

Woman Against Woman or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

She was asleep almost before he had left the room, and he stood at the door for a moment, listening to her regular breathing, then he went out and closed the door softly. He stood by the window a moment, looking down into the street, then sighed heavily.

"Heigh-ho!" he muttered. "I wonder what she will say when she knows all the truth? I wonder how she will think of my absolute impotence in the matter? I can't tell it all to her now, for the consequences might be—I dare not think what!"

He did not return at the end of an hour, nor at the end of two, but when he did come, the nurse informed him that Miss Valworth had just awakened, and was asking for him. He went to her at once.

"Much stronger!" he exclaimed, with satisfaction as he felt her pulse. "You've got a splendid constitution, Ailsa. You're coming around in great shape."

"Have you forgotten your promise?" she questioned faintly. "Do you remember that you said you would tell me—"

"All sorts of things!" he cut in for her, drawing a chair to the side of the bed and seating himself where his fingers could rest upon her pulse while he talked. "Now, suppose you let me tell you what you want to know without your troubling to question me? In the first place, you are in my own private sanitarium, where you were brought the first day of your illness. You have been ill for quite a long time, and are recovering as fast as a well-disposed person should do. You have been as patient as one with your ailment could be, and are now out of danger, if you are obedient to the commands of your physician."

"Yes, I know. But never mind myself. Tell me of the others. Where is—"

"That devil's emissary, Nathan Simonson? In jail, as he deserves. His trial has not come off yet, but they have all the information against him that they want—enough to put him behind prison bars for life, if not to hang him."

"Hang him?"

"Yes. Your father accused him of a crime, you know—or perhaps you don't, either. But when he went to the police station to fetch an officer to rescue you from the power of that fiend, he said that he had committed murder, and that he wished to be arrested. It has been discovered that that cursed villain used his infernal power over your father to make him believe he had committed that crime, when in reality Nathan Simonson

had done it himself. We have the testimony of an eye-witness. Then we can prove against him, for it was he who fired the Dunraven mansion, and he—But all that will keep for another time. Your father is still detained, but will go absolutely free when his trial comes. He is a changed man, Ailsa."

"Thank God for that!"

"I have sent him daily bulletins about you, and he was almost crazy during the worst part of your illness. You would not recognize him now. I believe if you had died it would have killed him. There is no suffering like that induced by self-censure, Ailsa."

"What you tell me of him gives me new life. Take him my dearest love when you see him next, and tell him how happy this news has made me."

"He would be glad to hear that you had forgiven him, too, Ailsa."

"Forgive him? I do not blame him now. But—what of the others? Of Leslie Dunraven and—"

Doctor Paxton turned away for a moment. He even got up and walked to the other end of the room; then he returned and took the chair beside her once more, laying his hand upon her pulse.

"I will tell you that to-morrow," he said, gently. "You have heard enough for one day."

"No, no! I must hear it now! Now!" she cried, excitedly. "I can bear it! Indeed I can!"

"There is nothing to tell," he answered, his voice trembling slightly. "They are quite well—Leslie, and—Muriel. They are at the house of a sister of her father's."

"And Ethel? Is it true, then—about her death?"

"Yes. Her body could not be found, but her wrap, her handkerchief, gloves and—and other things were found."

"The letter? Yes, I know. Miss Ogden told me. Doctor, you would not believe me once when I spoke of your terrible power over Mrs. Dunraven, but now that it has been proven concerning Nathan Simonson and my father, you will be convinced. She learned her infamous power from him. You would not believe, but—"

"I know—now," he interrupted, huskily.

"You know!" she exclaimed, striving after calmness, because she realized how necessary it was. "For Heaven's sake, tell me the truth! I can bear it a thousand times more readily than suspense. What has she done now?"

"Nothing as yet, but she is about to complete the infernal scheme she began; she is about to accomplish her devilish purpose. She is going to marry Leslie Dunraven!"

Ailsa did not speak, did not exclaim, did not murmur. She lay there, staring up at him half incredulously, and after a brief silence he continued:

"I am a fool, I suppose, to tell you this in your condition, but I want you to make haste and get well to help me. No one can do it but you. There is no other help, and unless you do, he is lost forever! I really believe that in his heart he loathes her, and yet that odious fascination holds him with a power stronger than life or death. You will get well and help me, Ailsa?"

