

# THE GREY CLOAK

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH.

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He depended wholly upon Father Chaumonot's knowledge of the tongue and the legends, and during the first three nights he and Chaumonot divided a table between them, the one to scribble his lore and the other to add a page to those remarkable memoirs, the *Desuit Relations*. The Chevalier watched them both from a corner where he sat and gravely smoked a wooden pipe.

And then the manuscript of the poet was put aside.

"Why?" asked Chaumonot one night. He had been greatly interested in the poet's work.

Victor flushed guiltily.

"Perhaps it may be of no value. There are but half a dozen thoughts worth remembering."

"And who may say that immortality does not dwell in these thoughts?" said the priest. "All things are born to die; and if in passing we leave but a single thought which will alleviate the sufferings of man or add beauty to his existence, one does not live and die in vain."

Chaumonot's after thought was: "This good lad is in love with one of the other of these thoughts."

But Clo knew Victor no more. On the margins he drew faces or began rondeaux which came to no end.

"Laughter has a pleasant sound in my ears, Paul," said Victor; "and I have not heard you laugh in some time."

"Perhaps the thought has not occurred to me," replied the Chevalier, glancing at the entrance to the study. Madame had only that moment passed through, having left the vicomte. "I have lost the trick of laughing."

"You are spontaneous. With a carpenter's ell I mark out each thought; it is all edges and angles."

"Something must be done, then, to make you laugh. Madame and mademoiselle have promised to take a canoe trip back into the hills this afternoon. Come with us."

"They suggested . . . ?" the Chevalier stammered.

"No. But haven't you the right? At least you know Madame."

"Madame, always Madame. Here formalities would only be ridiculous. You will go with us for safety's sake, if for nothing more."

"I will go with that understanding. Ah, lad, if only I knew what you know!"

"We would still be where we are," said the priest. "The poet's plan is in regard to Madame and the Chevalier. It twisted his brave heart, yet he clung to it."

Caprice is an exquisite trait in a woman; a woman who has it—and what woman has not?—compresses into an hour the mildness of spring, the warmth of summer, the glory of autumn, and the chill of winter."

And when Madame saw the Chevalier that afternoon, she put a foot into the canoe, and immediately withdrew it.

"What is it?" asked Victor.

"Is Monsieur le Chevalier going?"

"Yes," Victor replied. "Why?" he said finally.

"Nothing, nothing." Madame took her place in the canoe.

"It is necessary for our general safety. Madame, that the Chevalier goes with us."

"There is danger, then?"

"There will be none, emphatically. Let us be off," was Madame's rejoinder.

The Chevalier stepped in and took the paddle, while the poet and the vicomte went to the water. He and Anne followed presently. Madame sat in the bow, her back to the water, her hands resting lightly on the sides. The rings which the Chevalier had seen on those beautiful hands in Quebec were gone, even to the wedding ring. They were doubtless bedecking the pudgy digits of one Corn Planter's wife, far away in the Seneca country.

The canoe quivered as the Chevalier's strong arms swung the narrow-bladed paddle. Past marshes went the painted canoes; they swam the singing shillows; they glided under shaded willows; they sped by wild grape-vine and spreading elm.

The stream was embowered with a thousand grasses, dying daisies, palling goldenrod, berry bushes and wild-rose thorn. A thousand elusive perfumes rose to greet them; a thousand changing scenes. October, in all her gorgeous furbelows, sat upon her throne.

The Chevalier never uttered a word, but studied Madame's half-turned cheek. Once he was conscious that the color on that cheek deepened, then faded.

"It is the wind," he thought. "She is truly the most beautiful of women of the world; and fool that I am, I have vowed to her face that I shall make her love me."

He could hear Victor's voice from time to time, coming with the wind.

"Monseigneur," Madame said abruptly, when the silence could no longer be endured, "since you are here . . . Well, why do you not speak?"

