

Woman Against Woman or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XXX—(Cont'd).

Muriel laughed loudly. "Would I not? And yet you claim to know me! I have stolen the letter from Leslie's pocket. What else was my desire in its possession? I have a demand to make of you. Listen: If you will go away—away where this family shall no longer be disgraced and insulted by your presence, I promise that I will protect your infamous secret for the sake of my dead sister and the good name of the family; but if you refuse, the world shall know why Ethel Dunraven went to her death, and the guilty cause of all."

Ailsa looked at her. She realized that Muriel was full of threats, perfectly willing to bring disgrace and humiliation upon Dunraven, the man who had saved her from a fate worse than death, and she would have died willingly to save him from such shame. For the first time she found herself in a trap from which it seemed that even death could not extricate her, for it would not accomplish her object of saving him.

She lifted her hand helplessly to her head. Muriel was not slow to see the advantage she had gained. "Do you wish to hear this letter?" she questioned, the triumphant smile deepening upon her lips. "And then to prove that it was really in her possession, she drew it from her bosom, stained and soiled as it was, and read it through to the end, watching Ailsa's face as she read, noting the deepening horror upon it, the lines of shame and torture that grew under the lovely eyes.

Still there was no mercy in the heart of the woman-devil. She read on to the end, refolded and placed it in her bosom, then put her question in the lightest tone, deadly and odious as it was: "Shall that production go before the world as the work of a man who has lied and ostracized as its author? Shall all humanity know that he sent his wife to death for the sake of another woman? The answer rests alone with you. You can save him or you can send him to social destruction as you have sent his wife to death. What do you say?"

CHAPTER XXXI

What could she say? "What was I left to do? She could not temporize with that female fiend, and she knew it but too cruelly well. Yielding, absolute compliance with the woman's will, was the only course that would avail, and Ailsa knew it."

She knew also that she could never be Leslie Dunraven's wife, with a dead wife standing between them more hopelessly than even a living one could have done. "And while she stood there irresolute, too stunned and dismayed to suffer, the door opened to admit Dunraven himself. He seemed surprised to find those two there, and it was Ailsa who broke the silence.

She turned to Muriel proudly, her pretty head lifted high, and said, slowly: "Allow me a few moments alone with Mr. Dunraven, if you please."

There was something in her manner, Muriel could not have told what, that gave the answer Muriel craved, and a light of glittering triumph came to her eyes. She bowed deeply, and withdrew.

There was that in her manner that had alarmed Dunraven as well, and as soon as the door closed upon his wife's sister, he turned to her, taking not one step in her direction. Something in her face arrested him.

"You have something to say to me, Ailsa?" he questioned, lifting, with his hand to his head, as if to still the pain there. "Yes. You have already guessed what it is, Leslie. You know how impossible it would be for me to remain now. I want to say—good-bye, dear."

"There is no need. I know," she answered, hoarsely. "Do you think I can not measure it by my own? Oh, Leslie, why is it not lying under that cold, dark water in her stead? How could I would take her place!"

He went toward her suddenly and took her in his arms, regardless of her ineffectual struggles. His face was working with a passion he could not control; he put his lips against her cheek, but still his voice was not low. "Answer me, as you hope for God!" he said, almost savagely. "Do you love me? Do you want to take your words with me to the grave. Answer me!"

She looked up at him, white, helpless, her struggles ended. "So well," she answered, dully, "that I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than make you endure the agony you would endure if I remained beside you. Yes, Leslie, I love you! I do not shame to confess it in this eternal farewell."

She threw herself into a chair, and leaning back her head, closed her eyes. Her face was as white as death itself. He had gone out of her life eternally. He felt herself incapable of seeing Lloyd Ogden then, and stole away to her own room. She walked to the window, as he had done, and gazed down into the street.

She was not suffering as she had thought to suffer, as, indeed, she was trying to suffer. She kept repeating her words to herself in a dull, stupid, somehow, the more she thought, the colder she became, the more stupid, the less capable of understanding.

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She sat there stupidly at first, then slowly recalled their first meeting, the days spent in that little hotel where he had told her of his life, of her wild adoration of him, and then—She started up suddenly, and throwing herself forward in her chair, leaned her elbows on her knees, her chin upon her palm.

What did it mean? She was remembering as clearly as if it were only five minutes before, the wild passion of that love, and was comparing it with—this! Was she suffering as she should have suffered then?

