

# A Knot of Blue

BY WILLIAM R. A. WILSON.  
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During Aimee's interview with the governor, Rex had had an opportunity to rest, so that as they hastened homeward both horse and mistress seemed imbued with the same desire. There was still ample time, but, in Aimee's excited frame of mind, the distance seemed interminable.

"Hasten, dear, good Rex," she cried, "I have done my part; see that you now do yours."

Rex snorted proudly in assurance to her that he would do his share faithfully, and made a shower of sparks flash from his flying feet as he gallantly breasted the ascent of an approaching hill. On and on they sped as fast as beating heart and quivering limb could carry them. More than half of the return journey was covered. The moon sank rapidly behind them. The early mists that rise above the river before dawn began to form themselves.

A night-bird whirled close to them as he turned his flight homeward. An owl stared in open-eyed surprise from the dark shadows of a leafy tree as they rushed past. A league only remained to be traversed. They slackened not their speed for hill or steep descent, for smooth or rough roadway. An intoxication of impulsive desire to hasten seemed to possess them both. Up the last hill they dashed. Once beyond this and the road was level. The summit is gained, and they gallop furiously down the other side. The bottom is almost reached when the noble Rex steps into a hidden hole—the snap of a broken bone is heard, and he falls helplessly. His rider, thrown by the sudden shock, lights apparently unhurt upon the grass. She is up in an instant and endeavors to help the stricken animal. Her efforts are of no avail. He lies with bleeding nostrils looking at her with piteous eyes as though craving her forgiveness for thus falling her in her extremity. The precious moments are passing rapidly. At length, with a farewell embrace, Aimee starts, with the pardon in her hand, to finish the journey on foot. There is yet time

if she can only hasten. She has not taken a dozen steps before she is conscious that in her fall she has injured her ankle. She struggles bravely against the pain, limping along, anguish beating at her heart, until she is unable to proceed. A feeling of faintness assails her. A glance at the signs of approaching day spurs her to superhuman efforts. A mis-step wounds her more cruelly. She sinks to the ground, but with desperate purpose still animating her she rises, struggling to proceed. A few yards further, and her strength fails utterly. The mists from the river seem to come up and surround her and becloud her mind, until at last all is mist, and she lies an unconscious heap beside the road, her lover's pardon still clutched between her fingers, and all the while the pitiless day approaches.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Upon hearing Aimee order her horse, Farouche knew that she had determined to make the journey to Monsieur Guion's. A strong desire to protect her in some way from the dangers of such a ride stirred within his awakened soul. Consequently, so soon as he left the Chateau he quitted the city, taking the road toward Sillery at a jog-trot, turning back every now and then to listen for the sound of overtaking hoofbeats. At length he distinguished their approaching, and withdrew into the shadow until horse and rider had passed, making sure that it was she whom he adored. As he went along he laughed gleefully, recalling the fact that a little beyond him a footpath led off to the right, passed over an intervening hill, and finally joined the highway again almost at the entrance of the estate of Monsieur Guion, cutting in two the distance to be traversed. The road itself curved around near the river and followed a winding course the remainder of the way. Into this by-path Farouche plunged, bent upon reaching his destination at the same time as the young girl on horseback. Well it was that his master had lured him to long journeys by frequent trips between La Maison Sombre and Quebec. Well it was that Marie-Giloi had often threatened him with an additional beating if he did not return within a certain time, thus forcing him to run the entire distance, building up a strength of limb and depth of wind that stood him in excellent stead as he bounded along on his moonlit errand. At length the woods were passed and the road regained just in time for him to see Aimee dash into the grounds about Monsieur Guion's house. Carefully following, he approached a lighted window, and glancing in he recognized the governor seated in his chair. He then took up a convenient position where he could see all that passed and waited. He had, of course, no idea of the purpose of Aimee's visit, but as he watched her enter and witnessed the interview of evident intimacy on her part, the governor's refusal, followed by the writing and sealing of a letter, his simple train comprehended dimly what was passing, and as the girl quickly seized the letter and fled he realized the necessity of its safe and quick delivery.

By this time he too was ready for the return journey. Either he was unable to maintain the same speed, or the horse and rider covered the homeward way with greater fleetness, for, when he had reached the main road again, he listened in vain for any sound of their approach. Going on slowly for a short distance he found the injured animal groaning with pain, but with no traces of his mistress, so he hastened to overtake her. A moment or two later he spied the form of the young girl, prone beside the road, her white, unconscious face bathed in the mournful rays of the departing moon. At first his alarm was extreme, but finding her hand still warm, he realized that she was not dead. Dead people he knew had icy fingers, and he did not sigh and groan as she did. Perplexed as to what to do, he first lifted her up in order to carry her home, but a warning groan of evident pain frightened him. He therefore laid her gently at one side of the road and taking off his coat, rolled it carefully up and placed it under her head. Then he caught sight of the letter still tightly held in her clenched hand. An intuitive thought of its importance flashed over him. In the inspiration of the moment he seized it and started off. At the distant peak of gray, signs of activity appeared about the Chateau and its vicinity. Sounds of preparation for the impending event were heard; soldiers were drawn up in readiness, and a straggling group of spectators had already collected about the Place d'Armes. Armand had passed a most miserable night, counting the swiftly passing hours. He had received permission to take farewell of Raoul in his cell after the priest had visited him, just prior to his being led forth to his doom. With faltering step and sorrowful heart this faithful friend approached the Chateau. He shuddered as he saw the signs of preparation for the coming tragedy. He had crossed the Place halfway when he was overtaken and nearly run down by a strange, excited figure. Turning angrily upon this careless intruder of his and thoughts he recognized the face of Farouche. The poor man, panting and well-nigh spent, stopped as he recognized in Armand a friend of Aimee's. Staring and gasping for breath, he thrust his precious letter into his hands, gesticulating wildly. Armand examined it closely by the dim light; his heart gave a quick start as he recognized the handwriting of the governor. The fact that the missive was addressed to the officer in command before, was expecting the arrival of his friend. With a sad smile he greeted his visitor, but Armand, unable to con-

trol his joy, cried: "Good news, mon cher Raoul, you are a free man, you are a free man! The governor's pardon has arrived!"

The prisoner's face flushed. "I did not believe that an innocent man would be allowed to suffer," he said calmly.

A long time did the slight figure beside the lonely road lie motionless. In vain did the last rays of the moon touch her lips in soft adieu. In vain did the gentle twitterings of drowsy birds, leaving their warm nests for another day of song and sunshine, fall upon her heedless ears. In vain did the mists, rising in long, curled columns, trail gracefully upward into the higher regions and melt away. In vain did the varying phases of the daily miracle of dawn spread themselves about the heavens to delight her closed eyes. She lay as one inhabiting another world. At last the warmth of the sun shining full upon her face recalled her absent spirit. She opened her eyes and gazed wonderingly about. A flash of recollection thrilled her with an agonizing fear. She started up, but sank down again with a cry of pain as she attempted to stand upon her injured foot. A realization of the fruitlessness of her brave endeavor filled her mind and overwhelmed her. Just then her glance caught sight of the governor riding hurriedly toward her.

The old man, recalled to his surroundings by the bright sunshine, left the house of his friend precipitately. When the scenes of the night recurred to him he was filled with anxiety for the safety of the young girl, and he bitterly upbraided himself for not accompanying her back to the city. Hence, without waiting to partake of any food, he hurried his horse toward Quebec, in great distress of mind. This was immeasurably increased when he came upon the wounded Rex, and he realized that some mishap had occurred to Aimee in her wild night ride. Pressing hastily on he searched carefully both sides of the road for any evidences of the missing rider. When he perceived her sitting upright upon the grass, he uttered a cry of joy, and quickly dismounting, approached her.

"What has happened, my cherie, are you injured?" he exclaimed anxiously. Aimee threw her arms about his neck as he knelt, and laid her head wearily upon his breast in mute despair.

"Rex is sorely hurt," she murmured, "my ankle is sprained, and I have lost the letter you gave me. I have failed in my effort to save the life of one who was dearer to me than all else. Too late, too late!" she wailed. "Ah, Raoul, you know all now," and finding relief in tears at last, she sobbed out her grief within the sympathetic embrace of her protector and friend.

The governor was dumb, not knowing what consolation to offer. A length he spied Farouche's coat.

"What is this?" he cried. "Someone has evidently been here. Perhaps the person who placed this beneath your head also took the letter and delivered it in time."

