

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

BY C. N. and A. M. Williamson

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(From Wednesday's Daily) "I realized by his face—the look in the eyes, the tone of the voice, or rather, the tonelessness of the voice—just what her mind set out meant to Don. I read by all the signs that she was making him suffer atrociously, and I owed that girl a grudge. She'd taken him from me. For the first time a power stronger than mine was at work with him and yet, things being as they were, my only hope of getting him back lay in her."

"What do you mean?" The question spoke itself. Annesley's lips felt cold and stiff. Her hands, nervously clasped in her lap, were cold too, though the shut-up room had but lately seemed hot as a furnace. "I mean, if he had heard as I thought she would behave—as I think you have behaved—he might grow tired of her and the heavy cast-iron coat of virtue he'd put on to please her. He might grow tired at the same time of life on a ranch if his wife made him eat ashes and wear sackcloth. That was my hope. Well, I sent a messenger to find out how the land lay, a few weeks ago."

"The Countess de Santiago!" Annesley exclaimed. "He told you?" "No, I saw her. I—by accident—(it really was by accident!) I heard things. He doesn't know—I believe now that he doesn't know—I was there."

"Perhaps that's just as well. Perhaps not. But, if I were you I'd tell him, when the right time comes. The Countess wrote me she'd had her journey in vain, and why. She said—rather spitefully it struck me—that Don was bewitched by his wife, a cold cruel creature with ice in her veins, who treated him like a dog."

"She said that to you, too?" "Yes, she said that. She seemed to have the impression. But the dog stuck to his kennel. Nothing she could do would tempt him to budge. So I decided to stop here myself, on the way back from Mexico. I couldn't delay that trip. The man was waiting for me. And waiting quietly is difficult in Mexico just now. I got what I wanted, and crammed the lot into this bag, which costs me at the outside, if I remember, five dollars. And good ideas of mine for putting thieves off the track. They expect sane men to carry nightgowns and newspapers in such bags. I thought I'd managed so well, that I'd put the gang who follow me about generally on 'spec' of the track."

"I speak Spanish well. I've been passing for a Mexican lawyer from Chihuahua. But to-day I caught a look from a pair of eyes in a train. I fancied I'd seen those eyes before—and the rest of the features. Perhaps I imagined it. But I don't think so. I trust my instinct. I advise you to it. It's a splendid tip."

"At El Paso I bought a ticket for Albuquerque. The eyes were behind me. I got into the train. So did Eyes, and a friend of his with a long nose. Not into my car, however, so I was able to skip out again as the train was starting. Not a bad feat for a man of my age! I hope Eyes and Nose, and any other features that may have been with them travel on unseeing eyes. But I can't tell me about generally on 'spec' of the track."

"I oughtn't to have come here, bringing danger to your house, Mrs. Donaldson. But I wanted to see

Don, and I knew he was afraid neither of man nor devil—afraid of nothing in the world except one woman. "As for her—well, what I'd heard hadn't prepossessed me in her favor. I sacrificed her for the safety of my golden images and my talk with Don. But the sound of your voice behind the shut door broke the picture I'd made of that young woman. And when I saw you swell, Mrs. Donaldson, I've already told you, I don't intend to exert my influence over your husband, though to do so was my principal object in coming, even if I did, I believe yours would prove stronger. But if I could count on all my old power over him, I wouldn't use it now I have seen you."

"I adore myself, and—my special-ness. But there must be an unselfish streak in me, which shows itself in moments like this. I respect and admire it. You may treat Don like a dog, but he'd never be happy away from you. And I am just fool enough to want him to be happy. This kicked dog of yours, madam, happens to be the best fellow I ever knew or expect to know."

"You say I treat him like a dog," cried Annesley, roused to anger. "But how ought I to have treated him? He came into my life in a way I thought as romantic as a fairy tale. It was all a trick—a play got up to deceive me! I knew nothing of his life; but because of the faith he inspired, I believed in him. No one except himself could have broken that belief. I would not have listened to a word against him. But when he thought I'd discovered something, the whole story came out. If I hadn't loved him so much to begin with, and put him on such a high pedestal, the fall wouldn't have been so great. I wouldn't have broken my heart in pieces."

"But Don gave up everything pleasant in his life, and came down here to this God-forsaken world—here to Michael Donaldson, with a few hundred dollars where he'd had thousands—all for you," said Van Vreck, "and he's had no thought except for you and the ranch for more than a year. Yet apparently you haven't changed your opinion. By Jove, madam, you must somehow, through your personality and God knows what beside, have got me to hold on to my heart. I know more about Christianity myself than some of those narrow men, with their 'cold Christ and tangled Trinitities.' That is, I know on principle. I don't practice what I know, but that's my affair. Did Don ever excuse himself by mentioning the influence I brought to bear on him, when he was almost a boy?"

"There are many clergymen who have got as far from the light as I do, practice what I know, but that's my affair. Did Don ever excuse himself by mentioning the influence I brought to bear on him, when he was almost a boy?"

"No," he breathed. "He didn't excuse himself at all, except to tell me about his father and mother, and a vow he'd made to revenge them on society."