After all, could it have been the excess of gratitude, the mad enthusiasm of a young girl toward the first person who had ever been kind to her? Was it his own passion that had communicated itself to her? Had it been that her restless nature, her hungry heart had been deceived?

Why, why, why, why could she not suffer? Had her power been destroyed? Oh, yes, she loved Leslie Dunraven; but why was it that this knowledge that she should never see him again had lost its power to hurt her?

She could find no answer to her mental questions, but before she had time to thoroughly search them out a knock came to her door, and a letter was given her.

The writing was straggling and uneven, not in straight lines, and some words running into others, making it almost illegible in places, but she managed to read it without great effort. "Ailsa—Forgive me, dear, but I overheard the conversation half an hour ago between you and Leslie. It told me the awful truth. I do not blame you, dear. I know just how impossible it is to control these things, as I have proved in my own case. No one grieves more than I do that you and Leslie can not be happy in your own way. I understand the barrier which you think lies between you, and now, when the sorrow for her is so fresh, you will believe it all the greater; but some day, when time has softened all this, you will forget it and be happy. I pray God you may. I would place no impediment in your way. I love you both far too well for that. You must not think of me in the matter at all. I shall go away, where you will not be distressed by a sight of me; in fact, I shall be gone when you read this. If you should ever need a friend, my dear one, which I pray God you never may, send one line to me and I will return. Tell Leslie for me that I shall still hope to hear of your marriage before many months shall have passed away. You will forget. God never intended that we should remember for always. And where was that if we should be happy, my dear one, and know that in doing so you are making me happy. Good-bye, dear. God bless you always!"

WERE SAVED BY THE CONNAUGHTS

GORDON HIGHLANDERS HAD A
NARROW ESCAPE.

Irish Regiment Came Along When
Highland Corps Was
Hard Pressed.

Pte. Robert McGregor, of the Gordon Highlanders, writes to his father of a night attack in the trenches. An aeroplane came over them—

"Then a searchlight played on us, followed by the dropping of bright balls, which brilliantly lit up the whole place, and in a few minutes the shells got us, and were coming plump into us. One shell came right into our position and knocked over twelve of our fellows. They were practically torn asunder and the whole side of the trench was torn up. Our guns were blazing away, and I think, found the fellows who were annoying us, as their fire got slack, and finally closed. This sort of thing was kept up till day dawned.

"Then we saw the Huns advancing as unconcerned as if on parade. On they came in close formation, and there must have been ten to one against us. We fired as hard as we could, but they seemed to come out of nowhere, and never halted. When they were getting too close we charged. It was our only chance. When they saw us leave the trenches they halted for a moment, but afterwards came on to meet us. I don't remember much of what took place then. It was a stab and hack.

Seemed Like Years. "You could hear the smash of gun against gun, the thud, thud, but beyond that there was an uncanny silence, broken sometimes by an oath and a groan. How long this went on I hardly know (but it seemed years). We drove them back about a hundred yards. Our officers saw the Germans reinforced and sounded a retreat, but owing to a few machine guns, we couldn't get back into our trenches. The Germans, now greatly increased, came on again, and our fellows, only about 170 left, got ready to meet what seemed certain death.

"But just at that moment we heard the sound of singing, and the song was 'God Save Ireland.' It was the Connaught Rangers coming to our relief. I have seen some reckless Irishmen in my time, but nothing to match the recklessness and daring of those gallant Irishmen. They took the Germans on the left flank. "The Germans now probably numbered about 2,000 against about 500 Connaughts and 170 of us; but had there been 50,000 Germans, I don't believe in my soul they could have stood before the Irish. They simply were irresistible; and all the time kept singing 'God Save Ireland.'"

Saved by the Irish. "One huge red-haired son of Erin, having broken his rifle, got possession of a German officer's sword, and everything that came in the way of this giant went down. I thought of Wallace. Four hundred and seventy Huns were killed and wounded, and we took seventy prisoners. Had it not been for the Irish I wouldn't have been writing this, and when it comes to a hand-to-hand job there is nothing in the whole British army to approach them. God Save Ireland and the Irishmen."

HEALING BULLET THE LATEST. It Carries Narcotics to Soothe the Man It Wounds.

