

When the Poliu Took the Trail to Find Revenge

How a French Soldier of Lille Refused to Let the Armistice Foil His Plan to Make a German General Pay in Full for the Torture of His Daughter.

By MORDAUNT HALL.

PART I.

La gygne, or bad luck, had followed Francois Lefevre for the last twenty years and he attributed the constant ill fortune to an opal he had purchased when a youth at a small shop in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris. Yet he still wore the stone in an iron ring, that setting having been made while he was serving in the French trenches near Verdun. Since he had bought the opal his wife had died, his business had failed and at the time war started he was earning a meagre income in Lille. It was not long after the war that he heard that his daughter Jeanette, was the victim of a German officer, who, so the story went, after he had lashed and whipped the girl, caused her to be shot as a French spy. The news came to him in an indirect way from Belgium, where, it was said, the girl had been incarcerated for months in a Brussels house. Some women who had seen Jeanette when she was taken away from Lille believed that the German officer actually was infatuated with the pretty French girl. They had heard a report of Jeanette biting her captor for attempting to embrace her. When this was told to Francois, a man of forty-two, it made his face grow pale with passion. Still until and after the signing of the armistice he held out a faint hope that Jeanette might be alive, even if she was the mother of a German's child. He was a man of wicked temper and trusted that Jeanette would let him slay the offspring, but his friends knew that he would be so elated at the sight of his daughter alive that he would bow to anything she wished.

After these stories, Francois, in the thickest of the fray, found satisfaction in killing Germans, praying every time he dug a bayonet into a Boche that he would be spared to avenge whatever had happened to his daughter, even after the war was ended.

The first chance that Francois obtained to leave France was in January, 1919, and not having gained any information about Jeanette he proceeded on a special permit—he was a soldier who had won the Medaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre—to Brussels, having vowed that the rest of his life would be spent in seeking the German responsible for his daughter's death.

It was a fine afternoon when Francois arrived at the Gare du Nord in the Belgian capital. How things had changed since he last saw the city! He carried his belongings, which were not much, to the same hotel he had stayed at in more prosperous days when he was a happy young bridegroom. It seemed so long ago! He lugged his two bags into the hotel and asked for a room. The young man behind the desk, who had been there only since the armistice had been begged for by Germany, allotted a room to Francois, saying that as he was a soldier of France he could have it at old rates—three francs seventy-five centimes a day.

Francois was then in a quandary as to what he should do next, and he was rolling a cigarette when he saw another man, perhaps fifty or even a little more, seated at a writing table in thought. It was a congenial moment to Francois when the other man took a seat beside him and began talking. He needed a little companionship, and he felt that the old chap was indeed hospitable when he invited Francois to partake of a glass of wine.

"I will willingly," agreed Francois, and the two went into the cafe of the hostelry.

"Of course it's stupid," declared the Belgian as they sipped their beverages, "but I believe I've seen you before. I think—"

Francois looked at him fixedly and observed that neither of them had unusual countenances and that there were probably many men who resembled himself and also no end of others who were not unlike the other. "It is merely a fancy with me, perhaps," said the Belgian. "And what brings you to Brussels, if I may ask?" "I am on a strange errand," replied Francois. "I have come from France to look for my daughter or to avenge her death. My heart is filled with hope for revenge, and would to God that I could learn where this German criminal resides in Germany, for his agony would be ended the sooner."

The speech was made in passion, and the Belgian nodded sympathetically. He remained silent for a few moments and then in a husky voice remarked that it was strange that both of them should have lost their daughters.

"Mine," said the Belgian, "was murdered from the skies. She was in Louvain when, as I was told, she was killed either by a bomb from an airplane or one of the enemy's shells. It is strange that we should have met, is it not? I am now alone in the world."

"So am I," said Francois, who now that he had met a friend on the first day of his search for Jeanette believed that there must be something in the idea prevalent among some superstitious folk that the opal's ill fortune was often followed by great good fortune when its power for evil was spent, so long as it was retained by the same owner. However, not wishing to own up to a casual acquaintance that he was superstitious, Francois said nothing regarding this belief, but confined himself to the stories he had heard about Jeanette.

"She was a most beautiful girl on the eve of seventeen when I last saw her in the station at Lille. I remember how she stood, her hair caressed by a breeze and a black shawl around her shoulders."

