Exili, and soon died himself, leaving his whole fortune and one daughter, the image of her mother, to Marie.

Marie Exili, ever in dread of the perquisitions of Desgrais, kept very quiet in her secluded home on the St. Lawrence, guarding her secret with a life-long apprehension, and but occasionally and in the darkest ways practicing her deadly skill. She found some compensation and relief for her suppressed passions in the clinging sympathy of her daughter, Marie Josephite dit La Corriveau, who worshipped all that was evil in her mother, and in spite of an occasional reluctance, springing from some maternal instinct, drew from her every secret of her life. She made herself mistress of the whole formula of poisoning as taught by her grandfather Exili, and of the arts of sorcery practiced by her wicked grandmother, La Voisin.

As La Corriveau listened to the tale of the sorcery of her grandmother, she felt a creeping horror

own soul seemed bathed in the flames which rose from the faggots, and which to her perverted reason appeared as the fires of cruel injustice, calling for revenge upon the whole race of the oppressors of her family, as she regarded the punishers of their crimes.

With such a parentage, and such dark secrets brooding in her bosom, Marie Josephite, or, as she was commonly called, La Corriveau, had nothing in common with the simple peasantry among whom she lived.

Years passed over her, youth fled, and La Corriveau still sat in her house, eating her heart out, silent and solitary. After the death of her mother, some whispers of hidden treasures, known only to herself, a rumor which she had cunningly set afloat, excited the cupidity of Louis Dodier, a simple habitant of St. Valier, and drew him into a marriage with her.

It was a barren union. No child followed, with God's grace in its little hands, to create a mother's feelings and soften the callous heart of La Corriveau. She cursed her lot that it was so, and her dry bosom became an arid spot of desert, tenanted by satyrs and dragons, by every evil passion of a woman without conscience and void of love.

But La Corriveau had inherited the sharp intellect and Italian dissimulation of Antonio Exili; she was astute enough to throw a veil of hypocrisy over the evil eyes which shot like a glance of death from under the thick, black eyebrows.

Her craft was equal to her malice. An occasional deed of alms, done, not for charity's sake, but for ostentation; an adroit deal of cards, or a horoscope cast to flatter a foolish girl; a word of sympathy, hollow as a water-bubble, but colored with iridescent prettiness, averted suspicion from the darker traits of her character.

If she was hated, she was also feared by her neighbors, and although the sign of the cross was made upon the chair whereon she had sat in a neighbor's house, her visits were not unwelcome; and in the manor-house, as in the cabin of the woodman, La Corriveau was received, consulted, rewarded, and oftener thanked than cursed, by her witless dupes.

There was something sublime in

the satanic pride with which she carried with her the terrible secrets of her race, which in her own mind made her the superior of every one around her, and whom she regarded as living only by her permission or forbearance.

For human love, other than as a degraded menial, to make men the slaves of her mercenary schemes, La Corriveau cared nothing. She never felt it, never inspired it. She looked down upon all her sex as the filth of creation, and, like herself, incapable of a chaste feeling or a pure thought. Every bitter instinct of her nature had gone out like the flame of a lamp whose oil is exhausted; love of money remained as dregs at the bottom of her heart. A deep grudge against mankind, and a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of others, especially of her own sex, were her ruling passions.

Her mother, Marie Exili, had died in her bed, warning her daughter not to dabble in the forbidden arts which she had taught her, but to cling to her husband and live an honest life, as the only means of dying a more hopeful death than her ancestors.

La Corriveau heard much, but heeded little. The blood of Antonio Exili and of La Voisin beat too vigorously in her veins to be tamed down by the feeble whispers of a dying woman who had been weak enough to give way at last. The death of her mother left La Corriveau free to follow her own will. The Italian subtlety of her race made her secret and cautious. She had few personal affronts to avenge, and few temptations in the simple community where she lived, to practice more than the ordinary arts of a rural fortune-teller, keeping in impenetrable shadow the darker side of her character as a born sorceress and poisoner.

Fanchon Dodier, in obedience to the order of her mistress, started early in the day to bear the message entrusted to her for La Corriveau. She did not cross the river and take the king's highway, the rough though well-travelled road on the south shore, which led to St. Valier. Angelique was crafty enough amid her impulsiveness to see that it were better for Fanchon to go down by water and return by land; it lessened observation, and might be more important one day to battle inquiry. La

Corriveau would serve her for money, but for money, also, she might betray her. Angelique resolved to secure her silence by making her the perpetrator of whatever scheme of wickedness she might devise against the unsuspecting lady of Beaumanoir. As for Fanchon, she need know nothing more than Angelique told her as to the object of her mission to her terrible aunt.

In pursuance of this design, Angelique had already sent for a couple of Indian canoe men to embark Fanchon at the quay of the Friponne, and convey her to St. Valier.

Half-civilized and wholly-demoralized red men were always to be found on the beach of Stadacona, as they still called the Batture of the St. Charles, lounging about in blankets, smoking, playing dice, or drinking pints or quarts—as fortune favored them, or a passenger wanted conveyance in their bark canoes, which they managed with a dexterity unsurpassed by any boatman that ever put oar or paddle in water, salt or fresh.

These rough fellows were safe and trusty in their profession. Fanchon knew them slightly, and felt no fear whatever in seating herself upon the bear skin which carpeted the bottom of their canoe.

They pushed off at once from the shore, with scarcely a word of reply to her voluble directions and gesticulations as they went speeding their canoe down the stream. The turning tide bore them lightly on its bosom, and they chanted a wild, monotonous refrain as their paddles flashed and dipped alternately in stream and sunshine:

"Ah! ah! Tenaouich tenaga!
Tenaouich tenaga, ouich ka!"

"They are singing about me, no doubt," said Fanchon to herself. "I do not care what people say, they cannot be Christians who speak such a heathenish jargon as that; it is enough to sink the canoe; but I will repeat my paternosters and my Ave Marias, seeing they will not converse with me, and I will pray good Ste. Anne to give me a safe passage to St. Valier." In which pious occupation, as the boatmen continued their savage song, without paying her any attention, Fanchon, with many interruptions of worldly thoughts, spent the rest of the time she was in the Indian canoe.

(To be continued.)