A new bullet that carries in its nickel jacket first-aid kits filled with narcotics to deaden pain, and with antiseptics to heal the wound it makes, has been invented by Alexander Foster Humphrey, of Pittsburgh.

The new anaesthetic, antiseptic bullet carries both narcotics and antiseptic drugs. There are enough of the former so that a wound even in a vital part will cause little pain or shock to the nervous system. And while the narcotics are bringing relief to the wounded man, the antiseptic preparations are cleansing the torn tissues and checking the flow of blood.

The Humphrey bullet is exceedingly simple in construction. It looks exactly like any bullet at first glance, but a closer inspection will reveal two annular grooves pressed into its nickel jacket.

The grooves are where the first-aid drugs are stored. The one nearest the tip is for the narcotics and the other for the antiseptics.

The drugs are encased in layers of gelatine, and when the grooves are filled a thin coating of paraffin is spread over the top.

"As you like it"

"SALADA"

TEA

SEALED PACKETS ONLY. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

LIVING UNDER SHELL FIRE. Germans Constantly Bombard Towns Near Their Lines.

There are several towns in France where the inhabitants have grown so accustomed to being bombarded that they eat, drink, sleep and go about their daily tasks under a continual roar of cannon and bursting shells. There are Rheims, Pont-a-Mousson, and Arras, for example, whose populations have had but few days' respite for months past.

"The last time I passed Arras in the train on the journey to Boulogne," says a correspondent, "shells could be seen and heard bursting close by, and though this was some time ago the German spite against this unfortunate town does not seem to have abated a jot. The German lines are just half a mile away. And for eight months they have shown a fiendish delight in showering shells of every calibre upon the town, until whole quarters have been reduced to ruins.

"The massively built cathedral is hardly recognizable, and the railway station is a pile of nondescript materials. There is scarcely a house intact in the place.

"One would have thought that the inhabitants would have long since quitted the inferno. When the bombardment began there were perhaps 25,000 inhabitants. About 2,000 have stoutly stuck to their native place, and refused to quit what is left of, or represents, their homes.

"A strange and admirable institution is the 'Coffin League.' When the bombardments began the victims were so numerous that it was not possible to give each a separate burial. On one occasion 150 bodies had to be incinerated at a street corner. This tragic spectacle so impressed the people that a Coffin League was started, and its members work almost day and night in cellars making coffins. And now all the civilians who are killed and all the soldiers who die in Arras are decently buried in a coffin.

"Fires are frequent, especially late in the evening, and when the city is a story is told of how on one occasion the prefect, the mayor, the bishop's vicar, and the vice-president of the Prefectural Council, together with the bishop himself, were all seen together working the pumps under a heavy fire. At any rate Arras presents an extraordinary instance of coolness and love of the native soil. The inhabitants evidently prefer to be buried beneath the ruins of their birthplace to giving way to the brutal and senseless terrorism of the futile bombardment."

Her Idea of It. He—I am joining the Seventy-Fifth Infantry. She—My brother, Jack, is in the Seventy-Sixth. So glad you two boys will be near each other.

ACROSS THE BORDER

WHAT IS GOING ON OVER IN THE STATES.

Latest Happenings in Big Republic Condensed for Busy Readers.

Chicago has an electric pie-making machine; six girls turn out 23,000 pies a day on it.

Milwaukee will no longer allow music in saloons, and a clean-up has put 500 out of work.

The Mayor of Buffalo refuses to sanction increases of \$1,500 a year to the city court judges.

Julius Binder drives a cow around Lorain, O., and milks it at the door of residents as required.

The National Temperance Association will have films made to show the evils of drink by movies.

Ralph Elrose, 20, missing from his New York home two years, is wanted as heir to \$60,000.

The mother of Max Staudte, re-stored from criminality by operation at Passaic, N.J., won't take him back, not believing he is made good.

Of the 320,000,000 pounds of cheese produced yearly in U.S., Wisconsin makes nearly one-half.

The Missouri Pacific Railway has a dining-car service on day coaches and other cars—the first in the West.

Giuseppe Costello and Anna Foti, both deaf and dumb, were wed in New York City Hall by interpreted signs.

At her father's funeral Mrs. Katharine Savarez, of Long Island, was killed when one of the teams ran away.

Stika, Clark County, Kansas, appeals to Governor Capper to send along some husbandless young men for the girls.