"My girl was older," said the Belgian. "She must have been twenty-two, a fine strapping girl. But war is war, and now that we are bereft of our daughters we must make the best of life. You perhaps still have a chance of avenging your daughter, but it strikes me as a hopeless one."

"You think it is?" said Francois. The Belgian pondered, and then observing the intent look upon the Frenchman's face, voiced the opinion that perhaps there was a chance. Did Francois know the name of the German officer?"

"I do," said Francois, "but I shall keep that a secret for the time being."

They arose and the Belgian announced that, naturally, Francois Lefevre could count upon him for any assistance it was in his power to give. With eyes welling with tears Francois shook the Belgian's hand and walked slowly out of the hotel, bent on looking over the house in the Rue Royale in which Jeanette was said to have been confined for so long.

The place was quite pretentious, but little was known of the former occupants of the house by those who then made it their residence. Some time ago it was believed that a German general had made it his headquarters, but the story was vague. The same man said that from what he had learned this Boche had been retired after the first year of the war because his rowdy and boisterous wine parties interfered with his military duties. The saddest report was one

told by other Belgians to the effect that this same German had been shot by order of the Kaiser. This, Francois sincerely hoped, was not the case, as he felt that desire for revenge keener every day he was alone.

He returned to the hotel and related some of the rumors he had heard during the day to the old Belgian, whom he caused to shudder when he remarked that he had once heard a soldier vow to kill a Boche by cutting out his heart.

"And that's the way I will kill the murderer of Jeanette," declared Francois. "The soldier may not have meant it as literally as I do."

"Ah, I have seen so much killing in the last year," said the old Belgian, "that I would almost prefer to have the man who dropped the bomb or fired the gun which slew my daughter sent to a filthy jail for life."

They sat at dinner together that night and Francois took from his pocket a photograph of Jeanette and showed it to his Belgian friend, whose hand trembled as he gazed at the picture of the beautiful girl. It affected him, he said, to look at such a picture and know that she, the original, had met such a terrible end.

(To be concluded.)

USES FOR VOLCANOES.

Several Industrial Products Are the Result of Volcanic Heat.

There are few things that the ingenuity of man is not able to turn to some useful account. Take volcanoes for example.

The pigmy Andaman Islanders, in the Indian Ocean, get their fire from a volcano on one of the islands of that archipelago. A fresh supply is needed only once in a while because they know how to keep it alive indefinitely in decayed logs. The primitive natives of Tierra del Fuego obtain fire from a like source.

Volcanoes are enormous producers of glass, derived (just as we get it) from the melting of quartz rocks. It is a right good quality of glass, too, though black as ink. In pre-Columbian days the aborigines of Mexico and Central America used it for razors and other implements. Our own Indians found it valuable for arrowheads, immense deposits of it being found in the far West.

Sulphur, which is so indispensable for a great variety of purposes, is exclusively a volcanic product. Likewise gypsum, which, in the form of plaster of paris, is a necessity to sculptors, makers of casts and many other industrial workers. Pumice-stone, derived from volcanoes, is used in various arts and crafts.

The city of Naples is built of lava, an admirable structural material. And for the adornment of buildings and other valuable uses, there are such beautiful stones, of volcanic manufacture, as jasper, chalcedony, and porphyry. The Bible speaks of jasper as of ornamental use in heaven.

Then there is marble, which is limestone that has undergone crystallization by volcanic heat. Without volcanoes we should have no amethysts and other gem stones, including the ruby and the diamond. The diamonds of South Africa come from ancient volcanic "pipes," in which they were crystallized from carbon by temperatures approaching the celestial.

WEDDING RINGS FOR MEN.

Brazilian Women Wouldn't Swap That Equality for Vote.

The women in Brazil have not equal suffrage, but they have an equality with the men of their country which is not enjoyed by their North American sisters, says a Rio de Janeiro despatch.

All Brazilian husbands are expected to wear their wedding rings as conscientiously as their wives, and generally they do so. The ring is a plain gold band, the same as that worn by the wives in Canada.

The women in Brazil unanimously are of the opinion that this is about the last word in equality, and it is doubtful if they would exchange the custom for the right to go to the polls.

"Spring Memories."

Just a farmhouse garden
Back in my old 'shire,
But to visit it in springtime
Is always my desire.

The "daffodils" and "ribbon-grass"
Are growing side by side,
And there you'll see "sweet William"
take
A "Wallflower" for his bride.

