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"Nothing," she said, a trifle tartly "How can I? Granting that my voice is worth the trouble, would you like me to go and study in the east or abroad? Vould you be willing to bear the expense of such an undertaking? To have me leave Jack to nursemaids and you to your logs?"

"So that in the fullness of time I might secure a little reflected glory as the husband of Mme. Fyfe, the famous soprano," he replied slowly. "Well, I ean't say that's a particularly pleasing prospect."

"Then why ask me what I'm going to do with it y" she finns back impatient. ly. "It'll be an asset-like my looks-She dropped her face in her hands,

choking back an involuntary sob. Fyfe crossed the room at a bound and put his arms around ber. "Stella, Stella!" he cried sharply.

"Don't be a fool." . "D-don't be cross, Jack," she whispered. "Please I'm sorry. I simply can't help it. You don't understand."

"Oh, don't I?" he said savagely. "I understand too well: that's the devil of it. But I suppose that's a woman's way-to feed her soul with illusions and let the realities go hang. Look

He caught her by the shoulders and pulled her to her feet, facing him. There was a fire in his eye, a hard shutting together of his line that frightened her a little.

"Look here," he said roughly. "Take a brace. Stella. Do you realize what sort of a state of mind you're drifting into? You married me under more of less compulsion—compulsion of circumstances-and gradually you're beginning to get dissatisfied, to pity yourself. You'll precipitate things you maybe don't dream of now if you keep on. Hang it, I didn't create the circumstances! I only showed you a way out. You took it, It satisfied you for awhile; you can't deny it did. But it doesn't any more. You're nursing a lot of illusions. Stella, that are going to make your life full of misery.'

"I'm not," she sobbed. "It's because haven't any illusions that thatwhat's the use of talking, Jack? I'm not complaining. I don't even know what gave me this black mood just I suppose that queer miracle of gether. There was a continual informmy voice coming back upset me. feel-well, as if I were a different person, somehow-as if I had forfeited any right to have it. Oh, it's silly, you'll say. But it's there. I can't belp my ng-or my lack of it."

Fyfe's face whitened a little. His hands dropped from her shoulders. "Now you're talking to the point," he said quietly. "Especially that last. We've been married some little time now, and, if anything, we're farther apart in the essentials of mating than we were at the beginning. You've committed yourself to an undertaking, vet more and more you encourage your self to wish for the moon. If you don't stop dreaming and try real living, don't you see a lot of trouble ahead for yourself? It's simple. You're slowly harlening yourself against me, beginning to resent my being a factor in you life. It's only a matter of time if you keep on until your emotions cente

shout some other man. "Why do you talk like that?" she said officerly. "Do you think I've got neither ride nor self respect?"

"Yes. Both a-plenty." he answered "But you're a woman, with a rather complex nature even for your sex. It acquired in his manner something of your heart and your head ever clash over anything like that you'll be in perfect hell until one or the other gets the upper hand. You're a thoroughbred and high strung as thoroughbreds are. It takes something besides three meals a day and plenty of good clothes to complete your existence. If I can't make it complete some other man will make you think he can. Why don't you try? Haven't I got any possibilities as a lover? Can't you throw a little halo of romance about me for your own sake-if not for mine?"

He drew her up close to him, stroking net need to be actively attentive. It tenderly the glossy brown hair that flowed about her shoulders.

"Try it, Stella," he whispered pas-"Try wanting to like me for sionately. a change. I can't make love by myself. Shake off that infernal apathy that's I fullness of the season, when the taking possession of you where I'm concerned. If you can't love me, for God's sake fight with me! Do some-