The riddle turned so violently that the canoe came dangerously near upsetting.

"What shall I say, Madame?"

"Must I think for you?" impatiently.

The fact that her eye was not upon him gave a vestige of courage.

"It is a far cry from the galleries of the Louvre. Madame, to this spot."

"We have gone back to the beginning of the world. No word save *Nicot's* violin, which he plays sadly enough; no masks, no parties, no galloping to the hunt, no languishing in the balconies. Were it not for the Chevalier's hidden dangers, I should love this land. I wonder who is the latest celebrity at the old Rambouillet; a poet, possibly, a swash-buckler, more probably."

"Move back a little, Madame. We shall land on that stretch of sand by the willows."

Madame did as he required, and with a dexterous stroke the Chevalier sent the craft upon the beach and jumped out. This manoeuvre to assist her did not pass, for she was up and out almost as soon as he.

In a moment Victor came to the spot. The two canoes were hidden with a cunning which the Chevalier had learned from the Indian.

Above them was a hill which was almost split in two by a gorge or gully; down through which a brook leaped and bounded and tumbled, rolling its musical "r's." The four started up the long incline, the women gathering the belated flowers and the men picking up curious sticks or sending boulders hurtling down the hillside.

Higher and higher they mounted till the summit was reached. Hill after hill rolled away to the east, to the south, to the west, while toward the north the lake glittered with all the brilliancy of a cardinal's pate.

"Can it be," said Victor, breaking the spell, "can it be that we once knew Paris?"

"Paris?" repeated Madame.

"Her eyes took in her headscarf and moccasins and replaced them with glowing silks and shimmering laces.

Paris! Many a phantom was stirred from its tomb at the sound of this magic name.

Anne perched herself upon a boulder and the Chevalier rested beside her, while Madame and the poet strolled a short distance away.

"Shall we ever see our dear Paris?"

again, Gabrielle?" asked the poet.

"I hope so; and soon, soon!"

"How came you to sign that paper?"

"He would have broken my arm, else. How I hated him! Tricks, subterfuges, lies, menaces: I was surrounded by them. And I believed in so many things those early days!"

"How softly breathes this last, lingering ghost of summer," he said. "How lovingly the pearls and opals and amethysts of heaven linger on the crimsoning hills! See how the stream runs like a silver thread, laughing and singing, to join the grave river. We can not see the river from here, but we know how gravely it journeys to the sea."

"Can you not smell the odor of mint, of earth, of the forest and the water? Hark! I hear a bird singing. There he goes, a yellow bird, a golden rooster of song. How the yellow flower stands out against the dark of the grasses! It is all beautiful! It is the immortality in us which nature enchants."

"See how the wooded lands fade and fade till they and the heavens meet and dissolve! And all this is yours, Gabrielle, for the seeing and the hearing."

"Some day I shall know all things, but never again shall I know the perfect beauty of this day. Some day I shall know the reason for this and for that, why I made a bad step here and a short one there; but never again this hour."

He picked up a chestnut-burr and opened it, extending the plump chestnuts to her.

"How delicately this man was telling her that he still loved her. Absently her hand closed over the chestnuts, and I have not seen my face in so long a time that I declare I have quite forgotten how it looks."

"Come along, mademoiselle! Into the heart of the wood. I had a poem to recite to you, but I have forgotten part of it. It is heroic, and begins like this:

"Laughing at fate and her chilling frown, Plunging through wilderness, cavern and cave, Building the citadel, fortress, and town, Fearing nor desert, the sea, nor the grave;

Courage finds her a niche in the knave. Paine is not niggard of laurel or pain; Pathways with blood and bones do they pave. These are the hazards that kings disdain!

"Bright are the jewels they add to the crown. Leveled on savage and pliered from slave; Under the winds and the suns that brown, Fearing nor desert, the sea, nor the grave!

High shall the Future their names engrave. For these are lives that are not spent in vain. Though their reward be a tomb 'neath the weeds, These are the hazards that kings disdain!"

