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on in. . You'll get cold standing She wanted here," Fyin said to Stella. weut against her armin is Her pause had been pare ed him back into the li not the set of the set of the living the dead chart thoughtfully between his lips, little When she she was en Her word she hurried by. Her mind was one urgent question creases gathering between his eyes. the hed and removed the bar bar "I'm going up the lake," he said at

tary implifie. She recalled that only

in the most direct way had he ever

nessed criticism on Monohan, and then

it lay mostly in a tone. suggested more

than spoken. Yet he knew Minohan, had known him for years. They had

went

a big

mperatine

foot of the steps.

swollen. Byte grunted.

"Our begin is hung up," he said plain-tively. "They've blocked the river. I sot licked for arguin' the point." "How's it blocked?" Fyfe asked.

"Two swifters ah logs strung across

the channel. They're drivin' piles in

tion.

in behind

be there."

nlied. "We'll see."

ast, getting up abruptly. "What's the matter, Jack ?" she clothes. What sort of hostilities did Mondian threaten? Had believe host less love turn to the acid of have pr ed. "Why, has trouble started there?" "Part of the logging game," he the man who nominally possessed bor? State could scar ely credit that. It was too much at variance with her swered indifferently. "Doesn't amount

to much." "But Thorsen has been fighting. face was terrible. And I've heard and say he was one of the most peace the man. He would "never have recourse to such ttleness. Still, the biting contempt in Fyfe's voice when he said to Benmen alive. Is it-is Monohan"-ton: "You underestimate Monoban. "We won't discuss Monohan," Interest and curtly. "Anyway, there's no discuss

ton: "Mon underestimate monouni. Be'll gray safe: * * * be's fory." That stung ton to the quick. That: was not said to ther benefit. It was "Pyth's proforme Sonviction. Based on what? ger of him getting murt." He went into his den and came cut with hat and coat on. At the door he profession conviction. Beson on momenpaused a moment.

"Don't worry," he said kindly. "Nothing's going to happen." But she stood looking out the window after he left, meany with a presidence of trouble. She watched with a fevering

had known him for years. They had chashed long before she was a factor in their lives.

Fyle and Benton came to dinner bungalow and camp. She could set more or less preoccupied, an odd mood moving lanterns and even new and then at the session behind the closed other. Once the Fanther's dazzling door of Wyfe's den. An hour or so lat. eye of a searchlight swing across the er Benton went home. While she landing, and its beam picked out a file intened to the soft chuff-a chuff a chuff of men carrying their bianiets toward of the Offickamin dying away in the the boat. Shortly after that the tender distance Ffye came in and slumped rounded the point. Close behind her down is a chair before the fire where went the Wateroug, and both boats ic stick crackled. He sat them swarmed with men.

silent, a half smoked cigar clamped in Stella looked and listened until there one corner of his mouth, the lines of was but a faint thrum far up the lake. his square jaw in profile. determined. ds square jaw in profile. determined. Then she went to bed, but not to steep. What ugly nations were loosed at the lake head she did not know. But on the face of it she could not avoid won-dering if Monohan had deliberately set waivered on her lips, but an she struggied be dance them to utterance the blast of a heat whistle came screaming out to cross and harass Jack Pyfe-because of her? That was the question up from the water, near and shrill and which had hevered on her lips that evening, one she had not brought her-

sybe Game out of his chair like a self to and. Recause of her or bersame of self to and the bad not brought her-bips drawn agert, hands clinched. He had there is that for proceeding work that her big enough to de held that pass for an instant, then re-had there is had there is a self to and the big enough to de in the base had done, as Fyle was facily and,

THE WEEKLY ONTARIO. THURSDAY, JULY 4. 1918.