"He would never whine, the girl agreed quickly. But she remembered that night of confession when on his knees he had begged her to forgive, to grant him another chance,

and she had refused. He had never asked again. And he had struggled alone for redemption. "I haven't forgotten some early teachings which impressed me," said Paul Van Vreck. "Christ made a remark about forgiving till seventy times seven. Did you forgive Donaldson four hundred and eighty-nine times, and draw the line at the four hundred and ninetyeth?"

"No, I never had anything to forgive him—till that one thing. But it was a very big thing. Too big!"

"Too big, eh? There was another saying of Christ's about those without sin throwing the first stone. Of course I'm sure you were without sin. But you look as if you might have had a heart-ache."

"Oh, I had, I had!" Tears streamed down Annesley's pale face, and she did not wipe them away. "It's dead now, I think. Think of what the man is—what he's proved himself to be. He's twice as good now as one of your best saints of the church. He's purified by fire. You've got the face of an angel. Mrs. Donaldson, but in my opinion you're a wicked woman, unworthy of the love you've inspired."

"You speak to me cruelly," the girl said through her tears. "I've been very unhappy!" "Not as unhappy as you've made Don by your cruelty. Good heavens, these tender girls can be more cruel when they set about punishing us, than the hardest man! And to punish a fellow like that by making him live in an ice-house, when you could have done anything with him by a little kindness! Don't know that?"

"I'm the sponsor for such sins as Don's committed. He was meant to be straight. But I got hold of him through an agent, and caught his imagination when that wild vow of his was freshly branded on his heart or brain. I have the gift of fascination. Mrs. Donaldson, I know that better than I know most things. You feel it tonight, or you wouldn't sit there letting me tear your heart to pieces—what's left of your heart. And I have an idea there's a good deal more than you think. If you have the sense to patch the bits together—"

(Concluded in Friday's Issue.) Assist Nature. There are times when you should assist nature. It is now undetermined to cleanse your system—if you will take How's Sarsaparilla, the undertaking will be successful. This great medicine purifies and builds up as nothing else does.

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GIRLS' SUSPENDER DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



The suspender dress, worn with a guimp or under blouse, has always been a popular style for the school girl. The one shown in No. 8239 is quite different from the dresses of this style to which we have been accustomed, as it has the low waistline. The blouse is separate and closes at the center front. It is finished with an attractively shaped collar. The sleeves may be long and gathered into either a band or roll cuff, or the short flare sleeves may be substituted, and should be finished with a hem or facing. The skirt is not at all difficult to make, as it is just a two goved model having a straight belt with broad suspenders, which pass through slots in the belt. The suspender dress pattern, No. 8239, is cut in five sizes—6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. In the eight year size the waist requires 1 3/4 yards 27 inch, 1 3/4 yards 32 inch, 1 3/4 yards 36 inch; for the skirt 2 3/4 yards 27 inch, 2 yards 36 inch or 1 3/2 yards 44 inch material. To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

SIDE TALKS

RUTH AND THE CAMERA

THAT VOICE OF YOURS.

How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain unassuming woman whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive! In the social circle how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady.

Two young girls standing in front of me in a trolley the other day were talking to each other in a perfectly natural manner. Their voices were pleasant, natural young voices. "The three then took up the conversation but oh, what a difference there was in the manner of the first two! If I had had my eyes shut I would have known that something had happened to their voices. Don't their pleasant natural tones were gone. They talked, as a masculine friend of mine who detests affectation, puts it "as if they had hot potatoes in their mouths."

What a flexible thing the voice is! And what an excellent index to character, and personality, and education!

Constructing the Person From The Sound of His Voice. It is interesting to sit in a trolley car and listen to people talking and find you can construct the type of

person from the voice. And how seldom you are entirely mistaken! Did you ever, for instance, find one of those rough, uneducated, uncontrolled voices dressed in anything but the latest and loudest and cheapest of styles? Sometimes, however, the voice stands for a past rather than a present personality. You know what they say about the eyes and mouth—the mouth shows what you are, the eyes what you might have been. In the same way, I think, you will occasionally find people whose voices still reflect the good blood and good upbringing from which they themselves have fallen away.

His Voice Refused to Forget. For instance, I know a man who over the telephone impresses you most favorably. His voice is so charming and he has that rare gift—a laugh you long to hear again. When you see him you find a loose flabby body and a general suggestion of the taint of grossness. I asked someone about his history and found that he was from a splendid family. The voice alone refused to forget.

A good voice is the best of introductions to any society. Add to this a good carriage, good grooming and good personality, and you need not dread that bugbear of so many of us—meeting new people.

And the best of it is that none of these things are like other things. They are things we can get for ourselves, if we will—in its fullest sense.

SERIOUS STRIKE IN COAL FIELDS IS LOOKED FOR

Only Unlooked For Change in Situation Can Avert the Tie Up in West

By Courier Lensed Wire. Calgary, May 16—Unless there is an unlooked for change in the situation, the present project in connection with the dispute between the coal miners of District No. 14, United Mine Workers of America and the Western Coal Operators Association is for a prolonged strike, which will tie up the coal fields of Alberta and British Columbia for an indefinite period. The latest demands of the miners for a thirty per cent. increase over the old agreement and a general eight hour day are declared by those in touch with the stand of the employees, to be out of the question, and as the men show no disposition to yield and the operators are just as adamant, it looks as if the dispute would simmer down to a trial of strength between the two parties.

