

A Knot of Blue

BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON.

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During the first part of his outburst, Madame Duvivier sat calmly eyeing him, her heart beating excitedly as she turned the final success of the plot against him. At that first mention of Gaspard Roguin's name she started, and as Raoul proceeded, and she began to grasp the meaning of his words, a chill terror fell upon her. This changed to a flood of supreme fury as the full import of the news was realized. When he finished speaking, he started back in astonishment at the change that came over her countenance. Her face was contorted by the frenzy of her passion, her eyes glittered like some wild animal's, while her fingers, arched like claws in her rage, twitched nervously as though in readiness to spring at some hated object.

"Mon Dieu!" she shrieked, "I am tricked again, and by him. By him for whose proffered love I cruelly slew my own husband. By him who threw me to one side when he had tired of my companionship. By him I sought even beyond the sea, that, having found, I might kill, kill, kill, and then trample upon his dead body, wreaking to the full my long-sought vengeance. Curses on his false heart for his treachery! Curses on these eyes of mine, that should have penetrated any disguise! Curses on this tongue, that should have detected his lying voice that has murmured so oft of love to me. Fool that I was not to have felt his very presence. And to think that he should have made a tool of me in snaring for his own ends this punce, this devoted booby, offering in return to serve me by trapping the man I sought—himself, forsooth! But his diabolical cleverness shall not save him now, for I shall—"

Raoul, open-mouthed, staring dum-

founded, stayed to hear no more, but fled, his dream broken, anxious only to get out of sight and sound of the malignant demon who paced up and down before him.

Du Tillet, or Gaspard Roguin, as he was called, entertained his two visitors until the return of Gaudais. "Where did our friend go?" he inquired. "To the Chateau to awaken the Governor?"

"No, to Madame Duvivier."

After the three had left for the night, he sat quietly thinking. As he recalled the destination of Raoul's fierce ride, he blew at his forefinger a moment in uncontrolled dismay. He surmised that his enemy would inform her of his discoveries that evening. This was inconvenient. She would learn his identity prematurely, and a woman is likely to do anything. At length he came to a decision, and shortly afterward was riding slowly toward Quebec.

The clock in the Chateau had struck two when a dark figure glided in at the rear of Madame Duvivier's house, ascended the stairs and taking out a key softly opened the door and entered. By the light in her bedroom he could see her lying, partly dressed, upon the bed. She had at last succumbed to the violence of her emotions, and sunk exhausted into a heavy slumber. The figure crossed the room silently and stood over her. On the table where the candle rested was a glass of wine conveniently placed in case the sleeper awakened. The figure smiled. Everything was as he could wish. He slipped a tiny phial out of his pocket and silently poured a few drops of its contents into the glass. This done, he stealthily withdrew within the shadow at the head of the bed. He had not long to wait. Presently the sleeping form stirred uneasily, and the woman's eyes opened. They fell upon the wine glass and with a sigh of satisfaction she put forth her hand, brought it to her lips, and drained it feverishly. The figure in the shadow drew out his watch and waited. A minute passed. Then another. At this juncture the figure stepped into the light watch in hand. His first glance at the woman's face told him that the poison had commenced its work. At the sound of his footsteps the eyes opened and beheld him. Madame Duvivier rose on her elbow, with a cry of alarm and recognition.

"Do not excite yourself, my dear Antoinette," said the figure, with a mocking smile. "I have merely come to warn you. Some unscrupulous person, who, perhaps, found your presence in Quebec disagreeable, placed some of that poison which you know so well, in your wine. From past knowledge of its effects you will remember that it is fatal within three minutes. As it is now more than two since you drank it, you have less than sixty seconds to live. This is my last visit to you. Permit me to thank you for your services in engaging my enemy. I accept them as a partial return for my patient submission to your many whims and caprices in the days of our companionship. You kept your word. I shall do no less. You wished me to deliver you the person of Gaspard Roguin, that you might gloat over him when he was once more in your power. Behold him! Waste no time, however, in enjoying your revenge, as you have but ten seconds remaining."

He closed his watch, and stood smiling derisively at his companion. During his cruel speech she had listened with terror-stricken gaze, which was intensified as the preliminary symptoms produced by the deadly drug bore witness to the truth of his assertion. When he stopped speaking she summoned all her strength and arose to a sitting posture, reaching forth a trembling hand to seize him. This exertion only hastened the effects of the poison for with a thrilling shriek of impotent rage and hate she fell back—dead.

