

FEDORA

BY VICTORIEN SARDOU

(Continued)

"How good you are! I do not deserve this."

But Olga refused the outstretched hands, refused to respond to the winning smile. She stood and looked at her with a cold, disdainful expression. Fedora interpreted it in her own way.

"Ah, you have not forgiven me then? I hoped you had. Ah, countess, if you could but know how I was suffering then. Give me your hands and your smile. I assure you I have made amends. Ask Loris."

"Yes, I have asked Loris. I just come from him. He at least is satisfied. He believes that you love him. I do not."

"You have no right to say that," said Fedora, proudly; then changed her tone to a coaxing one. "Yes, you have. You are right to accuse me of anything after the way I acted when you were here last, but, countess dear, I was so sorry afterward, and have done all I could to make amends. Indeed, I have counted dear, I want your good will. You are so great-hearted, so generous! I could never be so. I could never have given him up to you, even if he loved you instead of me. No, I never could give him up."

Olga's eyes flashed. As she understood Fedora, this admission, which was touchingly ingenuous, was to her only the unshattering of the claws of the tigress. To her it was a covert declaration that Fedora knew her power over Loris, and would use it. It was a woman's malicious gibe at the unloved woman.

"You would not give him up?"

"I could not, countess. Yes, countess, as God is my judge, if I believed it would add to his happiness I would give him up. I would—but it would kill me."

The countess looked at her in wonderment. Such acting she had never seen. No wonder Loris had been beguiled when she—woman as she was—would have succumbed to the fascination without that letter in her pocket.

"My God how you must hate him!" she exclaimed.

"Hate him?" cried Fedora. "Ah, why will you not believe me? I love him to madness—ah, if you know how much! Why should you doubt me? Has he not told you that I loved him?"

"Alas, yes, and believes it! but do not think I will let him be your drupe, I will save him."

"Ah, this is too much!" cried Fedora. "You are not my friend. You are not his. I could not expect you to be my friend; but I did think you were his, and it was for that reason that I was anxious to have your good will. But if you will not give it to me, if you will persist in ascribing false motives to me, I must let it be so. But why did you come to me? Why is it only to say harsh things? I cannot quarrel with you. Whatever you may feel now, you once did wish me well, and I am too happy to bear you ill will, no matter what your feelings may be. Will you not leave me? It can do no good to use unkind words."

It was the pity of the successful woman for the unsuccessful, but to Olga it was only a piece of fine acting.

"You are mistaken," she said, coldly. "I am your friend, I am not yours, though I tried to be, and would have been. I am his friend. Yes, as you insinuate, I love him, but I love him so well it must seem strange to a woman like you that I would give him up, help him to another love, to make him happier. I love him so well that I will not see him duped, that I will not see him sacrificed to the most horrible of passions—revenge."

"Revenge!" gasped Fedora.

"Now you are more natural," said Olga.

"What do you mean?"

"It is useless to pretend longer, princess. I know all your vile plots. I know why you have tried to make him love you; I know why you have beguiled his secret from him. And I tell you I will tell you, I went to him before I came here—"

"My God! my God! you did not tell him!"

"No, I did not tell him, because, alas! he loves you so insanely that I knew it would kill him, but do not count on that. I will save him, and that is why I am here. I am willing to make terms for his sake. Now what have you to offer?"

"Oh, my God!"

"If you do not promise me to go away, undeciphering him I shall take the risk of telling him the truth."

"No," said Fedora, recovering herself. "It will not be necessary. I will tell him—I will tell him. But, oh, my God! if he should hate me for it! Stop!"

She ran to the counters, and took her by the arm, and looked eagerly into her face.

"No, no, I cannot be wrong," she cried, "you do love him."

"Yes, I love him."

"And it really is only his good you think of? Not your own happiness? It is not to gain him for yourself?"

"If it will make you any happier to know it, he will never love me. I know that."