James Hawkins, aged 10, of Pleasantville, N.J., will die from injuries suffered in an attack by a shepherd dog.

The latest business on trains pulling out of Atlantic City to Philadelphia is the sale of good ten-cent boxes of ice cream.

The poor of Detroit were allowed to tear up a condemned city pavement to gather fire wood; crowds soon cleared nine blocks.

A wealthy woman of Wilmington, Del., Mrs. M. K. Grant, gave a party in honor of the 14th birthday of her horse, with music, ice cream, etc.

The capture of a huge maskelonge overturned a canoe at Boulder, Wis., and drowned Geo. Trutschell, Sheboygan civic official.

Aloysius Sheppard will be hanged at Denton, Md., for an assault on a Federalburg girl; a huge crowd awaited assurance of the death sentence.

Because he sold fireworks to his daughter, through which she was burned to death, Joseph Moretzky asks \$10,000 of Paul Lange, of Kansas City.

Thomas Harlow shot a woodchuck near Bradford, Pa., and the bullet deflected to the body of Herbert Greenwood, aged 9, seriously injuring him.

Mrs. Mary Coulter, of Hartford, Conn., is suing Capt. T. P. Kenney, of Colchester, for \$5,000 for getting him out of an asylum, and \$10,000 for breach of promise.

COLONIALS FIGHT NAKED. Australians Discard Nearly All Their Clothes in Dardanelles.

Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, in the course of a despatch to the Daily Chronicle and other London papers, dealing with the role played by the Australians and New Zealanders in the Gallipoli Peninsula, says: "A peculiarity of the Colonial soldier which distinguishes him in a marked degree from our own men is his dislike of clothes. I suppose that since the Dervishes made their last charge at Omdurman no such naked army has even been seen in the field. The British Tommy likes to move and work and fight with the majority of his worldly goods hanging around him. No matter what the state of the temperature, the men in our front trenches sit with their packs on, sweating in the broiling sun, and will dig trenches without removing a garment; but to find the Australian now wearing anything except a pair of 'shorts' is extremely rare, whether he be in the trenches, in a rest-amp, or on fatigue.

ORIGIN OF THE RED CROSS WORK

FRENCHMAN BEGAN IT AFTER THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

Has Saved Lives of Millions Who Would Otherwise Been Left to Die.

At the time there were many who called him a "humanitarian crank," but no name is more highly revered and honored to-day than that of Henri Dunant, the originator of the Red Cross movement, and the real author of the Geneva Convention of 1863, when delegates from all the most important countries in the world met together and decided on the universal recognition of the Red Cross in time of war.

Those who would fully understand the horrors of war and the fearful sufferings of the soldiers on the battlefield before the inauguration of the Red Cross should read Dunant's book, "A Souvenir of Solferino," where, on June 24, 1859, the Austrians were beaten by the allied French and Piedmontese, 40,000 killed and wounded being left on the field. Dunant, in his book, describes the horrors of the carnage, and how thousands of maimed soldiers died a lingering death because there were no doctors, ambulances, hospitals or ordinary medical equipment available.

Achieved His Object. Dunant had already been influenced by the work of Florence Nightingale and her companions in the Crimea war, when the terrible sufferings of British troops made a great impression on his mind. And when with his own eyes at Solferino he witnessed the terrible sufferings of the soldiers he toured Europe for five years, putting his ideas before the most eminent people and making friends at the Prussian, Russian, Swedish and English Courts, till at last in Geneva, in 1864, he achieved his end and founded the Red Cross movement.

It was the Geneva Convention which first suggested that every nation should establish an official and voluntary corps of trained doctors and nurses, together with field hospital equipments, which would be guaranteed neutrality by contending nations in time of war.

Compliment to Switzerland. Well might Dunant be called the greatest humanitarian of modern times, for by his great scheme he has saved the lives of millions of soldiers who might otherwise have perished on the battlefield through lack of proper attention.

People sometimes ask, why the Red Cross Society? Why not the Blue Cross or the Green Cross? How did the flag design so familiar on the battlefield in times of war, and at disasters in times of peace, come to be chosen? The design of a red cross upon a white ground was really adopted as a compliment to Switzerland, which had this design upon her flag, with the colors reversed.

"This is a hard world," said one laborer to another. "Yes. O! do be thankful at that every time O! put me pick-ax until it."

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