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## Richards' QUICK NAPTHA THE WOMAN'S SOAP

of the big bridge over the Delaware; oh, long ago."

"Isn't he the very dearest? He promised to come here to-day, but I know he won't. Poor daddy, he gets home so tired sometimes. He has just started on the big tunnel and there is so much to do. I have been helping him with his papers every night. But when Aunt Felicia's note came—she isn't my real aunt, you know, but I have called her so ever since I was a little girl—daddy insisted on my coming, and so I have left him for just a few days. He will be so glad when I tell him I have met one of his old friends."

There was no question of her beauty, or poise, or her naturalness.

"Been a lady all her life, my dear Major, and her mother before her," Miss Felicia said when I joined her afterward, and Miss Felicia knew. "She is not like any of the young girls about, as you can see for yourself. Look at her now," she whispered, with an approving nod of her head.

Again my eyes sought the girl. The figure was willowy and graceful; the shoulders sloping, the arms tapering to the wrists. The hair was jet black—"Some Spanish blood somewhere," I suggested, but the dear lady answered sharply, "Not a drop; French Huguenot, my dear Major, and I am surprised you should have made such a mistake." This black hair parted in the middle, lay close to her head—such a wealth and torrent of it; even with tucking it behind her ears and gathering it in a coil in her neck it seemed just ready to fall. The face was oval, the nose perfect, the mouth never still for an instant, so full was it of curves and twinkles and little quivers; the eyes big, absorbing, restless, with lazy lids that lifted slowly and lay motionless as the wings of a resting butterfly, the eyebrows full and exquisitely arched. Had you met her in mantilla and high-heeled shoes, her fan half shading her face, you would have declared, despite Miss Felicia's protest, that only the click of the castanets was needed to send her whirling to their rhythm. Had she tied that same mantilla close under her lovely chin, and passed you with upturned eyes and trembling lips, you would have sworn that the Madonna from the neighboring church and strayed from its frame in search of the hapless and the unhappy; and had none of these disguises been hers, and she had flashed by you in the open some bright morning mounted on her own black mare, face aglow, eyes like stars, her wonderful hair waving in the wind, you would have stood stock-still in admiration, fear gripping your throat, a prayer in your heart for the safe homecoming of one so fearless and so beautiful.

There was, too, about her a certain gentleness, a certain disposition to be kind, even when her inherent coquetry—natural in the Southern girl—led her into deep waters; a certain tenderness that made friends of even unhappy suitors (and I heard that she could not count them on her fingers) who had asked for more than she could give—a tenderness which healed the wound and made lovers of them all for life.

And then her Southern speech, indescribable and impossible in cold type. The softening of the consonants, the slipping away of the terminals, the slurring of vowels, and all in that low, musical voice born outside of the roar and crash of city streets and crowded drawing-rooms with each tongue fighting for mastery.

All this Jack had taken in, besides a thousand other charms visible only to the young enthusiast, before he had been two minutes in her presence. As to her voice, he knew she was one of his own people when she had finished pronouncing his name. Somebody worth while had crossed his path at last!

And with this there had followed, even as he talked to her, the usual comparisons made by all young fellows when the girl they don't like is placed side by side with the girl they do. Miss MacFarlane was tall and Corinne was short; Miss MacFarlane was dark, and he adored dark, handsome people—and Corinne was light; Miss MacFarlane's voice was low and soft, her movements slow and graceful, her speech gentle—as if she were afraid she might hurt some one inadvertently; her hair

and dress were simple to severity. While Corinne—well, in every one of these details Corinne represented the exact opposite. It was the blood! Yes, that was it—it was her blood! Who was she, and where did she come from? Would Corinne like her? What impression would this high-bred Southern Beauty make upon the pert Miss Wren, whose little nose had gone down a point or two when her mother had discovered, much to her joy, the week before, that it was the real Miss Grayson and not an imitation Miss Grayson who had been good enough to invite her daughter and any of her daughter's friends to tea; and it had fallen another point when she learned that Miss Felicia had left her card the next day, expressing to the potato-bug how sorry she was to hear that the ladies were out, but that she hoped it would only be a matter of a few days before "she would welcome them" to her own apartments, or words to that effect, Frederick's memory being slightly defective.

It was in answer to this request that Mrs. Breen, after consulting her husband, had written three acceptances before she was willing that Frederick should leave it with his own hands in Fifteenth Street—one beginning, "It certainly is a pleasure after all these years"—which was discarded as being too familiar; another, "So good of you, dear Miss Grayson," which had a similar fate; and the third, which ran, "My daughter will be most happy, dear Miss Grayson, to be with you," etc., which was finally sealed with the Breen crest—a four-legged beastie of some kind on its hind legs, with a motto explanatory of the promptness of his ancestors in time of danger. Even then Corinne had hesitated about accepting until Garry said: "Well, let's take it in, anyhow—we can skip out if they bore us stiff."