"Yes, I can see it in your face; you are unselfish, you are good, you are generous. Now look into my face—here by the light." She drew aside a curtain, and let the light stream in on her agonized face.

"And see if you find the wickedness you suspect there. No, there is no wickedness there now. Yes, there was a few days ago—a horrible wickedness there; but not now, not now. I love him as madly as he loves me. If you separate us, if you tell him my dreadful story, it will not be only him that you will kill, but me as well. My God! spare us both. If I did not love him it would be different; but I do, I do. Do you think I would injure him? I know you will not believe me, I know you will not. My God! my God! what shall I do?"

Olga was shaken. If this was acting, it was at least as terrible as the truth.

"But it is true that you were the fiancée of Vladimir Boroff?"

"Quite true."

"And it is true that you came here to entrap a confession of the killing of him from Loris Ipanoff?"

"Quite true."

"And that you did entrap such a confession?"

"Yes."

"Then what did you do?"

"I sent word to General Boroff."

"You tell me this, and yet you say you love Loris Ipanoff?"

"Sit down, countess," said Fedora, sadly. "You must believe I love Loris, and to believe it you must understand. You will sit down," she said, so sweetly that Olga felt her heart go out to her.

The countess sat down, and Fedora stood leaning against the mantelpiece.

"All that you have said is true, but it is also true, though you are so good you will not comprehend it, that all the while I was pretending love I was truly feeling it; but my mind was so full of my horrible mission to revenge the death of Vladimir that I did not know it until it came to the end. And you must remember—it is my only attempt at excuse—that I believed he had murdered Vladimir. Vladimir was killed by a wound through his back."

"Impossible!"

"I saw it. Do you not see how I could be misled?"

The question was pitifully eager.

"Yes," said Olga, more gently than before.

"Then," Fedora covered her face with her hands for a moment before she could continue, "then General Boroff sent two men to kill Loris. Ah, you will never understand this. And I had Loris come here—yes, he was murdered," she whispered.

Olga shuddered, but was beginning to understand better the complex nature of the woman who was confessing such awful things. She put her hand gently on her arm. Fedora thanked her by a look.

"He came, and I would not change my mind even then, for I believed him a murderer, and I had sworn to do it; but, as God is my judge, I intended to kill myself, for I knew then that I loved him. It was horrible! Then he told me why he had killed Vladimir. Vladimir had seduced his wife. Vladimir was a coward, and tried to run away; Loris killed him as he would have done a dog. He was right."

Olga comprehended it all now. She put an arm around Fedora, Fedora paused a while, and went on.

"I must tell you the rest, though I had thought to keep it between Loris, my God, and myself. But you must know how much I love him. I did not know where the men were. I tried to rouse the servants, I tried to find the men. It was useless. Their plans had been perfectly made so that no one should hear or see. It was my honor or his life. I gave my honor!"

"My poor Fedora!" sobbed Olga, the tears running down her cheeks.

"No," said Fedora, quickly, and with a happy smile, "there is nothing to regret. I gave all I could to prove how much I loved him. It was the only atonement I could have made. But now you are my friend."

"I love you. I do not wonder Loris loves you."

"How good you are! But you have frightened me so. I intended to tell Loris the whole truth before. I must not delay a moment now. My God! if he should learn from anybody else he would loathe me."

Olga smiled.

"He will never do aught but love you; but you are right. You must tell him. If not to set yourself right with him, at least to put him on his guard, for you may be sure General Boroff will never cease his pursuit of him."

"Ah, but I wrote to him, telling him Loris was not the man."

"He will not believe that. What answer have you had from him?"

"None."

"Then we must be on our guard. I will send Loris to you, and you will

tell him everything. Then we will put our heads together, and I think we can find some way out of the difficulty. My friends are powerful, and will do much for me, even if they are afraid to have me in Russia. Ah, if I were a man I should be as mad as Loris over you!"

CHAPTER XXIII

The countess hurried from Fedora to Loris, feeling that he would be anxious after her rather mysterious actions when leaving him, and being desirous of putting him in as good a frame of mind as possible for the reception of Fedora's confession, though she had no manner of doubt of his ready forgiveness.

