



## THE LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

(Continued from page 22.)

imprisoned, some sent off to Siberia, some executed. I have suffered the tortures of the damned. Time and time again I have tried to escape the doom of life-long treachery which you have heaped upon me. Often I have meditated flight, but your toils were drawn about me too close to allow me to get free. I cannot even remember the number of times that I have implored you, with tears in my eyes, to let me go; to choose another Judas to do your bidding. But always you have held the past over my head like a suspended blade. But now I have had enough—enough, I say! Even you, Your Lordship, are not, like the Pope, infallible! Even you may make miscalculations. And in my case you have forgotten to calculate one all-important factor—my soul!"

A strange smile curled up his lips; he looked the Governor straight in the eye, with an indescribable expression upon his face.

"You are a beast in human form, Your Excellency!" he said, softly. "Whatever may be the consequences, I will not give you another jot or tittle of information. Now go!"

The last words came like an explosion. His eyes were flaming swords. He seemed to tower over the two men like a Colossus, as he pointed imperiously at the door.

The Chief of Police snarled inarticulately, like an enraged hyena. The Governor-General gazed at Remm for a moment in utter silence, then turned on his heel, and went. The Chief of Police slammed the door violently behind him as he departed.

There was a moment's silence. Marinka, her limbs cramped from her crouching position, rose to her feet, and stood there, like a statue, in her trailing robes of white, before the door—waiting. There was no pity in her heart; she thought of her brother rotting away for years in that living hell, Siberia—Siberia, the land of ice and snow, that hangs over Warsaw like an ever-imminent doom; she thought of other Kollegi, dead, or banished; she thought of the vile, year-long treachery. Her soul burned with incredible shame, with intolerable anguish and humiliation. She remembered the money she had given Vladislav to replace the peculations from the Fraternal Help; that money had been assembled with difficulty, and represented many a sacrifice on her part, of pride and comfort alike; she remembered the prayer that she had made him at the banquet given in his honor, that he should never deceive her. And he, even then, was a traitor, a traitor! a vile, unmanly, dishonorable wretch! And she had lived with him—had been his wife and borne to him a child. A pulse beat clangorously at her temples with the ringing resonance of iron on steel. She stood there, and waited, slightly swaying back and forth, with the surging gusts of emotion within sweeping tumultuously through her stormed heart and shaking her from head to foot.

She heard his step; the door opened.

Hanging between the two rooms were two heavy curtains of blue velvet.

With a gesture of wild energy—he knew that he had been overheard—he seized these curtains in his two hands, and swept them apart. . . . A flood of brilliant light shot into the darkened room, full upon the silent, white robed figure that stood there with a face of stone. . . . The husband stood there too, as though petrified before the unearthly Medusa-like beauty of her face. . . . His heavy, clustering hair, lighted up against the golden splendor of the lamp-lit room, shone like an aureole about his face, which seemed of shadowed bronze. . . . The light streamed vividly around the edges of his shirt of white cambric, around the whitesleeved arms that held the curtains wide; around the rigid contours of his face. . . .

"Spy!" came, in a low, hissing, unutterably scornful voice, from the wife's lips.

Vladislav did not move. . . . Holding the curtains wide apart he gazed at her, with a strange, appealing expression upon his face:

"It was Hell!" he whispered. "It was Hell, Marinka!"

As he had dismissed the Governor-General and the Chief of Police a few

moments before, so Marinka now pointed out toward the door, with a single, imperious gesture: Not trusting herself to speak, she took the curtains from his unresisting grasp, and pulled them together with a metallic clash of the rings upon the pole above. . . . Stepping back into the room, now dark again, she closed the door behind her, and locked and bolted it. . . . Then she threw herself down on the hard floor, with tightly clenched hands and burning, tearless eyes, and listened to him depart. . . .

When he had gone, she lighted the lamp and rang for the maid. . . . When she came, Marinka gave her a few brief orders in a voice as hard and pitiless as steel:

"Take the child out of this room!" she commanded: "and do not bring him back until I tell you!"

The woman, not understanding, but quailing before the flame in Marinka's eyes, went over to the crib, and bending over, took the sleeping boy up into her arms. . . . His dark-gold hair falling in wavy, curling showers about the amber beauty of his delicate face, the blue-black, star-bright eyes veiled by the long sweeping fringe of golden lash, he relaxed unconsciously in her arms, his head falling laxly over the woman's broad, fat shoulder. . . . So she bore him away to the nurse, and Marinka, without a word, without a tear, saw her depart. . . . Then, putting out again the lamp, she threw herself down upon her bed, in solitary communion with her thoughts. . . . And they were wild and terrible,—such, that if a strong man had entered her room, and gathering her up in his arms, as the woman had just taken up the little child, had pitched her out of her bed-room window headlong down into the cold, gray, sluggish stream below, she would have been glad and grateful, as to the conferrer of a precious boon. . . .

(Concluded in next issue.)

## THE SEMI-READY PICNIC

(Continued from page 18.)

There is no one who can have as good a time at little cost as those on the farm, if they make up their minds to take their pleasure as they go.

A family which made the most of simple pleasures arranged in the beginning of the summer to have one or two meals outdoors every day the weather was suitable. An old table was placed where it could be left always ready, and accessible from the kitchen door, to simplify the serving. A folding screen was at hand to place between a tree and a large shrub to shut off observation of possible passers-by. A broad basket for all the small table furnishings, napkins, salts, peppers, sugar, etc., was kept in the kitchen, and when the meal was over they were all put in it, ready for the next meal. A large tray for dishes, and one for food, made it possible to lay and clear the table in a few trips to the kitchen. The keen appetites and the pleasant atmosphere well repaid the little extra trouble. A small guest expressed the general appreciation of the arrangement when she gleefully said: "Isn't it fun to visit where they have a picnic every day!"

## THE HILL OF FOLLY

(Continued from page 20.)

What Miss Courtenay saw of his feeling he could not conjecture. She was always crisp and short in her conversation with him. She still retained that innate desire to puzzle and provoke him, because he was so very teasing and took all her chaff with such amusing seriousness. Yet he sometimes fancied that she thought well of him, for she gave him her unreserved confidence, and without any hesitation declared that she found his company stimulating and inspiring.

The afternoon drew to a close. Signs of life increased in the camp. Odors of supper came from the eating-house. The workmen were returning—and with them came in the long, slow train. Hayes and Miss Courtenay immediately went to meet it, for it was said that the mining recorder was a guest on the private car, belonging to some railroad official and attached to the rear.

In the small drawing-room at the end of the private car they found the recorder, busily engaged writing in a large book. Already several persons, interested in mining claims at different points along the route, were seeking the little man, who appeared quite puffed up from the dignity of his new office.

(To be continued.)



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