

Woman Against Woman

or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER XXII.

The walls of the Dunraven mansion had fallen.

Nothing remained by which the mysterious crime could be traced, and as Doctor Paxton looked grimly upon the huge pile of still smoldering ruins, his lips drew rigidly.

"Now, how are we to discover who placed the mysterious powder upon that landing, and for whom the charge was intended?" he questioned mentally. "Was it for Lloyd or Ailsa Valworth? I am inclined to believe it was intended for the latter, and if my theories are correct, then surely it must have been placed there by— I dare not even utter the suspicion to myself, and yet— what else is there to believe? Who would ever have dreamed of a sensation like this coming into the Dunraven household? I wonder if I dare trust Leslie? Trust him with what? Could I tell him of the foul suspicions founded on the utterances of a hysterical girl alone? Puff, Paxton! you are growing a greater fool than a silly, sentimental school-girl. But how the deuce came that powder on the landing of the stairs? That is neither silly nor sentimental. And then the tableau that I saw. What of that? Should I have thought it singular but for the words Miss Valworth had spoken? Heigh-ho! I wish they had got the fire out sooner, and there had been some means left of discovering the bottom of all this!"

He turned about and walked slowly in the direction of the hotel, considering deeply, but was no nearer the solution of his mystery when he arrived there than he had been when leaving that morning. As he entered the room where he had left Lloyd, he found Dunraven and Muriel there.

He could not prevent a slight shudder as he glanced into the countenance of the girl, but she was as serenely calm as a summer day, and there was absolutely not a ruffle upon her brow.

"How is he?" the doctor asked hurriedly of Dunraven, in order that he might not be forced to look at Muriel.

"Slightly feverish, I should say," answered Dunraven, wearily. "When you have seen him, I should like to talk with you a moment, Doctor. Will you come to my room?"

"Yes, I have engaged a professional nurse. She will be here in half an hour. In the meantime, I shall give him something to make him sleep. Muriel, you will wait here until I return?"

He forced himself to turn and look at her. There was a curious expression upon her face which he could not understand. She merely bowed, and



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after attending to his patient, the doctor followed Dunraven from the room.

The younger man threw himself into a chair, then lifted his face to that of the physician, cold and gray as granite.

"Doctor," he said, huskily, "there are things in this world which a man must tell to some one, and he naturally makes his medical adviser the receptacle of all his woes as well as his illnesses. I confess I should not tell you the secret that is wearing me out body and soul, but that some one must know."

He lifted the damp hair from his brow and sighed. Paxton had not taken a chair, but stood with his back resting against the marble of the mantel-shelf, looking down upon the man whom he had known from early boyhood, and loved even as his own son.

"It is not such a secret as you imagine, Leslie," he said.

Dunraven started.

"Have I then advertised my madness to the world?" he asked, bitterly. "No; but you must remember that I have been at your side when you were not master of yourself. I am deeply sorry for you, my boy."

Dunraven covered his eyes with his hands and sat very still. Under the coldness of silence he would have been affected not at all, and could have gone on with his story with that ghastly calmness that would perhaps have been better for him, but the tone of sympathy unnerved him. He arose after a time and walked hastily up and down the room, then pausing suddenly, he took Doctor Paxton's hand in both his own.

"You will understand then," he said, hastily, "how necessary it is that I should go away for a time. I can not remain and control myself as I must. I confess to you frankly that if I could have persuaded her to go with me, I would have forgotten my honor as well as hers, and have taken her; but she is too pure, too holy. God would not let her listen. I can not remain and see her the betrothed wife of another, submitting to his kisses, even while I know that she loves only me. I am going, Doctor, because I am too great a coward to remain. I want you to promise that you will be near my poor unhappy Ethel at all times. Never desert her. Keep this miserable secret from reaching her, if that be possible. I have your promise?"

"Sit down, Leslie, and wait a minute!" exclaimed Paxton, hesitatingly. "When you first mentioned going, it seemed to me the wisest thing that could have happened; but now I don't quite know. You accuse yourself of cowardice, but I am perfectly aware that if there is anything to be done, there is no braver man than you. I know that you would put yourself in the background eternally for the sake of those you love, if they really need you. I refer now not alone to Miss Valworth, but to Ethel and Lloyd as well."

"I confess I don't understand you."

"And I may as well announce the fact now as later, that I don't in the least understand it myself, but there is at the present time an impenetrable mystery hanging over this family. It was not the fire which caused Lloyd the loss of his sight, but a discharge of powder upon the landing of the stairs. Now, who placed that powder there, and why? Lloyd was out of the house at the time of the fire, consequently the charge was intended for another member of the family and missed its aim. The person who placed the powder there fired the house. The walls have fallen. There is not a trace left by which the criminal can be discovered. What do you understand from the situation?"