Aimee looked up at these words, and through her tears recognized the garment. "Farouche's coat!" she exclaimed. Then, as a sudden ray of hope illumined her face: "Quick! Quick! Philippe, let us hasten! Let us ride together to the city. I can manage somehow to hold on behind you. Perhaps—perhaps—" and with these wistful words she allowed herself to be placed upon the horse, although in great pain, while the governor mounted in front of her, and they rode homeward as fast as possible. Their speed was all too slow for Aimee's eager desire, and she constantly begged that the spur be applied. When they reached Quebec it was still early, and few people were astir to see the unusual sight of the old governor and his ward riding the same horse.

As they passed the Place d'Armes Aimee closed her eyes with a shiver, not daring to look, lest she see some evidence that would tell her the execution had taken place, and that she was indeed too late. At the Chateau she was helped down, and stood a moment at the door, filled with instinctive dread of what she was soon to learn. Suddenly it was thrown open and Raoul, the faithful Armand, with a cry of joy she advanced a step forward, forgetful of her injury. A sudden stab of intense pain pierced her frame, and she fell swooning into outstretched arms of Raoul. When she regained her senses, in the room to which she had been carried, she imperiously ordered both Raoul and Armand away. Summoning the governor to her side, she pulled his head down near her happy face and whispered tremulously: "Pere Philippe, will you do me one more favor?"

The old man nodded. "What it is now, my little pigeon," he said fondly. "You must forget that—that what I said last night about Raoul," and Aimee attempted to hide her hot cheeks in a vigorous and lengthy embrace.

A gay party had assembled the night before at La Maison Sombre. Du Tillet had invited his three fellow-conspirators, members of the "gallant" company, "The Royal Four," to dine with him and spend the night in hilarious anticipation of the downfall at dawn of their common enemy. Lieutenant Lotot was obliged to be absent, as his duties compelled him to remain in the city until after the last act of the bloody drama on the Place d'Armes had been completed. He promised that as soon as it was all over he would ride post-haste to bring them the welcome news and join them at their breakfast. The dinner was of the savory; the wine was good and plentiful. Hence it was not strange that a feeling of good humor and contentment prevailed. Gaudais and Berthier were especially satisfied, as Du Tillet had declared another dividend from their supposed trading venture, which, he claimed, lay in their pockets at every movement they made. Du Tillet, on his part, experienced that feeling of joy that comes to one upon the happy realization of his cherished plans. Toasts were drunk in drunken glee. To the success of the Royal Four, cried Berthier, his face aflame and his eyes sparkling with delight.

"Confusion to all plotting knaves, and honor and reward to honest men like ourselves, who seek to purge our beloved colony of traitors," proclaimed Gaudais with drunken gravity.

To be Continued.

## BEGGING HORDES AND MRS. SAGE

Is Announced That Dead Financier's Millions Will Not Soon Be Distributed.

New York, Jan. 6.—Mrs. Russell Sage, widow of the financier, today gave out a statement in which she declared that it is not her intention to distribute immediately the money left to her by her husband and much less does she intend to distribute it everywhere and to everybody.

Mrs. Sage's statement was made public by Robert W. DeForest, her attorney, and in part is as follows: "I have been receiving, ever since my husband's death, several hundred letters a day containing applications of every conceivable kind from so many different persons.

"These letters come in every possible way. They come, too, from every part of the United States and from foreign countries; from the greater cities, such as Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, and from the smallest hamlet in the far west.

"A great many of these letters contain absurd and unreasonable requests, based apparently on the idea that I was immediately going to distribute, without examination or consideration, a very large sum of money.

"The professional begging letter-writer appears in large numbers, and also the people who have failed in business and wish to establish themselves afresh; those who would like to have me go into business with them, and those who have discovered 'spectacular motion' or the 'elixir of life' and only need aid for them to take out patents and secure their and my everlasting fortunes.

"Many of them unquestionably represent real need. Some of them are very pathetic. The greater part of them relate to personal or family wants. To read them all would involve the total loss of eyesight, which a woman of 77 needs to reserve.

"Moreover, innumerable people, some of them perhaps the writers of these letters, are constantly trying to secure personal interviews with me, and if I should see one-tenth of the people who so apply it would be on continuous interview day and night.

"This constitutes a real persecution if I should care to so regard it, and I am frequently amazed at the character and standing of people who thus seek to press themselves on me instead of respecting my desire for seclusion during this, the first few months of my widowhood.

