

De Pean led him into a recess of the room. "You are wanted in the city," whispered he. "Angelique sent this little note by me. She put it in my hand as I was embarking for Tilly, and blushed redder than a rose as she did so. I promised to deliver it safely to you."

It was a note quaintly folded in a style Le Gardeur recognized well, inviting him to return to the city. Its language was a mixture of light persiflage and tantalizing coquetry;—she was dying of the dullness of the city. The late ball at the Palace had been a failure, lacking the presence of Le Gardeur! Her house was forlorn without the visits of her dear friend, and she wanted his trusty counsel in an affair of the last importance to her welfare and happiness!

"That girl loves you, and you may have her for the asking," continued De Pean, as Le Gardeur sat crumpling the letter in his hand. De Pean watched his countenance with the eye of a basilisk.

"Do you think so?" asked Le Gardeur eagerly. "But no, I have no more faith in woman; she does not mean it!"

"But if she does mean it, would you go, Le Gardeur?"

"Would I go?" replied he, excitedly. "Yes, I would go to the lowest pit in hell for her! But why are you taunting me, De Pean?"

"I taunt you? Read her note again! She wants your trusty counsel in an affair of the last importance to her welfare and happiness. You know what is the affair of last importance to a woman! Will you refuse her now, Le Gardeur?"

"No, par Dieu! I can refuse her nothing; no, not if she asked me for my head, although I know it is but mockery."

"Never mind! Then you will return with us to the city? We start at daybreak."

"Yes, I will go with you, De Pean; you have made me drunk, and I am willing to stay drunk until I leave Amelie and my aunt and Heloise, up at the Manor House. Pierre Philibert, he will be angry that I leave him, but he can follow, and they can all follow! I hate myself for it, De Pean! But Angelique des Meisoises is to me more than creature or Creator. It is a sin to love a woman as I love her, De Pean!"

De Pean fairly writhed before the spirit he evoked. He was not so sure of his game but that it might yet be lost. He knew Angelique's passionate impulses, and he thought that no woman could resist such devotion as that of Le Gardeur.

He kept down his feelings, however. He saw that Le Gardeur was ripe for ruin. They returned to the table and drank still more freely. Dice and cards were resumed; fresh challenges were thrown out; Emeric and Le Mercier were already deep in the game; money was pushed to and fro. The contagion fastened like a plague upon Le Gardeur, who sat down at the table, drew forth a full purse, and pulling up every anchor of restraint, set sail on the flood-tide of drinking and gaming which lasted without ceasing until break of day.

De Pean never for a moment lost sight of his scheme for the abduction of Le Gardeur. He got ready for departure, and with a drunken rush and a broken song the four gallants, with unwashed faces and disordered clothes, staggered into their canoe, and with a shout bade the boatmen start.

The hardy canotiers were ready for departure. They headed their long canoes down the flowing river, dashed their paddles into the water just silvered with the rays of the rising sun, and shot down stream towards the city of Quebec.

De Pean, elate with his success, did not let the gaiety of the party flag for a moment during their return. They drank, sang, and talked balderdash and indecencies in a way to bring a look of disgust upon the cheeks of the rough boatmen.

Much less sober than when they left Tilly the riotous party reached the capital. The canotiers, with rapid strokes of the paddle, passed the

high cliffs and guarded walls, and made for the quay of the Friponne, De Pean forcing silence upon his companions as they passed the Sault au Matelot, where a crowd of idle boatmen hailed them with volleys of railery, which only ceased when the canoe was near enough for them to see whom it contained. They were instantly silent. The rigorous search made by order of the Intendant after the late rioters, and the summary punishment inflicted upon all who had been convicted, had inspired a careful avoidance of offence toward Bigot and the high officers of his staff.

De Pean landed quietly, few caring to turn their heads too often towards him. Le Gardeur, wholly under his control, staggered out of the canoe, and, taking his arm, was dragged, rather than led, up to the Palace, where Bigot greeted the party with loud welcome. Apartments were assigned to Le Gardeur, as to a most honored guest in the Palace. Le Gardeur de Repentigny was finally and wholly in the power of the Intendant.

Bigot looked triumphant, and congratulated De Pean on the success of his mission. "We will keep him now," said he. "Le Gardeur must never draw a sober breath again until we have done with him!"

De Pean looked knowingly at Bigot; "I understand," said he; "Emeric and Le Mercier will drink him blind, and Cadet, Varin and the rest of us will rattle the dice like hail. We must pluck the pigeon to his last feather before he will feel desperate enough to play your game, Chevalier."

"As you like, De Pean, about that," replied Bigot; "only mind that he does not leave the Palace. His friends will run after him. That accursed Philibert will be here; on your life, do not let him see him! Hark you! When he comes, make Le Gardeur affront him by some offensive reply to his inquiry. You can do it."

De Pean took the hint, and acted upon it by forging that infamous card in the name of Le Gardeur, and sending it as his reply to Pierre Philibert.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Mere Malheur.

