

Fame," he said, he weighted the one and flung it and caught it. For would be blown g to be discarded and lulled for a e pledge fell sul- ar in the angry,

Love pass by," walked away. had walked back realized how the owing dark now, a great hunger. the place. All used; only from ouse did a glow He entered and nk, and when it ngly. He was s decision now. know of that rt and his brain. he would go his. her saying that rome was impos- pressing engage- d forget to call, ew she was out. of pleasure now. m in thralldom, e again.

"?" demanded a room in which are the very right jug-an-

nn entered. In se flimsy yellow a sport-loving ublished every

, sir," said the l. "Like to see

aper carelessly. ountryman had e "Stop Press" ighten read the up there with-

ent," he read. rturned this af- and all occu- ey were Lady and Miss Mar-

ably. And then curiously, and

ard bad news? of got hurt in

ain to town?" himself with a rible numbness him.

You'll catch it

a dream, the He flung a sov- caught up his forth, leaving open-mouthed,

"Lunnon manners," quoth that worthy, "Lunnon manners!" And retired to bury himself in the sporting columns of the throwndown paper.

Creighton swung on to the footboard of the train just as it was leaving the station, and though a guard and two porters tried to draw him back, he fought them off, and persisted. As yet he was unable to think clearly. He was obeying a natural instinct—to fly to the side of the woman who was dead.

Breathless with his struggle he sank back on the cushions and tried to clear the confusion that hurtled through his staggered brain. Gradually, to the steady clanking whirr of the speeding wheels, clear thought came. Marjorie was dead! The awful truth of it was dimmed in on him insistently; the very clatter of the rushing train seemed to have entered into a conspiracy against him. Marjorie was dead! It hummed through the disturbed air; the very jolting of the window spoke the same awful refrain: Marjorie was dead!

He could see her now with vivid clearness, and he crushed his hand over his eyeballs to shut out the sight. He prayed God that the death might not have touched her lovely face. Then, with a sudden soul-twisting, he was confronted with a vision of what she would be like when he saw her. The light-filled eyes would be closed, the rich carmine of her lips would have faded to a sickly hue. The glowing radiance of her glance would have gone for ever, the fleeting wonder of her smile would be composed into the stern, grim smile of one who is staring in Death's face. He choked down the scream that rose to his lips, and cursed the slowness of the train.

Thought was busy now. But it was the thought of what he had lost. It was one thing to resign; it was another to have the object snatched away thus ruthlessly.

Of what avail was all the fame the world could bring now? It was nothing—a thing of no worth—a thing, indeed, to be despised. Could Fame give him

back the witchery of Marjorie's glance? Could it ever dull the throbbing ache of his heart? Could the plaudits of the world ever obliterate the recollection of the past? What did it matter if he sank into the very oblivion of forgetfulness, so that Marjorie might have been spared? Fame was a useless thing—a bubble that fell away in the hand that grasped it; but Love—ah! Love was different, indeed. Love was all that was of moment in the world. Without it life was blank and hideous, a meaningless chaos of sounds and sights, with no coherence.

"Marjorie, Marjorie," he muttered, as station after station flew by, and the steady clank of the wheels answered his cry: "Marjorie is dead!"

He repeated the sounds mechanically, licking his dry lips. The visions of fame that had occupied his mind had vanished now, swept away by a vain torrent of hopeless longing and strenuous love. He would have given his soul to see her just once before the end, that she might have known how well he loved her. But it was too late now! Nothing could ever bring back those wasted hours that he had given to the pursuit of worldly honor, when he should have been at the side of the woman he loved. For he owned it now: he loved her with a love that blotted out all else in life. And it was too late!

He sprang from the train before it stopped, and raced to a hansom

"15 Worthington Square," he shouted to the cabman, and the man, seeing the unrest of his soul, lashed his horse to its speed. Creighton sank back, and let his interrupted thoughts resume their sway. In a few moments he would be at the house. They would have carried her there, he said, for the accident had occurred some hours ago, and the scene of the mishap was not far removed from Worthington Square. What should he do when he reached the house? What could he do? There remained nothing now. Only to sob out his remorse at the side of that still figure that had waited

for his coming, until the waiting became too long.

The cab drew up outside the door, and Creighton sprang out. He rang the bell furiously, and the servant who opened the door fell back before the white misery of his face. There was a rustle of drapery as he darted in, but he did not lift his eyes.

"Your master—where is he?" he asked fiercely. He felt that he must find some outlet for the passionate remorse that was tearing him in pieces.

"He's out, sir," Creighton staggered. Out, and this grim tragedy afoot! Perhaps the stern old man had not heard the awful truth yet. He reeled for a moment, and then—a soft hand was laid on his arm, a voice that he had thought never to hear again was in his ears.

"Clifford, what is it?" He shrank back, saying that this was the price he had to pay for his ruthless ambition. Marjorie's reproaches must be added to the dull weight of his own self-loathing.

"Clifford, what is it?" The voice came again. He opened his eyes dizzily, and recoiled with a cry.

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" he cried in amazement. "Then it's not true. I thought you were dead. Thank God—oh, thank God!" And his arms fell about her willing form.

"I was in the car," she said softly, clinging to him as he shook with silent sobs. "The others were killed—oh, it's terrible!—but I wasn't hurt. It was a marvellous escape—and oh, Clifford, what is it?"

"It is a revelation!" he said tenderly, and he kissed her upturned lips with a wonderful reverence. He had made his choice.

Golf—A game that begins with a golf-ball and ends with a high-ball.

A Skeptic—A man who can't believe in the miracle of Jonah and the whale and yet thinks he can beat Wall Street.

An Insult to Paderewski.

Dr. Walter Damrosch tells a story serving to illustrate the sensitiveness of Paderewski in matters musical.

A Chicago man, a great lover of music, who had met the Polish pianist abroad, had given a supper to Paderewski in his palatial apartments, inviting several congenial souls to partake of the harmonious feast.

Now, Paderewski doesn't play for everybody—at least not as a rule for those who haven't the price of admission to his concerts—but as the Chicago man was a very good friend, he graciously consented to give a few numbers as an evidence of his appreciation of that friendship. So, when the pianist began his own famous minuet, the coterie of friends sat back prepared to enjoy themselves to the utmost. One of the guests, indeed, was in such rapt attention to the master's playing that, all unconsciously, he forgot where he had put his hands, which were thrust into his trousers' pockets; and very soon he fell to jingling sundry coins that reposed therein.

Quite suddenly Paderewski stopped—as suddenly as though the piano had broken its string-board. The jingle of the coins had penetrated the harmony of the minuet and had upset the pianist. Paderewski wheeled about on his stool fiercely, grew red in the face and plumped his hands down hard upon his knees.

"What!" shouted he, his eyes flashing at the luckless man with the coins. "What! Do you think I play for money!"

At this the guest who had thus unconsciously offended the Pole was so overcome with confusion that he had to be assisted to his feet in order that he might apologize. It was some time before the infuriated virtuoso could be mollified by the explanation that the jingling of coins in the pockets is only a characteristically American way of showing one's appreciation.

A Model Kitchen

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