"I will try to remember the last stanza and the envoi as we go along," added Victor.

And together they passed down the ravine, the poet presuming a gallop which deceived only the Chevalier, who still reined against the boulder and was plucking at an empty burr.

Two or three minutes passed; Victor's voice became indistinct and finally was heard no longer. Madame surveyed the Chevalier with a lurking scornful smile. This man was going to force her to love him!

"Monseigneur, you seem determined to annoy me. I shall not ask you to speak again."

"Is it possible that I can still annoy you, Madame?"

Madame crushed a burr with her foot . . . and gasped. She had forgotten the loose seam in her moccasins. The delicate needles had penetrated the flesh. This little comedy, however, passed over his head.

To be Continued.

## A COMING ATTRACTION.

The Grand Trunk Railway system exhibit car, which has just concluded a most successful trip of three months through a portion of the United States, is now visiting some of the principal towns and cities along the main line of the Grand Trunk. It will be open for inspection of visitors at the G. T. R. station at this place on Monday, July 2nd. All who can make it convenient should not miss this opportunity of seeing a novel and instructive exhibit.

The exhibit is a collection of large photographic prints depicting scenes in the many famous summer resort districts reached by this up-to-date railroad. The special features of the car are interesting to the tourist, sportsman and angler. Magnificent specimens of mounted fish and game are included in the exhibit.

## HORSE IS KILLED.

Warsaw, June 29.—A bomb was thrown at five o'clock this afternoon at the Chief of the Railway Gendarmes, Colonel Muradoff, while he was driving through the streets in a cab. The cabmen and gendarme, who accompanied Colonel Muradoff, were severely wounded. The colonel was slightly injured and the horse attached to the cab was killed. The man who threw the bomb escaped.

Pink Lips, Like Velvet, Rough, Chapped or Cracked Lips, can be made as soft as velvet by applying at bedtime, a light coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. The effect on the lips or skin of this most excellent ointment is so rapid and so sure that Dr. Shoop's Green Salve takes out completely the soreness of cuts, burns, bruises and all skin abrasions. It is surely a wonderful and most highly satisfactory healing ointment. In glass jars at 25 cents. Sold by C. McCallum and Co.

## NEW INSECT PLAGUE.

Niagara Falls, June 29.—A plague of insects of a new sort is afflicting this city and vicinity. The bugs destroy rose bushes very quickly, and Fair View cemetery, the pride of the city, is being ruined by them. The insects have now attacked the grape vines and fruit growers are much alarmed. Local florists cannot name the insects or tell how to resist them. Specimens have been sent to the Ontario Agricultural College.

## RESEMBLANCE.

The procedure at Ottawa in the case of the steamer *Arctic* bears a remarkable resemblance to the Glaney episode in the Ontario Legislature. The Liberal majority in both instances voted a coat of whitewash for the accused. They satisfied themselves with glossing over the ugly facts, and expected the country to be deceived thereby.

Ontario was not mocked, nor will the larger electoral body of Canada be deceived.

# BOUQUETS FOR PAPA THROWN AT DAUGHTER

Curzon and Marlborough Say  
Teddy Roosevelt is the  
Greatest Ever

London, June 29.—The Society of American Women gave a luncheon to Ambassador Whiteley and Mrs. Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth at the Hotel Cecil to-day.

The large banquet hall of the hotel was filled with the American women and their guests, who included Lord Roberts, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough and Lord Curzon, the former viceroy of India.

Mrs. Webster Glyne, who presided, in proposing the health of Mr. and Mrs. Reid said the welcome was arranged last year, but unfortunately was deferred on account of the death of Secretary Hay.

The Duke of Marlborough, in proposing the health of Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, spoke of the interest Englishmen took in the political utterances of President Roosevelt, and in his great political career, saying that the President's high aims, courage and manliness commanded the admiration, goodwill, and enthusiasm of the British.