"If you had been much longer I should have followed you," cried Loris as she entered his parlor.

"Well, what have you to say now?" Olga gave him her hands.

"What have I to say? I have to say that if I were a man you should have to fight for her. If I had twenty languages instead of six, as you say you have, I could not find words to describe her. Pardon, I am a woman, but she makes me love her. And Loris, the more I know of her, the more I admire her. She asked me to send you to her. She has something she wants to tell you, and, if I judge you right, you will only love her more for what she tells."

"What secrets? But that is like a woman! Why all this mystery? I have a great mind not to hurry at all. Why could you not have told me your precious secret off-hand? and he pretended to great scorn of the matter."

"Bah!" laughed Olga. "you are dying of curiosity. You are only waiting for me to go before you fly to her."

"Curiosity! I have none. If I fly, it is because I am in a hurry to see Fedora. I will confess to the love, but not the curiosity—that belongs to woman."

"That," laughed Olga, "is a reflection of the man that was. But you on your hat and coat, and we will go down together. I suppose even lovers wear hats and coats."

"Oh, yes. They scorn them, but they wear them."

Olga was an impressionable creature, and easily affected by fancies, which she readily dignified into premonitions. Just now she felt an indefinable feeling of dislike to leave Loris, and she yielded to it so far as to insist upon giving him up to Fedora's.

And when she let him out there she shook her head, and hesitated about accepting his perfunctory invitation to go in. She declined, however, and drove off, muttering: "What good could I be? He cannot help but forgive her. He is too good a hater himself not to understand."

No misgivings troubled Loris. His only difficulty lay in the formality which kept him from running up to Fedora's boudoir without a word to the lackey.

Fedora was waiting for him, arm outstretched, and eyes eager and questioning. For a few moments it was useless to try to speak, and quite unnecessary. Lovers can do without words at times. When they meet is one of the times.

Fedora was not anxious to begin, and it did her good to know how much her lover enjoyed her presence. She rested quietly in his strong arms. As for him, he was not so curious, but he could wait. He did not like to break into the blissful silence which is so eloquent to hearts in accord.

It was Fedora who broke the silence. She caught her breath.

"Olga saw you?" she said.

"Yes, and had a great deal to say about some secret. Come now, I wager I can better do without hearing it than you can without telling it."

"Yes," said Fedora, in a low tone, "that is true. I must tell you. My happiness depends upon it."

He could not see her face, and did not notice the tone. He laughed gaily.

"I knew it! I have a great mind to shut your mouth so that you cannot tell it."

"But I will not do that, my Loris."

"But I will. Put those lips where I can see them—the ripest, reddest, most perfect lips man ever had the good fortune to look on."

She turned her face up with a sort of meekness that thrilled him through with a sense of complete possession. He put his lips to hers, and she responded to his caresses as only a woman can who has yielded her whole self and soul to a man.

"Now," said he "do you beg of me to let you tell me?"

"Yes, I beg of you, and do not make it hard for me, my Loris, for I do not wish to tell it."

"Not sober?" said he.

"Yes, very sober."

"Well, then, we will have no more jesting. Tell me, and I will listen."

"Madame la princess!"

It was Marka discreetly calling from the dressing room. Fedora slipped away from the side of Loris.

"Yes, Marka."

"There is a man here who wishes

to see monsieur the Count Ipanoff."

"Let him wait. What does he want?" said Loris, impatiently.

"He says it is important, and that you will forgive the interruption."

"I will go down to him," said Loris to Fedora.

But she clung to him with an undefined fear.

"No, let him come up here," she said, "unless you do not wish me to hear."

"That! bring him up here, Marka."

Marka hastened away, and returned with a man, unmistakably a Russian of the lower orders. Fedora turned cold at the sight of him, and her heart almost ceased to beat. Since Olga had discovered her secret, and more still, since Olga had warned her to beware of General Boroff, she had not been easy.

