

Knot of Blue

BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON.
Copyright by LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON.

Ringing to the door. "Almeida!" cried anxiously. A sound as of the protecting bar was heard. The door swung open, and with a joy bounded over his head into the room and seized the arms of the man who had been his beloved, and for one moment he poured into her ears a flood of words. Only for a moment, however, for loud shouts and the sound of running feet were heard in the hall, and Raoul looked out to the Governor, sword drawn, and face and flashing eyes, and the stairs, with a dozen of his heels. Almeida, more beautiful than ever, the blushes that suffused her features, slipped past Raoul and flung herself into the Governor's outstretched arms.

Finally disengaging himself, he advanced to Raoul, who stood with blazing eyes, and chest still heaving from the recent struggle, and, seizing his hand, laid one of his own upon the young man's shoulder. "Raoul, my son, I see we have come too late. You have done good work this night," he said.

They then joined Armand, who was examining the extent of Berthier's wound as he lay groaning in the place where he had fallen. They soon found that the point of Raoul's sword, striking a rib, glanced off, inflicting an ugly flesh wound, but one not necessarily serious. This was soon stanch, and the sufferer made more comfortable. Almeida's quick eye caught a glimpse of the old housekeeper seated in her corner, still holding the lifeless head of her much abused offspring in her lap. She had removed the helmet, and now was stroking his brow gently with her withered hand, while

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4122

AN OUTFIT FOR MISS BABY—4122.

When the little one is put into short clothes, she is the pride of the household, and no one enjoys seeing her thus more than the mother who has fastidiously made small garments. A set of short clothes which will be found most useful is shown. The little dress has a square yoke finished with a full-gathered ruffle, the neck being edged with a narrow frill of lace. The bodice consists of a fitted yoke and straight-gathered skirt, which may be as much or as little adorned as desired. The coat is unique in its fanciful collar, which may be trimmed with ribbon or narrow silk pleating, and which insures double warmth to small shoulders. The cap is of simplest design, having a round crown and plain front piece edged with lace, the least useful of the garments sketched is the creeping apron, which covers the wearer completely, enveloping all of the clothing, so that no amount of rolling about the floor will soil or wear out the undergarment. The bloomers portion is ample enough to include the skirts. For the dress 2 yards of 36-inch material are needed, for the coat 2 yards, for the creeping apron 1 1/2 yards, for the cap three-eighths, and 1/4 for the skirt.

4122—One size.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address: PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

perforating fondly unaccustomed words of endearment into his that came Almeida approached, knelt down beside her, and leaning over kissed the pale forehead of her defender, while a tear of pity and gratitude fell, bedewing his mass of tangled hair. A smile of surprise and delight still lingered about the man's mouth. Farouche the fool had found the fairies at last!

Almeida looked about her wearily, and for the first time a full realization of the horror of the scene—the flaring candles, the wounded Berthier, the astonished glances of the soldiers—fell upon her, and with a slight shudder, as though a sudden breath of icy air had struck her, she advanced toward the Governor, and, like a tired child, laid her hand in his, murmuring, "Take me home, Pere Philippe."

Horses were obtained from the stable, and the entire party, the wounded Berthier and the drunken Gaudais supported in their saddles, were wending their way slowly back to the city.

Within the desolate walls of La Maison Sombre quiet reigned, the servant alone with her dead. Absorbed in her grief, she sat until the hour of midnight resounded through the gloomy halls. Aroused by the noise, she arose and lifting carefully the shattered frame of her long-neglected child, she parily carried, partly dragged him down the stairs into the great hall below. Returning, she repugnantly seized the body of Gaspard and conveyed it to the same place. She then slipped from the house and going to the stable soon returned with an armful of hay, she repeated her errand a score of times, until she had accumulated a large quantity of the dry material, out of which she made two small piles, one on each side of the slab beneath which old Pierre Roguin lay. With some difficulty she placed the two bodies, one on each pile. Having done this she surveyed the results of her labor with satisfaction. "At last," she murmured, "they are in their right places; the two sons, one on each side of his father, the proud, cruel man who refused to recognize them, both in life, but who is powerless now to prevent the outcome, the elder born, from taking his lawful position upon his right hand. How proud, how calm he looks, compared with that silly woman's brat who supplanted him! My son has at last come into his own, and I am satisfied."