"I will help you!"

But even as she spoke there was another image in her mind, an image reflected in her heart that no power could ever efface—the image of a man whose name she had not even uttered, whose name she could not utter, and yet she was longing with all her soul to hear it spoken, longing to hear what had happened to him.

What cared she for all those others now, save insofar as her undying gratitude was concerned? It was of him she thought—Lloyd Ogden—him whose fate she prayed to learn.

Where was he?

She longed with all her soul to know, yet could not bring her lips to speak the longing.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A few days afterward, when she was better and stronger, Ailsa learned the truth.

She was sitting up for the first time, looking down into Doctor Paxton's beautiful flower-decked garden, and he was beside her, leaning forward, with her hand in his.

"You must recall Leslie Dunraven," he said to her, in that sudden way which was one of his characteristics. "He loves you. You know that, and you must recall him."

She shivered slightly, and did not reply at once. When she did, there was a tone in her voice which he could not quite understand.

"Recall him?" she murmured, dully. "Yes. You must make him understand that you did not mean the words you spoke to him, and that you are ready to become his wife!"

She withdrew her hand from him swiftly, and shrank from him almost in terror.

"I can't!" she gasped.

"Can't!" he repeated, in surprise. "Why? You love him! You shall not spoil both your life and his for a morbid fancy. I will not allow it! You shall not—"

"Oh, hush! Don't you know that that dead face would stand forever between us, shutting out Heaven as a future possibility? Don't you know that his eyes would turn to hers? That her dead hand would lie eternally upon my heavy heart? Can't you see that we should grow to despise each other?"

"No, I can not," he answered, candidly. "And I see only in it a morbid fancy. You are over sensitive about it all. Why should both your lives be spoiled because one woman chose

to go out of the world in a sensational manner?"

"Don't!" she cried shivering, her teeth chattering, as if with cold. "If it had all been otherwise—I mean if the fault had been hers—I mean if she had been in any way to blame—then I might have listened to you believing; but even then—even were there no life, no death, standing between us—even if he stood a free man in presence of God, ready to make me his wife, I—I could not consent!"

Her chin sank upon her chest, and tears trickled from beneath her closed lids. Her fingers were clenched over each other, her face pale as ashes. Doctor Paxton leaned toward her.

"Why?" he questioned.

She did not reply for a long time. When she did lift her head at last, she turned and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Old friend," she said, slowly, the emotion in her voice making it almost inaudible at times, "for though you are not one of long standing, none could be more true and tried; old friend, you will let me tell you the truth—the truth that I have scarcely dared confess even to myself; but it was all a piteous, miserable mistake! I never loved Leslie Dunraven! There! I knew you would start; but the mistake was so natural, so horribly natural! He was the first person who ever spoke kindly to me since I have been old enough to appreciate kindness. He was the first person who had loved me since my mother died. I had been accustomed to drunkenness, to blows, to curses, to neglect, to every hardship possible in the life of woman. In their stead he gave me love. He surrounded me with luxury, for which he asked nothing in return. He brought into my life all the beauty of which my father had robbed it, and in the intensity of my gratitude, I thought I loved him. I thought I worshipped him. Can't you understand the wild exuberance of an impulsive nature acknowledging the first kindness it has ever known? He was handsome, and he was the first man who had touched my hand with a thought of love in his heart. He was a hero—a god to me. I knew no more of life and the world, so far as love and marriage are concerned, than a child five years old would know. If he had demanded that I give up my life for him, I would have done it gladly—gladly! But—I know—now that it was not love. I know—now!"

Her hands were clenched again, trembling between her fingers, clutching his shoulder spasmodically.

"Why should I hesitate to tell you?" she cried, her chin trembling under the tremendous repression she was putting upon her emotion. "Why should you not know all my weakness, you who have been so faithful a friend? Can't you guess? Must I tell you? It is—that other to whom I have brought sorrow and despair. Oh, Doctor, where is he? Have I lost him forever? Bring him back to me! Bring him back to me!"

She sank down upon her knees, her face hidden against his lap, and sobbed. He put his arm about her, looking down upon her gently, his kind old face clouded with sympathy and tenderness.

"You mean—Lloyd?" he questioned.