"Well," demanded Loris, as the man shyly entered her room.

"Master!" cried the man, almost throwing himself at the feet of Loris.

"Ivan?" exclaimed Loris, "is it you? What brings you here? Not bad news, eh?"

The man took a letter from his pocket, and handed it to Loris. Fedora could hardly forbear snatching it from her lover's hand. She stood in silent agony as he opened it.

"God of heaven!" he cried, as he glanced hastily at it.

"What?" she almost screamed.

He handed the letter to her, and she held it with trembling hands while she read it:

"Your mother and brother dead. Ask the bearer."

"Dimitri Ditché."

Fedora pressed her hand to her heart, and listened while Loris questioned the man.

"You know what this says?"

"Yes, master."

"It is true then?"

"Yes, master."

"My mother and brother dead? How?"

"Your brother was arrested by the order of the Minister of Police, and was shot trying to escape. It is said they let him escape on purpose to shoot him."

"My God! And my mother?"

"She was to go to the mines of Siberia. She saw your brother shot, and it killed her."

"Fiends of hell! Why was this, Ivan? Do you know?"

Fedora trembled at the appearance of her lover. He looked terrible. He did not break down and rave; but he was white, and his eyes blazed with a savage fire. She forgot the stranger, and clung to the man she loved, and now, for the first time, feared.

"I do not know. I could only learn that it was the cause of some information lodged against you by somebody."

"No, no!" gasped Fedora, clutching at her lover's breast to keep from falling. "No, no! it cannot be!"

"Alas!" said Ivan, looking with a sort of curiosity at her "it is true. The writer of that note is one who knows."

"Yes," corroborated Loris, "Dimitri knows."

But Fedora did not hear. She was senseless in his arms.

CHAPTER XXIV

Olga kept telling herself that all would be well with the princess as soon as she had confessed everything to Loris, but she could not rid herself of that uneasy feeling which had attacked her. She watched the clock until she thought time enough had elapsed for Fedora to have told Loris all there was to be told, and then she ordered her carriage, and was driven to the palace.

Marka met her almost as she entered the doors, and greeted her eagerly.

"I am so glad you have come. The princess has been asking for you, and if you had not come I should have gone for you. Please come up at once."

"Is anything wrong?"

"I do not know, except that the princess is in great distress."

"And Count Ipanoff?"

"He went away some time ago."

"Has there been a quarrel?"

"I do not know."

"Ah, these men!" muttered Olga as she ran up the broad staircase.

Fedora sat alone in the boudoir, her face white and drawn.

"You have come!" she cried at sight of Olga.

"Yes, I have come. What is the matter? Where is Loris?"

"Gone."

"He was angry?"

"Worse."

"Tell me then."

"They have killed his mother and brother."

"Who have?"

"General Boroff."

"The villain! I was afraid he meant mischief."

"But that is not the worst—not the worst for me."

"Tell me everything."

"They have sent word to Loris that his mother and brother were punished on the strength of information lodged against him."

"Ah, you poor creature!" cried Olga.

I did not dare to tell him then. He would have killed me. Oh, Olga, I will lose him. I will lose him. If he learns that it was I who sent that information I am sure he will kill me; but if he does not he will hate me. How could he help it. My God! and this is my punishment!"

She did not weep and cry out, but

uttered everything in a horrified whisper.

Olga knelt by her side and wound her arm around her.

"Do not despair until the worst comes, my dear Fedora. Trust me to find some way out of this trouble. Loris loves you, and he will love you even though he learns that you had such an unhappy part in this tragedy; but we must keep your share of it away from him until the shock of it has passed away."

"But he may learn of it from some other source!"

"That is unlikely."

"But there is something I neglected to tell you this morning."

Olga lifted her eyebrows.

"I did not think of it then, but since that message came I have thought of everything. When I sent word to Boroff that it was Loris I did it to graph. I sent the message by a man named Grech, who had come from St. Petersburg with me by order of General Boroff."