"It is not my purpose to make any immediate distribution of the money which my husband has left to me and which I expect to receive in the due course of administration. Much less am I intending to make any such distribution everywhere and to everybody.

"Whatever be the personal or family needs of poor people in Chicago, Boston, Baltimore and Washington, I cannot be looked to to supply them. I have at my own doors, in my own city of 4,000,000 of inhabitants, many such cases, which have a nearer claim on me, insofar as I may decide to recognize it. I think the philanthropic people of Chicago, Boston, Baltimore and Washington and other cities—some of whom I know—can and should be relied on to meet such need in their respective cities.

## DOUKS SETTLE DOWN

Religious Fanaticism Has Faded Away Before Industrial Enterprise.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 6.—It is all off with the search of the Messiah and the fanatic pilgrimages of the Doukhobors. With the rest of the people of the western hemisphere they have joined the neck-breaking search for gold. It was feared that during the Christmas season some of the more pious of their number might start on another hunt for the Messiah in the wilderness as next season; they will all be too busy making the contracts to supply Doukhobor labor wholesale for railway construction in the Northwest—agreements which have been of the greatest advantage to both sides. But there is to be no navying for the Doukhobors in the winter. They will all be too busy with their own crops and herds.

"At the present time there are 5,000 Doukhobors in the Canadian West, in 48 villages between Yorkton and Swan River. The distribution of the cultivable earth is made with the greatest impartiality. Everyone is proprietor of the ground he lives on, but the products of the soil are held in common in each village, and are distributed among all according to the measure of their need. In each village are big granaries for storing the produce until the time comes to sell it. "In the autumn the preliminary work was begun in each village for the construction of schools. All the schools will be constructed of cement blocks and will be modern and comfortable."

THE EFFICACY of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all climates and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments, and all effects of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money.

# Unlimited Choice of Entire Dress Goods Stock at 1-5 Off

Our 1-5 Off Sale is a whole-hearted effort on our part to reduce our stock greatly before inventory day rolls around. Now in dress goods we haven't selected several lines of goods and marked them at 1-5 off, but offer you the unlimited choice of our entire stock. You can select material from any and every piece of Black and Colored Dress Goods in the store and pay us 1-5 less than regular price. Just think of the golden opportunity that is yours. Then act immediately. Remember, every time you buy a dollar's worth of dress goods you hand us over but eighty cents for it.

**For Suits or Dresses** you can select any of the following fashionable weaves: Venetians in black, blue, brown, green and wine, dainty crispines, fashionable chevots and broadcloths, all-wool tartans, cashmeres, tweeds, panamas and silk-warp goods. Anything you desire for a suit or dress fabric is yours for 1-5 less.

**For Evening Wear** choose from this beautiful collection of voiles, crepe de chenes, colliennes, challies, albatross, etc. A full range of all the leading shades in the above weaves. Now is the time to select material for the evening gown. Now, when you save 1-5 off every dollar you invest, amounts to a big saving when you buy several yards.

**Coatings:** Blanket cloths in plaid effects; fawn covert cloths; tweed coatings in black and white plaids and checks; cravenettes in gray, fawn, olive, black and blue. All our coatings are also marked to sell at 1-5 off.

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



AN EXCELLENT DESIGN FOR A SHIRT BLOUSE—6766.

There are three points about a shirt-waist which decide its success, and these are its style, becomingness and material. The latter includes both texture and color, and this must always be the choice of the wearer. The other characteristics are often combined, and a waist which is noticeable for these qualities is sketched. The yoke of fanciful shaping, is smart and trim looking. The groups of tucks which regulate the fulness of the front are pleasing, as are those in the waist, which suggest taper of waist. The sleeves may be of the puff and deep cuff order, or of bishop style, with the narrow wristband. Any reasonable fabric may serve as material, of which 2 1/2 yards 27 inches wide are needed in the medium size.

6766—SIZES, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

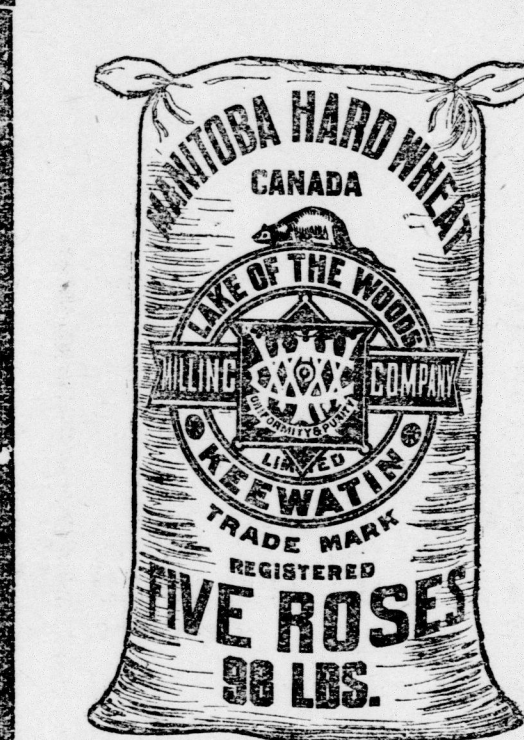
Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

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, 36, 38, 40, or 42 inches. 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 "yards." 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 a postage stamp.

Address—  
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## The First Need

of a cook, in order to insure good bread and pastry on baking day, is a good flour, and one which is uniform. A brand which varies in quality and strength, and requires different methods of using every time, is a source of worry to any cook and the cause of much spoiled bread and pastry. "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures every barrel and bag of flour which leaves the mills being of a uniform strength, quality and color. Therefore when once a cook learns to use it, she will find that "FIVE ROSES" way of baking will give the same uniform results—the best—every Baking Day.

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## BUYS REMBRANDT FOR \$3

Lucky Purchaser Now Offered \$60,000 for Painting.

Brussels, Jan. 6.—A clerk employed in the Belgian senate recently noticed in a shop at Laeken a dusty painting representing three cavaliers playing chess by a lighted lamp.

He went in, and, having bought it for \$3, took it to a firm of experts for examination. It was there declared to be a fine example by Rembrandt. The clerk has now received an offer of \$60,000 for the painting.

## ROMANCE OF LIPTON'S BOAT

Began on the Yacht Erin and Ended With Wedding in Tokio.

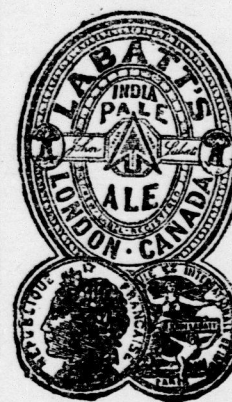
Tokio, Jan. 6.—Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, author, and Post Wheeler, poet, were married Tuesday at the American embassy here.

Sir Thomas Lipton and his yacht Erin have another completed romance to their credit.

That the Rives-Wheeler match was helped along by the Irish yachtman is not generally known, but those who were Sir Thomas's guests on the Erin when the Shamrock and the Columbia competed in 1901 remember many interesting details of the romance.

Among the guests invited for Saturday, Aug. 23, of that year, were Miss Rives and Mr. Wheeler. Fate, perhaps working a combination, had it that they both should miss the tender which Sir Thomas sent to Pier A to convey his guests to the Erin's anchorage within the Horseshoe at Sandy Hook.

Mr. Wheeler found Miss Rives on the pier almost in tears at the thought of missing the race. He rose to the occasion and found a yachtman friend who took them down the bay. The Erin was steaming toward the starting line through a choppy sea when she was halted by the smaller yacht.



## Labatt's INDIA PALE ALE

The barley and hops used are the finest that money can secure. It is a prime favorite.

10 MEDALS—12 DIPLOMAS.

Thomas in the form of a "lucky" flag. The ground was white silk and in the center a huge shamrock was embroidered in green. She herself had made it. From this meeting a friendship grew which ended in the wedding.

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that this system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

## NO WOMAN CAN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY UNLESS THE KIDNEYS ARE WELL

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that this system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

## Doan's Kidney Pills

are a specific for all kidney troubles. They begin by healing the delicate membranes of the kidneys and thus make their action regular and natural.

They help the kidneys to flush off the acid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old.

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others, that is, cure you. Mrs. John Young, Harwood, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for some time and my back was so lame I could scarcely get around. After using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I am completely cured. I find there is nothing like them for the cure of all kidney troubles."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

**MEN AND WOMEN.** The Big 6 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Failure, and not astriction, of the prostate gland or of the urethra. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

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