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THE INVADER

Lydia Lloyd had met Mrs. McAlpin in front of MacNair's. The widow was particularly attractive, with her fall display of costumes, furs and millinery. Mrs. McAlpin, in her usual brisk, business-like way, had forcibly called Lydia's attention from the window to herself and her latest errand of mercy.

"It's those Burns, Lydia—you know. Four babies and a mother that washes night and day to keep things going. And it's going to be a hard winter."

"Oh, yes," Lydia sighed uncomfortably. She knew what was expected of her—to open her purse and hand \$10 to Mrs. McAlpin. She could spare \$10 quite easily if it were not that she must have another hat. It would never do for Horace Sheldon or his sister to see her wearing the same hat all winter. She felt that she had rather the Burns should go a little colder and Mrs. McAlpin be displeased than that.

"I'm sorry," she murmured.

"When it comes to a case like the Burns the only sympathy worth having is the kind which expresses itself in hard cash," said Mrs. McAlpin crisply.

Lydia colored. "Now, don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "A little later I'll give you something—I'd just love to. But just now—"

"Just now you can't resist the temptation of Tom McNair's show window," retorted Mrs. McAlpin, setting angry. "Very well, my dear. I'll not detain you from your contemplated purchase any longer."

Lydia looked after her wistfully. She liked Mrs. McAlpin, who was as rough as a prickly pear without and as sweet and sound as a pippin within. And yet she had just made her angry. Moreover, she had stirred her own conscience uncomfortably. She did not need another hat and those Burns—four babies and a mother who washed! She had seen them and she knew that they were in dire. Ten dollars would seem like a fortune to them.

She turned again to the window, but its charm was gone. She could not buy that hat today. Mrs. McAlpin had interfered with her purpose. She might as well go home.

Lydia lived with Polly Cramer in a second-floor flat in a quiet street. In the days when the Lloyds had been wealthy, with a home of their own, Polly Cramer had been a valuable servant. She was friend, com-

panion, comforter. Lydia could not live without her, and she could not live without Lydia, so they kept their home together. Polly cooked, managed, and handled the domestic finances, which Lydia earned for both. It was a harmonious arrangement.

Lydia found Polly mending something. She called it resting, although her hands were not idle.

"The man brought the gas bill and the sugar is out," she announced. Lydia scolded looking at her. Gas and sugar! "I do wish, Polly," she said tersely, "that I could ever look into this room once in a while with out having a dun thrust under my nose."

"La! Don't fly off the handle," said Polly calmly. "I thought you'd want to know, so as to be prepared. A fresh thought struck Lydia. If the magazine had taken her story all would be well. She could even send a cheque to Mrs. McAlpin's indignation. "Any mail?" she inquired.

"You can see for yourself," she answered Polly. She waited a moment. "It's on your desk," she added.

Lydia went into the little room where she wrote. Her story had been returned! She sank down and covered her face with her hands. Lydia's money was very low and her needs pressing. Her desire to buy another hat had involved a good deal of sacrifice in other directions. But she had felt she must have the hat.

She sat thinking drearily. For a long time her work had not been as good as she had been capable of doing. More and more of it had come back to her. Besides, she had spent more money than ever before on her clothes. She could not get about with the Sheldons unless she dressed as they.

There was the crux of the whole affair—her desire to keep up with the Sheldons. They had come out of nowhere into her life and had filled so big a space in it that there was not much room for anything else. She had neglected her work and her friends for them. For what? For him! It was Horace Sheldon that counted. Her sister alone would never have been able to affect Lydia in this way.

She did not love him. He was not the man she had dreamed of as coming into her life to stay. At first she had not even been attracted to him, but as time went on she attached more and more importance to his presence, and at last he became a controlling power. He interfered with her work and interests terribly, but she could not help that. He was a kind of obsession that she could not banish.

That returned story made her realize the fact she was no longer meeting any of her natural obligations. She had been certain of self. Now that she had not she could not do any of the things she wished to do. The hat, for one thing, was an impossibility. Perhaps, after all, it was a good thing the hat. She would be able to read for that Mrs. McAlpin had preyed on her from going to McNair's write with much more pains, to get

back into the old delighted habits of work that those Sheldons had ruthlessly interrupted. And she loved her work, she loved the success she won, the money she earned. She loved making Polly comfortable, she loved ease from care, the leisurely, pleasant course of her life. She loved all these things and might it not be possible that she loved these more than the charming, unstable man who had come into her life a whirlwind and had gone out leaving it all confusion?

It was going to be a real relief to stay at home with Polly on this dull, chill night; to read one of her rack of new books; to go to bed early; to sleep and be vigorously ready for her desk tomorrow. Suddenly she raised her arm above her head in an old childish motion of release. The future crowded forward easier for attention. That story which had been rejected—she picked up the long envelope opened it and threw out the story and incidentally a letter. The letter said briefly that if she cared to cut the story down to the required length it would be accepted. The work of barely two hours at the typewriter.

Lydia began to clap her hands and laugh.

SIDE TALKS

A Remarkable Answer.

We were talking one day about whether the world had grown better in the last one hundred years. Someone said, that America, as a country, had less moral fibre than she had one hundred years ago. Someone else said, "But haven't we didn't we have before the war, more moral fibre than most of the European countries."

Said the man whom today's chat is about, "Well, you see, I don't really know anything about European nations."

Like a breath of fresh air in a stale room came that declaration. So frank, so unabashed, so honest, so refreshing!

He Said He Didn't Know

Instead of answering with some vague, half-remembered generality that he had heard or read, some perfectly valueless ungrounded statement, as so many people would have done, he took the simple method of answering that seems to occur to so few, and acknowledged his ignorance.

In other words, having nothing to say, he said nothing. And because his answer struck me with such force, I realized how rare that sort of answer is.

We Forget What Words are For

Words were originally wrested out of dumbness by man to express facts and ideas. Then gradually the became so facile with words that he came to be fond of words and talk for themselves alone and quite apart from any facts or ideas they expressed. And thus the habit of talking without saying anything came into existence.

When one thinks how much of the talk that goes on everywhere, is nothing but an exchange of these vague, general statements, these half-remembered facts, these perfectly valueless guesses, one wonders how, in such a busy world so full of duties and pleasures, anyone has the time for something that is neither.

If we all stopped talking when we have nothing to say, one of several desirable things would happen. Either someone who did have something to say would speak; or the subject would be changed and; or we would talk of something else; or the talk would cease altogether, and we would go and read a book or do something else worth while.

You Don't Need to Teach Him

You remember that old proverb, "He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool, shun him—he that knows not, is simple, teach him; he who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep, wake him; he who knows and knows that he knows is wise, follow him."

I have always liked that, but I have decided that it needs an amendment. "He who knows not and knows he knows not" is far from simple — on the contrary, he is one of the wise of the earth. And as for teaching him, no-one needs to teach him; he will learn for himself. You couldn't stop him.

Fowler and Pendrie Fined

Spotted by a Sniper After the Han Fashion

Speaking of the recent police court case here in which Fowler & Pendrie were fined, the Millbrook Reporter says:

The law is made for the guilty, not for the innocent. It is also intended as the protector of society, not the medium by which the spy system of German culture should be introduced into Canada. This firm was visited a few weeks ago by an alleged agent of the Inland Revenue department, Cobourg, and perhaps he was, and in the grocery store of the above firm found the war stamp on matches and extracts, etc. He then went into the dry goods department and asked for playing cards which Mr. Pendrie stated they did not sell but the former firm of Kelle-Fowler had left over two packs. They were not stamped and Mr. Pendrie not dealing in them did not know they should be, so sold a pack and the stranger paid for them and departed. Last week the firm was fined \$50. An effort is being made in the name of fairness and decency to have this stain on the good name of the Inland Revenue department rectified. The grocers were all warned by the Department, it is said, to their lines of goods. Mr. Pendrie should have been given a chance also. It is a clear case of innocence outraged, society humiliated and the reputation of decent people marred in order that the share of a fine or remuneration might flow into the pocket of a spotter who had more regard for making money than he had for the good name of his fellowman. But he was doing what he was appointed to do, one may say. Granted, but even duty may be done in such a way as to become an injustice and disgrace. The law protector is expected to have fairness and brains enough to know that sometimes a breach of the law is the best indication of its observance. In the days of the Cavan Blazers an act of injustice of this sort would have brought on the Spotter a fitting reward, even if they had to ride to Cobourg on their grey chargers to do the job. The great and one of the expected outcomes of the late war is stated to be to hereafter ensure to nations and people a square deal, a chance to play the game. But Fowler & Pendrie did not get a snow-balls chance against the hot sun of this Spotter.

Record Run Made on C. P. R. Thursday

A Specialist Being Rushed to Toronto

A special train of four cars passed over the C.P.R. Thursday with a specialist from Montreal, wanted in Toronto on some critical case. The train left Montreal at 1:33 p.m. and arrived at North Toronto at 3:35 p.m. as for teaching him, no-one needs to teach him; he will learn for himself. You couldn't stop him.