Looking back at that evening as the summer wore on Stella perceived that it was the starting point of many standing by itself, but bulking large as rest of the summer folk, to take himthings, no one of them definitely outa whole. Fyfe made his appeal, and it self out of her life. She admitted that

left her unmoved save in certain super-to be. No word other than friendly ficial aspects. She was sorry, but she ones would ever pass between them. was mostly sorry for herself. And she | He would go away, and she would go denied his premonition of disaster. She never dreamed that Jack Fyfe scarcely aware how far they had trav-

impelf delivered the shock that awakened her to despairing clearness of

He had come to bring her a book, he and Linda Abbey and Charlie together, a commonplace enough little courtesy. And it happened that this day Fyfe had taken his rifle and vanished into the woods immediately after luncheon. Between Linda Abbey and Charlie Benton matters had so far progressed that it was now the most natural thing for them to seek a corner or poke along the beach together, oblivious to all but themselves. This afternoon they chatted awhile with Stella and then gradually detached themselves until Monohan, glancing through the window, pointed them out to his hostess. They were seated on a log at the edge of the lawn, a stone's throw from the house. "They're getting on." he said. "Lucky

beggars. It's all plain sailing for them." There was a note of infinite regret in his voice, a sadness that stabbed Stella Fyfe like a lance. She did not dare look at him. Something rose chokingly in her throat. She felt and fought gainst a slow welling of tears to her eyes. Before she sensed that she was betraying herself Monohan was holding hands fast between his own, gripping them with a fierce, insistent ressure, speaking in a passionate un-

"Why should we have to beat our heads against a stone wall like this?" was saying wildly. "Why couldn't we have met and loved and been happy, as we could have been? It was fated to happen. I felt it that day I dragged you out of the lake. It's been growing on me ever since. I've struggled against it, and it's no use. It's mething stronger than I am. I love you. Stella, and it maddens me to see you chafing in your chains. Oh, my dear, why couldn't it have been dif-

"You mustn't talk like that," she protested weakly. "You mustn't. It isn't

"I suppose it's right for you to live with a man you don't love when your heart's crying out against it?" he broke "My God, do you think I can't see? I don't have to see things; I can feel them. I know you're the kind of uncanny intuitions, even when his wife woman who goes through h- for her is a wonderfully attractive woman who conceptions of right and wrong. I honor you for that, dear. But, oh, the ly sort of way. Stella herself had ampity of it! Why should it have to be? ple warning. From the first time of Life could have held so much that is fine and true for you and me together. strangely, made an appeal to her that For you do care, don't you?" "What difference does that make?"

a man is not supposed to have

does not care for him except in a friend-

meeting the man's presence affected her

There was no denving the man's per-

cultured, just such a man as she could

times past-just anch a man as can set

treuched behind all the accepted can-

ons of her upbringing, would have re-

coiled from him, viewed him with

was a friend, or at least he became so.

Inevitably they were thrown much to-

al running back and forth between

Fyfe's place and Abbey's. Monohan was a filly of the field, although it was common knowledge on Roaring lake

that he was a heavy stockholder in the

Abbey-Monoban combination. At any

rate, he was holidaying on the lake

that summer. There had grown up a

genuine intimacy between Linda and

Stella. There were always people at

the Abbeys', sometimes a few guests

at the Fyfe bungalow. Stella's mar-

velous voice served to heighten her

popularity. The net result of it was

that in the following three months

scarce three days went by that she did

sons between the two men. They

stood out in marked contrast, in man-

ner, physique, in everything. Where

Fyfe was reserved almost to taciturn-

whimsical gleam that was never whol-

ly absent from his keen blue eyes.

Monoban talked with facile ease. with

wonderful expressiveness of face. He

was a finished product of courteous

generations. Moreover, he had been

everywhere, done a little of everything,

the versatility of his experience. Phys-

ically he was fit as any logger in the

camps, a big, active bodied, clear eyed,

What it was about him that stirred

ber so Stella could never determine.

She knew beyond peradventure that

he had that power. He had the gift

of quick, sympathetic perception, but

herself. Yet no tone of Jack Fyfe's

voice could raise a flutter in her breast

make a flush glow in her cheeks. while

Monohan could do that. He did not

CHAPTER XI.

The Crisis.

