

DAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1914

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THE STORY OF Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Copyright, 1913 by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"I know you do. That's what I'm afraid of." And Mark's voice showed decided nervousness. "You won't get out of the notion of marrying me, will you, Patty dear?"

"Marrying you is more than a 'notion,' Mark," said Patty soberly. "I'm only a little past seventeen, but I'm far older because of the difficulties I've had. I don't wonder you speak of my 'notions.' I was as light as a feather in all my dealings with you at first."

"So was I with you. I hadn't grown up, Patty."

"Then I came to know you better and see how you sympathized with Waitstill's troubles and mine. I couldn't love anybody; I couldn't marry anybody who didn't feel that things at our house can't go on as they are. Father has had a good long trial. Three wives and two daughters have done their best to live with him and failed. I am not willing to die for him, as my mother did, nor have Waitstill killed if I can help it. Sometimes he is like a man who has lost his senses, and sometimes he is only grim and quiet and cruel. If he takes our marriage without a terrible second Mark, perhaps it will encourage Waitstill to break her chains as I have mine."

"There's sure to be an awful row," Mark said as one who had forecasted all the probabilities. "It wouldn't make any difference if you married the Prince of Wales; nothing would suit your father but selecting the man and making all the arrangements, and then he would never choose any one who wouldn't tend the store and work on the farm for him without wages."

"Waitstill will never run away. She isn't like me. She will sit and sit there, aching and suffering, till doomsday, for the one that loves her isn't free like you."

"You mean Ivory Boynton? I believe he worships the ground she walks on. I like him better than I used, and I understand him better. Oh, but I'm a lucky young dog to have a kind, liberal father and a bit of money put by to do with as I choose. If I hadn't I'd be eating my heart out like Ivory."

"No, you wouldn't eat your heart out. You'd always get what you wanted somehow, and you wouldn't wait for it either, and I'm just the same. I'm not built for giving up and enduring and aching. I'm naturally just a tuff of thistle-down, Mark, but, living beside Waitstill all these years, I've grown ashamed of my soft light, glowing about his head and his feet. Oh, but I shall will forgive me, Mark. I won't mind what father says or does."

"She will forgive us, Patty, darling. Don't fret and cry and make your pretty eyes all red. I'll do nothing in all this to make either of you girls ashamed of me."

"Does the town clerk or does the justice of the peace give a wedding ring just like the minister?" Patty asked. "I shouldn't feel married without a ring."

"The ring is all ready and has 'M. W. to P. B.' engraved in it, with the place for the date waiting, and here is the engagement ring if you'll wear it when you're alone, Patty. My mother gave it to me when she thought there would be something between Annabel Franklin and me. The moment I looked at it—you see, it's a topaz stone—and noticed the yellow fire in it, I said to myself, 'It is like no one but Patty Baxter, and if she won't wear it no other girl shall!' It's the color of the tip ends of your curls, and it's just like the light in your eyes when you're making fun."

"It's heavenly!" cried Patty. "It looks as if it had been made of the yellow autumn leaves, and, oh, how I love the sparkle of it! But never will I take your mother's ring or wear it, Mark; till I've proved myself her loving, dutiful daughter. I'll do the one wrong thing of running away with you and concealing our marriage, but not another if I can help it."

"Very well," sighed Mark, replacing the ring in his pocket with a rather crestfallen air. "But the first thing you know you'll be too good for me, Patty. You used to be a regular will-o'-the-wisp—all nonsense and fun, forever laughing and teasing, so that a fellow could never be sure of you for two minutes together."

"It's all there underneath," said Patty, putting her hand on his arm and turning her wistful face to his. "It will come again. The girl in me isn't dead. She isn't even asleep, but she's all sobered down. She can't laugh just now, she can only smile, and the tears are waiting underneath, ready to spring out if any one says the wrong word. This Patty is frightened and anxious, and her heart beats too fast from morning till night. She hasn't any mother, and she cannot say a word to her dear sister, and she's going away to be married to you, that's almost a stranger, and she isn't eighteen and doesn't know what's coming to her nor what it means to be married. She dreads her father's anger; and she cannot rest till she knows whether your family will love her and take her in, and, oh, she's a miserable, worried girl, not a bit like the old Patty!"

(To be Continued.)

