Now, I will go backward—so," They were inside the Château, carry-ing their burden between the rows of portraits into a room which had been a drawing room in byzone daws fur-nished with spindle-legged furniture, gilt mirrors and ormolu cabinets. A bed in a corner showed that its use had been converted, probably because the upper part of the Chateau was no longer habitable. Madeigine Rosny came in with her arms full of bed linen, diffusing the scent of wintergreen. Lafe and her-father got Hilary to bed. He was stir-ring now, beginning to toss his arms and mutter in delirium. The pulse and mutter in delirium. The pulse was stronger, but the flush which had supplanted the pallor denoted fever. Presently the cure entered and went

WOODER

SPOIL

VICTOR

ROUSSEAU

ILEUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

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Madeleine did uot answer him. Pres-ently Lafe, crouching in the bottom of the buggy, heard her sobbing again, low, heartbroken sobs that she could not check for a long time. Sometimes she took her eyes from the road to look for a moment into Hilary's face, and once shestopped for a moment. "How is he?" she asked. "He is living, Mademoiselle," mild Lafe. And that was all he dared to way.

There was no lantern, and Madeleine needed all her watchfulness to avoid the stones and ruts in the read. Luck-

the stones and ruts in the read. Luck-ily the moon was bright and the horse steady. Once, as the buggy swung round a bend, Lafe, looking ont, saw the cure trudging behind, shaking his heavy stick. He heard Madeleine still sobbing. His own heart was heavy enough; he blamed himself for Hil-ary's misfortune. He should have stood by him. And he had meant to do se. But he had not calculated that Hilary would walk so fast or go to St. Benne eso soon.

Hisry would walk so fast or go to St. Benince so soon. The trees fell away, discioning the Rosny chateau. The buggy stopped be-fore the door in front of which the Seigneur and the old retainer were standing, with anxious faces. Made-leine bent swiftly over Hilary and raised his limp hand; then she turned her eyes to Lafe's, mutely asking him that question which could not be spoken.

"He is no worse," said Lafe.

"He is no worse," said Lare. The Seigneur and his man came to-ward them. "MacPherson telephoned to the post office and they brought me the news," he said. "You did quite

right, Madeleine. Gently, now, Mon-sieur," he added, addressing Connell, and together they raised Hilsry from the buggy floor. "Remember the steps. Now, I will go backward—so."

when Hilary was convalescent. He hummed and nawea a good dem, and finally the truth came out. If would be easy enough to get the po-lice up from Quebec, but the quar-tette would have to be laid by the heels before the advent of winter made further action impossible for months. Of the four, Pierre had dis-appeared. Leblanc was said to have gone into the woods for the winter to trap, having apparently abandoned his pretense of a sub-lease on the Size. Marie limits. Simeon Daval was run-ning his saloon wide open, and swear-ing that. Hilary having assaulted him, he had struck with bis knife in self-defense, while in a half-stunned con-dition. Little Louis, his brother, scared out of his wits, had been to see the cure with a view to making his peace.

the opportunity arose. He meant to rid the community of them and Simeon; but he had a strong man's reluctance to call upon the law to avenge a physical assault. In the end the cure went away with the under-standing that Louis was forgiven, and with no decision taken as to write.

Hilary had no desire to panish Louis any further, though he meant to deal with Pierre and Leblanc when

"I Love You, Hilary," She and looked into his eyes. "I love you Hilary," she answered, with pride

arms. "I love you, Madeleine." She did not try to disengage her-self; she was trembling, and he could not see her face. "Madeleine! Tell me--" He was conscious of a stupendous fear; all the future hung upon that instant, and still she gave no sign. "Won't you look at me, Madeleine? Won't you speak to me?" At that she raised her head, and fung it back with a proud gesture,

"No," she said in a whisper, looking

had hinted as much to me." "I presumed once," began Hilary quietly, though his heart had sudden-iy begun to hammer, "to ask you a question about Monsieur Bromsseau which angered you. Whether he meant so much to you. I dare"—he took her hand in his—"to ask it again."

"I was sure you could not have

"No," she said in a whisper, looking down. "He never meant so much--I know it now--and since that day when he let me see the evil in his heart he has meant less than nothing." Her breath came and went quickly as she spoke; she was afraid; she tried to withdraw her hand, but he was standing beside her, holding it fast. She knew that if she looked up she would be unable to resist him: but already he had drawn ner into ms arms.

