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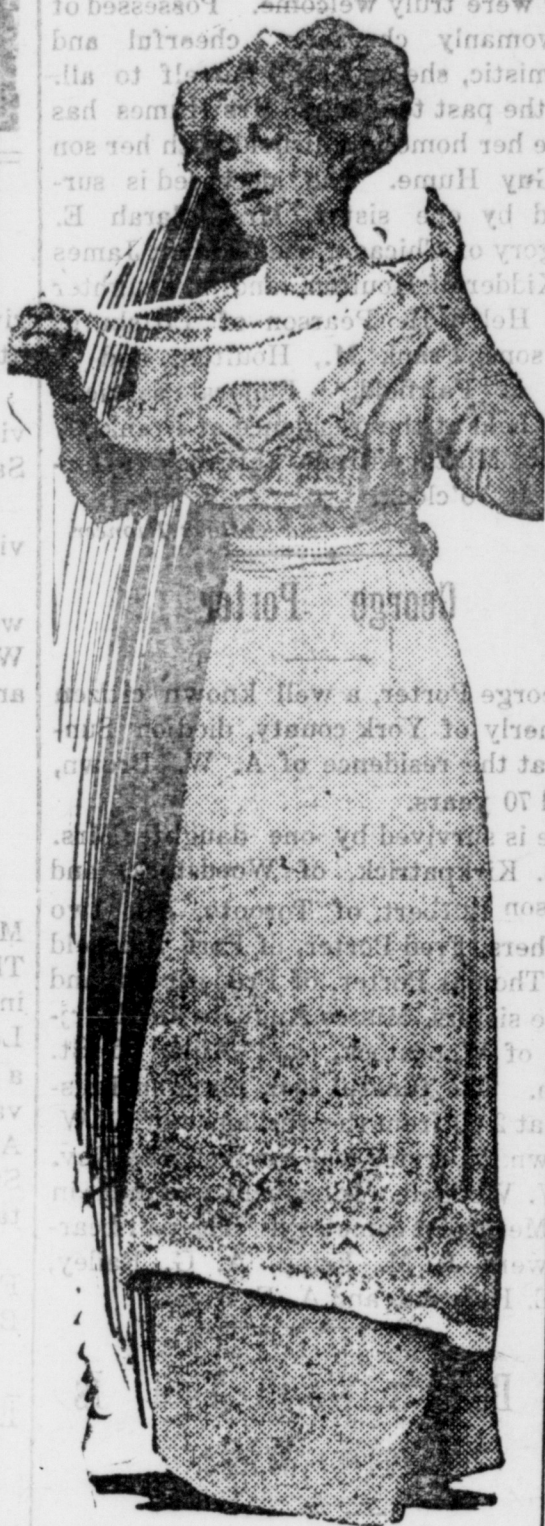
**BUTTER PAPER**  
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## Household Hints

### SOFA RUGS

During the colder months the after-  
noon nap and the sofa rug are so  
closely associated that the one seems  
impossible without the other, although  
many people object to sofa rugs on  
the score of appearance. Many re-  
cent specimens are made of fleecy  
wood, light of weight, and in the  
prettiest, pale shades, richly em-  
brodered in bold design in self-  
coloured and contrasting silks; others  
are of plain satin, wadded and hand-  
somely embroidered at the corners  
and in the centre. Although made of  
practically the same materials as are  
elder-downs, these sofa rugs are quite  
distinctive in appearance.

One very dainty home-made sofa  
rug was built up of patchwork  
squares. Each "patch" was in reality  
a four-inch square bag, wadded  
with vegetable down. When a suffi-  
cient number of these padded squares  
was made, they were simply seamed  
neatly together side by side. The  
maker had made a special purchase of  
"patchworks" from a silk merchant  
a matter easily arranged with  
the result that the rug was a collec-  
tion of charming "patches" of bright  
brocades, silks, and satins.



Simple evening gown of gray em-  
brodered chiffon.