the mistaken kindness for me to "Tell me anult " make light of his condition simply to space your feelings. He has an even chance. I shall stay until morning. "It's quick told," Howe said grinly, "We were ready at daylight Mono-han's got a hand crew, and they jump-us as soon as we started to clear the channel. So we cleared them first. It idde't also as description of the sound of channel. So we cleared them first. It didn't take so long. Three of our men was used bad, and there's plenty of sore heads on both sides, but we did the job. After we got them on the run we blowed up their swifters and plee with giant; then we begun to put the cedar through. Billy was on the bank when somebody shot him from across the river. One merer, he never new with thit him. And run'l never come so close bein's widow again. Mrs. Fyfe, and not be. That bullet was meant for Jack, 1 figure. He was shi in' down. Billy we standin' right be hind him watchin the logs to through. Whoever he was, he'shot ligh; that's

Whoever he was, he shot high; that's all. There, mother, don't cry. That don't help none. What's done's done." Stella turned and walked up to the house stunned. She could not credit loodshed, death. Always in her life both had been things remote. And as the real significance of Lefty Howe's story grew on her she shuddered. It lay at her door, equally with her and Monohan, even if neither of their hands had sped the bullet-an indirect re-

CHAPTER XIV. Free as the Wind. CATELLA had barely crossed the

threshold when back in the rear Jack junior's baby waice rose in 10 a shrill scream of nain. She scarcely heard her husband and the doctor come in. For a weary age the had been sitting in a low rocker a pillow across her lap, and on that the little tortured body swaddled with cotton soaked in olive oil the only dreasing she and Mrs. Howe could devise case the pain. All those other things which had so racked her

fight on the Type, the shooting of Billy Bals they had vanished somehow into thin air before the dread fact that her guished eyes. She sat numbed with that deadly assurance, praying with-



For Help to Come.

been wasted while a man rowed to

Benton's camp, while the Chickamia

steamed to Roaring Springs, while the

Waterbug came driving back-five

hours! And the skin-yes, even shreds

that every feeble breath would be his

she watched him walk to the corner her window.

side the bed. "Ge and walk about a little, Mrs. Fyle," he advised, "and have your din-

ner. I'll want to watch the boy awhile." But Stella did not want to walk. She

did not want to dat. She was scarcely aware that her limbs were cramped and aching from her tony viril in the chair. She was not conscions of her-self and her problems any more. Ev-ery shift of her mind turned on her baby, the little mite she had nursed at her breast, the one joy untinctured with bitterness that was left her. The bare chance that those little feet might

never patter across the floor again, that little voice never wake her in the morning, crying "Mom-mom," drove her disopera.

She went out into the living room. "That's my ambition." Stella answerwalked to a window, stood there drum-ming on the pane with nervops ingers. Dusk was falling outside; a dusk was to earn it." creeping over her. She shuddered.

Fyre came up behind her, put his hands or her doublers and turned her so that the faced him. "I what I could help, Stella." he hands on her manners and thin so that the faced him. "I wish I could help. Stella." he whispered. "I wish I could make you whispered. "I wish I could make you and rose to go. Money, always money. if one wanted to get anywhere, she re-dested cynically. No wonder men strugboth of you." She shanks of his hands, not because she rebelled against his touch, against

power. She reached the Charteris theater, his sympathy, menely because she had | and a doorman gave her access to the come to that nervous state where she dim interior. There was a light in the operator's cage high at the rear, an-other shaded give at the piano, where scarce realized what she did. "Oh." she choked. "I can't hear it!

My baby, my little baby boy, the one a young man with hair brushed steekly bright spot that's left, and he has to back chewed gum incessantly while he suffer like that! It he dies it's the end practiced picture accompaniments. The of everything for me." place looked desolute, with its empty Fyfe stared at her. The warm, pityseats, its bald stage front with the ing look on his face ebbed away, hard- empty picture screen. Stella sat down

ened into his old mask-like absence of to wait for the manager. He came in expression. "No," he said quietly; "it would only curt, businesslike. He wanted her to loss of certain booms of logs blown envelope, for it was addressed in Jack be the beginning. Lord, but this has sing a popular song, a bit from a Verdi been a day!"