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re he stopped as a thought

"I guess Father Lucy does get re-sults in his own way," he said.

CHAPTER XI.

when Hilary was convalescent.

<text> nown-I bried, at least, to make my-off believe you did not know, in spite of your words," he said. "Mademotself believe you did not know, in splie of your words," he said. "Mademoi-selle Rosny, I ask only one thing; it was not Baptiste?" "Jean Baptiste?" "Jean Baptiste? He is incapable of such a crime! Monsieur Askew, I do not know who it was, save that it was some man employed by-by him, probably from Ste. Marie. And be cause I had known-that was why I told you that it was too late for the-the good-will. That was why I was unheppy, and assend in trouble, on the day when you met me riding, aft-erward." She raised her head and met his eyes at last. "And I went to you that night and asked you to leave St, Boniface because I knew that Edouard Broussean"-she hesitated at the name-"meant to kill you. He had hinted as much to me." American shall understand the situa-tion. I am a plain man, and I speak without concealment to any one who cause to listen. So you have been im-plicating me in your troubles with your men, eh, Monsieur Askew? Be-cause one of the workmen whom you have assaulted at various times draws a knife on you and cuts you slightly, while half unconscious from your blows, you allege a plot on my part to murder yon?" Without answering him, Hilary turned to the Seigneur. "If Monsieur Brousseau's business is with me, no doubt you and Mademoiselle Rosny will excuse us," he said. "It ain't with you," retorted Brous-neau, scowing. "I was just telling you my opinion of you, the same as I'd tell any man, no matter who he was it's with you, Bosny," he continued, addressing the Seigneur again. "And it ain't private. Private? Diable, 169 too publici It's made me the laughing-stock of St. Boniface, and Ste. Maris too. Every one's seen Mademoisells Rosny riding and driving with mil. Now ahe says she won't have any more to do with me. Why? Have I changed? Ain't I the man I always was? When I make a bargain I stick to it." "Monsleur Brousseau." protested the

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1920.

"I think I did know," she answered

softly. "Does he know your decision?" asked Hilary. She nodded, "I told him when he

"But he must know, Madeleine. Don't you see, nothing is to be gained by delay. It is right that he should know."

"He will be your enemy, Hilary, He will fight you to the bitter end." "But I shall not be his. What harm can be do me?".

Madèleine was as pass as sourn, our

tan he do me?". "Listen, first," she said, as they be-gan walking slowly back toward the Chateau. "The other day, as soon as your recovery was assured, father went down to the mill and talked with your needed the second the second scolding. He told them that they owed as much duty toward their employer as toward him. It was not because he loved you, Hilary, but because of his sense of duty. He thinks it is my duty to sacrifice myself for the seignlory. There will be no more trouble with your workmen, now that they know your are our friend. But, Hilary, I can't bear to have the old, had feeling back again. Give me up, dear!" He laughed and put his arm about her. "I can't believe he will hate me forevermore, just because I want to take you away from him. No, dear, I shall tell him, but not today perhaps.

the just as was that your triend the imerican shall understand the situan. I am a plain man, and I spe without concealment to any one you now. Is she going to marry me or ain't she? You know what it's going to cost you if she goes back on het

Liosny groped her way to his feet The old duelist, who in his younger days would tight at the drop of the hat, and been brought pitiably low but not so low as Brousseau thought His face was affame. He opened his mouth, stuttered, and pointed toward the door.

mouth, stuttered, and pointed toward the door. "You can go. You can go, Monsteu Brousseau," he statamered. "Custon -cust m and courtesy to bid-insul a guest-go b fore 1 forget myself." "The so then," shound Brousseau and movert toward the door. "You've had you chance Once more, is she willing to be reasonable? I keep my word, is fire thind or ethnity. Will she keep berse of she the forget. IT call it a w m 1--" "No. 4 s. If perer he your wile," said Madeleine quety. Brousseau swung upon Hilary "Some day 1'll get you, you tying dog!" he swore, and raised his hand threateningly.

picture. Rosay stood like a statue beside the door, watching Brousseau make his way along the corridor toward the en-trance. Hilary put his arms about Madeleine, supporting her. Her cour-age was gone, and she was weeping uncontrollation

age was gone, and she was weeping uncontrollably. The front door slammed and Rosny turned back into the room. He burst out in passionate words. """ "" out come?" hei cried. "Every-thing—home, lands, inheritance. And it is well gone. The Rosny seigniory

that has occurred this morning, mon-shear," he sold to Hilary. "There was t time when I should have exacted personal requital. Now, alas, I can-wit! I can only bear the blame. But

is for you, monsieur, you who came here in an evil day to cut my trees. you who are my guest, what have you a say who have brought this ruin

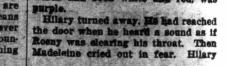
ipon me?" Madeleine started forward as if to test, but he silenced her with a gesure of his open hand.

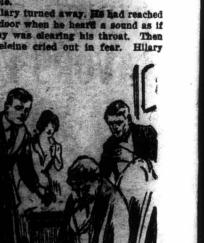
"I ask you what you have to say, nonslenr," he repeated. "I ask you how you justify yourself, you who are

He mised his voice and shouted, "Bobitaille! Robitaille!" Trans some place in the recesses of the Chatuseus a feeble, quavering cry way thinky any the ansient serving, and come studing to obey his mester. And, as he looked at him, his re-mentment died. The two old men-kosny in his brown swallow-tails and boots. Robitaille, in the faded builder his boots. Robitaille, in the faded builder his miniorm, seemed playing a part, acting in some scene laid in the long part.

uniform, seemed playing a part, acting in nome scene hild in the long part. Or, rather, iney were the part. They had no place in the modern would those ancient figures in their ancient ways, they cumbered the stage of life, line particular of the stage of life, line is an or the stage of life, line is the relit, too, the urgency of take is face way, into a world of states her. The stage is on his stage, looking to the stage on his stage, looking to the stage on his stage, looking to life is face with the stage of the figures is face is an or the stage of the stage is the stage of the stage of the stage is the stage of the stage of the stage to life is face of the stage of the stage is the stage of the stage of the stage is the stage of the stage of the stage is the stage of the stage of the stage is an of the stage of the stage is a stage her stage of the stage of the stage is an stage of the stage is an of the stage of the stage of the stage is an stage of the stage is an or the stage of the sta

The old man ministered acquiescence and shuffled away. Hijary turned to-hard Resny. Frankly he held out his fund. The action Hight have been III-timed, but it responded to his deep-listed feeling. But Rosay did not seem to see the gesture. He stood staring forces the room, one hand clutching his spreading cellar, and his face, which had been white and red, was The old man mi





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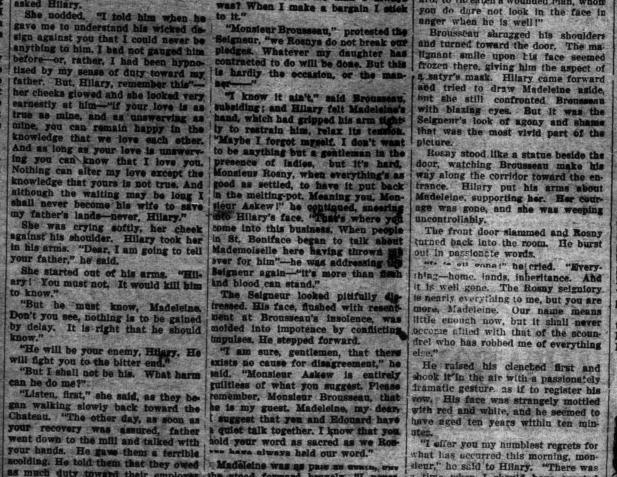
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12

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Tire Blew Out



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Was as Pale as Death, but

straight to the bedside. The three men-looked at Hilary and at each other. - "I have seen men who were wounded worse recover." said Edmond Rosny. "He has bled much, but the heart is

with no decision taken as to further tion. "But what strength i What power, clench ANIMAN

monsieur," he said admiringly, clench-ing his hand over the muscles of Hilary's arm. "Do you know, mon-sieur," he continued thoughtfully, "I have often thought that a priest in much a district as the second the

have offen thought that a priest in such a district as this needs the mus-cularity almost as much as the good-ness! Ah, Monsieur Askew, if I were your age, and of your strength, what would I not do!" To Hilary his convalescence was a foretaste of paradise. Edmond Rossy

foretaste of paradise. Edmond Rosny came in only for formal visits now, twice or three times a day; but it was wonderful to see Madeleine, whom he knew that he loved with all his heart, about his bedside all day long, and then about his chair, waiting on him, anticipating his wishes, until he felt ashamed to be so helpless, her pride gone, her scorn gone, her enmity as well. When Hilary learned of the part that she had played in his rescue, part that she had played in his rescue, and thanked her gratefully, she could not meet his eyes.