### Get Breakfast on Time

Punctuality is one of the chief rules  
in a well-ordered home — whether  
it be a small or large house. Meals  
must be prepared and served at the  
pre-arranged hour. Especially does  
this apply to breakfast in order that  
husband may have time to make a  
good meal before going to business.  
Much more depends on this than the  
average young wife can realise. If a  
man is compelled to hurry off to  
town with only a cup of coffee or a  
"scramble" through some imperfectly  
cooked dish, he will feel the need  
of something before noon, and this  
something may take the form of  
stimulants. Therefore, let there be  
no carelessness or delay over the first  
meal.

Unless quite unavoidable, never be  
from home when your husband re-  
turns from work or business. This is  
one of the special duties you under-  
took when you married him. On  
those rare occasions when you may  
be obliged to go out leave your meal  
ready for him to take, and if this  
does not often occur and he is a good  
natured man, he will not grumble.

### An Attempt to "Crinoline."

The vogue for narrow dresses has  
for some time past caused loss — it  
is alleged — to cloth manufacturers,  
and more than once or twice there  
have been rumours that the excessively  
wide skirt was about to be intro-  
duced in company with the old-time  
crinoline.

At last something in the crinoline  
line has made its appearance in  
England. But it has little in common  
with its ancestor except its stiffness.  
The new crinoline is, in fact, nothing  
worse than a stiffening of the skirt  
hem, the skirt itself being the present  
normal width. The balloon-like ap-  
pearance expected is entirely absent  
from the crinoline models now on  
view, though those but mark the  
cautious beginnings of the dreaded  
revival. What Fashion has power to  
induce one to do of course "you never  
can tell," but it is difficult to believe  
that we ever can be persuaded to go  
back to the full-blown crinoline,  
which had neither use nor beauty to  
recommend it.

**THE ROYAL BANK**  
**OF CANADA**

Pays special attention to

**Savings**  
**Accounts**

BAPTISED IN BLOOD

By Andre Roche

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Paolo Franzetti sat idle in his tent,  
his helmet and his sword beside him  
on a stool, and on a table before him  
a map and papers. Thin, sinewy,  
clean-shaven, it was only the few grey  
hairs among the black locks cluster-  
ing round his brow that betrayed his  
age.

"A mercenary," he muttered. "She  
calls me that." He thought of the  
largest purse, unheeding vows and  
oaths, breaking with old friends and  
old loves as easily as a common sol-  
dier.

Where he first came from none  
save himself knew. He had fought  
under Copley for Venice, and had  
looked to succeed that general in  
command of the Republic's troops.  
The Council of Ten had passed over  
his claims, and he went by open day  
light to Ferrara. There he had been  
the leader, general of all the forces,  
the close friend of the duke, the lover  
of the duchess.

Now he sat under Cremona's flag,  
a dukedom in prospect, a fortune in  
retrospect. And from Ferrara to  
Cremona he had gone over in this  
night; not for fear of what men  
should say, but for fear of a woman's  
tongue.

The morning was dull and grey, the  
bright tents with their fluttering  
pennons showed up clearly against  
the sky. The wide open space in  
front of the general's tent was full  
of soldiers, who surrounded two men  
upon horseback. They were strangers  
to all but Franzetti, and he knew  
them for captains in the suite of the  
Duke of Ferrara.

The two heralds approached, and  
the elder spoke, "I came from Ferrara to deliver  
into the hands of Cremona's illust-  
rious general, Paolo Franzetti, this  
packet and this message: 'This out-  
cast brat I send to Franzetti, a gift  
worthy of his estate. For I have  
found no priest so honourless that  
he will baptise the foundling boy.'

So saying he handed to Franzetti  
a bundle of swaddling clothes, in the  
middle of which appeared the red  
face of a little baby.

His senior captains had clustered  
round Franzetti. He spoke a few  
words, gave a few orders, and the  
word passed quickly round from  
mouth to mouth.

"To San Luca! To San Luca!"

Silently and speedily four thou-  
sand of his force swung into the  
saddle and marshalled on either side  
of the great square in front of Fran-  
zetti's tent.

"Gentlemen," he said, coldly and  
politely, "you brought to me a child,  
unbaptised, and besought me to take  
charge of it. I will accept the charge  
on one condition: that you go with  
me to the baptism and stand spon-  
sors for him. We have no water here,  
but over yonder by San Luca there is  
fire, and such a baptism were worthy  
of a no man's son."