Tired Mothers. It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides. Tired mothers should take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, ensures restful sleep, and helps in many ways.

GIVE! GIVE! GIVE!

*"Lord, God of Hosts be with us yet,
Lest we forget, Lest we forget"*

GREAT BRITAIN is engaged in the most terrible war the world has ever known, and on it hangs the fate of the British Empire and the freedom and happiness of everyone of its citizens.

Thousands and thousands of our best manhood are fighting the bloodiest of battles at the front—they are laying down their lives FOR YOU. What is your duty to them and to the Empire? What Share of the burden will you carry?

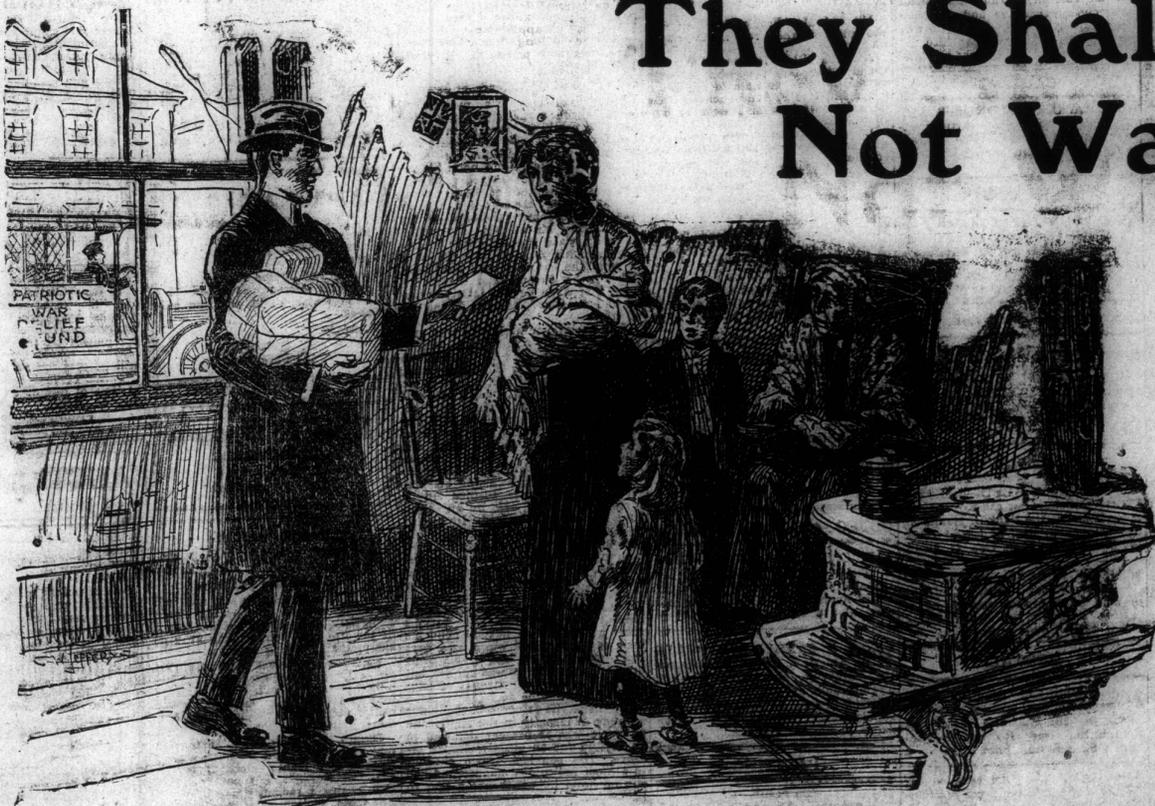
\$100,000 IN THREE DAYS!

A great campaign is to be conducted this week by 150 of Brantford's best business men to raise \$100,000 in three days as a War Relief Fund.

This money is to be expended in Brant County to care for the dependents of those who have gone to the front, and also to help those, who, through no fault of their own, will be made to suffer because of unemployment caused by the war.

Now is the time to raise the money—not weeks hence when the cold of the winter will make the suffering more intense.

Everybody will be called upon and asked to contribute. The widow's mite will be just as acceptable as the hundreds or the well-to-do.



They Shall Not Want!

The Brant Patriotic and War Relief Association

HEADQUARTERS: 91 Dalhousie St.