and thanked her gratefully, she could not meet his eyes. Then came the first day on which he was permitted to leave his room. Leaning on Madeleine's arm, he had gone out to feel the wonder of the sunshine and the crisp autumn air. The garden had originally been laid out, more than a century before, in imitation of the formal gardens of France of the period, with terraces and statuary. Everything was in ruin; and yet Bliary had the sudden, inexplicable sense of having come home.

which was also

adoleine Was Already Established at Hilary's Bedeide. uninjured, and unless the lung is gravely hurt . . . well, we shall see to it that he gets well," he ended

abruptly. There was nothing more Conneil could de. He would have stayed, but he felt that he must await the issue in patience. Madeleine was already established at Hilary's bedside. Lafe went in softly. "I shall come inexplicable sense of having come home. "Mademoiselle Rosny," he said, "we are going to be good friends in ruture, aren't we? The good-will goes with your kindness, even if it does not go with the trees."

arly in the morning. Mademoiselle early in the morning. Mademoiselle Rosny," he said. "I want to say-about what you said to Father Lucy tonight—I mean it was my fault. I guess I'm the only one to blame. I ought to have stood by him, and I weat away. You did more than me mademoiselle, and it wasn't up to you. I mean, it wasn't your business to save him." "No?" whispered Madeleine, rätting her eyes to his. And Lafe fait like a blundering fool.

"You'll save him," he said. "We can't lose him. We want him-we all want him. I guess I didn't realize how white be was till-till this hap-

He was half way to his boarding-

that forbade denial or coquetry. And Hilary feared no longer. Everything was changed to joy that seemed to blaze about him, lighting up the day. For a long time that morning they forgot everything except their happi-ness. It was not for an hour, per-haps, not until Hilary began to speak of his hopes for the future that she remembered what she had to say. "I should have told you," she said. "The waiting must be so long. My father would never consent-never. Hilary." "What has your fether advice the

"What has your father against me," he asked, "except my cutting down his trees? And, as for that, a man who sells his property, or rights over it, surely can never justify himself in bearing III-will to those who purchase "from him "

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> "it is not that, Hilary. It is be-suse-well, first, because you are an American. He does not love the Eng-ish, but he hates Americans. He

with the trees." She broke down. "What must you think of me!" she cried. "T think—" began Hilary. She sprang to her feet, facing him. "That I knew of the plan to cut your boom! Yes, I did know, but only a little while before it happened. And— listen!—I was on my way to you, to warn you, when the horse bolted. And the shock of the fail made me forget for a few moments afterward. But then it was too late!" Her words flung a great burden from Hilary's mind. He had never been able to recoucile the thought of her guilt in the conspiracy with his smowledge of her, his conception

spair. "Are you sure," he asked, "that the sacrifice is worth your while? I feel like a thiet, to rob your father and you, unless you are sure...." And it was her turn to be hopeful. "I am sure that I love you, dear," she answered, "and that the sacrifice my father expects of me is an unjust one." She Stood Ferward Bravely.

pledged my word to you, Monsieur Brousseau," she said in a low tone. "You know it, You asked me to be your wife and I refused. You took a good deal for granted. You took me for granted. You made a mistake. When you treacherously conspired to cut Monsieur Askew's boom, when you planned his death, you lost whatever chance you had ever had. I shall never

guest in my home and have pre-numed upon that fact to turn my sughter from me?" "I love her," answered Hilary sim-

The words seemed to sting Rosny to the quick. "You are presumptious, monsleur!" he cried. "Perhaps you. too, thought that the helress went with

the trees?" Madeleine cried out and laid her hands appealingly npon her father's arm; he did not repuise her, but con-tinued speaking as if he were not conscious of her presence.