He whirled about with a quick gesture of his hands, a barsh, raspy laugh hat was very hear a sob, and left her. regard to singers. I wenty minutes later, when Stells was irresistibly drawn back to the bedroom, structed, "just as if the spot were on she found him sitting sober and silent. yon. Now, then." looking at his son. A little past midnight Jack junior

Stella sat watching the gray lines of emptinesses beyond-much like singing might happen on Roaring lake. But at rain beat down on the asphalt, the muddy rivulets that streamed along the gutter. A forlorn sighing of wind in Stella, but she was keenly aware that stood before her window reminded her before she could grasp the greater op-

"Well, Stella," he had said, "I guess | than mere living as she meant to live. | were decent folk who accorded frank this is the end of our experiment. In six months under the state hav-you And it was a start, a move in the right direction. She accepted. They discan be legally free by a technicality. cussed certain details. She did not So far as I'm concerned, you're free as care to court publicity under her legal the wind right now. Good luck to you." name, so they agreed that she should He turned away with a smile on his be billed as Mme. Benton, the madame lips, a smile that his eyes belied, and being Howard's suggestion, and she

took her leave. through the same sort of driving rain Upon the Monday following Stella that now nelted in gray lines against stood for the first time in a fierce white glare that dazzled her and so shut of She shook berself impatiently out of partially her vision of the rows and

that retrospect. It was done." Life as rows of faces. She went on with a borrible stackness in her knees, a dry feeting in her threat, and she was not sure whether she would sing or, fy. When she had, inished her first song and bowed merself theo the wings she her brother had prophesied, was no kid glove affair. The future was her chief concern now, bot the past. Meantime she had not been idle; neither had she come to Scattle on a blind impulse. She knew of a singing teacher there whose feit her heart leap and hammer at the hand clapping that grew and grew till reputation was more than local, a vocal It was like the beat of ocean surf. authority whose word carried weight far beyond Puget sound. First she Howard came running to meet her.

meant to see him, get an impartial es-timate of the value of her voice, of the "You've sure got 'em going," he laughed. "Fine work. Go out and training she would need. Through him give 'en some me she hoped to get in touch with some In time she grew accustomed to thes outlet for the only talent she possessed. things, to the applause she never failed

And she had received more encourage to get, to the white beam that beat ment than she dared hope. He listened down from the picture cage, to the to her sing, then tested the range and flexibility of her voice. "Amazing," he said frankly. "You have a rare instant endowment. If you have the determination and the sense of dramatic values that musical to her sing, then tested the range and

discipline will give you, you should go ! now a method of practice which I duced results. She could see and fee far. You should find your place in that herself. So she gained in those weeks some-

thing of her old poise. Inevitably she ed. "But that requires time and trainwas very lonely at times, but the ing. And that means money. I have tought against that with the most effective weapon she knew-incessant activity. She was always busy. There The upshot of that conversation was was a rented piane now sitting in the epposite corner from the cas store on which she collect for means - Howard hep his word. She "pulled business," and he caused her to forty a week and offered her a contintt, which she re-fused, because other avenues, bigger and better than singing in a motion perture house, were tentatively openine.

December was waning when she came to Seattle. In the following weeks her only contact with the past. beyond the mill of her own thoughts. was an item in the Seattle Times touching upon certain litigation in which Fyfe was involved. Briefly, Monohan, under the firm name of the a few minutes. His manner was very suing Fyfe for heavy damages for the up and set adrift at the month of the opera, Gounod's "Ave Maria," so that Tyee river. There was appended an he could get a line ou what she could account of the clash over the closed do. He appeared to be a pessimist in channel and the killing of Billy Dale. No one had been brought to book for that get. Many one of sixty men might have men the shot "Take the stage right there," he in-

It made Stella wince for it took her back to that dreadful day. She could It wasn't a heartening process to It wasn't a heartening process to stand there facing the gum chewing planist, and the manager's cigar glow, ing redly five rows back, and the silent could she stiffe an uneasy appreheninto the mouth of a gloomy cave. It least she had done what she could. If she were the flame, she had removed the bare boughs of a gaunt eim that she had to make good in a small way Fyfe had pulled his cedar crew off the Type linf.

admiration to her voice and her personality. They had been kind to bee in many little ways, and she was glad to accept.