The distance traversed was 339.4 miles and this would mean the train was travelling at the average rate of 52 miles per hour. The crew on this train east of Trenton were conductor Tom Anderson and Engineer Smith, with engine 2625 and west of Trenton, Conductor Hubel and Engineer Galvin, with engine 2233. The distance from Trenton to Port Hope, 29 miles, was made in 43 minutes and the way that train sailed over the viaduct made one think of an aeroplane—Port Hope Guide.

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5 to 15 Rolls in a parcel, Clearing out to make room for Spring Papers. At the present time we have the largest variety of Remnants we have ever had, regular 12 1/2c to 45c per roll, all one price to clear 10c per roll. The best go first, so come at once.

This week we offer 100 Outja Boards at \$1.00 Each.

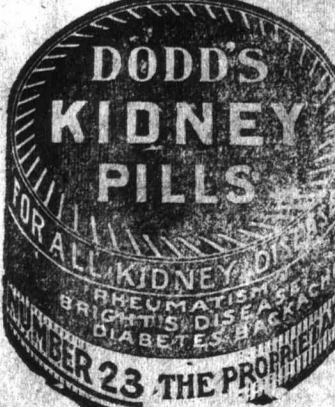
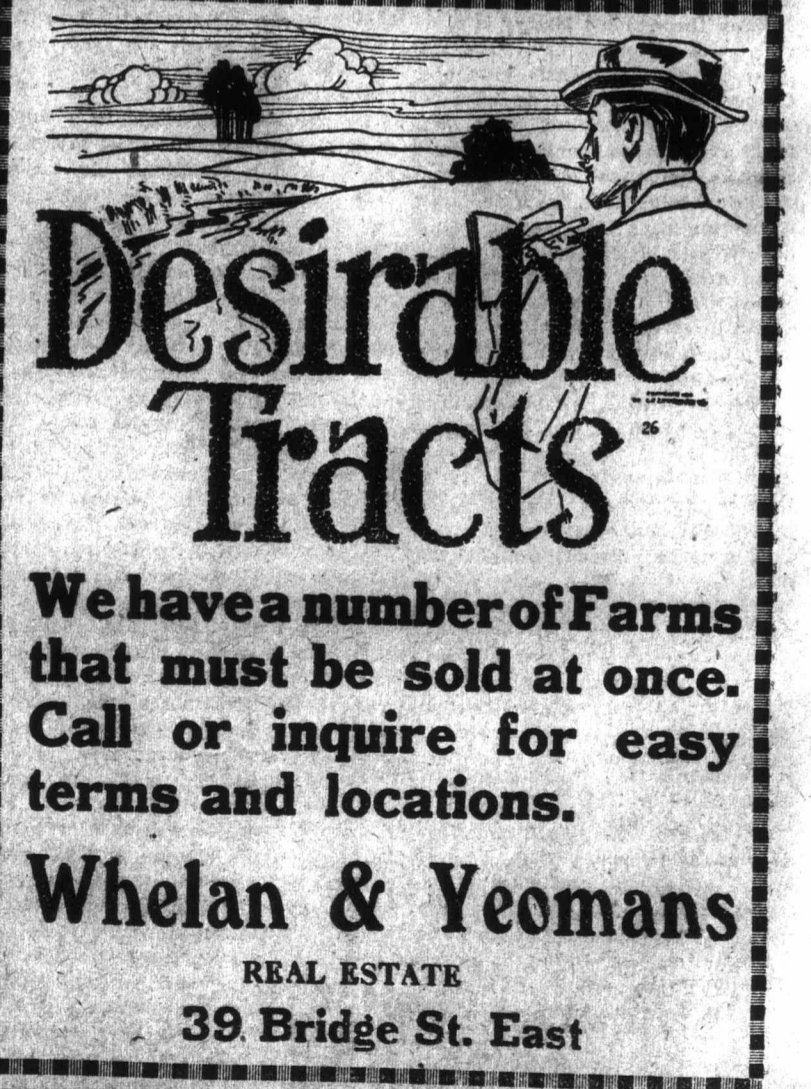
The Bee Hive Chas. N. SULMAN

Stock Taking Sales

are quite numerous at this time of the year. The present time, therefore, would be suitable to COMPARE PRICES. This we invite, being fully confident that OUR PRICES are most reasonable and consistent with quality offered. If you are contemplating waiting till next year to buy, we feel sure that even after a brief study of the Fur Market you will decide to buy before next season's prices are established, because next season's prices WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE VERY MUCH HIGHER. Your inspection is cordially invited.

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