"She shall never be your wife. You have done harm enough here, mon-sleur. When you are well my caleche

is at your disposition, to take you back to your mill. And henceforward, un-less you claim the last lach of your legal rights to cut about the Chateau-which I do not think you will" he add-ed with reluctant justice-"let us see you no more." you no more."

"You no more." "You are unjust." cried Madeleine. "We love each other: There exists no reason why we should not love. Mon-sleur Askew is as good as any man." "An American!" cried Rosny hotly. "This is not his country, and our ways are not his. We is not each of m." are not his. He is not one of us." "Yet you were not too proud to pladge me to that other man, who is not one of us either, except by remote race. Against my will. Without my knowledge." "Enough!" wied Rosny. "It is all past!"

"The memory is not past. Yes, you pledged me to him and placed the first links of the chain about my neck, hop-ing that the understanding, to which I was no party, would gradually en-mesh me, capture me, that I should be-come his wife and save your land for you."

come his wife and save your land for you." The Seigneur turned on her a look in which humiliation struggled with anger. He seem A stupefied by her outburst. Hilary interposed. "Monsieur Rosny, I love Madeleine, and I intend to marry her," he said calmiy. "But I realize your feelings, and I understand how great a shock this has been. You invited me to de-part when I am well. I am well enough to depart now. But I shall return, to see her and to plead our cause frank-ly with you. There' exists now no reason, no valid reason..." "Tou shall never come here!" thun-dered the Seigneur, tosing all self-con-trol. "The day when I sold your uncle the timber rights over my land was the most evil day of my life. Go...If you are well, go! My caleche is ready for you, Go, monsteur, in God's name, and trouble me no longer!"



His Eyes Closed, His Arms Drooped Over the Sides; His Head Fell on His Breast.

turned, to see Hosny alt heavily down in his chair. His eyes closed, his arms drooped over the sides; his head fell on his breast.

Hilary ran to him. He was uncon-scious, and breathing heavily. Hilary tried to raise kins, to carry him to the sofa, but the man seemed made of iron as he lay, a dead weight, in Hilary's

At Madeleine's cry eid Rebitaille had turned, too, and he came shuffing back. As he perceived his master ly-ing in the chair he began to utter wild,

ing in the chair he began to utter wild, whimpering cries. "His father went that way," he mumbled. "I always knew he'd go like that. Forty-five years I've served him. Forty-five years. I always knew-" "Help me to get him into the next room, to bed," said Hilary. Robitaille did not understand, but he aided Hilary to raise his master, and together they half dragged and half carried him into the drawing

half carried him into the drawing room and laid him on Hilary's bed. Madeleine traceled beside him in despair, her hands clasped, her error strained on his face. Hilary was loosening his collar and the upper part of his clothing. Robitallie had shuf-fied ont. "I have killed him !" cried the girl, in pathetic grief. "I have killed him !" Hilary could do nothing. She seemed distraught, and the Seigneur lay like a failen tree. His rattling breaths blended with the girl's sobs; and there was no other sound in the room. But soon Robitallie came shuffing back. In one hand he carried a basin, in the other a little rusty knife. A back. In one hand he carried a basin, in the other a little rusty knife. A towel was on his arm. He muttered something to Madeleine, whe rose from here and looked at Hilary with a hrave affort at self-composure. "He wants to bleed him," she seld. "He says that when he was a young man they used to bleed such cases and they got well. He says it is the only chance." Milary, feeling helpless, took the innect from the old servant's fingers and looked at the rusty edge. "The heard of bleeding in such cases," he said. "Well-perhaps it won't hurt him. But we must bell the instrument. Can you get some hot

To be Continued

Leo Gallagher, who the pursuer's car for all opened the throttle s when he was only a short distance from th car gave a sudden jerk, ed into a hole two f the back tire blew out not. It was useless onvicts further, and l

AUGUSTE PAS



## THE CRANK" WHO KIDNAPPED BABY OUT OF \$12,000

Auguste Pasquale, a ian with a string of alia The Crank" in the kid Baby Blakely Coughlin town, Pa, "The Crank George H. Coughlin, the of \$12,000 ransom and F arrestsd at Egg Harbor, e Crank" attempted \$10,000 more from the er. Pasquale denies any with the kidnapping an

he was hired by a "high get the ransom money.

V