Knowing these things, therefore, and fearing that after all something would happen to mar the pleasant relations he had established with Peter, and with the honor of his uncle's family in his keeping, so to speak, Jack had awaited the arrival of Corinne and Garry with considerable trepidation. What if, after all, they should stay away, ignoring the great courtesy which this most charming of old ladies—never had he seen one so lovable or distinguished—had extended to them; and she a stranger, too, and all because her brother Peter had asked her to be kind to a boy like himself.

The entrance of Corinne and Garry, therefore, into the crowded room half an hour after his own had brought a relief to Jack's mind (he had been watching the door, so as to be ready to present them), which Miss Felicia's gracious salutation only intensified.

"I remember your dear mother perfectly," he heard the old lady say as she advanced to Corinne and took both her hands. "And she was quite lovely. And this I am very sure is Mr. Breen's friend, Mr. Minnott, who has carried off all the honors. I am delighted to see you both. Peter, do you take these dear young people and present them to Ruth."

The two had thereupon squeezed through to Ruth's side; Peter in his formal introduction awarding to Garry all the honors to which he was entitled, and then Ruth, remembering her duties, said how glad she was to know them; and would they have lemon or sugar?—and Corinne, with a comprehensive glance of her rival, declined both, her excuse being that she was nearly dead now with the heat and that a cup of tea would finish her. Jack had winced when his ears caught the flippant answer, but it was nothing to the way in which he shrivelled up when Garry, after shaking Miss MacFarlane's hand as if it had been a pump-handle instead of a thing so dainty that no boy had a right to touch it except with reverence in his heart, had burst out with: "Glad to see you. From the South, I hear—" as if she was a kangaroo or a Fiji Islander. He had seen Miss MacFarlane give a little start at Garry's familiar way of speaking, and had noticed how Ruth shrank behind the urn as if she were afraid he would touch her again, although she had laughed quite good-naturedly as she answered:

"Not very far South; only from Maryland," and had then turned to Jack

and continued her talk with the air of one not wishing to be further interrupted.

The Scribe does not dare to relate what would have become of one so sensitive as our hero could he have heard the discussion going on later between the two young people when they were backed into one of Peter's book-cases and stood surveying the room. "Miss MacFarlane isn't at all my kind of a girl," Corinne had declared to Garry. "Really, I can't see why the men rave over her. Pretty?—yes, sort of so-so; but no style, and such clothes! Fancy wearing a pink lawn and a cash tied around her waist like a girl at a college commencement—and as to her hair—why no one has ever thought of dressing her hair that way for ages."

Her mind thus relieved, my Lady Wren had made a survey of the room, wondering what they wanted with so many funny old portraits, and whether the old gentleman or his sister read the dusty books, Garry remarking that there were a lot of "swells" among the young fellows, many of whom he had heard of but had never met before. This done the two wedged their way out, without ever troubling Peter or Miss Felicia with their good-bys, Garry telling Corinne that the old lady wouldn't know they were gone, and Corinne adding under her breath that it didn't make any difference to her if she did.

(To be continued.)

## News of the Week

Pope Pius X, "The White Pope," died in Rome on August 20, at the age of 79.

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The Militia Department will send 100 Red Cross nurses from Canada with the Canadian Army Division.

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The sum of \$25,000 in tolls was taken in on the 16th inst., by the Panama Canal, which was officially opened on the 15th. The total receipts to date amount to over \$100,000.

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Father Francis Xavier Wernz, head of the Jesuits, "General of the Society of Jesus," known as "The Black Pope," died in Rome on August 20th, almost simultaneously with Pope Pius X.

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Among the supplies which the Red Cross will require within the next three weeks, will be 2,500 pairs of sheets, 2,000 pillows, 2,000 shirts, 2,500 blankets, cheese-cloth handkerchiefs, socks, and knitted caps. Any persons wishing to contribute, could do so through their branch of the Women's Institute, or through the Red Cross Society in their nearest town or city.

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One hundred and six more bodies have been recovered from the Empress of Ireland by the divers. Only a few of these were identified, most of them being buried immediately in the cemetery purchased by the C. P. R.

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In order to make up the \$50,000,000 voted for war measures, the Parliament, now in extraordinary session, has imposed an extra tax, which will affect about forty items in the tariff schedule. The principal articles in this list are sugar, coffee, spirits, and tobacco. In speaking of this increased taxation, Mr. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, said: "The special war taxes will fall on the entire community. In paying them, each citizen will feel that the amount he pays is a direct contribution to the defence of Canada and the Empire."

IN STYLE.

The black-silk slip-cover that comes with a gift umbrella is rarely utilized for its original purpose. But the deft fingers of a handy housewife may easily transform it, at slight trouble and expense, into a fashionable skirt. No refitting or reshaping necessary. Simply turn the affair upside down, cut off the metal end, and attach a belt. See that the slash comes at the side.