At 11 a taxi deposited them at the door of Wain's. The Seattle of yesterday needs no introducion to Wain's. and its counterpart can be found in any cosmopolitan seaport city. It is a place of subtle distinction tucked away on one of the lower hill streets, where after theater parties and nighthawks with an eye for pretty women, an ear for sensuous music and a taste for good food go when they have mon-

er to spend. Ensconced behind a potted paim, with a waiter taking Howard's order, Stella let her gaze travel over the dimers. She brought up with a repressed start at a table but four removes from her own, her eyes resting upon the unmistakable profile of Walter Monohan. He was dining vis-a-vis with a young woman chiefly remarkable for a prefusion of yellow hair and a blazing dismond in the lobe of each earplump, blend, vivacious person of a type that Stella, even with her finited experience, found herself instantly cheosifying.

A bottle of wine rested in an iced dish between them. Monohan was toying with the stem of a half emptied glass, smiling at his companion. The girl leaned toward him, speaking rapfdly, pouting. Monohan nodded, drained his glass, signaled a waiter. When she got into an elaborate opera clouk and Monoban into his Inverness they went out, the plump, jeweled hand resting familiarly on Monohan's arm. Stella breathed a sigh of relief as they passed, looking straight ahead. She watched through the upper half of the cafe window and saw a machine draw against the curb, saw the bescarded yellow hand enter and Monohan's silk hat follow. Then she relaxed, but she had hitle appetite for her food. A hot wave of shamed disgust kept coming over her. She felt sick, physically no volted. Very likely Monohan had out her in that class in his secret thought. She was glad when the evening ended and the Howards left her at her own doorstep.

On the carpet where it had been thrust by the postman under the door. a white square caught her eye, and she picked it up before she switched Abbey-Monohan Timber company, was on the light. And she got a queer little shock when the light fell on the Fyfe's angular handwriting.

She tore it open. It was little enough in the way of a letter, a couple of lines scrawled across a sheet of note paper. Dear Girf-I was in Seattle'a few days ago and heard your sing. Here's house good luck rides with you. JACK

Stella sat down by the window. Ontside the ever present Paget sound rais drove against wall and roof and side walk. gathered in wet, glistening pools in the street. Through that same win dow she had watched Jack Fyfe walk out of her life three months ago without a backward look, sterdily, silently, uncomplaining. He hadn't whined: be wasn't whining now, only finging a cheerful word out of the blank spaces his own life into the h

anto motorist. up for speed-had left a pie and the gas to hustle to pie cost him

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ational Coen rantford the was moved enter of Ham Mrs. W. R. "That the Women. councils, do Canada to se, also knit sweaters and olen articles material for ssarv for the VITS girls who weaters

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Stella at ared at him. Nerves! She Bot if he had allowed his pr knew the symptoms too well. Nerves distate reprise is she trembled for the out hope for help to come, hopeless outcome. Fyre was not a man to any medical skill would avail at terrific tension in that big, splendid hadst "A glight aniver seemed to min quiet under either affront or injury. He would light with double rancor if Mender either affront or injury. He when it did come. So many hours had over him then he was erect and calmby himself again, standing in a listenohan were his adversary, "If anything bappens up there I'll "That's the Panther," he said, "pull-ing in to the Waterbug's landing. Did censeless turning of her mind had be-I startle you when I bounced up like a come almost unendurable. "I was a of flesh-had come away in patches cougar Stella?" he asked, with a wry silly, weak fool ever to let Walter Mon- with Jack junior's clothing when she "I guess I was half asleep. ohan know I cared. And I'll hate him. took it off. She bent over him, fearful That whistle jolted me." too, if he makes me a bone of conten-Stella glanced out the shaded win- tion. I elected to play the game the dow. "Some one's coming up from the float with a lantern." she said. "Is thereis there likely to be anything wrong, Jack?" "Anythiag wrong?" He shot a quick | glance at her, then casually, "Not that l know of." The building lautern came up the path through the lawn. Footsteps