Dunraven had sunk back in his chair, his face grown paler, his jaw slightly dropped.

"Go on!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I am not capable of connected thoughts. Do you think that murder was intended?"

"That is what I can not quite decide in my own mind. The wonder is that Lloyd did not fall there with his burden, and so perish in the flames! I have not the faintest idea, however, that the charge was intended for him."

"Who then?"

"That I can not answer."

"But you suspect?"

"Do not you?"

"You mean Ailsa?"

"Who else?"

"Good gracious! You believe there was a plot to murder her?"

"Mind you, this is only suspicion, without the slightest foundation, except a very one-sided reasoning, and no proof back of that. I went there to make some investigation, but, as I tell you, the walls have fallen."

"But who—who—?"

"Ah, there you are going further than I can answer even to you," returned the doctor, reading the question he would have put in the blood-shot eyes. "Miss Valworth remembers to have heard the explosion as they turned the stairs. She told me that much last night when I summoned her to see Lloyd. But why should she have slept through a confusion which aroused the rest of the household? She is usually a singularly light sleeper."

But to none of the questions could Dunraven find an answer. He sat there like one stunned, looking straight at the doctor stupidly, and did not even move when Paxton announced:

"I am going to send for Miss Valworth and question her closely. There may be points which she will remember under examination that would otherwise escape her. Will you remain?"

He was answered by a simple nod of the head, and—ringing a private bell, he summoned Mrs. Dunraven's maid.

"Will you ask Miss Valworth to come here at once?" exclaimed the doctor.

The maid bowed and retired. Neither of the men spoke again, but Doctor Paxton walked the floor in silence until the maid returned.

"Miss Valworth is not in her room, sir," she said, quietly.

"Then you will find her in Mrs. Dunraven's room."

"She is not there either, sir. Mrs. Dunraven left her room alone this morning, and has not since returned. Her absence alarmed me, and I was about to come to Mr. Dunraven about it."

From a ruddy glow the doctor's face had suddenly changed to a grayish pallor. His hand fell heavily upon Dunraven's shoulder.

"Come with me!" he gasped.

Dunraven arose. His steps were like those of a drunken man. The blood seemed to have frozen in his body. It is doubtful if he would have been able to follow, but that the compelling hand still lay upon his shoulder.

They entered Ailsa's room first. It was exactly as it had been—nothing disturbed, not an evidence to indicate that anything had happened—and with a chill amount of relief and some hope tugging at his heart, the doctor led the way hurriedly to Mrs. Dunraven's apartment.

There was a note lying upon her writing table, which the doctor overlooked. It was addressed to Dunraven, and with a hand that trembled, the doctor gave it to him.

Mechanically Dunraven opened it and read:

"How could you have believed for one moment that I would have ever stood between you and happiness? My only regret is that you did not tell me—that you did not trust me. I have no word of reproach, but I can not live now that I have your love no longer. Good-bye, and God bless you! I have the letter which was saved from the fire—the letter to Ailsa, you know—to give me courage. I shall read it before the dark waters close above my head forever. Be happy with her, and try to forgive your poor Ethel."

"Gone!" gasped Dunraven.

"Both gone!" returned the doctor, hoarsely. "The one to death, the other—to— Only God knows where!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Bowed with grief, Ailsa left Lloyd Ogden's room, feeling guilty and ashamed that she was not more worthy of an honest man's mighty love, regretting with all her soul that that mad first love stood between her and the girl who would have sacrificed her life to give to the world what had given so much for her, yet she had no more power of compelling it than she could have controlled the ocean's tide.

She entered her own room, and sat down before the window, her arms stretched out, her hands between her knees, her eyes fixed despairingly upon the cold gray of the sky.

It was still early, perhaps seven o'clock. A few flakes of snow were swirling through the air with rapid gyration.

The fire had gone out and the wind was howling fiercely about the building, yet she was unconscious of cold. She was striving to reason out the situation in which she found herself placed, yet was utterly unable to think connectedly.

She was aroused at last by a gentle tap upon the door, and lifting her hand with a helpless motion, she pushed the door back from her brow before replying:

"Come in!"

The door was opened by one of the bell-boys of the hotel.

"Some one called to see you, Miss Valworth, a boy."

"A boy to see me?" she returned, some wonder forcing itself into the tone. "Who is it?"

"His name is—"

But before the sentence could be completed, the boy had forced his way beyond the servant, and had entered the room. The servant retired at once. The boy stood there turning his hat in his hand in an embarrassed way, looking at the girl before him.

Then slowly Ailsa rose.

"Why, Joe!" she exclaimed, "I have seen so few people from the old life that I had almost forgotten you."