La Corriveau, eager to commence her work of wickedness, took up her abode at the house of her ancient friend, Mere Malheur, whither she went on the night of her first interview with Angelique.

It was a small house, built of uncut stones, with rough stone steps and lintels, a peaked roof, and low, overhanging eaves, hiding itself under the shadow of the cliff, so closely that it seemed to form a part of the rock itself.

Its sole inmate, an old crone who had reached the last degree of woman's ugliness and woman's heartlessness—Mere Malheur—sold fair winds to superstitious sailors and good luck to hunters and voyageurs. She was not a little suspected of dabbling in other forbidden things. Half-believing in her own impostures, she regarded La Corriveau with a feeling akin to worship, who in return for this devotion imparted to her a few secrets of minor importance in her diabolic arts.

La Corriveau was ever a welcome guest at the house of Mere Malheur, who feasted her lavishly, and served her obsequiously, but did not press with undue curiosity to learn her business in the city. The two women understood one another well enough not to pry too closely into each other's secrets.

On this occasion La Corriveau was more than usually reserved, and while Mere Malheur eagerly detailed to her all the doings and undoings that had happened in her circle of acquaintance, she got little information in return. She slowly concluded that La Corriveau had business on hand which would not bear to be spoken of.

"When you need my help, ask for it without scruple, De ne Bodier," said the old crone. "I see you have

The Washboard Ruins Clothes

Take a new shirt. Soil it well! Then soap it, and rub the stains out of it on a Washboard.

Do this six times. Then look at the hems, collar and cuff edges and the button holes closely.

You'll find them all badly frayed, ripped, thinned, worn out more than from three months' hard, steady use.

Half the life of the garment gone—eaten up by the Washboard.

Shirt cost a dollar, say—washboard takes 50 cents of wear out of it—you get what's left.

Why don't you cut out the Washboard? Use a "1900 Gravity" instead. It drives the water through the clothes like a force pump. It takes out all the stains, in half the time, without wearing a single thread, or cracking a button.

No rubbing, scrubbing, wearing nor tearing the clothes against a hard metal Washboard. That costs twice as much for hard work, and wears out twice as many clothes in a year.

Try the "1900 Gravity" for four washings! Won't cost you a cent to try it, either. You write to me for a "1900 Gravity" and I'll send it to any reliable person without a cent of deposit, or a cent of risk on their part.

I'll pay the freight, too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge.

If you like it then you may keep it.

If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense.

If you keep it you pay for it out of the work and the wear it saves you—at, say, 50 cents a week. Remember, it washes clothes in half the time they can be washed by hand, and it does this by simply driving soapy water swiftly through their threads.

It works like a spinning-top, and it runs as easy as a sewing machine.

Even a child ten years old can wash with it as easily as a strong woman. You may prove this for yourself, and at my expense.

I'll send the "1900 Gravity" free for a month anywhere, so you can prove it without risking a penny.

I'll take it back then, if you think you can get along without it. And I'll pay the freight both ways out of my own pocket.

How could I make a cent out of that deal if the "1900 Gravity" wouldn't actually wash clothes in half the time with half the wear and do all that I say it will?

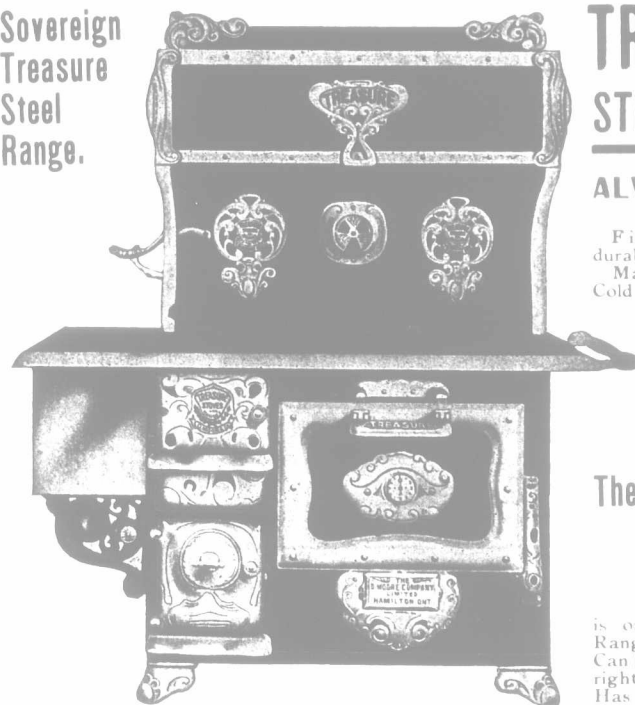
Write to me to-day for particulars. If you say so, I'll send on the machine for a month, so that you can be using it in a week or ten days.

More than 200,000 people are now using our "1900 Gravity" Washers. Write to-day to me, personally, F. A. X. BACH, Manager The "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs—special arrangements are made for these districts. 1912



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