only decent way there is to play it. So She looked up at the doctor Fyra did he. Why can't he abide by that?" was beside her, his calked boots biting Noon of the next day saw the Water. bug heave to a quarter mile abeam of Cougar point to let off a lone figure in her dinghy and then bore on. driving straight and fast for Roaring Springs. stella dew to the landing. Mother Howe came puffing at her heels. "Laud's sake, 1 been worried to crunched on the gravel. "FH go see what he wants." Fyfe re-

marked. "Calked boots won't be good ber you never can tell where they'll for the porch floor." stop, Mrs. Jack. I've knowed some wild She followed him. times in the woods in the past." "Stay in. It's cold." He stopped in the doorway. "No, I'm coming." she persisted.

he stepped up on the planks he limped They met the lantern bearer at the percep . "Land alive, what happened yuh, "Well, Thorsen?" Fyfe shot at him.

There was an unusual note of sharp-"Got a rap on the leg with a peevy," he said. "Nothin' much." ness in his voice, an irritated expecta-

"Why did the Waterbug go down the Stella saw that it was the skipper of the Panther, a big and burly Dane. He raised the lantern a little. The dim man's face was serious. "What haplight on his face showed it bruised and

"There was a fuss." he answered quietly. "Three or four of the boys got beat up so they need patchin'. Jack's takin' 'em down to the hospital. Blast that yeller headed Monohan !" his voice lifted suddenly in uncontrollable anger "Billy Dale was killed this mornin'.

front. An' three donkeys buntin' logs Stella feit herself grow sick. Death is a small matter when it strikes afar, among strangers-when it comes to Swift work. There wasn't a sign of a move when I left this morning," Fyle commented dryly. "Well, take the Panone's door! Billy Dale had piloted the Waterbug for a year, a chubby, round ther around to the inner landing. I'll faced boy of twenty, a foster son of Mother Howe's before she had children What's struck that feller Monohan?"

the Dane sputtered analy "Has he of her own. Stella had asked Jack to got any license to close the Tree? He put him on the Waterbur because he put him on the Waterbug because he was such a loyal, cheery sort of soul, and Billy had been a part of every exsays he has-an' backs his argument strong, believe me. Maybe you can hanpedition they had taken around the dle him. I couldn't. Next time I'll have a cant hook handy. By jingo, you gimme my pick uh Lefty's creat, Jack, sp' I'll bring that cedar out? rigid, lifeless lump of clay. Why, only the day before he had been laughing and chattering aboard the cruiser, go

"Take the Panther round," Byle meing up and down the cabin floor on his hands and knees. Jack junior perched Thorsen turned back down die slope. Is a minute the thruns of the boat's exsanat acose as she got under way.

He fell into it. Oh, my poor little death," the older woman breathed, darling!" They watched the doctor bare the "When men gst to quarrelin' about timto the boy's breathing, count his palse. gesture with his hands, In the end be redressed the tiny body The man in the dink was Lefty Howe. with stuff from the case with which a

into the oak floor.

He pulled in beside the float. When country physician goes armed against all emergencies. He was very delib-

last

happen."

