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## SANITAS THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

Moore insisted. "I am very anxious." "Well," he said, in the gruff tone he used when under the stress of great feeling, "She hasn't one chance in a hundred. Her heart is very bad. It will be a case where either mother or child must be sacrificed. But mind," he added, "she must never know. It is my only hope of pulling her through." Terrified and breathless Camelia leaned back in the shadows as the full import of these awful words sank into her brain. He had deceived her then, but only for her own good, but how could she ever die. Stunned, bewildered, she lay there, her mind a chaos, groping blindly for some comforting, sustaining thought. As in a dream she heard the hall door close on their departure. Then, out of the stillness, there floated up to her another sound—her husband replenishing the furnace for the night. Her husband—he must never know she had heard, and instantly she was on her feet speeding up the stairs to her room.

It was the first time she had ever wilfully deceived him, she reflected, as she placed a lighted lamp on the table near her bed and laid a magazine on the coverlet to stimulate reading, but he must not know she was worried over anything. How well she remembered the first time she met him. It was on a visit to her cousin Francis, and this quiet scholarly man had dropped in to spend the evening. He seemed to be on such good terms of friendship with the family and, yes, she did believe that he, at first, seemed to pay particular attention to Francis. Likely that was why her cousin had

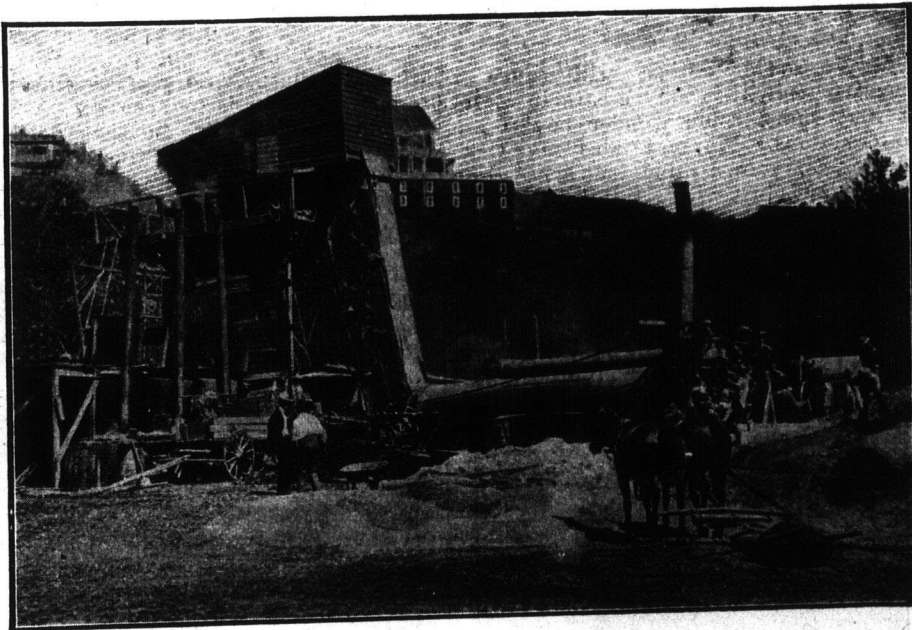
over, Horace would take an interest in Francis, and everything would be as before she entered their lives.

Her husband's entrance abruptly put an end to those thoughts. "What! not asleep yet?" he asked, then noting the book, "Have you been reading?" "No, I couldn't sleep," she answered, evading his last question. "Horace, I'd like to have Francis here for awhile," she continued, and wondered if he cared as little as his tone implied, as he answered without turning his head, "Well then have her by all means, my dear." A moment later, noting the tears coursing down her cheeks, he bent tenderly over her. "Why, what are you crying for?" he asked, surprised. "Oh, I don't know," she sobbed. "I guess—because I'm happy."

On the morrow Francis came. Gay and cheerful, she showed no sign of the broken heart Camelia thought she must carry with her. Her gaiety was infectious and soon Camelia found herself laughing and talking as of yore, as she watched her cousin unpack.

"What do you intend doing with all that?" she inquired, indicating a roll of fine nainsook and yards upon yards of filmy lace and insertion, which her Cousin had just lifted out of the trunk. "O that," answered Francis, "I am going to make up into lingerie for myself. I assure you I'm quite a seamstress," she added blushing.

Some time later, Horace, coming in to the sitting room, found his wife cozily ensconced on the sofa, chatting



Cement Works, Edmonton, Alta.

treated her more coldly as time went on, for she noticed that as Horace's visits increased until it became a usual thing for him to spend all or at least a part of every evening with them, Francis' coldness had seemed to increase proportionately. She remembered how she had determined if she were coming between them, which to her was the only interpretation of her cousin's manner, she would soon eliminate herself, and hastily packing she had gone home. Thither, a few days later, he had followed her. Passing through the hall she had heard the door bell ring, and answering it had found him standing on the threshold. Her blushes and confusion at this sudden, unexpected meeting had told him their own story and ere he left that evening they were betrothed lovers. But even in the midst of her happiness that day, little doubts kept constantly arising as to whether or not she were loyal to her cousin in accepting the man she believed Francis loved. She had tried, incoherently, to express this to her lover, but he had laughingly replied, "What has she to do with us?" So she had dismissed the matter from her mind and given herself up to the full enjoyment of her happiness. But now those thoughts came to her again as she remembered that Francis, though in every way an attractive, agreeable girl, had never married, and fully three years had gone by. Perhaps, even yet, she could remedy any unintentional wrong she had done. She would ask Francis to come and stay with her for those last few days and would leave the little baby in her care, then, when all was

gaily, while Francis sat near by, busily plying her needle and surrounded with dainty garments in the process of making. "What do you intend to do with all these?" he asked quizzically. "Oh, I intend to wear them all," she answered with a charming blush.

To Francis, sitting in the same room two days later, time seemed an eternity as she listened to the second Doctor's tread ascending the stairs to the room above, where already Dr. Moore and his most skilled nurse had been in attendance for many hours. Camelia, passing through the "Valley of the Shadow," was making a brave fight for life. Again and again as she reached the point where endurance almost failed and she felt she must give up, the strong clasp of her husband's hands and his cheerful smile of courage sustained her. Not much did he resemble the husband who didn't care as he stood there, his ashen face and dripping forehead mute testimony of his agony and fear for her, but always forcing that smile of cheer and encouragement. Almost fainting she hears, as from afar off, her husband's voice of entreaty. "Oh live, my darling, for my sake!" and she rouses herself to smile feebly into the face bending so anxiously over her. The Doctor lays his finger on her wrist and with a triumphant, smile says: "Her pulse is better," and turns to the nurse, who obeying his unspoken command, comes forward and gently administers chloroform and Camelia sinks into a sleep where she feels no pain.

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