

He sat down beside her, ignoring her exclamations of pity and anxiety.

"I want you to get off this car, Marjory, and go home," he ordered peremptorily. "You know they have had floods out here every spring. This year it's worse than usual, and to add to the danger, the trestle is positively swaying. It has been condemned for years, only they're waiting for it to cave in before they can be sure it isn't safe. The day before yesterday, I broke my arm dragging a laborer out of the ice jam—cake of ice hit me as we came up, and that's why I wasn't here yesterday. This morning they phoned up that the ice has moved down to the trestle, so what with the melting and the jam it's—hell down there. You mustn't go, Marjory."

But Marjory shook her head firmly. She thought, as I did that Jack was exaggerating conditions to prevent her going to work. The East Shore Factory Line was owned by the Dye Factory where Marjory worked, and the rules of the Factory were so strict that such an open criticism as absence on account of traction difficulties would doubtless spell dismissal. Jack knew this, and would be only too glad to have her lose the hated position. This would be an added advantage for him, and so she shook her head again.

"Nonsense, Jack, you're overwrought. It's pay day and the rent is due, so you see I must go. I'm quite sure it's safe."

Jack sank back. I could see he was frightfully nervous, and that his arm was paining severely.

"All right," he said quietly, "if we go down, at least it will be together."

Marjory began to protest, but just then the car started across the trestle. At first all went well, but just as we reached the middle, there was a deafening crash. The ice had struck the big centre pile, for immediately the car swayed sickeningly. Instantly the people were thrown into a mad panic. They screamed and yelled like frightened animals, but in all that wild frenzy, my eyes still saw those two young figures ahead of me, and the swirling, ice-crammed water beneath us. There were two children beside me. Instinctively I gathered them to me, and looked about for something to break the window. Then with a sinking fear I remembered Jack's broken arm. What could he do, disabled as he was? What if Marjory couldn't swim? All these thoughts flashed through my head, while the car hung there dizzily. Then Marjory had thrust her elbow through the window, and was pushing out the rest of the pane with her bare hands. Jack tried to thrust her aside but before he could help her, there was another horrible jolt, followed in a moment by the rending and splitting of timbers. The floor of the trestle snapped in two as easily as a cracker, and through the opening the car with its human freight toppled like a child's toy into the black, ugly water.

When I came to, I was fighting with one arm, while with the other I towed the two terrified children. All about the groans and screams of the injured and the helpless made the air horrible, but my thoughts were mostly of my charges and of Jack and Marjory. My gymnasium training stood me in good stead. I could feel my muscles working splendidly in the cold water, but I thought with horror of my two young friends. Then I saw them. He was trying to swim with one arm, but something must have hit the injured arm and turned him faint, for I could see his stroke weakening. I struggled desperately to reach them, and then I saw what Marjory was doing. She had managed to pull off her coat, and now with the skill born of long seaside living, she had twined Jack's good arm around her neck and was gaining safety sooner than I.

When I saw them next, she was sitting on the shore, cradling his head in her arms, while he was just opening his eyes from the faint. The first thing he saw was her arm and hand, torn and bleeding where she had thrust it through the window. He tried to get up but she held him close, as if she would never let him go again. Leaving my two dripping children, I took off my petticoat and tore it into strips. I might have been as invisible as Cupid, for all the notice they took of me as I lifted her torn arm and bandaged it carefully. They just sat there looking into each other's eyes.

"To think you might have been drowned, Marjory, and for me," the man groaned. "The only time I could do anything for you to think I fainted like a woman."

But Marjory's face was shining with a wonderful light.

"Please don't, Jack dear," she pleaded. "Even if I had been drowned it would have been worth it. Somehow out there in that death struggle, things grew wonderfully clear. I saw how little any of those superficial things mattered beside the big realities. My pride was hurting me, that's all. I was afraid that I would have to receive too much, but I see now that perhaps you'll need me other times as you did out there in the water, and at any rate I'm glad now even to be the beggar maid to your Cophtua."

Jack looked up into her glowing face, bewilderment in his eyes. Then still dazed he stole his one good arm about her neck and she leaned over him. There was a beauty in that stooping figure that brought the foolish tears to my eyes, and I turned away, but not before I had seen the problem of her woman's reasoning dissolved in the eternal logic of her kiss.

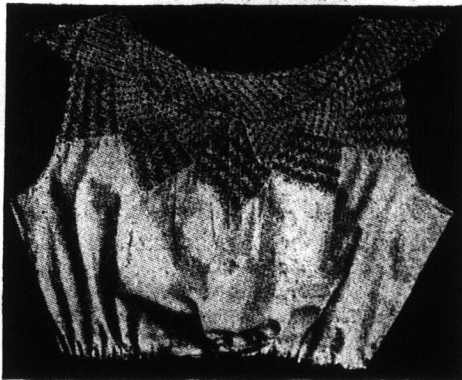
Round Yoke for Corset Cover

Material—Two balls of No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton. Start with 40 ch sts.

First row—1 d c into the 4th st, 1 d c into the next st, *2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 d c, repeat * twice; 4 ch sts skip 3 sts, *1 d c, 2 ch sts, repeat * until you have 4 d c all into the same st, forming 1 fan; 4 ch sts, skip 4 sts, repeat until you have 4 fans, 5 ch sts, turn.

Second row—Make 1 fan over last sp of fan of preceding row, 5 ch sts, repeat for 4 fans, 5 ch sts 1 d c into each st, 2 ch sts, 1 more d c into the last st, 5 ch sts, turn.

Third row—2 d c over the 2 ch sts, *2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, 2 d c repeat * until you have 4 sps, then make 4 fans, Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows alternately, increasing by 1 sp on every row of sps



until you have made 14 rows, then start with the 1st row.

Beading, *1 d c, 5 ch sts, repeat.*

Scallop, 1 fan 1 s c over each sp.

Hem the armhole, over this hem make d c close together into the material.

Cord, make length of ch sts, turn 1 s c into each st.

Drop 5 ch sts, join forming a circle, 1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c, into circle, repeat twice, join and break thread.

Edges for Bath Towels

No. 1—Material—No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton, color to match towel. For this fillet pattern 6 d c form 1 gr, with la, next 7 d c together.

Make 43 ch sts, 1 gr, 1 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Second row—3 d c, 1 sp, d c over d c, 1 sp, 1 gr, 8 ch sts, turn.

Third row—1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 5 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Fourth row—Repeat third row making sp, above la.

Fifth row—1 gr, 2 la, 1 gr, 2 la, 1 gr, 2 la, 4 d c, 3 ch sts, turn.

Sixth row—Repeat fifth row, sp above la.

Seventh row—1 gr, 3 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 1 gr, 1 la, 4 d c, repeat backward.

No. 2—Material—Perle cotton No. 5. White and color to match towel. Fasten white thread into hem, 1 s c, 3 ch sts, 3 d c into first ch st, *1 d c leave space of 5 ch sts on hem, catch d c, make 4 d c over this d c, repeat * for 2 rows of white and one row of color. Featherstitch hem with color.

No. 3—Material—No. 34 shaded violet mercerized crochet cotton. Start each pansy separately and when finished join. Make 7 ch sts, join into a circle.

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WINNIPEG

First row—3 ch sts, 1 d c, *3 ch sts, 2 d c, repeat * for 5 sps.

Second row—5 ch sts, 8 t c over each sp, 1 t c over d c.

Third row—1 p over each st, 5 ch sts, turn to back, 1 s c to top of d c, of first row, *7 ch sts, 1 s c to top of d c of next gr, repeat, * making 2 loops, 5 ch sts turn 14 t c over each loop, turn 1 p, over each st. For connection make 7 ch sts, *1 d c skip 1 p, 3 ch sts, repeat * for 10 d c, 3 ch sts, 1 t c, catching 1 p of each pansy and joining them by this st.

Last row—5 ch sts, 1 s c over ch, repeat * for 3 rows.

No. 4—Material—No. 30 shaded mercerized cotton to match towel. Make s c across towel, catching into hem.

Second row—*7 ch sts, 1 s c skip 3 sts, repeat * for 3 rows.

Last row—1 s c, 1 d c, 6 t c, 1 d c, 1 s c, over each loop.

No. 5—No. 5 mercerized crochet cotton, white and color to match towel. Of white make 5 ch sts, 3 d c, 1 ch st, 3 d c, all over fourth ch st, forming a fan, 3 ch sts turn, repeat for 8 fans, 7 ch sts, 1 s c, over ch between sixth and seventh fan, repeat for 3 loops, turn, *12 s c over loop repeat * 7 s c over third loop, turn, *7 ch sts, 1 s c to centre of loop, repeat *, turn 12 s c over loop, 7 s c over next loop, turn 7 ch sts, 1 s c over centre of loop, turn 12 s c, over loop, 7 s c over each of next 2 loops, 1 fan completes row.

For the next two rows make sps around the scallop, completing pattern. For the colored edge, make *3 d c, 1 p, 3 d c, skip 1 sp, repeat *.

Where Honor Dwells

She was one of the worst women with whom the ladies of a certain church in lower New York had ever had to deal. She had sunk to the point where she begged money of the church only to spend it in the nearest saloon.

Finally, in answer to one of her appeals for money, the spokesman for the women's society said, "No, Maggie, we can do no

more for you. The women of this society have given you up."

A young man, Walter G— by name, who was a worker at the settlement connected with the church, overheard the closing remark, and as Maggie turned away he said, "Yes, Maggie, the women of the society have given you up, but God and I will never give you up."

She passed out into the welter of slum life, and it seemed as if oblivion had swallowed her, for no one heard of her again for years.

Meanwhile, the young man who had said that he would never give her up had died of a disease that he contracted while nursing a human wreck. Some account of his dramatic career together with a picture of him appeared in one of the New York papers.

Two years more slipped by; then one Sunday evening the minister of the church was shaking hands with the congregation as they filed out after service, when he noticed a woman standing off at a distance and weeping convulsively. When all had gone, he looked at her more intently. A faint shadow of recollection crossed his mind as he scrutinized her face more closely. Then as she approached him he saw that she was Maggie; yet not the old Maggie of a few years ago, but a new Maggie of redeemed womanhood.

Maggie opened the conversation. "Doctor B—," she said, "you remember that some years ago the women of this church told me that they had given me up? Walter G— said to me that he and God would never give me up. I saw the account of his death in the paper, and I cut his picture out and had this medallion made from it. I worked two years scrubbing offices before and after hours to save money enough to have it made. It has kept me straight ever since. But I want you to take it now for fear that, if it should be found in my possession, it might bring reproach on his name. When you preach, you might sometimes tell the people that what saved Maggie D— was Walter G—'s saying to her, 'Maggie, the women of this church have given you up, but God and I will never give you up.'"