Lefty ?" his wife cried.

lake?" Stella asked breathlessly. The pened up there?"

mother.

lake. She could not think of him as a She Found Him Sitting Sober and Silent, Looking at His Son.

erate and thoughtful. Stella looked her appeal when he finished.

riumphantly astride his back. "What happened " she cried widly, quently shrvites terrific shock.

ngly of the wind drone among th She Sat Numb, Praying Without Hope tall frs. A ghastly two weeks had intervened

since Jack innior's little life blinker out. There had been wild moments when she wished she could keep him company on that journey into the unknown, but grief seldom kills. Sometimes it hardens. Always it works a change, a greater or less revamping of the snirit. It was so with Stella Fyfe although she was not keenly aware of any forthright metamorphosis. She was for the present too actively in-"olved in material changes.

"What's the use, Jack ?" she finished. "You and I are so made that we can't be neutral. We've got to be thorough-

"See what you can do, doc." he said | ly in accord or we have to part. There's huskily; then to Stella, "How did it no chance for us to get back to the old Way of living. I don't want to: I can't.

"He toudied away from Martha," she | I could never be complaisant and agreewhispered. "Sam Foo had set a pan able again. We might as well come to of boiling water on the kitchen floor. | a full stop and each go his own way." She had braced herself for a clash of wills. There was none. Fyfe listened to her, looked at her long and earnestly terribly scalded body, examine, listen and in the end made a quick, impatient

> "Your life's your own to make what you please of now that the kid's no longer a factor," he said quietly. "What

do you want to do? Have you made any plans?"

"I have to live, naturally," she replied. "Since I've got my voice back I feel sure I can turn that to account. I should like to go to Seattle first and ook around. It can be supposed I have gone visiting until one or the other of us takes a decisive legal step."

"That's simple enough," he returned after a minute's reflection. "Well, if t has to be, for God's sake let's get it over with!"

And now it was over with. Fyfe remarked once that with them luckily it was not a question of money. But for stella it was indeed an economic probiem. When she left Roaring lake her rivate account contained over \$2.000. Her last act in Vancouver was to reeposit that to ber husband's credit. hily so did she feel that she could go free of all obligation. clean handed. without studtifying herself in her own eyes. She had treasured as a keepsake the only money sue had ever carned in her life, her brother's check for \$270.

he wages of that sordid period in the ook house. She had it now-\$270 capital. She hadn't sold herself for that. She had given honest value, double and treble, in the sweat of her brow. 'She was here now, in a five dollar a week

"He's a sturdy little chap," he said, ther. He had come with her to Seattle "and we'll do out best. A child fre- and waited patiently at a hotel until It she had found a place to live. Then he in a set without protest

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You've sure got 'em going. Go eu and give 'em some more."

portunity, so she did her best, and her best was no mediocre performance was well. She had never sung in a place designed to show off or to show up a singer's to hear that word. Once in Seattle, quality. She was even a bit aston- away from it all, there slowly grew ished berself.

She elected to sing the "Ave Maria" first. Her voice went pealing to the had only followed the cue she had doomed ceiling as sweet as a silver bell, resonant as a trumpet. When the last note died away there was a momentary silence; then the accompanist looked up at her, frankly admiring. "You're some warbler." he said emphatically, "believe me."

Behind him the manager's cigar lost sired her less than he hated Fyfe's posits glow. He remained silent. The planist struck up "Let's Murder Care," a rollicking trifle from a Broadway hit. Last of all he thumped, more or less successfully, through the accompani- and token went to show that the pot gymnastics as well as melody.

"Come up to the office, Mrs. Fyfe, from his first manner.

"I can give you an indefinite engageworth more, but right now I can't pay life, after all."

housekeeping room, foot loose, free as to raise you. Thirty a week, and you'll As so often happens in life's uneasy the wind. That was Fyfe's last word to have to sing twice in the afternoon and twice in the evening."

she left. If aggression of hers. Stella felt something women eame it must come from one direction. and wet steal down her checks. CHAPTER XV. A Cost Musian.