Recognizing the President's great qualities the British gladly welcomed his daughter, and now that they had met her he regretted her early departure, and hoped she would retain for England the kindly feeling and interest which England would retain for her.

Mr. Longworth replied, thanking the American ladies for their courtesies, and expressing the pleasures experienced by himself and his wife at the kindnesses they had met with on every hand.

Lord Curzon, speaking for the guests, said it had been a great pleasure for them to meet the daughter of the greatest statesman of the day. President Roosevelt, he added, was making an enduring mark on the history of his times, but, above all, the British had to thank him for cementing the good relations existing between the peoples.

## ELECTION LAWS REPORT

Not Likely That One Will be Presented This Session.

Ottawa, June 29.—It is not likely that a report would be presented this session by the special committee which has been considering the election laws. The committee was called to meet this morning, but the only member who turned up was Hon. Thos. Greenway.

Two or three members are out of the city and others were attending the morning session of the House.

The findings of the committee will probably be presented at the next session of Parliament, which will be in time for the framing of a new law before the general elections are held.

## NEWSPAPERMEN SHOOT

Each Puts Ball Through Other and Both Will Die.

Columbia, S. C., June 29.—W. O. Tatum, dispensary commissioner, has just received information from Orangeburg that J. T. Parks, auditing clerk of the State treasury and secretary of the State Democratic executive committee, and R. H. Covar, business manager of the Orangeburg Patriot, were mortally wounded there today in a street duel. Both men were shot through the body.

Parks formerly owned the Patriot, and sold it to Covar. The shooting is the result of trouble over the settlement.

## SEES HUSBAND DIE

Then Wife Falls in Faint and Dies Also.

Millersburg, Ohio, June 29.—While James Patterson and his wife, both nearly 80 years old, were visiting their daughter, Mrs. Henry Woerk, near here, the old man fell down the cellar steps and broke his neck. He died instantly. His wife, who witnessed the accident, fell in a faint and died shortly afterwards.

## KILLS SWEETHEART AT ALTAR.

Comfort, Tex., June 28.—In the presence of the assembled wedding guests, last night, at the home of his intended bride, Joseph Reinhardt shot and instantly killed Miss Ernestine Kutzer, the woman he was to have married, and then shot himself with probably fatal results.

The hour for the ceremony was at hand and the guests were assembled in the parlor. Young Reinhardt walked into the room and levelled a revolver at his sweetheart. Three shots were fired at her in rapid succession at close range. The first bullet entered her heart, killing her instantly. Reinhardt then turned the pistol upon himself and fired two bullets into his own breast.

The cause of the tragedy is not known. The relations between the sweethearts had been happy.

The families of both parties are among the best in this county.

## DEPORTATION OF U. S. SILVER.

Montreal, June 29.—The Government's arrangement with the Canadian Bankers' Association for the deportation of United States silver terminates to-morrow, and it is stated in banking circles that the implication for the decision to stop further deportation is that the work has made no appreciable change in the demand for Canadian silver.

Bankers, on the other hand, claim that if the work was carried on some time longer a difference would be shown. A large amount has been deported, but there will be a large influx of foreign silver during the summer invasion of tourists.

## Are You Using a Genuine "Foot Elm" or Only the Cheap Substitute?

Genuine Foot Elm always pleases and satisfies.

R. J. YOUNG &amp; CO.

R. J. YOUNG &amp; CO.

# The Cream of the Stock of The Clark Hat Co., Toronto, Who Recently Went into Liquidation, Put at 50c on the Dollar, Goes on Sale Tuesday Morning at the Same Liberal Reduction Which We Procured It-1/2-Price and Less

## Laces, Silks, Ribbons, Straws, Hat Shapes, Sailors, Ladies' Umbrellas, Flowers, Dress Trimmings, Etc.

re say, the cream of this stock, we mean that we selected the best of everything—nothing but new, materials, so new that much of it had not passed customs and much more had never been opened. tire lot is to be cleared in two days—

## TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

ly the choice stuffs can be had only by being here Nine o'Clock, Tuesday Morning. In addition to pods we advertise many lines from regular stock marked at the same clearing prices—just one half. EVERY ITEM CAREFULLY. EVERYTHING WILL BE PLAINLY MARKED.

