

FEDORA

BY VICTORIEN SARDOU

(Continued)

"We came quick, and we're both tired; but if those are the orders, why back we go," growled the fellow.

"Yes, you must have been tired. And I suppose you are not any too well paid for your work? Stop a moment. You took this journey on a mistake of mine. When you get to St. Petersburg, go to my banker—I'll give you a check for five hundred roubles; half for your comrade."

She went to her escritoire in the adjoining room, and wrote the check, and gave it to the man, who went off with a smile on his brutal face. She saw him leave the room with a feeling of relief. It seemed to her that as long as he was in Paris, Boris was not absolutely safe.

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured. "Now for the letter to General Boroff."

It was not an easy letter for her to write, and all things considered, it is not to be wondered at that she made several attempts before she could construct a missive that would just suit her.

There were several things to be considered. In the first place, General Boroff not being in love with Boris Ipanoff could not be expected to take as lenient a view of the duel as she had done. Vladimir had not deceived his father as he had her. Indeed, as she thought it over, she had no doubt that the father had known all along of the relation Vladimir bore to the wife of Boris.

That, no doubt, was the clew to the guilt of Boris. Then the general was not a man for ever to anger with impunity. It would never do to tell him that she was in love with Boris, and was going to marry him.

She detested the general, thinking of how he had made use of her when he knew the baseness of his son toward her, and she would have defied him on her own account, but after the episode of the two murderers coming to Paris with power to kill Boris, she felt uneasy for him.

How to write the letter so as to let him know that she had withdrawn from the pursuit of the person guilty of the death of his son, and at the same time to convince him that Boris was not the person who had puzzled her. She wrote and rewrote before she could settle on the following:

"My dear General:—We have narrowly escaped a terrible mistake. Everything was arranged with the two men as agreed upon, and by this morning the event would have been un fait accompli, had I not, at the last moment, discovered that I had been grossly misinformed. Boris Ipanoff did not murder Vladimir, I have, therefore, sent the men home again.

"I have received such a shock in consequence of the narrow escape from the murder of an innocent man that I shall no longer be able to take an active part in the pursuit of the man at whose hands Vladimir received his death-wound. I hope, however, that you will keep me informed of any discoveries you may make."

She signed this, and prepared it for the mail. It reached General Boroff before the men did, and by this morning the event would have been un fait accompli, had I not, at the last moment, discovered that I had been grossly misinformed.

It seemed as if a little more only was required to entirely wipe out that ugly few days. She looked up at Marka with a smile as she entered, evidently with something on her mind.

"Madam," she said, and stopped. "Yes, Marka," said the princess, concisely.

"Er—er—madam—"

"Marka, you have a favor to ask. What is it?" asked the princess, gayly.

"It is not for myself, but for my friend."

"I am sorry for that, but ask anyhow."

"It is about Gretch."

"Gretch! Dear me! I had quite forgotten Gretch. I have not seen him for days, and now I do want to see him."

"But, madam, he has a favor to ask—a confession—"

The princess looked up quickly, and laughed merrily.

to the brandy bottle, it was no longer with any distress of mind. The brandy had accomplished the purpose for which he had taken it. It had given him peace.

The stairs which led to his apartment gave him some trouble, but he accomplished the ascent in the course of time, and without making one impatient exclamation. If he stretched himself in his bed with infinite care, but without removing his clothing, it was because he was at that moment superior to the mere conventionalities of life.

It took Gretch three days to recover his mental and moral tone. The first day after he recovered consciousness he did not care whether he lay with his clothes on or off. Life that day was at its best a jockey. The second day he suffered agonies of remembrance. He thought of Marka all that day. The third day he recalled the fact that he knew very well that the Russian government would never excuse him because he was in love with the maid of the princess. The Russian government, as he very distinctly understood, did not take the divine passion of love into account by reckoning with its employes.

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The fumes of the brandy being spent, he was no longer reckless. A certain indistinctness in the lapse of time since he saw Marka rendered resignation more easy. He loved her as much as ever, but there were other considerations that shared his thoughts with her. One thing he decided to do. That was, go to the princess and beg her to excuse him for this one time. He did not resolve never to think any more of Marka, but he did promise himself to treat her no longer as an attainable thing. He would worship her silently and sorrowfully. The main thing of a practicable nature was to renege himself in the favor of the princess.

It was impossible to recover his beard and the dye would not yet come out of the mustache and imperial. How they made him recall Marka's laughter. So there was nothing for it but to present himself with the mustache and imperial as they were, minus only the wax.

He donned his clothes of Russian cut, but he could not help seeing that they were terribly out of keeping with the cut of his mustache and imperial. He knew Marka would shriek at such a sight, and he had no mind to see her laugh again at his expense.

The Parisian clothes he loathed, but he tried them on. Perhaps it was because he had taken the extreme style out of them by using them for night clothes, or it might be that they suited him better than his old ones. Anyhow he looked less absurd in them, so he wore them.

It was the fourth day after his unhappy resort to the brandy bottle that he presented himself at the palace. He was extremely dejected and subdued, but he bore himself with as brave an air as he could.

He had intended to be civil, but his distant, with Marka, but when he found himself alone in her presence, as he was at his very first entrance into the palace, he turned about to fly. But that was only an impulse, and he faced about again at her first words.

"Where have you been, Gretch? I was afraid you were sick. I am so glad you are here."

Yes, she said nothing less than that. Gretch did wheel about and stare at her in amazement. After all, her tone, more than her words, surprised him. It was serious and earnest.

The fact was just here. The distress of the two lovers in a sphere above her had softened Marka wonderfully, and then, moreover, she was in trouble, and girls in trouble like a man to lean on. Marka could trust Gretch, and since he had so successfully mimicked Monsieur Paul, he had risen in her estimation.

"You are glad," ejaculated Gretch, doubting his ears.

Marka did not notice the tone especially, and went closer to him, whispering:

"Have you been on business for the princess?"

Gretch started at that, but he replied, with great honesty:

"No, I have been trying to kill myself with brandy because you would not love me."

At that Marka started. Then she said, compassionately:

"Do you love me so much as that? I am sorry I was so hard with you. But never mind that now. Do you know anything about the trouble we are in?"

Of course he had not the slightest idea of it. So she told him, thinking he might have some secret knowledge that might help them out, but he was as much in the dark as she was.

However, that led them to several confidential conversations, in the course of which he discovered that she had not been laughing at him, but at what she considered his exquisite imitation of Monsieur Paul. Do you think he undecieved her? Not he.

But he also was reminded of the note she had given him. He knew he had delivered no note, but he said nothing about it until he had gone home and searched every part of his room. Afterward he questioned her carefully and adroitly, and tried hard to gain some recollection of what could have become of that slip which he now was satisfied was, by being missing, the cause of all the trouble.

When, at last, he could not find the note nor think of where he could have lost it, he decided to tell Marka. It happened that he told her on the morning when the princess was so happy.

Marka scolded him roundly, though she forgave him a great deal when she learned that it was during his despairing moments that he had lost the paper; but she insisted that he should tell her mistress. And that is why he wished to see the princess. And, no doubt, it is clear enough why Marka stammered and blushed when she spoke of Gretch to her mistress.

At first the princess refused to believe that it was Gretch who stood before her, but Marka not only vouched for it, but told the reason of it in her own way, and that made the princess laugh heartily enough. She was so ready to be happy that morning.

"But the confession, Gretch; what of that?"

It was not about Marka, as she had expected, but of the telegram. She listened and questioned and wondered. Feared a little, too; but finally decided that it did not matter after all, since everything had happened right in the end, and so she did not only forgive Gretch, but made herself very happy and them, too, perhaps by teasing them about each other.

Why should she trouble herself about the telegram. He must really have sent it while he was drunk, and have forgotten it afterward.

CHAPTER XXI

The Countess Olga had conceived a great fondness for the Princess Fedora, but she loved Ipanoff with a devotedness that had enabled her to listen to Lasinsky when he so grossly insulted her, and would have enabled her to assist Ipanoff to secure the love of Fedora.

She liked Fedora, but she loved Ipanoff. She would sacrifice herself for Ipanoff, and she would equally sacrifice Fedora to aid him. When she wrote her letter to St. Petersburg it was with the memory of the fact that Fedora had at the first confessed to some secret purpose in being in Paris.

The countess was of the opinion, after what she had heard from Ipanoff of the duel with Vladimir Boroff, that it might have some relation to the purpose of the princess in coming to Paris. That is she suspected it vaguely after having been to see the princess on her errand of pacification.

The real truth of the matter did not begin to dawn upon her, and her only reason for having any suspicion was her knowledge of the devious ways of the Russian diplomatic and police system. Knowing nothing of the relations of Fedora to Ipanoff, she was impossible to conjecture how the Princess Fedora Romanoff could be mixed up in any such matter as his fatal duel with Boris Ipanoff.

She wondered if Lasinsky could by any possible chance be an agent of the government, but passed that as unlikely. Then what was the meaning of his sudden rupture with her, after taking so much trouble and so much risk, too, in trying to gain her assistance.

She wished she had slashed his face with her whip when he spoke to her as no other man had ever dared to do, but she did not quite despair of some day having her revenge for the insult.

In the meantime she tried to see, and have a talk with him, but he carefully avoided her. He had watched Boris enough to know that he applied in vain at the palace for admission, and that he surreptitiously met the maid in the street.

The ravages of despair in the face of the man he was pleased to call his rival delighted him beyond measure. He knew the Russian government too well not to be sure that a telegram from the Princess Fedora to General Boroff must mean something of moment.

Ipanoff was evidently guilty of something, and since Fedora took the trouble to send such a telegram it must also be that something would happen to Ipanoff which would certainly not be pleasant.

He could do nothing but wait, but he waited with the satisfaction of one who has done all he could and a great deal more than could have been expected of him.

The Countess Olga would say nothing of what she suspected to Boris for two reasons. She could prove nothing, and he would not do any less than hate her if she went to him without proof. It was likely enough that he would hate her if she went to him with proof, but that she would risk, since she was willing to sacrifice anything to help him.

If she had gone to him she would

probably have learned that he was reconciled and more than reconciled to Fedora, but she did not go to him, contenting herself with the report of a footman whom she sent to his apartments, not to ask after him, but to discover by ocular proof that he was still there and well.

She remained away because she did not know what to say to him of the result of her visit. She did, indeed, think he would come to her to find out, but the fact that he did not was added reason why she should not go to him.

Several days passed in this way. Bristling days to Boris and Fedora, but wretched ones to Olga. She watched the mails anxiously before there was any possibility of an answer coming to her. But one day she looked for letters was there. She tore it open feverishly, and read it. There were but few words in it. She had not expected many. It read:

"The Princess Fedora Romanoff was to have married the Count Vladimir Boroff. He was murdered. She is now working in conjunction with General Boroff to discover the murderer. Do not betray this to anybody."

"My God!" cried Olga, "and Ipanoff killed him! If she harms him I will tear her heart out with my own hands."

She rang her bell violently, and when the footman answered it, exclaimed:

"Quick! my carriage!"

She ran to her room, and, without waiting for her maid, began to throw her wraps on.

"The horses!" she muttered. "She would be revenged on him for the worthless life of her lover. Oh, I see it all now. It was all a part of a cruel plan. Ah, she duped me with her sweet, pretty ways, but she did not reckon on woman's wit when suspicion was roused. She coaxed his secret from him, and now only waits for his destruction. My God! am I too late?"

If the lovers had only given a thought to the woman who had the good of them both at heart, she might not have leaped into her carriage crying:

"To the apartments of the Count Ipanoff."

She would not have leaped back in her carriage, gazing that the horses did not fly, in order that she might the sooner tell Boris Ipanoff that the woman he had loved had been the fiancée of the man he had killed, and was an agent of the police to compass his destruction.

CHAPTER XXII

A happier man than Boris Ipanoff there could hardly be. Now that peace had settled in the heart of Fedora she was all and more than he had ever dreamed a woman could be.

It was not only that every good impulse of her nature was developed in the sunshine of their mutual love and adoration, but she was endeavoring by every device known to her to atone to him for the wrong she had nearly done him. Never was woman more humble in her devotion than she was, never a woman more eager to please.

All of that pretty tyranny which a woman feels it her right to practice with her lover she eschewed. She would have been glad had he been tyrannical with her in order that she might then prove to him how completely she was his by cheerfully submitting to the most unreasonable demands.

But he was as eager as she to please and worship, and he only laughed when she urged him to test her complaisance. It was so delightful to him that this woman, who was strong and self-reliant, as few women are, should give herself up to him and his will so absolutely. The only way he could show his appreciation of it was by doing as much for her.

It was a loving rivalry that made life a paradise to them, and it was only the moments when they were apart from each other that they realized they were actually on this earth. And even then it was a glorified earth to them.

Occasionally it troubled Fedora that she had such a secret from her lover, but she kept promising herself that at some fitting time she would tell him, but as she shrank from doing it, the fitting time kept removing itself further into the future, and it was not yet told.

At the time when Olga was hurrying to him with the secret which Fedora should have told, he was in his apartments beguiling the hours of separation by singing some of those Russian peasant songs which had become a means between them of telling in another way the love they felt.

He did not move from the piano when the card of the countess was brought to him.

"Ask her to come up," he had said to his valet, and to himself he said, "That good Olga! I owe her something for my happiness, and I have neglected her shamefully. I believe it is true that the happy are the most ungrateful."

And then he turned again and played and sang softly one of the love songs which Fedora liked best. "My poor Boris!" Olga stood watching him from the doorway, her face set with anger for the woman and pity for him. He wheeled quickly on the stool, and ran toward her with extended hands and happy, smiling face.

only your good will that would be enough. I am so happy, Olga, and you will rejoice with me. Forgive the raptures of a lover. Come, sit here, and let us talk of her," and he smiled gayly.

"Of her!" said Olga.

"Of Fedora. It was all such a dreadful mistake; but it is right now. Olga, she is an angel! Do all lovers talk so? how stupid it must be for you. But you are glad, are you not?"

"You are reconciled to Fedora? She loves you? You are happy?"

"Loves me! Happy! I know six languages, Olga, and all of them will not supply me with words enough to realize how much she loves, how happy I am."

What could it mean? Olga was too truly anxious to serve him to be precipitate, but she could only think that he was being still further duped.

"Let me understand you," she said. "Fedora Romanoff loves you?"

"If she only said so I might doubt," said Boris, "but she proves it by every look and act. I forgive your incredulity," he said, laughing, "for I think it wonderful and surprising enough that she should love me; but I can't even at a distance from her doubt it. I know she loves me. And, ah! how I love her!"

"But she said to me—ah, I do not comprehend at all."

Loris laughed gayly. His happiness was terrible to her.

"Of course you do not comprehend. Did she say perhaps that she did not love me? I can quite believe it, for she has told me that tried to hate me, but thank God! she did not succeed. Ah, Olga, she was near! In those days, and so was I, but who would not suffer ten times as much for such bliss as this of being loved? Why don't you laugh at me? I give you permission. Is this the Boris Ipanoff who had such a ready tongue for the disparagement of your sex? It is the same, and he glories in his shame. Why do you not smile?"

"My God! Boris, I cannot smile. I am dazed. Will Fedora see me? I go to her, do you think?"

His face lighted up.

"Will you go now? Come, that is well. Now I have an excuse. I will take you. Let us go at once. Olga, you are my good angel!"

"I will be if I can," muttered Olga.

"Eh?" said he.

"I must go alone, I wish to talk with her."

"Go alone! Come, this is serious. What is the matter, Olga? You do, indeed, look distressed."

"What is the matter? How can I tell? I do not know. I know nothing. But I will find out."