"Yes," she moaned. "What will you think of all the suffering I have brought upon this family unnecessarily? That poor child's death is more on my soul than if I had slain her with my own hand. I robbed her of all that was left to her in life, and I had not even the excuse of love in the doing of it. There was not even in it the extenuating circumstance of overmastering passion. I did not love him at all. I did not understand the voice of a heart unused to speaking. It may have been flattered vanity to which I was listening. Who knows?"

"I do!" answered Paxton. "You are too hard upon yourself. I will not listen. I acknowledge that it is all piteous deplorable, but I can not hear you censure yourself for a fault that was not wholly yours, and which a thousand others have made before you. Lloyd must be brought back!"

"Where is he, Doctor?" she asked, lifting her white, tear-stained face to his.

"I don't know exactly," he returned in troubled hesitation. "The only address he has left is in care of his bankers, with instructions to communicate with him when necessary, and forward mail, but to give his address to no one."

"He left alone?"

"No. In company with his valet. He was in no condition to travel. Heaven knows what happened to him after he left here."

"He may be dead, then?"

Even if she had made no confession of her love for Lloyd Ogden, Doctor Paxton would have understood from the absolute terror expressed in voice and manner as the question was put. He passed his hand over her hair tenderly, soothingly.

"No," he answered. "His bankers would have known that, and would have communicated with the family. He is still alive."

"Then you will bring him back! I know you will!"

"I will bring him back, little one."

She kissed his hand almost reverently, then lifted her face, still white with anguish.

"He must not know!" she exclaimed, hoarsely. "He must not know until after his return. I must see him first! Suppose his love had been all a mistake, as well as mine? Suppose, after all, it was but the result of sympathy? You know men have asked women to be their wives, urged by their loneliness and isolation from all the world. Suppose that should be God's retribution?"

He looked down into her face and smiled.

"I don't think you will find it so, Ailsa. But I will promise you that he shall know nothing until his return. You shall tell him yourself, and I assure you that that happiness will make up for all he has suffered. Child, if you could look upon yourself as I see you now, you would understand but too cruelly well how impossible it is for a man to see you and not love you."

(To be continued.)

THE ITALIAN ARMY CHIEF.

General Cadorna Has Studied Warfare for Over Half a Century.

A sturdy little man of 66, blonde, with grey eyes. The nose is prominent; moustaches half conceal the mouth, where lurks the suggestion of a pensive smile. His carriage is superb, his manner serious, his temperament disciplined and refined. He is calm, though under his composure may be discerned a nature which breaks out sometimes, fiery and inclined to prompt action—the sort of man in whom anger would remain dignified. One might take this mixture of ardor and reflection to be the ideal of the modern general. Such is Count Luigi Cadorna, commander-in-chief of the Italian armies.

Cadorna's entire life has been nurtured on things military. He was born in Piedmont, the most martial and least dreamy of the Italian Provinces, one largely responsible for Italian unity, where there remains something of the spirit of military feudalism. His ancestors were soldiers. His father, Raffaele Cadorna, was a general and in 1870 led the troops that took Rome from the Popes and destroyed their temporal power.

At the age of 10 he entered the military preparatory school at Milan, at 15 the military academy at Turin;



General L. Cadorna

he was graduated two years later and was forced to wait until his 18th birthday before he could receive his commission as a second lieutenant. Then he attended courses at the Scuola di Guerra, a sort of graduate institute for officers.

The boy was intelligent, but wilful and mischievous. The young man distinguished himself as a student. With the sure instinct of the superior intelligence he carried his studies far beyond the prescribed courses, realizing, in the military profession as elsewhere, the need for broad general views.

Cadorna received his captaincy in 1875, and was attached to the staff. Eight years later he became major in the 62nd Infantry. Here he effected a revolution. Without over-irritating his superiors he gradually introduced new tactics and new strategic conceptions.

Son with Flag.

It was his first opportunity for trying out what he had learned from study of wars, and though his colonel, a soldier of the old school, grumbled a little at first, he finished by letting Cadorna have his way, while from the first the younger officers flocked to him.

In 1886 he was recalled to the staff of the 5th Army Corps. In 1892 he received the rank of colonel, and was placed in command of a regiment of bersaglieri, picked troops. Six years later he became brigadier-general, in 1907 general of division, in 1910 commander of the Army Corps of Genoa.