The "daisies" in their little bed
Beneath the "hawthorne" tree,
Know they will grace a May Queen's
head
Ere they much older be.

And by that path of cockle shells
I heard a "primrose" whisper
That just at dusk, as evening fell
A "bluebell" stooped and kissed
her.

I've learnt to love the "maple" trees
Of this Canadian clime,
But that old farmhouse garden
Still haunts this heart of mine.

EMPIRE'S TRIBUTE TO CAPT. FRYATT

MEMORY OF HEROIC MERCHANT SEAMAN HONORED.

Remains Brought From Belgium With Naval Escort—Service at St. Paul's Cathedral—Interment at Dovercourt.

A national tribute of honor was paid on July 8 to the memory of Captain Charles Fryatt, executed by the Germans in 1916 for attempting to ram a U-boat, by a national memorial service at St. Paul's Cathedral, says a London despatch. After lying in state at the Dover station over night, the body arrived at Charing Cross Station at eleven o'clock, and was placed on a gun carriage drawn by blue jackets. A cortege was formed, headed by relatives and including representatives of the Admiralty, War Office, other Government departments and all seafarer's organizations.

With a naval escort and a band, the procession passed slowly through the crowded streets by way of Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue, the Thames embankment and Ludgate Hill, arriving at the cathedral at noon. The coffin was hidden under a mass of flowers, among which were many magnificent wreaths from the townspeople and authorities of Bruges and Antwerp. Only the steady tramp of feet and the solemn strains of funeral music broke the silence as the cortege passed through the streets.

Memorial Service at St. Paul's.

At the cathedral the ceremonies were generally a repetition of those in memory of Miss Edith Cavell. The clergy received the body at the west door of the edifice, an orchestra playing a funeral march as the coffin was placed in position. The burial service was read and the hymns: "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," and "Abide With Me," were sung.

At the conclusion of the service the procession was reformed and again made an impressive progress to the Liverpool Street Station, where the casket was placed on a train and sent to Dovercourt, the home of Captain Fryatt, where the remains will be interred in the quiet parish churchyard. All flags which are floating over the public buildings of London in honor of the signing of the treaty of peace were half-masted during the ceremonies.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Trades Union Census.

The total trades union membership reported at the end of 1917 was 204,689 for the Dominion, being comprised in 1,974 local branches of trades union organizations of all types, as stated in the Canada Year Book for 1918.

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Saskatchewan Wool.

It is expected that fully 500,000 pounds of wool will be shipped this year to the Co-operative Branch, Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture. Contracts have already been sent in for 45,000 fleeces, an increase of 25 per cent. over last year, according to the Winnipeg office of the Department of Immigration and Colonization.

The worst that happens is rarely the worst that could happen.