TT dawned upon Stella Fyfe in the

them, and the lake shores flamed again

with the red and yellow and umber of

This did not filter into her conscious

ness by degrees. She had steeled her-

self to seeing him pass away with the

on as before. That was all. She was

could possibly have foreseen in Walter | eled along that road whereon travelers

Monohan & dangerous factor in their converse by glance of eye, by subtle

with fire and that fire burns.

first cool October days were upon

so too had Jack Fyfe, she reminded

ruddy man.

ity, impassive featured, save for the

She could not help making compari-

not converse with Monoban.

wholly distrustful eyes.

no man had ever made,

she whispered. "What difference can sonal charm in the ordinary sense of it make? Oh, you mustn't tell me these the word. He was virile, handsome, things! I mustn't listen. I mustn't." "But they're terribly, tragically true." easily have centered her heart upon in Monolian returned. "Look at me, Stel-la. Don't turn your face away, dear. wouldn't do anything that might a woman's heart thelling when he bring the least shadow on you. I know lays siege to her, if he had made an the pitiful hopelessness of it. You're



hole to freedom. I know it's best for me to keep this locked tight in my heart, as something precious and sorrowful. I never meant to tell you, but er. I seem to have made a mistake or

with my eyes wide open, and I have lives to suit ourselves at least I can't only rules I know."

"Oh, I know," he said haltingly. "I to go my road and leave you to yours. trying to be honest with you now." Oh, the blank hopelessness of it, the aseless misery of it. We're made for each other, and we have to grin and say goodby, go along our separate

and no matter-I-ah"-His voice flattened out. His hands released hers. He straightened quickly. Stella turned her head. Jack Fyfe: stood in the doorway. His face was fixed in its habitual mask. He was a match and put it to the cigar end autumn, that she had been playing with steady fingers as he walked slowy across the big room.

"I hear the kid peeping," he said to Stella quite casually, "and I noticed I could make myself the man, the one his voice to a harsh whisper. "Good Martha outside as I came in. Better go see what's up with him." Trained to repression, schooled in self

ontrol, Stella rose to obey, for under the smoothness of his tone there was avoid paying the penalty for folly." the iron edge of command. Her heart apparently ceased to beat. She tried Fyfe had seen and understood. She had done no wrong, but a service as

meet her. His clean cut face was low reply. "As a matter of fact you meet her. His clean cut face was low reply. "As a matter of fact you her husband and Jack junior, of Linda drawn into sullen lines, a deep flush love what you think he is. I dare say Abbey and Charlie Benton, of each and mantled his cheek.

we could have been trusted to do the him?" life; can't I talk to you for twenty

"No," she whispered forlornly. "I can't do that. I oh, goodby; goodby!" "Stella, Stella!" she heard his vibrant whisper follow after. But she ran away through dining room and hall to the bedroom, there to fling her-self face down, choking back the passionate protest that welled up within her. She lay there, her face buried in the pillow, until the sputtering exhaust of the Abbey cruiser growing fainter to say this it will probably antagonize cried "Tim-ber-r-r-r." and more faint told her they were gone.

She heard her husband walk through the house once after that. When dinner was served he was not there. It was 11 o'clock by the timepiece on her mantel when she heard him come in, but he did not come to their room. He so typically masculine." went quietly into the guest chamber

across the hall. She waited through a leaden period. self sacrificing brute by any means. pity for him, a craving for the outlet of honestly in love with a man that I south of the bay did she remember words, a desire to set herself right be- felt was halfway decent. I'd put my ignore it, she could not tell which.

no response she said again tremulous-ly, that unyielding silence chilling her, seem to have centered about this one She was glad, because a 'Jack !"

him. With one hand pushing back me- sit back and wait." chanically the straight, reddish tinged hair from his brow, he looked up at her and said briefly in a tone barren of all emotion:

She was suddenly dumb. Words failed her utterly. Yet there was much "you've been the biggest thing in my to be said, much that was needful to life. I don't change easy. I don't say. They could not go on with a cloud | want to change. But I'm getting hopelike that over them, a cloud that had less." to be dissipated in the crucible of words. Yet she could not begin. Fyfe, begin to tell you how sorry I am. I she had not desired. And as she rose after a prolonged silence, seemed to didn't love you to begin with"grasp her difficulty. Abruptly he beheart of his subject after his fashion. ghost of a loveless marriage to your "It's a pity things had to take this bosom and sighed for the real romance

that you're face to face with something lefinite, what do you propose to do sure of that, although I doubt if I could "Nothing," she answered slowly. "I can't help the feeling. It's there. But knew I didn't love you; that I was I can thrust it into the background and worn out and desperate and clutching

see. I'm sorry, Jack." "So am I," he said grimly. "Still, it was a chance we took-or I took, raththe fiesh isn't always equal to the task two in my estimate of both you and the spirit imposes."