"A detective?"

"Yes. He was in love with my maid, Marka, and she had just driven him to despair at the very moment I sent her to him with the telegram. He put the telegram in his pocket, went off, and drank brandy until he was stupidly drunk. He has no recollection of having sent the telegram."

"But it was received by Boroff?"

"Yes. He said so in his letter to me."

"The man might have sent it while he was drunk."

"But I have questioned him, and he remembers so many things that happened. That, however, he cannot recall doing. My fear is that Boroff may have some other agent here, and in his anger at me may have Loris informed that I sent the telegram."

"What day did you send the telegram?"

Fedora reckoned back and told her. The day after that Lasinsky had acted so strangely.

"Have you had anything to do with Nicholas Lasinsky?"

Fedora did not remember him.

"He has had something to do with this, and he shall account to me for it. I know how to reach him. But never mind him. Does Loris suspect anything at all?"

"Nothing, I am sure."

"Why did he leave you?"

"He has gone to try to discover something about it. I think he intends to telegraph. Oh, it kills me to think that it was I who did it. He suffers, I see him suffer, and I can do nothing, say nothing, for I am the cause."

"But you must not look so, you must not act so. You will betray yourself, and to do that now will be the very worst that could happen. Come, my princess, you could act when it was for your own self—for your hate; can you not do as much for Loris and your love?"

"It was always easy to pretend to love him, but you are right. I will not let him see me so. What is it, Marka?"

"The Count Ipanoff is here."

Fedora turned to Olga with a frightened look. Olga turned quickly to Marka.

"The princess will have him here. He will excuse me for being in his way." Then when Marka was gone, "Remember you are not to let him notice anything. Let us see how brave you can be. I will give you time."

In pursuance of this plan, Olga sprang at once to meet Loris, exclaiming, feigningly:

"What terrible news!" then in a whisper, "as little as possible about it. She is so shocked."

He nodded assent, and went to Fedora, who stood watching him almost as if she expected him to turn and strike her.

"My darling! I was so inconsiderate. But I will think of other things."

"Yes, yes; but tell me first; have you learned anything?"

"No, nothing; but I shall. Never fear. By tomorrow I shall know who it was that gave information against me."

Fedora cast a terrified glance at Olga.

"By tomorrow!" said Olga. "How will you learn by that time?"

"The man Ivan, who brought the news, says that Dimitri Ditché promised to discover the name for me. You know Dimitri can discover."

"How?" whispered Fedora.

"Oh, he has access to the records of the police."

"To-morrow!" said Fedora, as if to herself.

"Yes, to-morrow; but let us not talk of this any more."

"To-morrow," repeated Fedora, absently. "Loris, my dear love, what will you do when you learn who did this thing?"

"Talk of something else, Loris Ipanoff," cried Olga, quickly, for she saw the darkening of the man's eyes and the hungry look in Fedora's as she watched his lips.

"Thank you, Olga," said Loris. "I ought to know better than let her question me. Come, my princess, he said, tenderly, to Fedora, "let me sing to you."

"Yes," said Fedora, patting his broad chest with one of her little hands. "Yes, you shall sing for me, but first tell me what you would do."

He tried to laugh, and put her aside, but she would not let him. He looked at Olga for help.

LIBERAL ORGAN IS HIS DEFENCE

An Ontario "conservative" Telles on the Brantford "Expositor" to Support His Position on "Made-in-Canada"

The "Made-in-Canada" movement came in for considerable discussion during the Budget Debate in the recent session of the House of Commons. One or two members criticized the movement as being entirely selfish and in the interest of the manufacturers alone. In the course of the debate Mr. Fisher, the member for North Brant, quoted the Brantford "Expositor," one of the leading Liberal papers in Western Ontario, in support of the "Made-in-Canada" movement. After referring to the criticism of the "Made-in-Canada" movement, which preceded his speech, Mr. Fisher stated that in his section of the Province of Ontario, which constituted an important industrial, as well as farming, centre, the people all firmly believed in the movement.

"Not alone the artisans of Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, Paris, Guelph, Berlin, Galt, Waterloo, Woodstock, Iveston and other manufacturing centres, but the merchants and farmers as well realize the importance of the "Made-in-Canada" movement. The artisan knows that increased demand for Canadian-made goods means better work and wages for himself, and consequently more comfort for his family; the merchant knows it means more and better business, while the farmer has learned the value of the home market and knows that it means a better market for everything he has to sell. This view is shared by Liberals and Conservatives alike. I should like to read a few short articles on this movement taken from the Brantford Expositor, the leading Liberal organ in the section from which I come, and I would commend these extracts to the hon. gentleman who has just taken his seat."

Creed For Canadians

On October 13, the Expositor published an article with the header "A good creed for Canadians," as follows:

"I believe in Canada.
I love her as my home.
I honor her institutions.
I rejoice in the abundance of her resources.
I have unbounded confidence in the ability and enterprise of her people, and I cherish exalted ideas of her destiny among the nations of the world.
Anything that is produced in Canada, from Canadian materials, by the application of Canadian brain and labor, will always have first call with me."
On November 4, 1914, it published another article, from which the following is an extract:

"To keep prosperity in Canada and the spectre of hard times out, just means that from now on the people of Canada will consider their own business of first importance, will spend their money for the goods made in Canadian factories. It's the importance of maintaining Canadian pay-roll that puts us all on the same level."
Again on January 30.

"The people anxious to give preference in purchases to goods that are the product of Canadian industry, but they must be made more familiar with the nature and extent of these articles. An educational campaign backed up by frequent exhibits in every city and town in the country of "Made-in-Canada" goods will do much to increase the activity of the manufacturing establishments of the Dominion."

Economic Epigrams

On February 9 the Expositor contained a number of economic epigrams, of which I will read two or three:

"Now that the real estate soap-bubblers are out of business in this country we are again estimating the value of land by the number of smokestacks. There's more money in the "Made-in-Canada" habit than in the sub-division habit."
"God made the farm, but man makes the factory. The factories of Canada, created by Canadians are entitled to the admiration of every farmer in Canada."
"Half the world does not know how the other half lives, and half the people of Canada might just as well say they don't care how the other half lives so long as they deliberately keep them out of work by buying imported goods."
These are clippings from the most prominent Liberal paper in that section of the country. I am sure that after listening to these extracts, every member in this House will agree that the "Made-in-Canada" policy has taken a strong hold on the people of Canada, and as the importance of the question is better understood, this hold will continue to grow.

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for district. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties: Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months' residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homesteaded patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased right in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C. M. G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—64388. 22-6mos.

NOTICE OF SALE

To Charles Edmonds of Newcastle in the County of Northumberland Laborer and the heirs of Florence Edmonds deceased and all others whom it may concern:

Take notice that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the store of George Stables in the Town of Newcastle in the said County of Northumberland on THURSDAY the twenty second day of JUNE next at twelve o'clock noon.

All that piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in Newcastle aforesaid and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a stake fifty feet from intersection of road running in front of the said lot and Creek running towards the river thence along the said road fifty feet in an easterly direction to a stake thence on a line at right angles to the said road one hundred feet to a stake on the rear line of front lots thence westerly along the rear line of front lots fifty feet to a stake thence at right angles to the said road being the place of beginning and being the same lands conveyed to the said Florence Edmonds by James Donohue by Indenture bearing date the 22nd January A. D. 1910, as by reference to the said deed will more fully appear.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 22nd day of January A. D. 1910 and made between the said Charles Edmonds and Florence Edmonds of the first part and the said George Stables of the second part.

Default having been made in the payment of the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage.

Terms cash

Dated this fifteenth day of April A. D. 1915

E. P. WILLISTON,
Solicitor for the Mortgagee
GEORGE STABLES
17-3mos. Mortgagee