She crumpled the letter with a main den, spasmodic clinching of her hand TELLA had not minced matters A lump rose chokingly in her throat.) with herself when she left Roar-She stabbed at the light switch and ing lake. Dazed and shaken by threw herself on the bed, sobbing her suffering, nevertheless she knew that heart's cry in the dusky quiet. And she would not aiways suffer: that in she could not have told why, excent time she would get back to that northat she had been overcome by a mismal state in which the human ego dilierably forlorn feeling. All the mental gently pursues happiness. In time the props she relied upon were knocked legal tie between herself and Jack Fyfe out from under her. Somehow those would cease to exist. If Monohan cared few scrawled words had fung swiftly for her as she thought he cared a year before, like a picture on a screen, a or two more or less mattered little. vision of her baby toddling uncertain-They had all their lives before them. ly across the porch of the white bunga-In the long run the errors and mistakes low. And she could not bear to think of that upheaval would grow dim, be of that. as nothing. Jack Fyfe would shrug

* * * * * * * his shoulders and forget, and in due When the elm before her window time he would find a fitter mate, one broke into lesf and the sodden winter as loyal as he deserved. And why skies were transformed into a warm might not she, who had never loved spring vista of blue Stella was singing him, whose marriage to him had been a special engagement in a local vaudeonly a climbing out of the fire into the ville house that boasted a "big time"

bill. She had stepped up. The silvery So that with all her determination to richness of her voice had carried her make the most of her gift of song, so name already beyond local boundaries. that she would never again be buffeted as the singing master under whom she by material urgencies in a material studied prophesied it would. In proof, world, Stella had nevertheless been thereof she received during April a listening with the ear of her mind, so feminine committee of two from Vanto speak, for a word from Monchan to couver bearing an offer of \$300 for her say that he understood and that all appearance in a series of three concerts under the auspices of the Wom-Paradoxically, she had not expected an's Musical club, to be given in the ballroom of Vancouver's new million dollar hostelry, the Granada. The date upon her the conviction that in Monowas mid-July. She took the offer unhan's fine avowal and renunciation he der advisement, promising a decision

in ten days. given. In all else he had played his The money tempted her. That was own hand. She couldn't forget Billy ber greatest need now, not for her Dale. If the motive behind that bloody daily bread, but for an accumulated culmination were thwarted love it was fund that would enable her to reach a thing to shrink from. It seemed to New York and ultimately Europe, if her now, forcing berself to reason with that seemed the most direct route to cold blooded logic, that Monohan deher goal. She had no doubts about reaching it now. Confidence came to session of her: that she was merely an abide with her. She throve on work. added factor in the breaking out of a And with increasing salary her fund struggle for mastery between two digrew: Coming from any other source. verse and dominant men. Every sign she would have accepted this further augmentation of it without hesitation, since for a comparative beginner if was a liberal offer.

But Vancouver was Fyfe's home town. It had been hers. Many people knew her. The local papers would feature her. She did not know how Fyfe would take it. She did not even know if there had been any open talk of their separation. Money, she felt, was a small thing beside opening old sores. For herself, she was tolerably indifferent to Vancouver's social estimate of her or her acts. Nevertheless so long as she bore Fyfe's name she did not

feel free to make herself a public fig-

ment to an aria that had in it vocal of hate had long been simmering. She had only contributed to its boiling over. "Oh, well," she sighed, "it's out of Howard said, with a singular change my hands altogether now. I'm sorry, but being sorry doesn't make any difference. I'm the least factor, it seems, ment at thirty a week," he made a in the whole muddle. A woman isn't blunt offer. "You can sing. You're much more than an incident in a man's more. If you pull business-and I She dressed to go to the Charteris. rather think you will-1 may be able for her day's work was about to begin.

flow, periods of calms are succeeded by events in close sequence. Howard Stella considered briefly. Thirty dol- and his wife insisted that Stella join lars a week meant a great deal more them at supper after the show. The