"An'—I hardly knowed you, Miss Ailsa, in all this finery. My! But you struck it rich, ain't you? We often wondered what took you away, mother'n me, but I reckon we'd go too far if we could feast our nests on this. What a pretty dress that is! I reckon there ain't none o' the swells that kin take the shine outen you."

Ailsa looked down at her gown and smiled wistfully, remembering how little she had considered it. It was only the one she had fallen asleep in the night of the fire. How little gratitude she had had, and how much she owed those people into whose life she had brought so much of sorrow and affliction.

She lifted her eyes again to those of the boy whom she had known in days gone by, whose mother had been the single person whom she could call friend, and he observed that there were tears in them.

"I am afraid I have considered the 'swells,' as you call them, very little, Joe, and the dress I have on is only one saved from the fire last night. I'm afraid you will be cold. If you will ring that bell over there, I will order a fire."

"I ain't got time, Miss Ailsa. I came to tell you something, but was so flabbergasted when I seen you, I ain't had time to think uv it. Yer father sent me."

"Father?"

She started up a trifle and clasped her hands. She seemed to realize even before he had spoken that some calamity had happened, and her cheeks grew a shade paler, if that were possible.

"Yes'm," returned Joe. "He fell down last night, an'—an'—well, I don't want to skeer you, but I reckon he's done fur!"

"Hurt?"

The word was little more than a gasp.

"Yes'm. The doctor says he can't live out the day. He wants to see you before he dies, and beg yer forgive-

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GERMAN PRESS HAS BEEN MUZZLED

GERMAN PEOPLE ARE HYPNOTIZED BY RULERS.

News Manipulated in Such a Way by the Authorities as to Make People Confident.

A journalist belonging to a neutral nation gives this description of the manipulation of information by the authorities in Germany:

When I entered Germany I believed myself able to take a detached view of the war. Careful study of the different official communiques had, I imagined, enabled me to get at the truth in its essential features. Nothing, I was convinced, could influence my deliberately-formed estimate of the relative value of the information officially and semi-officially disseminated from the various belligerent countries. Constant reading of all the large newspapers published in belligerent and neutral States had made me confident of my ability to distinguish the realities behind news and opinions, and had made me proof against "atmosphere." After a month in Germany I found I was mistaken.

It was a remarkable experience. Before many days had passed I made the disagreeable discovery that I was being influenced by the German war atmosphere. The confidence of the people in the invincibility of their armies, the smooth working of the State machine that seemed to leave nothing to chance, the determination everywhere noticeable beneath the subdued expressions of feeling, the daily outpourings of the press, the contemporary literature—everything, in short, combined to entice me into a different mood. This strange influence grew stronger as the weeks went by. My previous conceptions of war news, of positions, and conditions along the fronts, and behind them, and of the general outlook for the future underwent a perceptible change. I began to understand the workings of the German mind, which had before seemed mysterious to me. It became possible to gauge the soul of the people and to comprehend to some extent their confidence, their outward unanimity, their spirit of self-sacrifice, and their faith in their leaders.

The chief agency in the creation of this state of mind, apart from the direct influence of the thorough military organization of the State, is the shrewd management of the press. It will be remembered that, on the outbreak of war, the whole German press was turned against England overnight.

Press Influenced.

Twenty-four hours after having praised the vigorous efforts of Great Britain to prevent war, it denounced Sir Edward Grey as the moving spirit in a conspiracy to assail Germany. None but distorted views from abroad were allowed to be published. The German people were told only what it was desired they should believe. All unfavorable information was treated as "lies," and a thoroughly organized press campaign was carried on in neutral countries in the same sense. The "neutral" opinions thus inspired were reproduced in Germany as evidence that impartial foreign opinion supported the German view. By these means the war-mind of the German people was created and fashioned. The process still goes on, though, as I have before remarked, the French, Russian, and British communiques are now regularly printed in the larger newspapers, and are frequently criticized in the communications from the German headquarters staff. But foreign reports have no influence whatever upon the German mind. The Germans are so convinced of the accuracy of their own official versions that no other reports count.

It is the same with enemy newspapers. In the Victoria Cafe at Berlin I was able to read, day by day, the French, Italian, German and neutral journals. They were also to be bought in the newspaper kiosks of the large towns. No remarks were made when I asked for them; but I noticed a pitying smile on German

TORPEDOES MADE IN OLD ENGLAND

THE WHITEHEAD IS THE MOST POWERFUL.

German Type Midway Between English and American in Size and Strength.

The torpedo is a living, self-controlled instrument of destruction and death. And England is the home of the torpedo. Whitehead torpedoes, the most perfect, are made at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

German naval experts are great believers in the efficacy of the torpedo, and were quick to adopt it. The German type is larger than that used on American ships. The Germans also plan to make more use of torpedoes than either the British or American ships. The big German battleships have from four to six torpedo tubes. The maximum number on the new United States dreadnoughts is four. Some British ships have five tubes.