The miners union received another telegram from Hon. T. W. Grothers yesterday in which he urged them to reconsider their refusal to place the matter in the hands of a royal commission, and intimated there was little chance of government interference.

Secretary A. B. Carter of District No. 14, said yesterday that the members of the conference were ready to return to their homes Monday night and let the strike take its course, but had waited over in hope that something might result from the presence in the city of Grant Hall, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is here with A. G. Norton, of Winnipeg, a director of the company.

In view of Mr. Hall's statement made earlier in the day, however, this hope is believed to be in vain.

WILL NOT ATTEND. By Courier Lensed Wire. Copenhagen, via London, May 14.—The Norwegian Workmen's Central Bureau, has decided not to attend the Stockholm Socialist conference.

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Fruit Jelly. First make plain lemon jelly, adding sugar according to the fruit to be used; when beginning to set add bananas, sliced thin, with grapes, oranges cut in small pieces, and dress with whipped cream or a thick custard.

Macedoine de Fruit. For five persons: Peaches and apricots, 1-4 pound; plums and cherries, 1-4 pound; pineapple sugar, 2 tablespoons; kirsch, 1 glassful. Take 1-4 pound each of preserved peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, pineapples; let drip separately; arrange the fruits in a hollow dish so as to have a pretty effect; add some sugar to the juice of the fruits; let it simmer down. When the syrup is concentrated enough let it cool. When ready to serve add two table-spoonfuls of maraschino or kirsch-water and pour the syrup on the fruits.

Pear Ginger. Eight pounds hard pears, 8 pounds sugar, 4 lemons, 1-4 pound coarse ground ginger root. Chop pears, boil with sugar 1 hour. Add chopped lemon and ginger root, let simmer until thick and red in color.

Orange Sweet. Take a breakfast cupful of sweetened orange juice and add to it two table-spoonfuls of good brandy (sherry may be used if preferred, but three table-spoonfuls will be needed); then take about 2 1/2 macaroons and arrange them in the dish they are to be served in; pour the mixture over them and leave them to steep for about a quarter of an hour. Before serving arrange a little rose of stilly whipped cream on each.

Goodnight Stories

"BREAD CAST UPON THE WATER."

In the long ago there dwelt an old couple who were very poor. Their only daughter died, leaving them her father's care.

When the money began to get low in the little brown pitcher where the old lady always kept it the old couple became very sad.

One morning the young grandson, still hungry after eating his portion of bread and milk, decided it was high time that he went out into the world to seek his fortune. So with nothing but the blessing of his grandparents, Radcliff started off.

He had not travelled for when he met an old woman who was trying to remove a tree that had fallen across the road during the night so as to pass with her cart. Radcliff stopped and taking hold of the tree pulled it out of the way, and the old woman asked him to ride as far as her but with her.

Now this old woman was as poor as Radcliff's grandparents, but she was so glad of the young boy's help that she offered him her last coin.

"It was such a little thing to be said Radcliff, refusing the old woman's money. But when he saw she was disappointed because he did not accept the coin, Radcliff told her he would rather have her money of bread and the old woman, glad to be able to repay him in some way, went into the house and brought out two biscuits and Radcliff thanked her politely.

"That will keep me from being hungry today," said Radcliff as he left the old woman and trudged down the dusty road.

He heard a noise in the bushes there sat a poor dog.

"Oh, you poor doggie!" cried Radcliff as he stroked the dog's head. "But you're hungry," and he pulled out one of his biscuits and fed the dog, who was very grateful and licked his hand.

"We still have one biscuit left," said Radcliff to his companion, and the dog, wagging his tail, trotted at Radcliff's heels.

Soon they met a cat, and the poor thing was so weak from lack of food that Radcliff fed it his only biscuit. The cat showed his gratitude by rubbing against Radcliff's leg. And when Radcliff started on again the cat ran ahead.

Finally the poor cat became so tired that it jumped on the dog's back and rode into the village. Now it was such a queer thing to see a cat riding on a dog's back that before long a great crowd gathered, laughing at the funny sight.

The dog seeing the mirth he and the cat were causing, stood upon his hind legs, beating the air with his front paws and barking, while the cat still hung to his back. "Why don't you pass your hat?" said a voice in the crowd. Radcliff, who had not thought of it before, took the hint and before long he had many coins jingling in his pockets.

After treating himself and his two friends to a nice dinner, and taking a basket filled with food, they hurried back to Radcliff's parents, and Radcliff told them of his good luck. "It is a true saying, my boy; that bread cast upon the waters," said the old lady, but she got no farther, for her grandson smothered her words with his kisses.

Radcliff, with the help of his two friends, the dog and cat, were able to keep the little brown pitcher well filled, and the grandparents lived very happy to a good old age.

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