

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 carnal desire, carrying out her threat, 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 sorrow and 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? Shall Dunraven be humiliated 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 there 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 calmly, 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 but one step in her direction. Something in her face arrested him.

"You have something to say to me, Ailsa?" he questioned, dully, lifting 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."

"Good-bye!" he stammered. "Yes. It is very—hard, Leslie. 'Hard!' he returned, hoarsely. 'It is perdition! After all, why is it necessary that you should go?'"

She shivered slightly. "I couldn't stay—now! I should feel that I had slain her with my own hand in order to attain a happiness filled with guilt! You must see how—useless it would all be! You must understand that we should grow to hate each other if we remained together—now!"

He was silent for a long time. It seemed that he never could force his voice to reply. He walked to the window and looked down into the street, the sunlight on the snow making his eyes ache with a pain that stabbed through him like a knife, and yet he did not turn from it.

It did not seem to him that he was thinking. Life was only a blank, and it mattered not at all what happened.

Ailsa stood there staring at his back, thinking of new words with which to interrupt his meditation, and started slightly when he turned to her, facing around suddenly, as if afraid his courage might fail.

"I suppose you are right," he said, in a voice so strained and tense as to be unrecognizable. "There would be eternally a ghastly presence between us. I think I had no time until last night to realize the enormity of my offense against—her! Her sin did not excuse me. I have no right to accept happiness at such a cost to her. I would have stood by my word if you had demanded it of me, Ailsa, but when I kissed you, her lips would have been between us, cold and rigid; her dead eyes would have looked into mine, her icy hand would have pushed against my heart, her voice would have cried out from the very grave, Ailsa, I wish I could tell you how I suffer!"

bing pain which seemed lacerating her heart?

She understood it now! Understood why she could not suffer in bidding Leslie Dunraven adieu. It was because she loved this man with an overmastering power that Leslie Dunraven had never been able to arouse within her. She loved him! Lloyd Ogden—and she knew she had lost him forever by her own sin!

She bowed her head and accepted the blow which had been dealt her in punishment.

"It is just!" she muttered, in heart-broken penitence. "It is just and right! It is the vengeance of Ethel Dunraven sent by the hand of Heaven! Let me accept it meekly and uncomplainingly!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

A long, serious illness was the result of all the excitement and misery of those weeks for Ailsa.

They found her lying upon the floor in a fainting condition, and for weeks she was delirious, raving of the part she had played in the destruction of Ethel Dunraven, and of a thousand other things which her patient, ever-attentive physician could not understand.

She was removed to a private place provided by good Doctor Paxton, and for weeks no one save the nurse selected by the doctor was allowed to see her.

There were apple-blossoms in a large vase upon the table beside her when she opened her eyes for the first time to reason. The window was open, and a balmy air was filling the room with sweet perfume.

There was a dazed expression in her eyes as she looked into those above her, eyes which she never remembered to have seen before, and she put her hand to her head in a bewildered fashion.

To her further amazement, all her lovely hair was gone, and short, clustering locks lay about her brow.

She endeavored to lift herself, but weakness overcame her, and she sank back upon the pillow. The nurse smiled as she leaned over her.

"You must not try to move," she said, gently. "You have been very, very ill. For a long time we have despaired of your life. I must go now and tell Doctor Paxton that you have awakened. Will you promise to be very quiet while I am gone?"

Ailsa smiled, not yet able to find her voice, and the nurse left the room with a swift, gliding movement that made no sound at all. Doctor Paxton was beside her almost at once.

"And so my little girl is herself again!" he exclaimed, cheerily. "This is good! Very good! Now we shall have her well and out riding a bicycle in a week or two."

He lifted her hand and pressed it gently, smiling reassuringly down into her sweet, troubled eyes.

"Have I been ill—long?" she asked, faintly.

"Well, it's been rather a long and rather a hard pull, my dear, to tell you the truth. You will have to take great care of yourself for some time to come."

"Oh—how long?" she persisted.

"Oh—six weeks, I should say; perhaps even longer—yes, all of two months. See! Spring is in bloom. Look at the apple-blossoms. I can never understand any novel heroine to spring! It is a season I could never leave under any provocation whatever!"

She lifted her hand again in bewilderment.

"Sit down," she said, plaintively. "There is so much that I must ask you. I don't seem to be able to remember as I ought, but—"

"Not now, my dear," he returned, patting her hand. "Don't you know how they always make heroines in novels go to sleep the first thing after recovering from a long delirium? Well, it is about the only sensible thing I ever knew a novel heroine to do. You must go to sleep. When you awaken you will find that you can remember better, and there will be a thousand questions you want answered to you now. I am a regular bureau of information. I am going away for just an hour now. Then I will return, and you can find out everything from me that you wish to know."

He leaned over and touched her cheek tenderly, caressingly with his fingers. She smiled feebly, murmuring faintly:

"I'm so tired!"

(To be continued.)

HARDLY COMPLIMENTARY.

Marshal Oyama Objected to be Regarded as Baked Mud.

During the Russo-Japanese war, Mr. Franklin Matthews represented an American newspaper as near the front as he could get, and one day succeeded in breaking through the news censorship and reaching Field Marshal Oyama. The interview was brief, but exceedingly courteous, and the jubilant correspondent hurried back to prepare the story for his paper. In the course of it he used the expression, "Marshal Oyama is a brick."

The letter was passed along to the official translator, and presently Captain Kanaka, of the marshal's staff, called upon the correspondent.

"Marshal Oyama presents his compliments," said the captain suavely, and regrets to inform the esteemed correspondent that his honorable letter cannot be forwarded as written.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" Captain Kanaka explained with polite gravity. "Marshal Oyama objects to having the American people regard him as baked mud."

For that was what the extremely liberal translator had made of "brick."

The word "cannon" is Greek for "rule," and is itself derived from "canna," a reed, which was selected by carpenters on account of its straightness. Far from a measuring-rule, it became a figurative rule for measuring and regulating church doctrines.

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 back."

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 to me). 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 now. 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 angular 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.

This paraffin coating is melted by the friction of the bullet in the rifling of the projecting weapon, and in its flight through the air, so that the drugs are ready to begin their work of healing as soon as the missile finds its mark.

The small amount of gelatine which is used to hold the drugs in place is entirely harmless, and is quickly absorbed by the blood. The anaesthetic is also absorbed by the system almost instantly, and in a very short time produces nearly complete insensibility to pain. At the same time the antiseptic is checking the hemorrhage, and healing with the blood to soothe and heal the torn flesh.

By the time a man has reached the area where he knows things, he is old enough to refrain from boasting of it.

"As you like it"

"SALADA"

TEA

SEALED PACKETS BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN. B 20

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 fiend's 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 lately, since the Germans have taken to delivering incendiary shells upon Arras. 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.

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.

And 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 another. "Yes. Or you can think as that every time O put me pick-ax until it."

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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, restored from criminality by operation at Passaic, N.J., won't take him back, not believing he is made good.

Of the 320,000 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 houseless 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 maskelone 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 dispatch 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-camp, or on fatigue."

"One by one they have thrown aside their various articles of clothing. First coats went, then shirts, then underclothes. Now a very large number have chucked aside their boots and puttees, and only a lingering feeling of decency still kept alive by memories of the mixed bathing season at Sydney, preserves the shorts, which, starting a few months ago as full-length trousers, have now arrived half way up the thigh. In this primitive costume the Australians and New Zealanders live and work and fight. Their huge frames and gaunt limbs are now burnt by the sun to a dull brick-red."

Hot Weather Yearn.

I wish that I could find a cool
And quiet glade,
And spend the summer by a pool
Of lemonade.

Dog-cellars studded with pearls,
and costing between \$3,500 and \$4,000
have, in several cases, been bestowed
by society ladies on their Pekinese
pets.

It's sure to be Pure
if it's

Realpath SUGAR

For sixty years the *Realpath* Refinery has led Canada in modern equipment, up-to-date methods, and the pursuit of one ideal—absolutely pure sugar.

In the Packages introduced by *Realpath*—the 2 and 5 lb. Cartons and the 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Cloth Bags—you get Canada's favorite sugar, in perfect condition.

"Let *Realpath* Sweeten it"

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL