

You Can Get Any of These Handsome Hats Through Your Local Dealer or Milliner



2139



3139



4139



7139



6139



5339



9139



0239



8139



5239



3339



0339

Made by the largest importing and manufacturing millinery firm in Canada. The latest New York styles reproduced in our Winnipeg factory. Only high-grade help and first-class materials used. NOT THE CHEAP MAIL ORDER KIND. Ask to see "McCALL" Hats next time you shop.

The D. McCall Co., Limited

Quebec Montreal

375 Hargrave St.,

Winnipeg, Manitoba

Ottawa Toronto

Valier, and drew him into a marriage with her.

It was a barren union. No child followed, with God's grace in its little hands, to create a mother's feelings and soften the callous heart of La Corriveau. She cursed her lot that it was so, and her dry bosom became an arid spot of desert, tenanted by satyrs and dragons, by every evil passion of a woman without conscience and void of love.

But La Corriveau had inherited the sharp intellect and Italian dissimulation of Antonio Exili: she was astute enough to throw a veil of hypocrisy over the evil eyes which shot like a glance of death from under the thick black eyebrows.

Her craft was equal to her malice. An occasional deed of alms, done not for charity's sake, but for ostentation; an adroit deal of cards, or a horoscope cast to flatter a foolish girl; a word of sympathy, hollow as a water bubble, but colored with iridescent prettiness, averted suspicion from the darker traits of her character.

If she was hated, she was also feared by her neighbors, and although the sign of the cross was made upon the chair whereon she had sat in a neighbor's house, her visits were not unwelcome, and in the manor-house, as in the cabin of the woodman, La Corriveau was received, consulted, rewarded, and oftener thanked than cursed, by her witless dupes.

There was something sublime in the satanic pride with which she carried with her the terrible secrets of her race, which in her own mind made her the superior of every one around her, and whom she regarded as living only by her permission or forbearance.

For human love other than as a degraded menial, to make men the slaves of her mercenary schemes, La Corriveau cared nothing. She never felt it, never inspired it. She looked down upon all her sex as the filth of creation and, like herself, incapable of a chaste feeling or a pure thought. Every better instinct of her nature had gone out like the flame of a lamp whose oil is exhausted; love of money remained

SNAPS IN LUMBER

LUMBER AT SACRIFICE PRICES IN DIMENSION, BOARDS AND SHIPLAP IN CAR LOTS. GOOD STOCKS IN PINE AND FIR. PARTIES WANTING MATERIAL FOR STABLES OR GRANARIES SHOULD GET OUR DELIVERED PRICES.

McCollom Lumber Co.

14 Traders Bank

Winnipeg

WE WANT YOUR GRAIN

As it pays to ship to a strictly commission firm
As we make liberal advances on receipt of shipping bill
As we give personal attention to the grading
As we sell on the open market to the highest bidder
As we make prompt settlements
As we are licensed and bonded
Ship your grain, advise

THE HALL COMPANY LTD.

705 Grain Exchange

Winnipeg

as dregs at the bottom of her heart. A deep grudge against mankind, and a secret pleasure in the misfortunes of others, especially of her own sex, were her ruling passions.

Her mother, Marie Exili, had died in her bed, warning her daughter not to dabble in the forbidden arts which she had taught her, but to cling to her husband and live an honest life as the only means of dying a more hopeful death than her ancestors.

La Corriveau heard much, but heeded little. The blood of Antonio Exili and of La Voisin beat too vigorously in her veins to be tamed down by the feeble whispers of a dying woman who had been weak enough to give way at last. The death of her mother left La Corriveau free to follow her own will. The Italian subtlety of her race made her secret and cautious. She had few personal affronts to avenge, and few temptations in the simple community where she lived to practise more than the ordinary arts of a rural fortune-teller, keeping in impenetrable shadow the darker side of her character as a born sorceress and poisoner.

In pursuance of this design, Angelique had already sent for a couple of Indian canoemen to embark Fanchon at the quay of the Friponne and convey her to St. Valier.

Half-civilized and wholly-demoralized red men were always to be found on the beach of Stadacona, as they still called the Batture of the St. Charles, lounging about in blankets, smoking, playing dice, or drinking pints or quarts,—as fortune favored them, or a passenger wanted conveyance in their bark canoes, which they managed with a dexterity unsurpassed by any boatman that ever put oar or paddle in water, salt or fresh.

These rough fellows were safe and trusty in their profession. Fanchon knew them slightly, and felt no fear whatever in seating herself upon the bear skin which carpeted the bottom of their canoe.

They pushed off at once from the shore, with scarcely a word of reply to her voluble directions and gesticulations