San Luca's fortress was in sight,  
and to the right of Franzetti's little  
band were Ferrara's marauders, all  
but cut off from their camp.

The horsemen of Cremona broke  
into a shout, and on command from  
Franzetti spurred towards them, a  
compact, irresistible mass. They  
crashed through the wavering lines,  
cutting a lane of blood, and turning,  
ploughed their way back again.

"See, see, my son," cried Franzetti,  
holding the infant high above his  
head, "your cradle song, the shouts  
of dying men! Here I baptise thee.  
No Man's Son, and call thee Giovanni  
to honour of my mare Joan."

"Ferrara and the Duchess Joan."

"What does it mean? What does  
it mean?" cried the general.

"The duchess fights with them. I  
have seen her, on a black horse." "God  
and the Madonna, defend her!" ex-  
claimed Franzetti, and lest his  
prayer should not be heard, he him-  
self set off in search of her.

The defence had fallen back under  
the very walls of San Luca. Around  
a postern gate a little group fought  
steadily on. As Franzetti dashed

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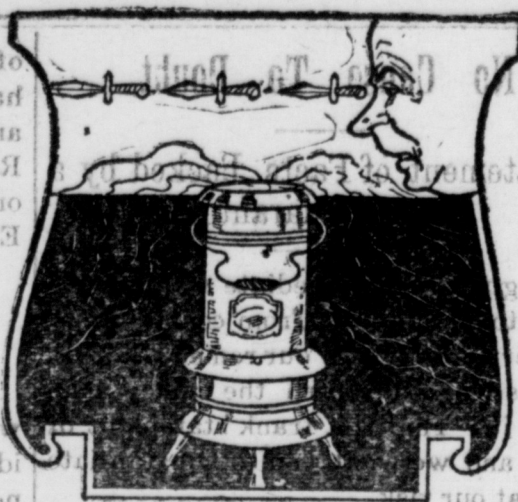
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into the midst of the group they proge  
and fled, hotly pursued by twenty. By  
the gate one stayed, a woman, tall,  
fair-haired, imperious of mien, and  
"You ride hard, my lord duke," she  
said, with bitter emphasis on the title.  
"Madonna, you do me too much  
honour," he returned. "I am but  
Paolo Franzetti, general of Cremona's  
forces."

"A mercenary, a traitor, and a re-  
creant," she added. "Good sir, in  
your modesty you forget half your  
titles." She leaned against the wall  
as though fatigued.

"Pardon, madonna, you have omitted  
one," he said, after a pause. "I am  
also your son's father."  
She laughed aloud, a bitter, mock-  
ing laugh.  
"So the ruse succeeded," she cried.  
"You were deceived. Your simple  
vanity made you an easy prey. That  
village brat, brought into the camp  
two days since. Oh, Franzetti! your  
vanity has led you into strange be-  
liefs. You — my son's father!"  
Franzetti came nearer to her.  
"Ay, madonna," he replied. "And  
my son is the son of a daughter of  
France, for Louis the King is brother  
to Joan of Ferrara."

bright hair glistened on his shoulder  
against the blood-stained mail.  
"Why did you not come with me,  
Joan?" he answered. "The chance  
is given you again. Throw off the  
yoke of Ferrara, as I threw it off,  
and join me now."  
"It is too late, Paolo," she replied.  
She spoke slowly, and with difficulty.  
"When your horsemen strike it is  
hard, and this one struck from be-  
hind."  
It was true. Her left shoulder had  
been pierced; the steel had gone  
through gown and corsage and flesh.  
"Paolo," she cried, "be good to him,  
the little one. He was my son, and  
yours, the son of a daughter of  
France."

**Burmese Ingenuity**  
Eastern ingenuity is often diverted  
into curious directions. The Burmese  
use a junk on the Irrawaddy, so rig-  
ged and with sails so secured that it  
can run only before the wind. It is  
particularly adapted to local con-  
ditions. As roads were till compar-  
atively recent times, unknown in Bur-  
ma, river navigation was of particular  
importance as a means of communi-  
cation. Usually there is considerable  
difficulty in ascending a river. This  
is not so on the Irrawaddy, for the  
winds blow almost constantly dead  
against the current.