

A Bigger Catalogue and Better Values



16-1250
\$25.00 **Black Astrachan Lamb Jacket at \$25.00**

THE increase in the size of our catalogue is an indication of the broadening out process which has been taking place the past few months.

A bigger West, a bigger store and a bigger catalogue. And the "bigness" of the last is not all in the size, either. The outer evidence of growth is corroborated by the extraordinary quality of the values contained within its pages.

As the business increases so do our buying powers, and so in the natural order of things do the advantages to those who do business with us through our catalogue.

And of all the splendid values contained in this new catalogue for Fall and Winter we know of none better than the Astrachan Coat illustrated here.

This is a beautiful coat made of solid whole skins. It is 30 inches long and has fitted back and box front, lined throughout with quilted Italian cloth; exceptionally high collar and wide revers of finest quality of Western Sable.

The Sizes are 32 to 44 Bust Measure

This coat is wonderful value and any woman who has to drive any distance should own one of these coats. They will keep out the cold winds that blow.

Price \$25.00

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

The Golden Dog

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F. R. S. C.
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CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued).

History records how Gaudin de St. Croix, the disciple of Exili, who worked in his secret laboratory at the sublimation of the deadly poison, accidentally developed the mask of glass which protected his face. He inhaled the vapors of the fumes and fell dead by the side of his furnace. This event gave birth to the mask of the face of Paris, a cure to the poison which had so long baffled the world.

The daughter of Exili of St. Croix was

seized. His connection with the Marchioness de Brinvilliers and his relations beheaded and her body burnt on the Place de Greve, a sentence which was thrown a second time into the Bastille. The ashes of the Marchioness was arrested, and put upon her trial before the Chambre Ardenne, where, as recorded in the narrative of her confessor, Pirol, her ravishing beauty of feature, blue eyes, snow-white skin, and gentle demeanor also tried, and condemned to be burnt. The arch-poisoner Exili won a strong sympathy from the populace of Paris, in whose eyes her charms of person and manner pleaded hard to extenuate her unparalleled crime.

But no power of beauty or fascination breathed fresh life into her, but of look could move the stern La Regrie from his judgment. She was pronounced guilty of the death of her husband, and again on all the

knowledge of evil, seemingly cut down with Exili and St. Croix, had sprouted afresh, like an upas that could not be destroyed.

The poisoners became more numerous than ever. Following the track of St. Croix and La Brinvilliers, they carried on the war against humanity without relaxation. Chief of these was a reputed witch and fortune-teller named La Voisin, who had studied the infernal secret under Exili and borne a daughter to the false Italian.

With La Voisin were associated two priests, Le Sage and Le Vigoureux, who lived with her, and assisted her in her necromantic exhibitions, which were visited, believed in, and richly rewarded by some of the foremost people of the Court. These necromantic exhibitions were in reality a cover to darker crimes.

It was long the popular belief in France, that Cardinal Bonzy got from La Voisin the means of ridding himself of sundry persons who stood in the way of his ecclesiastical preferment, or to whom he had to pay pensions in his quality of Archbishop of Narbonne. The Duchesse de Bouillon and the Countess of Soissons, mother of the famous Prince Eugene, were also accused of trafficking with that terrible woman, and were banished from the kingdom in consequence, while a royal duke, Francois de Montmorency, was also suspected of dealings with La Voisin.

The Chambre Ardenne struck right and left. Desgrais, chief of the police, by a crafty ruse, penetrated into the secret circle of La Voisin, and she, with a crowd of associates, perished in the fires of the Place de Greve. She left an ill-starred daughter, Marie Exili, to the blank charity of the streets of Paris, and the possession of many of the frightful secrets of her mother and of her terrible father.

Marie Exili clung to Paris. She grew up beautiful and profligate; she coined her rare Italian charms, first into gold and velvet, then into silver and brocade, and at last into copper and rags. When her charms faded entirely, she began to practise the forbidden arts of her mother and father, but without their boldness or long impunity.

She was soon suspected, but receiving timely warning of her danger, from a high patroness at Court, Marie fled to New France in the disguise of a paysanne, one of a cargo of unmarried women sent out to the colony on matrimonial venture, as the custom then was, to furnish wives for the colonists. Her sole possession was an antique cabinet with its contents, the only remnant saved from the fortune of her father, Exili.

Marie Exili landed in New France, cursing the Old World which she had left behind, and bringing as bitter a hatred of the New, which received her without a shadow of suspicion that under her modest peasant's garb was concealed the daughter and inheritrix of the black arts of Antonio Exili and of the sorceress La Voisin.

Marie Exili kept her secret well. She played the ingenue to perfection. Her straight figure and black eyes having drawn a second glance from the Sieur Corriveau, a rich habitant of St. Valier, who was looking for a servant among the crowd of paysannes who had just arrived from France, he could not escape from the power of their fascination.

As La Corriveau listened to the tale of the burning of her grandmother on the Place de Greve, her own soul seemed bathed in the flames which rose from the faggots, and which to her perverted reason appeared as the fires of cruel injustice, calling for revenge upon the whole race of the oppressors of her family, as she regarded the punishers of their crimes.

With such a parentage, and such dark secrets brooding in her bosom, Marie Josephte, or, as she was commonly called, La Corriveau, had nothing in common with the simple peasantry among whom she lived.

Years passed over her, youth fled, and La Corriveau still sat in her house, eating her heart out, silent and solitary. After the death of her mother, some whispers of hidden treasures known only to herself, a rumor which she had cunningly set afloat, excited the cupidity of Louis Dodier, a simple habitant of St.