She then began a careful distribution of the remaining huge heap of hay about the room, upstairs in all the dismal chambers and throughout the lower floor. When all was arranged to her satisfaction, she seized a candle and, passing rapidly from pile to pile of the inflammable material, applied the light, and chuckled as she heard the ready crackling. A few moments more and all the curtain hangings were also lighted. As she heard the roar of the advancing flames she burst into a laughing cry, crying in a shrill voice, "They shall have no other burial, but shall burn all together, with the rest of this accursed house." Running to the upper floor, she roused the servants so that they could escape, and returned once more to the scene of destruction.

The old woodwork, dry and blackened, caught fire and soon involved the whole interior. Flames broke their way through the windows, letting in more air to fan their fury. High above the roar of destruction came the voice of the exulting Marie Giroi as fire spirit, singing a weird song of defiance and triumph, oblivious of her fate, careless of the sparks falling about her. At length she was obliged to withdraw, but hovered near, chanting like a witch above a seething caldron until finally as day broke, a blackened heap of smoldering ruins was all that remained of La Maison Sombre.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The next day, when a party of soldiers arrived on the desolate scene, sent by the Governor at Almeida's request to bring the remains of her gallant defender to Quebec and give them Christian burial, they found a worn figure stretched motionless upon the hay in the stables. Whether it was the superhuman exertions of the previous night or the last desperate flicker of a light already doomed to extinguishment, or whether the injury inflicted by the brutal foot of Gaspard Roguin had developed into a fatal illness, could not be determined. At any rate the rough men, as they stood about the ugly, worn form of the old housekeeper, recognized upon her the mark of death. She begged them in a weak, but insistent tone, that they return to the city with all speed and summon the Governor and Almeida de Marsay to her side, saying that she had strange yet highly important information to deliver to them before she died. Her request was heeded, and before many hours both the Governor and his ward were hastening to her. By the aid of restoratives she was strengthened sufficiently to deliver the message that was on her mind.

"Strange though it may seem now," she began, looking at Almeida with a softened glance, "when I was young I was possessed of beauty not for inferior to your own. But, alas, I had not the good fortune, and fell a victim to the importunities of Pierre Roguin, my master. I was a great favorite of his, and lived in a fool's heaven, dreaming of the time when I should become the lawful mistress of the grand house in which he lived. When Parouche was born to me, all was changed. My master soon found he was a willing, and from that time his regard for me began to wane, and a dislike, almost a hatred, took its place. He rushed off to Montreal one day and soon reappeared with a wife, a weak, silly thing, and was doomed to serve in the home where I hoped to rule. Years passed on and I still lived on. Whenever I looked at the weak babe in my arms, the cause of all my troubles—the wrecker of my future plans and hopes—I hated him. A score

of times did my itching fingers seek his throat as he lay in the cradle, to strangle the little life that had come between me and my happiness. But I drew back in time. Wicked though I was, I would not kill my own flesh and blood, so I contented myself with the thought, that, feeble in brain and body, he could not live long. With this in mind, I took little care of him, hoping to hasten the end. But the greater my neglect, the stronger he grew, until I realized that he was destined to live on, a constant reproach and irritation to me. So it was that I lost all natural feeling, and veiled on him by blows and harsh words the full bitterness of my miserable life. It was only when I saw in his brave defence of this young lady a glimpse of the old reckless spirit of his father, and in his brutal murder by his wicked brother the working out of a cruel destiny whereby I and mine were continually sacrificed to the advantage of the other woman's child, that there awakened in my breast all the old mother's love that I thought had died with his child's birth. And when I saw by your sympathetic kiss upon his dead brow, Mademoiselle, that others recognized in him traits worthy of admiration and kindly gratitude, I was ashamed, and loved you for so shaming me."