"Whether I care or not isn't the question," she said. "I know what I than I did, though, to let Monohan have to do. I married without love, sweep you off your feet."

There was something that she read to pay the price. So you must never for contempt in his tone. It stung her. talk to me of love. You mustn't even "He hasn't swept me off my feet, as see me if it can be avoided. It's bet- you put it," she cried. "Good heavens, ter that way. We can't make over our to you think I'm that spineless sort of creature? I've never forgotten I'm your I must play the game according to the | wife. I've got a little self respect left yet if I was weak enough to grasp at the straw you threw me in the beginknow it's got to be that way. I have ning. I was honest with you then, I'm "I know, Stella," he said gently. "I'm not throwing mud. It's a very unfortunate state of affairs, that's all. I

foresaw something of the sort when we ways trying to smile. What a devilish were married. You were candid enough state of affairs! But I love you, dear, about your attitude. But I told myself like a conceited fool that I could make fascination, or infatuation, or whatyour life so full that in a little while ever it is-I'm not sure myself, except horizon. I've failed. I've known for some time that I was going to fail. You're not the thin blooded type of wo- ploded. biting the end of a cigar. He struck man that is satisfied with pleasant surtions, some time and somewhere. I out the door. loved you and I thought in my conceit "Friends? You and I?" He sank

> been a fool, and I don't see how you can confused instant Stella stood poised, "What do you mean?" she asked.

to smile, but she knew that her face he answered tensely. "For months those brief hours emotion had well was tear wet. She knew that Jack you've been withdrawing into your nigh exhausted her. To be alone, to lie Fyfe had seen and understood. She shell. You've been clanking your chains still and rest, to banish thought—that and half heartedly wishing for some was all she desired

prehension of consequences seized her.
a fear that tragedy of her own making might stalk grimly in that room.
Sitting beside a window, chin in hand, her lower lip compressed between her teeth, she saw Fyfe, after the lapse of making the best of it instead of making the best of its search and beautiful best of its search and beautiful beautif ten minutes, leave by the front ening the worst of it. But you let yourself drift into a state of mind where
sold days to chat a minute with
Linda and Charlie Benton, who were
moving slowly toward the house. Stelia rose to her feet and dabbed at her
ing the best of it into a troubled sleep that night the
storm of her emotions had beaten her
sorely. Morning brought its physical
reaction. She could see things clearly
and calmly enough to perceive that her
ithis afternoon to know that there were
love for Monohan was fraught with face with a powdered chamois. She undercurrents of feeling swirling about factors that must be taken into accouldn't let Monohan go like that; her And so the way you feel now is in it-count. All the world loves a lover, but the count. couldn't let Monohan go like that; her And so the way you feel now is in it-heart cried out against it. Very likely self a penalty. If you let Monohan cut her world did not love lovers who kick-

that he has sworn his affection by all "Listen," he said tensely, "I've been that's good and great. But if you were made to feel like—like— Well, I con- convinced that he didn't really care, trolled myself. I knew it had to be that his flowery protestations had a trolled myself. I knew it had to be that his flowery protestations had a chough.

that way. It was unfortunate. I think double end in view would you still love. She told herself that in first seeking

do that. I've got a little pride. I can't that's beside the point. I do love him. come here again. And I want to see I know it's unwise. It's a feeling that present problem was indirectly the outish. Will you slip down to the first lack. I don't want you to misunder. happened, in which she succeeded outthe afternoon tomorrow? It'll be the both miserable. I don't want it to gen himself chose to ignor their method attitude. Isst and only time. He'll have you for erate an atmosphere of suspicion and their method attitude. jezlousy. I never cheated at anything in my life. You can trust me still, can't you?" "Absolutely," Fyfe answered without hands and her mind.

replied, "unless—unless you're ready settled in his crib for a nap. Fyfe went to give me up as a hopeless case and away to that area back of the camp

best I can."