Count Cadorna married in 1881 Marchioness Balbi. He has four children—a son and three daughters. Two of the latter have entered monastic life, the third is a writer of prose and verse. The son, an officer in the Florence Lancers, played his part bravely in the Libyan war and is fighting under the Italian flag to-day.

Barring the Kaiser.

Even in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's in London, the Kaiser is not given a place in the show. Shortly after the war commenced the owner of his portrait by a celebrated English artist determined to sell it for the benefit of charity. No offer being forthcoming, he approached Madame Tussaud's with the suggestion that they should purchase the picture for the Chamber of Horrors. The answer was, "Very sorry, but we have had to decline five other similar offers." Some one suggested the other day that Madame Tussaud's real reason for refusing was that, as the wax figures and portraits of the criminals exhibited were classified, there was no group bad enough for Emperor Bill.

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SPYING AN ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

The German System the Most Highly Organized.

Since the war broke out, we have just begun to understand how important and how continually busy are the secret services of the various European nations. The "spy" is employed by all the military offices of Europe, and although the German system is believed to be the most highly organized and efficient of them all, there has been many a clever bit of secret work done by the agents of England, France and Russia. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the well-known founder of the Boy Scouts, has some of the most exciting exploits in question to his credit, and he describes several of them in his book, "My Adventures as a Spy." This is the story of his mission to get information about a new power house and a drydock in an unnamed foreign country:

It was early morning, and several carts were waiting to come in. Noticing that the policeman at the gate was talking to the driver of the first wagon, I jumped alongside the second wagon, on the side opposite the policeman, and so passed inside the wall, and continued to walk with the vehicle as it wound its way round the new building. I then noticed another policeman ahead of me, and employed the same tactics to avoid him. Unfortunately, as I rounded the corner of the building, the first policeman spied me, but I picked up as unconcerned as I could until I had put the corner of the new building between him and me. Then I fairly hooked it along the back of the building and rounded the far corner of it.

As I did so, I noticed that the policeman was coming full-speed, and that he had called the other policeman to his aid. I darted round the next corner, out of sight of both, and was halfway up a ladder at that side of the building when round the next corner came one of the policemen. I at once "froze," keeping absolutely immovable. He drew nearer to the ladder, passing almost under me, and looked in at the doorways of the unfinished building. Then he doubtfully turned and looked back at a shed behind him, and finally ran on round the next corner of the power house.

The moment he disappeared, I had finished the rest of my run up the ladder, and reached the platform of the scaffolding. My first act was to look for a line of escape in case of pursuit, and presently I found a short ladder leading to the stage below, although it did not go to the ground. Then I proceeded to take notes. From my position I had an excellent view of the dockyard and the excavations for the new dock, the dimensions of which I could easily estimate. I whipped out my prismatic compass, and quickly took the bearings of two conspicuous points on the neighboring hills, and fixed the position so that it could be marked on a large-scale map for purposes of shelling the place.

Meanwhile my pursuers, satisfied that I was not in the interior of the

power house, proceeded to examine a shed close by. One man went into it, while the other, by accident or design, stood at the foot of the ladder by which I had come; so I climbed down the shorter ladder to the lower story, and from there I quickly swarmed down a scaffolding pole and landed safely on the ground. Here I was out of sight of the man guarding the ladder, and taking care to keep the corner of the building between us, I made my way out of the gate without being seen.

A FRIEND TO THE FARMER.

They Will Learn, Perhaps, When Too Late, To Protect the Skunk.

Those who know best say that farmer and gardeners should protect skunks instead of killing them. "Years ago we advised farmers and gardeners to protect skunks," says a writer in the New York Sun, who goes on to quote a western Pennsylvania newspaper:

"The skunks will have to be protected, or the farmer may as well throw up his hands. The ground mice girdled thousands of dollars' worth of trees under the snow while it was on the ground last winter. We saw many locust trees, large enough for posts, with the bark taken off clean for a foot above the ground. When skunks were plentiful, hereabouts, mice were scarce, but now there is not an acre of ground in Hanover township without bushes of mice. Leave a pile of corn out overnight, and it has disappeared by morning; leave a stack of hay out over winter, and it is sure to be cut too fine for a hen's nest."

"Some time farmers will learn, perhaps when it is too late," observes the Sun writer, "to know their friends among the beasts and birds. If there is the slightest doubt, give the animal the benefit of the doubt, and let them live."