"But my strength is going fast, and I must tell you the more important part of my story. As you know, your excellency, Pierre Roguin was originally the steward of Felix de Marsay, and looked after his estates while he was away bravely fighting for the colony, or wasting his time in Paris, vainly endeavoring to interest the King and his minister more fully in New France. His long absences gave ample opportunity to an unscrupulous man to gain many advantages for himself. Such a man was Pierre Roguin, yet I loved him fondly, despite his many faults. Often he told me, with a chuckle of delight, of the various ways in which he tried to cheat the absent employer; how, pretending necessity for the sale of a piece of land to make up for a bad crop, he had been able to purchase it himself for a song while the owner was away from the good Monsieur de Marsay. You also know how, because of his master's careless habits of business, Pierre Roguin was found in practical possession of his entire estate at his death."

"Gaspard was the joy and delight of his father's life, after his foolish wife sickened and died. On him was centered every hope. But the son seemed to have inherited only the evil traits of his father. His temper was a terrible temper, that when aroused, brooked no interference from anyone. I will remember the day when Gaspard was 15. He made some outrageous demand upon his father which was indignantly refused. This aroused the tiger in the boy's soul. He knew no bounds. He stormed at his father, threatened him with physical harm, and cursed him to his face. He refused to eat, and soon he was unable to stand on his legs. His mother, young Gaspard's sister, later, and without a glance at his father, went off to bed. The light burned late that night. As I passed by, my master called me in and bade me kneel down. This it was for the first time in many years that he talked to me in the kindly confidence I once had been used to. He opened his heart as he talked, and told me how he had come to realize that Gaspard would grow up to an unworthy man. 'He has too much of me in him, and not enough of his angel-mother,' I clenched my hands at those last words, but said nothing, hoping that at last he was going to acknowledge as his legal child the offspring of his early infatuation. But no, his mood was strange that night, one I had never seen before, a mood of an awakened conscience. 'I robbed old Felix de Marsay when he lived, leaving his baby-girl penniless that I might enrich the son who this day has shown me his unworthiness. I have made a will tonight, restoring all that I possess to the heir of the rightful owner, leaving only a small sum to my worthless child, that will afford him either support while he works out an honorable career, or an opportunity of hastening his profligate end. Tomorrow I shall have the legal witnesses sign this paper, and shall deposit it here.' He walked to an old secret chest and pressing a spring, he showed me a secret drawer. 'You alone know where it is hidden. When I die you must deliver it to the governor.' That was all, save that he turned and kissed me in a dreamy sort of way as though I saw him standing before him as of old in all the freshness of my youth."

[To be Continued.]

CALLS DRESS SUIT A JOKE

Professor Frederick Starr Ridicules Evening Coat to Class.

Chicago, Jan. 20.—Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, regards the dress suit as a joke on modern society and a relic of barbarism in the bargain. The evening coat is the direct descendant of the ordinary riding coat worn in England centuries ago by the rich and their servants, he told his class in anthropology yesterday.

According to the professor, the "cut-away" effect at the waist of the dress coat once served the utilitarian purpose of preventing the coat skirts from getting in the way in riding, while the buttons on the back were used to fasten up the skirts. The notches in the collar formerly were for the purpose of permitting the wearer to turn the collar up, while the silk facings are reminders of the ordinary lining which was once used.

"When the riding coats became old the master handed them down to the servants," said Prof. Starr. "We do not give our cast-off suits to the servants today, but the fact that servants wear them shows to what extent the imitation has been followed."

Mrs. Richard Aldrich, of New York, formerly Miss Margaret Astor Chandler and granddaughter of the first John Jay Astor, turned over to children of the poor during the summer months her handsome house in West 14th street, New York. For years she has devoted much of her time to philanthropy, her activities during the war with Spain having been recognized by the bestowal upon her of a gold medal.

BUILD HOUSES OF PORCELAIN

Ideal for Working Persons and Hailed as Solvers of Big Problem.

London, Jan. 20.—The dweller in glass houses may be a more or less mythical personage, but the dweller in a china house will soon be here.

The home of the future will be built of porcelain. It is now possible to build cheap, simple and cleanly houses with sheets of porcelain instead of bricks and slate and concrete, and to dispense with paint, wall paper and spring cleaning.

The porcelain used for building this Utopian house is produced by a new method, in sheets about an inch thick, but equally as strong as a brick wall. It is made of a mixture of Cornish clay and French flint boulders in certain proportions. The raw material is worked into a liquid state, then pressed and rolled into sheet-leather only. The sheets can be decorated in colors, by hand or by a printing process. The final process is glazing and firing used in the ordinary potter's trade.

Glazed on both sides, the porcelain walls reduce construction and interior decoration to simple matters of fact. The outside and inside walls of the house have decorative schemes burned into them indelibly before the house is put together.

Cleanliness is one of the greatest merits of the porcelain house. Water and wash-leather only are needed to replace the annual household terror known as "spring cleaning."

The most artistic decorations can be introduced into the rooms, and in style the Elizabethan, Louis XIV., Adams, etc., would be replaced by the Sevres, Chateau de Versailles, Worcester, and all the beautiful kinds of china known to the collector.

The sheet porcelain, glazed and decorated on both sides, can be produced at about \$2.50 the square yard. This cheapness and cleanliness make the porcelain house the ideal home for working persons, and it is hailed as a possible solution of the problem which besets English cities, the housing of the poor.

WHO PAYS FOR BILLY?

Goat Was Killed to Get Woman's Money and Odd Problem Follows.

Paris, Jan. 22.—A couple of days ago there arose a knotty question that would have delighted the arts of Solomon. A widow named Poisson, who had drawn a sum of money from a bank, while returning home let one of the bank notes fall in counting them. Perceiving her loss a few minutes later she turned back and began to search for the note. She was delighted when a passerby told her he had seen a man leading a goat pick up something just after Mme. Poisson had passed.

The man at first denied having picked up the bank note, but finally said that just as he was picking it up his goat had snatched it out of his hands and he had eaten it with much apparent relish.

This was too much for Mme. Poisson's credulity. After a stormy dispute the widow, man and goat, surrounded by a crowd, were taken to a neighboring police station. Where the owner of the goat repeated the story, but the officials laughed in his face. They were proceeding to draw up a charge of theft against him when in desperation the man cried:

"The bank note is in the goat, I tell you, as you could easily determine by killing it."

A police commissary at once sent a policeman with the goat to a slaughter house, where the animal was killed and dissected. Sure enough, among the contents was the bank note, badly chewed, but sufficiently recognizable to insure its payment by the Bank of France.

But Mme. Poisson's joy over the recovery of her note was dashed when the owner of the goat demanded payment for the animal. As the woman refused to pay, the commissary at once placed an embargo on the note pending a decision of the judges, who he called upon to decide whether damages for the dead goat be due its owner, or escape from accusation through the slaughter of the animal is sufficient indemnity.

Piracy is no new thing in the waters around Hong Kong. As long ago as the thirteenth century the island of Hong Kong was a piratical stronghold, and for centuries the Chinese Government was unable to drive the sea robbers out. All craft passing what is now Hong Kong harbor were compelled to pay tribute. The higher elevations of the island served as lookout stations, and no boat that approached was permitted to leave until it had paid toll.

Your digestion will be all the better, your blood all the cleaner, for a frequent glass of York Sarsaparilla. A beverage and a medicine, pungent, rich, aromatic and pure. Made of purest herbs and pure York Springs Water. York Springs Sarsaparilla is better—yet costs no more. The Mineral Springs Limited, Toronto SCANDRETT BROS.

Corticelli Wash Silks

are used by artistic people everywhere. Made from the best raw silk, dyed fast colour with Asiatic dyes in nearly 400 shades.

Nature's Catarrh Cure

Sensible and Scientific Way to Cure This Disagreeable Disease.

Nearly everyone suffers at one time or another with catarrh. The natural way to cure this disagreeable disease is by applying healing medications direct to the diseased spot.

In no other way can this be done as naturally as by the use of Hyomei. Breathed through the neat pocket inhaler that comes with every outfit. Put several drops of Hyomei in the inhaler and then for a few minutes four or five times a day, let the air you breathe come through it. In that way all the air that enters the nasal passages, the throat or the lungs, is filled with Hyomei's healing medication, reaching the most remote air cells of the respiratory organs, destroying all catarrhal germs and soothing and healing the irritated mucous membrane.

A few days' use of Hyomei will show how quickly it relieves all catarrhal conditions, and you will not have to use it long before you find it has effected a complete and lasting cure.

So strong is W. T. Strong's faith in the power of Hyomei to cure catarrhal troubles that with every dollar outfit he gives a guarantee to refund the money unless the remedy gives satisfaction. He takes all the responsibility and you cannot afford to suffer longer with catarrh when an offer like this is made to you.

Should extra bottles of Hyomei be needed they can be obtained for 50c, making this one of the most economical as well as the most reliable remedies for catarrh that is known.

Thousands upon Thousands of

SOUVENIR RANGES

have been built under the makers' guarantee in the last sixty years.

They grace the kitchens of comfortable homes in every municipality in the Dominion.

And the house-wife in every one of these homes is pleased with her Souvenir Range.

Its Aerated Oven places it away ahead of all other kitchen ranges, and it possesses other advantages as well.

Every Souvenir is absolutely guaranteed by the makers.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, WINNIPEG, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER

W. F. WYATT, AGENT
349-351 TALBOT STREET, LONDON.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of all lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, you will find a sure cure in

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Mrs. H. A. Misoner, Port Williams, N.S., says: "My son had a dreadful cough. It started in the fall and lasted all through the winter. At last we became very much alarmed about it and started to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and before he had used one bottle his cold was completely cured."

Price 25 cents per bottle. Put up in a yellow wrapper. Three pine trees the trade mark.

Refuse substitutes. Dr. Wood's is the genuine.

CARLING'S ALE, PORTER & LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, UNIFORMITY & BRILLIANCY.

There's something better and different about EDDY'S MATCHES

to those of any other make. And while a few grocers in this country, for the sake of a little extra profit, may urge you to buy imitations of our lines, don't be led astray.

Remember, the energy and experience of over fifty years goes into every box of Eddy's Matches. And in the future, as in the past, all other lines are simply down and out.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Ltd., Hull, Canada
DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond Street, London.

There are many BAKING POWDERS

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

It is Pure, Wholesome and Economical SOLD IN ALL SIZES.

E.W. GILLET LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

A negro agricultural fair, the first of its kind ever heard of in that portion of the United States, was held lately at Kingfisher, O. T. There were more than 250 exhibits in the main hall, among them being heirlooms ranging from 65 to 184 years old. The Free Press solemnly declares that a Stradavarius violin was shown. "An interesting feature of the street procession," says the Free Press, "was about 200 Indians in their wagons and on horseback, led by Chief Touching-the-Cloud, who came into the city from the south half an hour before the procession was to march to join hands with their brothers in black."

TESTED BY TIME.—In his justly-celebrated pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

A negro agricultural fair, the first of its kind ever heard of in that portion of the United States, was held lately at Kingfisher, O. T. There were more than 250 exhibits in the main hall, among them being heirlooms ranging from 65 to 184 years old. The Free Press solemnly declares that a Stradavarius violin was shown. "An interesting feature of the street procession," says the Free Press, "was about 200 Indians in their wagons and on horseback, led by Chief Touching-the-Cloud, who came into the city from the south half an hour before the procession was to march to join hands with their brothers in black."

TESTED BY TIME.—In his justly-celebrated pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.