The figure remained motionless beside the bed for a few minutes, then, reaching the door behind him, he looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past five. He made half-visible by the early light of the coming day, his eyes were a look of triumph, as though some dangerous obstacle in his path had been removed.

possessions, he had felt that with his self-respect intact, with his young blood and strong arm, with the power of a great passion thrilling him, he could bravely meet the future and yet triumph over all. But the revelation of the night had shattered his hope and strength. Instead of a pure, sweet, womanly nature in keeping with her physical beauty, he found that he had been worshipping at the shrine of a she-devil from the pit—had learned from her own words that she whom he had trusted implicitly, was but the accomplice of his hidden foe, exercising all her power to add in bringing him to the dust—had discovered at last that she was all that du Tillet had tauntingly claimed her to be—and more. He reviewed his own conduct, and saw clearly the lengths to which his blind infatuation had led him, before the disdained and rebuffed the friendly aid of Armand; how he had cherished unworthy thoughts and feelings against his faithful well-wisher, the governor, how he had slighted and neglected the gentle, snubbing influence of his old playmate, Almee de la Riviere.

He stopped in his wanderings, and stood upon the edge of a high rock rising sheer a hundred feet above the valley. It was the hour when all the world was still, that instant between night and day when the awakening bird hesitates to break the solemn stillness with its morning trill; when a night-wind, joining in the worshipping awe of creation, remains hushed a moment before rousing the sleeping woods with soft whisperings of the coming dawn. It was the precise moment when Madame Duvivier drew her final, short, mortal breath, thus breaking the chain of her victim's power over her. As he stood panting with his impetuous flight, his blood-shot eyes gazing at the scene before him, his mind became clear once more, as though the mists that had beclouded him these many weeks, distorting his mental vision and leading him astray, had suddenly parted and vanished, leaving him his normal self.

At the thought of Almee, his eye caught sight of a bright star burning in the heavens, while all its lesser comrades had faded before the early streaks of the approaching day. And in the heart of the young man there welled up with increased force all the old-time tender feeling for his friend. How like the star she was, shining stanch and true despite the clouds and mists, ever gleaming with loyal, steadfast purpose, whatever his folly and imprudence. And a great wave of shame at his own unworthiness swept over him as he fell to his knees in an agony of self-reproach. He had thought the mists that had beclouded him these many weeks, distorting his mental vision and leading him astray, had suddenly parted and vanished, leaving him his normal self.

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ELKS WILL NOT GIVE UP GHOST

London Lodge Not to Follow in Footsteps of the Hamilton Lodge.

The Hamilton Elks, according to the Spectator of that city, have agreed to quit, and the lodge there is soon to be disbanded. The story has given rise to a great deal of gossip regarding the local lodge of Elks, but the secretary, Mr. A. G. Stephens, could not be seen by The Advertiser today.

There are in this city exactly 101 Elks, and while the lodge is said to be in a fair financial condition it would be going a little far to say it is prosperous. However, several Elks spoken to by The Advertiser today disclaimed any intention of giving up the ghost here. A reorganization was effected some time ago, when many alleged ineligible persons were thrown out of the lodge, and friends of the lodge now look for better things.

"If any break up occurs here," said a prominent Elk today, "it will not be for some time. We only elected officers a short time ago."

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Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money.

1-5 Off Sale Ends Monday, January 21: Now for a Whirlwind Finish

Just a few more days and then our 1907 One-Fifth Off Sale will pass into history as one of the most successful merchandising events held by this store.

To make the last few days of the sale notable for fast and furious selling we have added to our already immense list of merchandise marked at one-fifth off our entire collection, with the exception of China silks, of

Plain and Fancy Silks

which we will also sell at one-fifth off. This announcement should create something of a sensation around town. Throngs of women should take advantage of this unparalleled opportunity, even if the silk will not be required for some months to come. Remember, you have the choice of all our black and colored silks, including fancy and plain taffetas and silk velvets. Earlier you come better the choice.

Come and be with us as often as you can during the last few days—the whirlwind finish of our One-Fifth Off Sale. All the following goods will be sold at one-fifth off regular prices.

All Men's Furnishings; all Art Muslins and Satens; all Lace Curtains and Curtain Nets, all Table Linens, Napkins, Tray Cloths and Fancy Linens; all Wrapperettes, Comforters, Gray and Fancy Flannels, Flannelette Sheetings; all Ladies' and Children's Underwear; all Children's Wool Hoods, Tams, Coats, Mitts, etc.; Worsted Hose, Knitted Mitts, Cashmere Gloves and Veilings; all Trimmings; all Parasols, Linen Collars, Ladies' Whitewear; all Ladies' and Children's Coats; all Ladies' Suits, Waists and Skirts; all Black and Colored Dress Goods.

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

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PRETTY MORNING GOWN—6778. Some of the least pretentious morning gowns are made chic and out of the ordinary by just a well-placed bow or trimming. One of the charms which is most simple in design, yet very attractive and modish is sketched here for the benefit of the woman who fashions her own dress. It is made to appear like a real Empire. The fullness at the shoulder, back and front may be tucked to yoke depth and girdled at the waist by a ribbon or belt, or it may be shirred and held in place by an Empire waistband, which makes quite a different garment of it, and one of real style. The simplest of material may be used, with no other trimming than the ribbon or waistband, yet the result will be altogether pleasing and graceful. Either style may be followed in the development, according to the wearer and her tastes. The medium size of the pattern calls for yards of 27-inch material.