CLARK'S

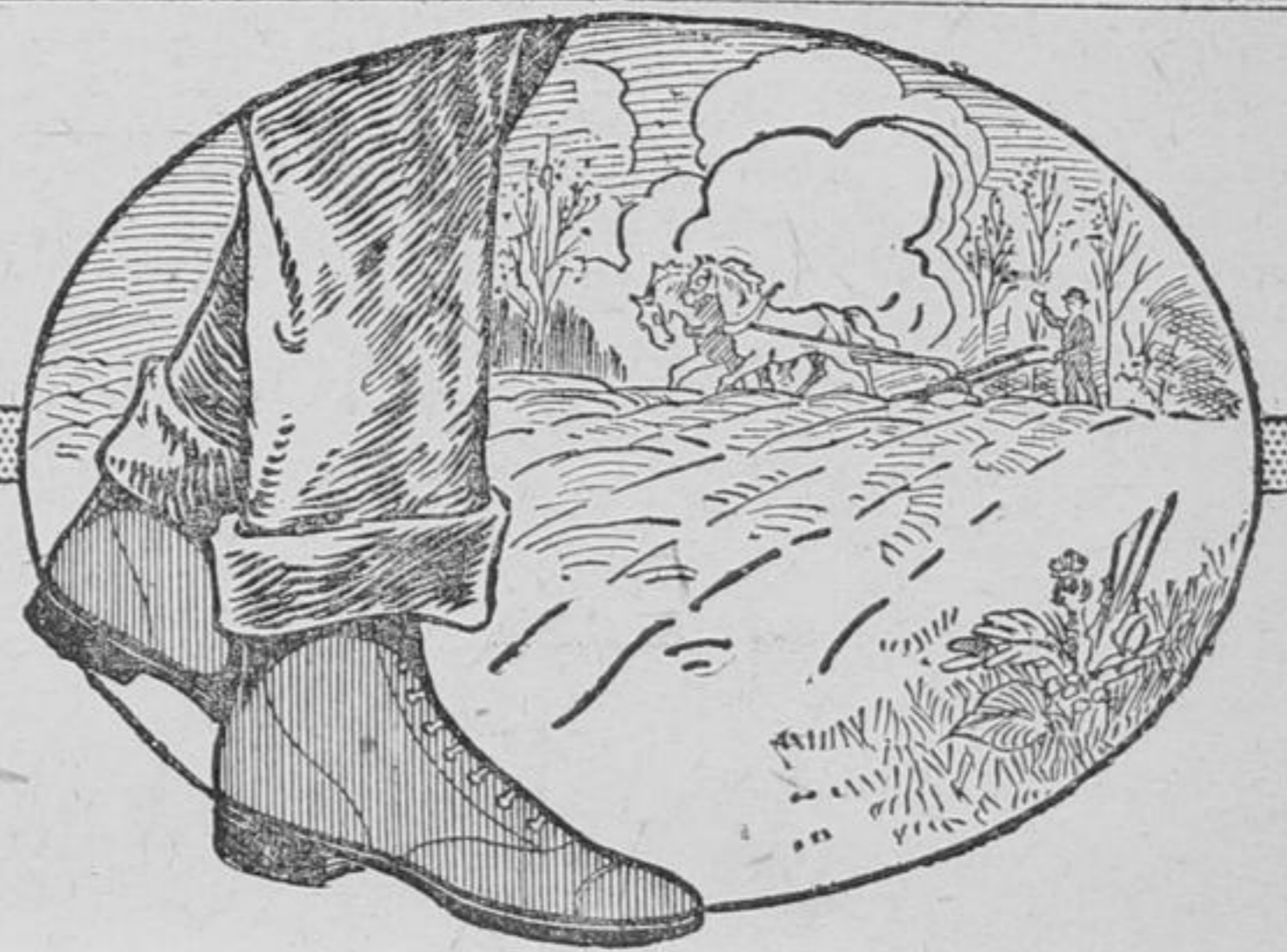
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Sword of Peace

An Interesting Peep at the Treasures of the Royal Armoury.

The "sword of peace" recently presented to King George by a Japanese editor is the latest addition to a collection which is said to be without a rival in the world.

In this Royal collection, of which the King is very proud, you will see swords of every conceivable type and form. In one case you will see an old Crusader's blade which laid many a Saracen low in Palestine seven centuries ago; and by its side, sheathed in a scabbard of purple and gold, inlaid with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, the sword with which Bahadur Siraj slew himself rather than yield to his enemies on the plains of Indore, in Stuart days.

Here is a Persian blade, once worn by the Beg of Cutch, with a hilt of solid gold, encrusted with diamonds and bearing the inscription, "I was born to slay, but in me is mercy"; and it has for near neighbor a scimitar with which the Maharajahs of Indore did doughty deeds in half a hundred battles centuries before Clive set foot on Indian soil.

This straight, double-grooved sword, bearing the letters, "I.H.S.," was taken to the Crusades by an English knight, when our King John was on his

throne; and, after disappearing for three or four centuries, somehow came into the hands of Sivaji, the freebooter, who with it hewed his way to the Mahratta throne. In a neighboring case we see a scabbard, ablaze with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, which sheathes a sabre worn for many a generation by the Rajahs of Mandi.

Near to it are a gold-hilted sword, with this inscription in Persian, "There is no saint but Ali, no sword but Zulficar," which, five centuries ago, was held in superstitious awe as the deadliest weapon in the East, against which no warrior, however brave and skillful, could hope to live; and a murderous weapon—sword and pistol combined—said to have been invented by the infamous Tipoo Sahib.

Another sword is the very weapon with which Mir Nureef struck off the right hand of the treacherous brother who had stolen his wife from him during his absence from the Court of Akbar; and this blade, with its hilt of rock-crystal and diamond-studded gold, saw centuries of fighting in India after it had received its baptism of blood in the Crusades.

To this wonderful collection the Japanese sword comes as the first emblem of peace.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows