

PAUL VANE'S WIFE

CHAPTER LIX.

Lorraine, following her husband out to the rose-walk, had seen him pause in front of the woman and child, and full of curiosity, had gazed softly, along in the shadow of the shrubbery, watching everything that happened.

When she saw that the woman was Vivian Vane, and heard her declare that the beautiful child belonged to her and Paul, an icy hand seemed to grasp Lorraine's heart, almost crushing its life out; her brain reeled, her trembling limbs almost refused to support her body; she was on the verge of swooning.

With a powerful effort of her will, she restrained herself from giving way to her overmastering agitation, and rallied her forces of mind and body to withstand the awful despair that overwhelmed her for a moment.

Brave, proud, defiant as she was, Lorraine realized all the strength and power of the holy forces that were arrayed against her—God, the wife, the mother, the child! Could she, the beauty, the heiress, prevail against the forces of the mere force of a wicked passion?

She shuddered with fear, and for a moment her reckless courage forsook her. With clinched hands and lurid eyes she crept nearer and watched the progress of the scene.

She gazed into her hated rival's face, and she saw that it was ten times more lovely than in those summer days at Arady when Vivian had been so calmly happy and trusting. It had lost some of its archness, some of its tints of rose and pearl, but it had gained in soul and expression. Suffering had idealized its beauty, and the pure soul that looked out of the summer-violet eyes invested it with a power that frightened guilty Lorraine.

The child, too—the lovely child, with its God-given claim on its father's love—how angelically lovely it was, with its dower of sunny curls, violet eyes, pink and white skin, and innocent features—the mother over again! But Lorraine saw in it, too, a look of the father that maddened her.

Envy and jealousy pierced her soul like a sword-point, and she cried out to her own self that she had never loved her even more relentlessly than she did her mother—she hated her and wished her dead.

But with a thrill of ecstasy she noted Paul's silence, his confusion. She even saw him glance nervously over his shoulder, as if expecting some one. Was he wishing that she would come and help him in this terrible strait?

She moved stealthily nearer and nearer, and just at that moment Paul recoiled at touch of the child, and it fell with that pitiful cry to the earth. As he caught it up in his arms with an irresistible thrill of tenderness, Lorraine started wildly from her concealment and grasped his arm, the convulsive clasp sinking into his flesh like the fingers of steel.

"What does this mean? These strangers, Paul, who are they?" she hissed, in a voice of concentrated rage, while her eyes blazed into his like baleful stars of evil portent.

Paul Vane gave a terrible start—as these eyes looked into his own and that furious voice shrieked the angry question. He tried to speak, but his lips were stiff, they refused to obey his will. But Vivian faced her foe with eyes of blue fire.

"Go away, Lorraine Lisle, and leave us in peace! We three, husband and wife and child, belong to one another, and you intrude on this sacred meeting!"

Oh, the furious hate in the dark eyes that looked back into her own! It was deadly enough to have blasted Vivian where she stood, but she was no coward, she did not flinch. Moving nearer to Paul, she exclaimed, half in entreaty, half in command:

"Redeem yourself, Paul. Send this woman away from you and Star and I will forgive you, despatching me and ask God to forgive you, too, because we love you so much!"

A mocking laugh rang on the air as Lorraine pushed in between the husband and wife, goaded to desperation by her fears.

"Paul, put that child down instantly!" she hissed, savagely. "What have you to do with this strange woman, whose object is, no doubt, blackmail! You know that your first wife lies in the grave-yard behind Forest Church, that her soul is in heaven. Do not let a chance resemblance shake you like this. Think of my fate if you should admit the claims of this impostor! Do you want me to kill myself here at your feet?" Her voice sunk to a passionate whisper, and, pushing the child fiercely out of his clasp, she threw herself upon his breast, and would her arms about him in a yearning clasp. Looking down into her pale, desperate face, he saw that her dark eyes were full of burning tears. Proud Lorraine, who so seldom wept, was dissolved in tears now, so agonizing was her fear of losing her love.

Vivian, as if frozen by Lorraine's fierce repulse, stood in dumb suspense, gazing into the blanched face of her husband. Had he quite forgotten her? How long was he going to gaze down into those streaming dark eyes lifted to his in an agonized appeal?

The child's cry—the pitiful plaint of the distressed child clinging to her skirts in deadly fear of the pale-faced man and the angry woman—recalled Paul Vane from the trance into which he appeared falling as Lorraine's dark glance seemed to sway his soul. With a strange, long, shuddering sigh, he withdrew his eyes from hers and looked over her head at Vivian's lovely, agitated face.

"Will you not go away from here—you and the child?" he said, weakly. "You can never be anything to me—never! This is my wife. We love each other madly. You do not want to drive us to despair, do you? You do not want to see her die at my feet? Surely your heart is too tender for such cruelty. I cannot listen to another word from you. You are a stranger to me. You are a child and go! Let me never see your faces again!"

Such a moment in life—such words as these—might have stricken many a woman dead at the speaker's feet or driven her into inevitable insanity. The wonder of Vivian Vane all her life long was that she lived through this scene—lived through it and yet retained her reason.

She had not permitted herself to doubt, for one instant what her reception from her husband would be. He could not, she argued to herself, disown so lovely a child. Little Star would so thrill him with holy thoughts that he would turn in abhorrence from the sire Lorraine. He would kneel at the feet of his wronged wife, imploring her pardon, praying for her love again.

A hundred times she had pictured the scene to herself, and it was always something like this.

She and Star would wait for Paul Vane to come out into the grounds of the Italian villa. It would be on a bright sunny day with roses all about, and he would look into Lorraine's face and come out to walk. They—his wife and child—would meet him there. He would be shocked and startled at first, but when she told him the truth about Star, his heart would melt within him. He would look into her eyes with all the old love—he would throw himself on his knees, and, gathering wife and child into a remorseful embrace, would pray them to forgive his sin and love him again.

That was her dream—this was the reality. A gulf wider than death yawned between their hearts—the gulf of dead love. To have knelt by his grave, weeping for him dead, yet knowing him true to the last, would have been more welcome to Vivian than this hour.

She stood here with her child on one side of the gulf that yawned between them. On the other side Paul clinging desperately, while the woman he had married when he believed his first wife dead.

scene to herself, and it was always something like this.

She and Star would wait for Paul Vane to come out into the grounds of the Italian villa. It would be on a bright sunny day with roses all about, and he would look into Lorraine's face and come out to walk. They—his wife and child—would meet him there. He would be shocked and startled at first, but when she told him the truth about Star, his heart would melt within him. He would look into her eyes with all the old love—he would throw himself on his knees, and, gathering wife and child into a remorseful embrace, would pray them to forgive his sin and love him again.

That was her dream—this was the reality. A gulf wider than death yawned between their hearts—the gulf of dead love. To have knelt by his grave, weeping for him dead, yet knowing him true to the last, would have been more welcome to Vivian than this hour.

She stood here with her child on one side of the gulf that yawned between them. On the other side Paul clinging desperately, while the woman he had married when he believed his first wife dead.

"Cries of pain and arms outstretching—The back grows wider, and swift and deep.

Passionate words as of one beseeching—The loud beck drags them, we walk and weep."

He looked half frightened when he had uttered those dastardly words to her. Would she take him at his word? This wronged woman—would she go away and leave him in peace with his new love? He waited, half dead with shame and strangled remorse, for her answer.

She stood there like a statue, her face dead-white, her eyes dilated, her lips parted in a straining gasp, those cruel words ringing in her brain, dancing before her eyes through blurred mist, in the golden blue Italian sky and the golden sunshine grew dim and grey. Everything was turning dark to her eyes, except the two figures before her—Paul Vane, tall, pale and handsome, with his arms around Lorraine; Lorraine clinging to him, with her dark head on his breast, her glorious dark orbs gazing upward through the tear-pearled lashes.

He asked her to go away—he, her husband! He did not deny her identity this time—neither hers nor the child's. He moved stealthily nearer and nearer, and just at that moment Paul recoiled at touch of the child, and it fell with that pitiful cry to the earth. As he caught it up in his arms with an irresistible thrill of tenderness, Lorraine started wildly from her concealment and grasped his arm, the convulsive clasp sinking into his flesh like the fingers of steel.

"What does this mean? These strangers, Paul, who are they?" she hissed, in a voice of concentrated rage, while her eyes blazed into his like baleful stars of evil portent.

Paul Vane gave a terrible start—as these eyes looked into his own and that furious voice shrieked the angry question. He tried to speak, but his lips were stiff, they refused to obey his will. But Vivian faced her foe with eyes of blue fire.

"Go away, Lorraine Lisle, and leave us in peace! We three, husband and wife and child, belong to one another, and you intrude on this sacred meeting!"

Oh, the furious hate in the dark eyes that looked back into her own! It was deadly enough to have blasted Vivian where she stood, but she was no coward, she did not flinch. Moving nearer to Paul, she exclaimed, half in entreaty, half in command:

"Redeem yourself, Paul. Send this woman away from you and Star and I will forgive you, despatching me and ask God to forgive you, too, because we love you so much!"

A mocking laugh rang on the air as Lorraine pushed in between the husband and wife, goaded to desperation by her fears.

"Paul, put that child down instantly!" she hissed, savagely. "What have you to do with this strange woman, whose object is, no doubt, blackmail! You know that your first wife lies in the grave-yard behind Forest Church, that her soul is in heaven. Do not let a chance resemblance shake you like this. Think of my fate if you should admit the claims of this impostor! Do you want me to kill myself here at your feet?" Her voice sunk to a passionate whisper, and, pushing the child fiercely out of his clasp, she threw herself upon his breast, and would her arms about him in a yearning clasp. Looking down into her pale, desperate face, he saw that her dark eyes were full of burning tears. Proud Lorraine, who so seldom wept, was dissolved in tears now, so agonizing was her fear of losing her love.

Vivian, as if frozen by Lorraine's fierce repulse, stood in dumb suspense, gazing into the blanched face of her husband. Had he quite forgotten her? How long was he going to gaze down into those streaming dark eyes lifted to his in an agonized appeal?

The child's cry—the pitiful plaint of the distressed child clinging to her skirts in deadly fear of the pale-faced man and the angry woman—recalled Paul Vane from the trance into which he appeared falling as Lorraine's dark glance seemed to sway his soul. With a strange, long, shuddering sigh, he withdrew his eyes from hers and looked over her head at Vivian's lovely, agitated face.

"Will you not go away from here—you and the child?" he said, weakly. "You can never be anything to me—never! This is my wife. We love each other madly. You do not want to drive us to despair, do you? You do not want to see her die at my feet? Surely your heart is too tender for such cruelty. I cannot listen to another word from you. You are a stranger to me. You are a child and go! Let me never see your faces again!"

Such a moment in life—such words as these—might have stricken many a woman dead at the speaker's feet or driven her into inevitable insanity. The wonder of Vivian Vane all her life long was that she lived through this scene—lived through it and yet retained her reason.

She had not permitted herself to doubt, for one instant what her reception from her husband would be. He could not, she argued to herself, disown so lovely a child. Little Star would so thrill him with holy thoughts that he would turn in abhorrence from the sire Lorraine. He would kneel at the feet of his wronged wife, imploring her pardon, praying for her love again.

A hundred times she had pictured the scene to herself, and it was always something like this.

She and Star would wait for Paul Vane to come out into the grounds of the Italian villa. It would be on a bright sunny day with roses all about, and he would look into Lorraine's face and come out to walk. They—his wife and child—would meet him there. He would be shocked and startled at first, but when she told him the truth about Star, his heart would melt within him. He would look into her eyes with all the old love—he would throw himself on his knees, and, gathering wife and child into a remorseful embrace, would pray them to forgive his sin and love him again.

That was her dream—this was the reality. A gulf wider than death yawned between their hearts—the gulf of dead love. To have knelt by his grave, weeping for him dead, yet knowing him true to the last, would have been more welcome to Vivian than this hour.

She stood here with her child on one side of the gulf that yawned between them. On the other side Paul clinging desperately, while the woman he had married when he believed his first wife dead.

"Cries of pain and arms outstretching—The back grows wider, and swift and deep.

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S.,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1908



Follow the Crowds to McKay's

GREAT

FEBRUARY SALE



THIS STORE is out for BIG BUSINESS to-morrow and with this object in view has prepared a great bargain list at unheard-of prices. Can't spare the space for much talk to-day, but such values have not been seen—even during this sale—as you will find ready at 8.30 sharp to-morrow morning. Prices alone do not determine the supremacy of this sale—though prices are by the lowest—quality is the keynote of all our offerings. Remember there is not space here to mention half the bargains that prevail through the store to-morrow. Once more we urge on you the necessity of shopping early in the day.

Do Not Fail to Attend This Great Sale of Carpets and Squares

Although we have sold a great many, the sizes are still well assorted; 33 1-3 per cent. saved by buying now. \$24.00 Brussels Squares \$16.50 \$14.00 All-Wool Squares \$9.75. Splendid assortment patterns Brussels Squares, size 9 x 12, worth \$24.00, for \$16.50. Other sizes at \$10.00, \$13.00, \$15.00, \$19.75, \$21.25 and \$25. \$12.50 Tapestry Squares \$9.50. Large assortment Wilton Squares, size 4 x 3 yards, rich colorings, worth \$40.00, for \$20.00. Other sizes at \$18.75, \$22.00, \$25.00 and \$41.75. \$16.00, \$18.00, \$20.00.

Special Saturday Bargains in Gloves

French Suede and Glace Kid Gloves 79c Pair. Clearing out one of the best makers' Gloves in suede and glace, fine French Kid in tans, greys, modes, blacks, whites; 2-dome fastener, fine Paris points; ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$1.65 pair, on sale Saturday 79c pair. Glace and Mocha Gloves \$1.19 Pair. Ladies' Fine Glace and Mocha Gloves, heavily fleeced lined, two domes; come in grey and tan, all sizes, regular \$1.50, for \$1.19. 16 Button Suede Kid Gloves \$1.89. Fine French Suede Kid Gloves in black and white only, full 16-button length, sizes 3 1/2 to 7 1/4, regular \$2.50, on sale Saturday \$1.89. 8-12-16 Button Trefousse Kid Gloves \$1.98, \$2.49, \$2.79. Celebrated Trefousse, a beautiful fine French Glace Kid Glove, every pair fitted and guaranteed, 8-button length, in tans, greys, whites and blacks; 12-button lengths in all the leading shades; 16-button lengths in delicate evening shades, also in leading shades for spring; sizes 3 1/2 to 7 1/4; regular \$2.50, \$2.25 and \$3.50, on sale Saturday \$1.98, \$2.49, \$2.79 pair. Damaged Gloves 25c Pair. A few dozen pairs of 18 to 24 inch Silk and Lisle Gloves, in black and white only, worth as high as \$1.50, slightly damaged, on sale Saturday 25c pair.

Special Clearing Sale of Ribbons

Chiffon Taffeta 25c Yard. 5-inch Pure Silk Chiffon Taffeta Ribbon, in rose, rose-red, green, cardinal, helio, navy, brown, white, pink, sky, regular 40 and 50c yard, on sale 25c. Dainty Embroidered Collars at 15c Each. 10 dozen of fine, dainty Swiss Embroidered Collars, in eyelet and shadow designs, regular 25c, for 15c. Elastic Belts 49c and 75c. The latest novelties in Fancy Elastic Belts, come in greens, navy, brown, tan, black, with gilt buckles, also fancy Gilt Elastic Belts, regular 75c and \$1, on sale 49 and 75c. Manufacturer's Cuffed Embroidered Handkerchiefs 10c Each. Another shipment of Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in scalloped edge and 3/4 inch hems, some dainty designs, manufacturers' culls, slightly soiled, worth up to 25c, on sale 10c each.

Gigantic Sale of Blouses and Wrappers

\$1.75 Waists at 98c. Navy Blue and Grey Lastra Waists, made with front and back nicely tucked, worth regularly \$1.75, Saturday's sale price \$1.98. \$4.00 Silk Waists at \$1.98. Black or White Jap. Silk Waists, made with tucked front, worth regularly \$4.00, Saturday's sale price \$1.98. \$1.25 Wrapperette Wrappers for 79c. Wrappers, made of superior quality wrapperette in navy or cardinal, full skirt with deep flounce, worth regularly \$1.25, Saturday's sale price 79c.

Baby Department

75c Slips at 49c. Infants' White Nainsook Slips, trimmed with lace around neck and sleeves, worth regularly 75c, Saturday's sale price 49c. 85c Dresses for 59c. Children's White Lawn Dresses, in sizes 1, 2 and 3, worth regularly 85c, Saturday's sale price 59c.

Values for Saturday That Will Interest Every Housekeeper

Buy at Our Busy Staple Section and Save Money. Nainsook. Fine, soft finish English Nainsook, a special underwear quality, thoroughly shrunk, worth 25c, for 18c. Longcloth 10c. Special finish English Longcloth, yard wide, a splendid quality for general use, worth 12 1/2c, for 10c. Damask Lunch Cloths. Damask Lunch Cloths, pure linen border all around: 1 1/2 yards square, worth \$2.25, for \$1.50. 1 1/4 yards square, worth \$1.65, for \$1.00. 1 yard square, worth \$1, for 49c. Special sale of slightly imperfect Cloths, in 2, 2 1/2 and 3 yards long, worth from \$2 to \$7, at 1-3 less than regular price. Cambric 17c. Fine English Underwear Cloth, 36 inches wide, queen's quality, regular 20c, for 17c. Striped Flannelettes. Special showing of Striped Flannelettes, neat underwear stripes, worth 12 1/2c, for 10c; worth 15c, for 12 1/2c. Napkins 27c. Pure Linen Napkins, 1/2 size, fine satin damask, worth \$4, for \$2.75. Odd Napkins 15c. 75 dozen Odd Napkins, 1/2 size, pure linen, very slightly imperfect, worth \$2.50 and \$2.75, special 15c each. Sheets. Special values in Unbleached Twill Sheets, English make, 2 yards wide, bleach easily: Worth 30c, for 27c. Worth 35c, for 30c.

Extra Specials in Hose and Underwear

This department is offering great values for Saturday, so come early and get your share. Hose 15c Pair. Ladies' fine Cashmere Hose, fashioned on seamless feet, spliced toes and heels; a nice weight for this weather; regular 25c values, Saturday 15c pair. Hose 35c Pair. A special line of Ladies' Plain Black Pure Wool Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, spliced toes and heels, Saturday sale price 35c pair, 3 pairs for 100c. Children's Vests. Odd lines of Children's Cotton Vests, in natural or white, long sleeves, buttoned fronts; regular winter weight; Saturday sale price 19c regular price 25c and 35c. Women's Black Tights 57c Pair. Women's Black Tights, ankle length, three parts wool, elastic tops, regular 85c values, sale price 57c pair. (To be continued.)

Exceptional Housefurnishing Values

Tapestry Portiers \$4.50. Double Weave Tapestry Portiers, 3 yards long, with deep fringe top and bottom, most beautiful patterns and perfect colors of green or red, regular value \$7.50, Saturday \$4.50. Tapestry Portiers \$2.68. Portier specials, 28 pairs in shades of red and green, 3 yards long, with deep fringe top and bottom, regular values \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$6.50, your choice Saturday \$2.68. Window Shades. 250 old Window Shades, in shades of green, cream, white and drab, sizes 36x72, complete with brackets, regular value 50c, your choice Saturday 29c. Sash Curtain Net 12 1/2c. 300 yards Bobinette Sash Curtains, 30 inches wide, with lace and insertion, also dainty full frill, regular value 35c, Saturday 18c. Very special for Saturday, 225 yards Bobinette Frill, with lace insertion, regular value 20c, Saturday 12 1/2c. Curtains Extension Roods. Brass Extension Roods, with brass or white corrugated ends, complete with brackets, regular 20c, Saturday 12 1/2c. Hamilton's Leading Blankets. All Wool Blankets, double bed size, blue or pink border, full fleeced Blanket. Regular value \$5.75, special \$4.38. Regular value \$4.25, special \$2.98. Grey Flannelette Blankets, large size for double bed, blue or pink border, regular \$1.50, Saturday \$1.22.

Ready-to-Wear Department

Women's Tailor Made Suits \$9.98. 12 only suits in plain cloth and fancy mixed tweeds, coats, Prince Chap style, skirts are pleated and trimmed with folds, these suits were regular \$18.50, on sale Saturday for \$9.98. Misses' Skirts \$2.95. 12 only Misses' Skirts, these are simple skirts and will go on plain Saturday morning for \$2.95. In light and dark tweed, and some plaids, a good assortment to select from, a snap for \$2.95. Ladies' Coats \$15.50 for \$5.49. These are in light and dark tweeds and are wonderful value at offered prices, a bargain \$5.49.

\$1.25 Black Peau de Soie Silk 98c

This special sale may well be appreciated by any desiring a new spring suit or coat of good quality, an all silk French cloth and every yard fully guaranteed. Our regular \$1.25 quality, on sale to-morrow \$98c.

To-morrow the Last Day of Our Big Clearing Sale of Dress Goods

Come to-morrow and share in the bargains. Many lines on sale at greatly reduced prices not mentioned here. Sale ends to-morrow. Half-Price Sale of Tweeds. 44 to 54-inch Tweed Suiting will go on sale to-morrow for a final clearance, all this season's importations, some splendid materials for early spring suits in stripes, checks and plaid effects; former prices range from 75c to \$2. on sale to-morrow at exactly half price. Silk and Wool San Toys Regular \$1. \$1.25 \$1.50 Venetians, Sale Price To-morrow for 79c. All our Venetian Suitings in all shades of reds only, 48 to 54 inch wide; this will be your last chance at this great reduction; regular value cream, sky, greens, navy, browns, regular \$1.50, on sale \$1.25, for the last day of this to-morrow for 79c sale reduced to 79c.

In Wash Goods Department

Irish Lawn 29c. 45 inch White Irish Lawn, very even, transparent weave; regular 35c, special price 29c. Checked Muslin 25c. Mercerized checked Mull, in hair line cords; special value 25c. English Prints 12 1/2c. Imported English Prints, full range patterns, light and dark colors, standard cloth; sale price 12 1/2c. Persian Lawn 19c. 20 boxes white imported Persian Lawn, the wanted material for shadow embroidered waists and dresses, regular 25c, Saturday special 19c. Kyola Silk 59c. 50 inch Kyola Silk, natural shade with large polka dots, over checks in brown, navy, sky and green; very stylish; sale price 59c.

R. MCKAY & CO.

Paul such as the poet had so thrillingly described: "When the love we have won at any cost Has grown familiar as some old story, None seems so dear as the love we lost. All bright with the past's weird glory." Jealous anger swelled to flood-tide in her rebellious heart; and she vowed to herself, "I will not let him with my own hands before I would let him go back to her—before she should triumph over me!" Late that afternoon, when she was dressing for dinner, Annie Seasholtz, her maid, gave her a letter. "Mr. Hall sent it to you. He is all ways poking about the villa, and I think Mr. Vane ought to drive him away. I don't think his ways was quite proper," she said, decorously, for Mr. Hall now and then tried to make love to the pretty little maid, a fact that she resented with much dignity. "I always hated that man, even when he first came to Arady. There's something wicked and underhand about him. He scares me," she said. Lorraine sent the maid away on some pretext, and read Gordon Hall's letter: "I will not notice this insolent letter," she decided; but in the few hours that intervened before the time appointed for her answer, Lorraine changed her mind. Paul lay down upon the sofa with a terrible headache, and when she saw him fall into a weary doze at last she threw a silken scarf over her bare head and shoulders and slipped away with stealthy footsteps to the Lime avenue, her fertile brain busy with a diabolical scheme to further her own selfish ends. (To be continued.) Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Groves. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 5c Sir James Knowles Dead. London, Feb. 13.—Sir James Knowles, founder and proprietor of the Nineteenth Century, died to-day. He was born in 1831 and began life as an architect, becoming finally a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He originated the Metaphysical Society in 1869, and from 1870 to 1877 was editor of the Contemporary Review. CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

from time to time fix the speed of the trains in any case at any rate that it seems proper, and that the railways have until January, 1909, to comply. The amendment of Senator Beique was adopted on a division, and the bill was amended as reported. The amendment aims to give the Railway Commission more authority to deal with each crossing on its merits, and to give the commission greater freedom in regulating the speed of trains at various crossings and at various hours of the day or night. BOY USES HIS KNIFE. He Took Revenge for a Beating at Cheekers. St. Catharines, Feb. 13.—Last night a stabbing affray which might have resulted seriously occurred. A young lad named Ronse and a man named Carlton had spent the evening playing checkers in the Russell House livery, where Carlton won five games from the boy, who became enraged at his loss. When the train shall pass over a highway crossing in a thickly settled portion of a city, town or village unless such crossing is properly protected or is constructed and maintained in accordance with the directions of the Railway Commission, the commission having the right to limit the speed in any case, and the railroads having until January 1, 1909, to comply with the law. Senator Beique pointed out that the annulling of section 275 would deprive the public of all protection between crossings. He moved an amendment by which section 275 is retained, and a new section added, which provides that no train shall pass over a highway crossing in a thickly settled portion of a city, town or village unless such crossing is constructed and maintained in accordance with the direction of the Railway Commission; that the commission may