Storks are partial to kittens as an article of food.

Parsees lay their dead on da khamas, or "towers of silence," where the vultures clean the bones, which in a month are removed and deposited in deep wells containing the dust of many generations.



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From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

Cod fishing is reported to be good all along the coast of Prince Edward Island.

Dr. A. W. H. Lindsay, foremost physician in Nova Scotia, died suddenly at Halifax.

Livingston T. Mays, U.S. Consul at Charlottetown, P.E.I., has resigned to enter the ministry.

Halifax recruiting campaign was aided in every pulpit of the city churches on Sunday.

The Canadian Club of Fredericton, will likely give three machine guns to the Canadian troops.

At Pictou, Nova Scotia, salmon was sold on the streets at ten cents a pound by the whole fish.

The C.P.R. steamer Empress, off the Great Lakes, is carrying coal from Sydney to Halifax.

The Germans interned at Amherst, N.S., are to be set to work on the experimental farm at Nappan.

The total amount sent from the Province of New Brunswick for the relief of Belgians is now \$49,000.

Tourist traffic is not encouraging at Digby, N.S., this year, and steamers may shorten their schedules.

The manufacturing plants of New Glasgow, N.S., are exceedingly busy on shells and cars for the allies.

A Portuguese fisherman, adrift five days on the Grand Banks, was landed by fishermen at St. John's, Nfld.

James Francis, aged farmer, of Oliville, N.B., shot his 22-year-old son and then himself while suddenly insane.

J. Layton Ralston, M.P.P., one of the leaders of the Nova Scotia bar, has enlisted for war service at Amherst.

At Springhill Mines, N.B., the output is larger than at any time in the past three years, and work is steadier.

The spruce bud worm has again appeared in central New Brunswick, despite the work and prophecy of scientists.

Scott Act officials spilled 32 barrels of whiskey, brandy, wine, ale, etc., seized in a raid on the Hotel Miramichi, Newcastle, N.B.

The Daughters of the Empire of New Brunswick have given a set of band instruments to the 55th Battalion, now at Valcartier.

Lieut. Frank H. Tingley, the first Moncton officer from the front, says all officers wounded wish to get back to the firing line.

A well-to-do Massachusetts couple startled St. John by arriving with their baby comfortably carried in a beautifully dressed basket.

Dominie Canning, of Ward's Creek, Sussex, fearing the banks, kept his money in a barn; now he has lost the \$350 from the tin bank.

St. John bands agreed to give their city concerts gratuitously this year in order that the \$1,000 city grant may go to patriotic purposes.

Three brothers from one family at Marysville, N.B., have enlisted, and the father, Robert Morris, shoemaker, wants to go with them.

Wilhelm Kreins, unregistered German, residing in Halifax since May, walked into the police station with food for another alien and was arrested.

Mrs. Frank Lehean, who left Halifax to go to the bedside of her French reservist husband, discovered on arrival that he had been killed in action before she left Canada.

Mark Burns, public swimming instructor at Sand Point, St. John, saved the life of a drowning lad, Willie Lasky, and a day or two after fell off a scow and broke his arm.

Capt. Chas. de Fallot, killed at the Dardanelles, was formerly bank clerk in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Halifax and St. John. He was once instructor in the Japanese navy and graduate of Toronto University.

Conversation About the War.

An Irishman and an English tourist had a conversation about the war. Tourist asked Paddy why he did not join the Army, or had he anyone belonging to him in it. "Begorra," said Paddy, "I had two brothers in the DUBLINS. They were sent to France. They were in the battle of Mons."

Tourist: "If support they were killed?" "Oh, no," said Paddy, "they came home last week. One had his two legs blown off, and he was sent to a lunatic asylum." "Why?" inquired Tourist. "Because he had no understanding," replied Pat. "The other fellow had his two arms blown off." "I suppose he was also sent to the asylum?" remarked the tourist. "No, he was harmless. The Government is giving him a job in the War Office as a shorthand writer."

Entirely Different.

A youth who much desired to wear the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to "pop the question."

On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under the old gentleman passionately replied—"Why you great booby, how do you suppose I managed when I got married?" "Oh, yes," said the bashful lover, "you married mother, but I've got to marry a strange girl."

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