"Olga," said he, soberly, seeing by her expression that she was much moved by something, "you will say nothing to Fedora that will disturb her? She has suffered terribly, and I would keep everything from her that would cause her the least anxiety. If you know anything tell it to me. I am almost her husband—we are to be married in a few days."

"In a few days!" said Olga, wonderingly. "Do not be alarmed, Boris. I will say nothing to her that she may not hear with safety. Let me go. I would like to congratulate her."

Loris shook his head. He had begun to have a profound distrust of his own powers of judging women. What Olga intended he could not fathom. He was quite satisfied, however, that she was kindly disposed toward Fedora as well as himself, so he only said:

"Assure me it is something you can tell Fedora as well as I."

HOW THE WOMEN ARE GIVING HELP

A Matter of Intuition—Sustain the Pay Roll by Purchasing "Made-in-Canada" Goods

What are the women of Canada doing about the "Made-in-Canada" movement? As usual, more than meets the eye. There never was a good movement without women in it somewhere. When the women of Canada undertake to put their sanction on the campaign that means prosperity to their husbands, sons and brothers, the success of that campaign is certain. In this case that intuition, counts for more than all the logic of well-constructed arguments. Women are natural economists—as well as instinctive spenders. When they endorse a policy of buying goods made by Canadians for the sake of Canadian homes, they do it as a matter of plain instinct. You don't have to reason to a woman that it's her duty to support her own cause before anybody else's. She takes it for granted.

All this movement needed to carry it with flying colors to the winning post of national prosperity was the intuitive backing of the intelligent womanhood of Canada. To them it's as obvious as the smile that disarms opposition, or the tears that conquer an enemy. There isn't an intelligent woman in Canada who doesn't stand behind this campaign to boost Canadian prosperity. Any mere man who feels doubtful or lukewarm about it had better introduce the subject to his wife. One gleam of her intuitive perception will be a match for all his lame and limping arguments to the contrary. This is no cause that divides families. Buying "Made-in-Canada" goods at a time like this is the one cause that unites both families and communities.

It isn't a matter of buying silks and bric-a-brac. . . . What keeps the Canadian factory going nowadays is the main part of what you buy every day, and the small items multiplied run into a larger total than the big purchase

CANADIAN DOLLARS NEEDED AT HOME

Everybody Can Help—Where the Wholesaler Comes In—The General Welfare of Canada

Keeping the Canadian dollar at home is very much a matter of the wholesale dealer who buys in carload lots.

No matter what retailers and individual consumers may decide to do as a national self-interest campaign, the jobber is the man who very often controls the situation. The wholesale dealer has a wide-angle vision. He has customers far and wide; not in one province, but in many. His parish is often as large as that of the manufacturer. His business has a national scope. To the wholesaler the general welfare of Canada is of more direct importance than it is to the retailer of the individual.

Naturally this country looks to the wholesaler to help along the "Made-in-Canada" movement, because it is going to be in his best interests to offer the retailer the goods his customers are demanding, and in his position of buying in carload lots he can do a great deal to help or hinder people in carrying out the "Made-in-Canada" sentiment.

The wholesaler who buys his goods from a foreign country is letting the reservoir leak without pumping into it. Every carload of goods bought outside of Canada means the value of a carload taken away from the purchasing power of the Canadian people, which depends directly on the business done by Canadian factories quite as much as on the proceeds of Canadian farms and mines and fisheries.

We all realize the insanity of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The golden egg in this case is the ability of the Canadian people to buy goods, and the ability of the Canadian manufacturer to supply them, as well if not better, as cheaply if not more cheaply, than any other nation now competing for business.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE MAN WHO DRAWS HIS PAY IN ONE TOWN AND SPENDS IT IN ANOTHER?

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES, General Sec'y.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, Small Pits, Small Doses, Small Price. Genuine and bear Signature.



Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations

The sole land 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 homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead 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 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 July 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 rear line one hundred feet to the said road being the place of beginning and being the same lands conveyed to the said Florence Edmonds by James Donohoe 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