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of one's hose when they are
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in any weight and all popular
colors.

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And look for the trademark!

Penmans Limited
Paris, Canada

Hosiery
Sweaters
Underwear

83 pen Angle



Penmans
Hosiery



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"There is only one way out for me,"
he said bitterly. "I need not have
fought so hard for life; it is of no
use to me—now!"

"No, no, Alan!" cried Madge, with
a new, wild terror. "You will not do
anything rash?"

She sank on to her knees, clinging
to his hands in a frenzy of fear and
remorse.

"Nothing is left for me to live for—
every moment I should wish your
husband dead. I will not be a
murderer even in thought—I shall go
home and shoot myself! You are
mine, mine! There is no other way
out for me. Madge—oh, my darling!
—I came to—say—good-bye!"

He disengaged her clinging hands,
kissed them tenderly and gently, and
left her kneeling, sobbing as if her
heart would break.

Then he went out, closing the door
silently behind him.

"Oh, Alan! my love, my life! Alan!
Alan! What have I done? What have
I done?" wailed the unhappy woman.

A thrill of horror stirred the butterflies of the fashionable world when it became known that the young officer invalided home, had deliberately locked himself into his room and shot himself. Officially, this was set down to the after-effects of fever and plague.

BUT more ominous whispers got
about when his death was immediately followed by the suicide
of Madge, Countess of Blackmouth.

Here was tragedy indeed!

Miss Pragg's face took on grimmer lines about the mouth, and her hair whitened visibly. There was a fiercely acrimonious scene between the Roman General and the spinster, when the sisters chanced to meet as they went to order mourning, and they parted in high dudgeon.

The two funerals, whether by accident or design, took place on the same day. Miss Pragg sent a wreath of white roses to each, identical even to the cards, on which were the words: "In death united."

Margaret hurried back from Nice, where she had gone on a visit to friends; but she had not been at home long when fresh trouble fell upon the family. Miss Pragg was the first to be informed of it in a letter which she received from Margaret's sister Louisa.

Letter from Lady Wentwell to Miss Pragg.

Wentwell House.

Dear Aunt,

I write to you because you understand to some extent how unhappy my life has been—it is hopeless to expect mamma to understand.

You told me when my poor deformed child died, to throw my mind into other channels—to try to forget! Oh, Aunt, I tried to remember, to cling to him still, to hold him before me as a shield between myself and happiness. I went amongst the crippled children—I endowed a cot—I visited the slums of the East End—I went to the Salvation Army barracks—I did these things striving to find some one more miserable, more desolate, than I was. It did not help me! What had I to live for? My marriage was a sacrilege, not a sacrament; my deformed, epileptic little child the outward and visible consummation of its inward iniquity.

Mamma knew what my husband's family history was—what he was. You have asked me, why don't I get a divorce. Aunt, you forget that I cannot. However unfaithful my husband has been during our ten years of married life, he has not been cruel to me in the eyes of the law. He has not beaten me, or given me a black eye, therefore I am powerless—and he knows it. But what is physical violence compared to the moral degradation he has subjected me to?

I am now twenty-eight. If I were an old woman I might struggle on to the end. If I had my poor child, I would struggle on; but oh, Aunt! what have I to live for?

I met a dear old soul at the Salvation Army, called Martha Smilie;

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