Any the stock at one price, . . . . . 15c  
Manhree times the price.

WHITE CANVAS SAILORS. All fashionable shapes. Your choice Tuesday morning 98c

Any Untrimmed Shape in stock Tuesday morning, 25c  
Worth up to \$2.00 and \$3.00.

All Trimmed Millinery (with exception of whites) sell Tuesday morning at EXACTLY HALF PRICE.

## Tds of Yards of Ribbons, to Sell Tuesday Morning at One-Half Price and Less

### Fanw Braids

### 1c Tuesday

### 1c Fancy Straw

### braids and all colors, yd. (Notice no whites

### adve

### 1c

### Half Inch Double Faced

### Velvet Ribbons

### ack, cardinal and mode, 5c and 7c yard.

### To day, 3c.

### ds of Yards of Dress Materials (this season's fabrics) Plainly Marked, at Just Half-Price.

## Bargains in Silks

SATIN VERVEIL-LEUX, Black and Ivory Only. Every thread silk, beautiful finish; worth \$1 yard. Sale price . . . . . 49c

Black Peau de Soie, Shot Taffetas, Plain Tamales, Fancy Faffles, British Tamales and Japan Silks, in stylish half-line stripes, with neat pattern; regular prices range from 60c to 15c per yard; clearing sale price, 38c

JAPAN CORDED WASH SILKS. Black, cream, sky and white, pink and white; 1,000 yards to clear Tuesday morning at yard 19c

## DRESS

## TRIMMINGS

## In assortment of Fancy

## Braids, worth regularly

## 8c, 10c, 12c and 15c

## yard. Take your choice

## Tues. morning, at yd 5c.

## NARROW VELVET RIBBONS

## Castor, brown, cerise, black; worth 4c

## yard. To clear

## 2c

## Silk Valenciennes Insertions, 1-Inch Wide. For 5c Yard

## Colors Ivory and black (only); would be cheap at 10c, assortment of pretty patterns.

## ds of Yards of Dress Materials (this season's fabrics) Plainly Marked, at Just Half-Price.

## ICEMEN

## Toledo Serve Time in Jail

## ombine.

## Toledo 28. — (Special.)—

## Judge Klearing of a Motion

## for the sentences of the 12

## of R. C. and R. A. Beard,

## of the Hygiene, to \$2,500 each

## and to six months in the minimum

## penalty under. The court

## reserves the right to modify the

## sentences. The court

## justified in ordering no further

## deporting for the convicted

## reserving their sentences. In the Beard and

## Lemmer be made quickly and

## compensations.

## Test the quality and weight of

## O. K. Brands of Bread

## Shop open for inspection.

## B. F. Brighton,

## O. K. BAKERY.

## P. Benedict, county prosecutor, left

## early today for Toledo, O., to study

## the methods employed by the prosecu-

## tor there in obtaining the conviction

## of the members of the Toledo ice

## trust.

## CHICAGO CANADIAN VETERANS.

## Toronto, June 29.—Mr. H. J. Dono-

## hoo, chairman of the land grants com-

## mittee of the Chicago branch of the

## Canadian Veterans' Association of '66,

## had an interview with Premier Whit-

## ney at the Parliament buildings this

## morning.

## The Chicago veterans desire to es-

## tablish a settlement in the Rainy River

## district, at a point due north of Chi-

## cago, which can be reached by 24

## hours' journey from the Windy City.

## "Why did you give up your white

## goods business?"

## "Because I had to go into mourn-