Every torpedo released during the present war costs from \$5,000 to \$8,000, and the great majority of them never find a victim, but go to the bottom after their motive power is exhausted.

The United States Government owns a big torpedo plant at Newport, and the result has been to reduce the cost of torpedoes there to \$3,200 each.

The maximum range of British torpedoes is 11,000 yards. The German torpedoes have a range at best of 7,000 yards, and the American torpedoes are limited to 4,000, according to the latest figures compiled by naval authorities.

The most modern torpedo, without doubt the type which sank the Lusitania, is fitted with a gyroscope control. It is doubtful if any other type could have hit the Lusitania except by the merest accident, because of her speed and the consequent tremendous displacement of water.

The gyroscope-controlled torpedo is the most improved type. The British torpedo of this type has a range of more than six miles. What range the Germans have developed in this war is not known. The average speed of the torpedo is 40 knots an hour.

Steer Themselves.

Its motive power is exhausted at the end of its range, and the Hague convention required that it be so constructed it would sink when its propellers stopped. Otherwise it would float until it collided with some substance to explode it. The victim might be a neutral or merchant ship.

This latest torpedo has a vertical rudder controlled from within its own body and directing its own course. Before such a rudder was fitted to torpedoes they were aimed according to a recognized speed and distance scale and the rest left to chance.

In the engine-room of the modern torpedo is a small gyroscope which is set spinning in the plane of the course determined for the torpedo. Once launched this gyroscope keeps the torpedo on its course. The slightest inclination to swerve from that course is checked by the rudder moved by the gyroscope.

The cigar-shaped case of the torpedo is divided into three compartments. The forward compartment contains the explosive—in the case of the modern torpedo about 300 pounds of gun cotton. Here also is the trigger machinery that explodes the gun cotton when the torpedo strikes its victim. The second compartment is known as the secret or immersion chamber. Stored in it is the hydrostatic piston which regulates the depth under water at which the torpedo runs.

Self-propelled.

Before it is launched the torpedo officer determines at what depth under the water it is desirable to have the torpedo strike the target. He fixes a control screw that operates the hydrostatic piston. Inside the piston is a spring which presses the piston against a leather diaphragm in the bulkhead of the chamber.

The piston is connected with the horizontal rudder. When first launched this piston meets no resistance from the leather diaphragm and the horizontal rudder is elevated and the torpedo dives downward at an acute angle. As it sinks water passes through a valve and pressure is exerted on the diaphragm. The hydrostatic piston is thus forced back until the horizontal rudder with which it is connected assumes a normal position and the torpedo then goes forward on the level which it has found.

The last of the three compartments contains the engine which drives the torpedo forward. It is operated by compressed air.

When the torpedo is forced from the tube, usually by compressed air, triggers on the outside of the shell are caught and these set the internal machinery of the torpedo going.

When the torpedo strikes, another trigger is released which explodes the gun cotton in the forward chamber. There is sufficient powder to sink the big battleship.

Australia was the first English-speaking country to adopt a form of compulsory military service.

From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

New lighthouses are being built at Alma, Herring Cove and Paint Wolf River.

A new orphanage has been opened at Charlottetown, P.E.I., the St. Vincent de Paul.

Fredericton is sending Italian recruits to a mobilization camp at Three Rivers, Que.

Fredericton reports enlistments in the forces locally to be keen and all details up to strength.

Hop Lee, Chinese laundryman, at St. John, was fined \$400 for having opium in his possession.

The Women's Institute of New Brunswick will give a motor ambulance for service in the war.

Willie Steele rescued his 16-year-old companion from drowning in the Kennebecasis at Norton, N.B.

The Chalmers Reddens Mill and wood-working factory at Kentville, N.S., was burned to the ground.

The variety troupe from the warship Leviathan aided a Halifax entertainment for the Red Cross Fund.

Playing war with stones, Louis Hendry, of St. John, was severely injured and taken to the hospital.

Jimmy Murphy, one of the best hockey players in Halifax, is now prisoner with the Canadians in Germany.

Moose are reported plentiful along the western shore of the St. John River, between Fredericton and Gagetown.

A Japanese Coal Wagon.

A coal truck is unknown in Japan. It would be a nine day's wonder in the Flowery Kingdom. People would pay admission to see it, for they have seen coal hauled only by hand. The coal is put in baskets that hold about forty pounds, and so handled and delivered. The baskets are piled on a two-wheel wagon, and two men with ropes round their shoulders pull the wagon to the house of the rich person who can afford to buy coal. Then they carry the coal in, dump it out of the baskets, and carefully carry back the baskets.

The men wear white cloths over their heads to keep the dust out of their hair and to protect their heads from the sun.

The coolies who pull the load do not wear wooden shoes; they wear a cloth shoe called a tabi.