6778—32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below.

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Address.....

City.....

Province.....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark, 22, 24, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address:—

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

DEAD HAND AT THROTTLE

Train Speeds Along at High Speed With the Engineer Dead.

New York, Jan. 15.—A Harlem local train from the Grand Central ran from Wakefield to Mount Vernon yesterday with a dead hand at the throttle of the engine. None of the passengers knew it.

William Anderson was the engineer. As he took his train out of Wakefield he leaned far out of the cab window to get sight of the driving-wheel. His head struck a signal post, fracturing his skull and killing him. The train sped on at about 35 miles an hour. In the cab, seated on the fireman's side, was A. Wheeler, traveling engineer, on a trip of inspection. He noticed that the train did not come to a stop as it neared the Mount Vernon station and he stepped down to see what was the matter.

He saw the limp form of the dead engineer lying in the seat, the hand on the throttle. He guessed what had happened. Wheeler threw on the air-brake and brought the train to a stop.

SICK KIDNEYS

Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbing Pains That Make Life Almost Unendurable.

An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause back-aches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the kidneys right and make lame, aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., says: "My son, now 18 years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on the farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe form."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood. In that way they strike at the root of anæmia, indigestion, kidney trouble, liver complaint, erysipelas, skin diseases, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Always Remember the Full Name **Exactive Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

on every **C. N. L.** box 25c.

According to a Brussels scientific journal the world's production of rubber this year will reach 75,000 tons. Worth over \$115,000,000.

Often what appears to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving little consideration, and this neglect entails results in most serious ailments, such as pneumonia, influenza, diphtheria and coughs with Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

BERNHARDT CRIPPLED

Great Actress May Have To Retire From Stage Soon.

Paris, Jan. 15.—Persons who are in a position to know declare that Sarah Bernhardt will in all probability, soon be a figure of the past so far as active stage work is concerned. They say her tremendous will power—and that only—enables her to continue to act.

After a fall on the stage, whose immediate effects the great actress concealed, she underwent a surgical operation some little time ago. This brought temporary relief, but the trouble from which she suffers reappeared within the last fortnight, and is proving most obstinate to surgical treatment.

So very precious is Mme. Bernhardt's health that her surgeons assert that she must take perfect rest for a year. Otherwise they do not guarantee her restoration. But the actress refuses to rest. She realizes that if at her advanced age she should retire for a year her artistic career would be ended.

A physician now resides permanently at Mme. Bernhardt's home, to be at her instant call. He accompanies her to the theater every evening. She is very lame and suffers continual pain. Every night before each of her entrances her knee, terribly swollen, is treated in her dressing-room. She is seeking a play in which she can remain seated or recline throughout its course.

Probably for the first time Sarah Bernhardt appreciates that she is an old woman. She was born Oct. 22, 1844, and is therefore over 62 years of age.

BLOWN UP IN CHURCH

Caretaker at St. Catharines Was Victim of Gas Explosion.

St. Catharines, Ont., Jan. 15.—James Reynolds, caretaker of the Queen Street Baptist Church, was the victim of a natural gas explosion on Sunday morning. The gas, which is used to heat the church, was turned on Saturday night. Reynolds went to the church about 7 o'clock Sunday morning and found the gas escaping. He immediately opened the doors and windows, and returned in half an hour to light the gas. He was blown about

BLOOD DISEASES Guaranteed Cured or No Pay.

If you ever had any constitutional, acquired or hereditary blood disease, you are never safe until the virus or poison has been removed from the system. You may have had some disease years ago, but now and then some symptom alarms you. Some poison still lurks in your system. Can you afford to run the risk of more serious symptoms appearing as the poison multiplies? Beware of mercury or mineral drugs used indiscriminately—they may ruin the system. Thirty years' experience in the treatment of these diseases enables us to prescribe specific remedies that will positively cure all blood diseases of the worst character, leaving no bad effects on the system. Our New Method Treatment will purify and enrich the blood, heal up all ulcers, clear the skin, remove bone pains, fallen out hair will grow in, and swollen glands will return to a normal condition, and the patient will feel and look like a different person. All cases we accept for treatment are guaranteed a complete cure or no charge.

Reader if in doubt as to your condition, you can consult us FREE OF CHARGE. Remember the old adage, "a stitch in time saves nine." Beware of incompetent doctors who have no reputation or reliability. Drs. K. & K. have been established over 27 years. You can pay after cure.

WE CURE Nervous Debility, Varicose Veins, Stricture, Blood Diseases, Secret Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Complaints. Consultation Free. If unable to call, write for a Question List for Home Treatment.

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Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 12 and 2 to 4 p. m.

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10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

No man would marry a woman smarted than himself; but, then, he knows there is none. Be grateful for every hour and accept whatever it brings.