"It would be the same if it were any tion she took she walked down past other man," she muttered. "I can un the camp, crossed the skid road, step-

"No, you're wrong there, dead and went along the lake shore. particular man. I can't open your eyes

His voice trailed off buskily. Stella put a hand on his shoulder. "Do you care so much as all that, Jack," she whispered, "even in spite

of what you know?" "For two years now," he answered

"I'm sorry, Jack," she said. "I can't "And you've always resented that," to speak, cutting straight to the he broke in. "You've hugged that

particular turn," said he. "But now you'd missed. Well, maybe you did. But you haven't found it yet. I'm very convince you."

"You "Let me finish." she pleaded. go on as if it didn't exist. There's at the life line you threw. In spite of nothing else for me to do that I can that-well, if I fight down this love, or self possessed. He glanced from Mono-



"Friends! Oh, thunder!

I'd be the only possible figure on your that it affects me strongly-can't we be friends again?" "Friends! Oh, thunder!" Fyfe ex-

He came up out of his chair with a roundings and any sort of man. You're blaze in his eyes that startled her, bound to run the gamut of all the emo- caught her by the arm and thrust her

man who would mean everything to Lord-friends! Go to bed. Good night. He pushed her into the hall, and the "Just the same," he continued, "you've lock clicked between them. For one uncertain.; then she went into her bedroom and sat down, her keenest sen-"You haven't tried to play the game," sation one of sheer relief. Already in

they would never meet again.

She flew down the hall to the living room. Monohan stood just within the front door gazing irresolutely over his shoulder. He took a step or two to meet her. His clean out face was low and the penalty. If you let monohan cut any more figure in your thoughts you'll be world did not love lovers who kicked over the conventional traces. She had made a niche for herself. There were ties she could not break lightly, and she was not thinking of herself alone when she considered that, but of every individual whose life touched more or less directly upon her own.

we could have been trusted to do the him?"

decent thing. You and I were bred to "I don't know," she murmured. "But the line of least resistance she had manifested weakness, that since her you once more before I leave here for has overwhelmed me in a way that I growth of that original weakness she good. I'll be going away next week. didn't believe possible, that I had hoped to meet her busband as if nothing had point south of Cougar bay about 3 in stand. I don't want this to make us wardly very well indeed, since Fyre himself chose to ignore any change in

She came down to breakfast calmly

She busied herself about the house that forenoon, seeking deliberately a multitude of little tasks to occupy her

But when lunch was over she was at "Then that's all there is to it," she the end of her resources. Jack junior to give me up as a hopeless case and where arose the crash of falling trees let me go away and blunder along the and the labored puffing of donkey en-"I haven't even considered that," he gines. She could hear faint and far said. "Very likely it's unwise of me the voices of the falling gangs that

back at the donkey engineer's warning

wrong," Fyfe frowned. "I'm not a A path wound through the belt of brush and hardwood that fringed the Then, moved by an impulse she did not Still, knowing that you'll only live lake. Not until she had followed this attempt to define, a mixture of motives, with me on sufferance, if you were up on the neck of a little promontory with a shock that she was approaching fore him, she slipped on a dressing feelings in my pocket and let you go, the place where Monohan had begged robe and crossed the hall. The door If you cared enough for him to break her to meet him. She looked at her swing open noiselessly. Fyfe sat every tie, to face the embarrassment watch. Two-thirty. She sought the slumped in a chair, hat pulled low on of divorce, why, I'd figure you were shore line for sight of a boat, wonderhis forehead, hands thrust deep in his entitled to your freedom and whatever, ing if he would come in spite of her pockets. He did not even look up. His happiness it might bring. But Mono- refusal. But to her great relief she eyes stared straight ahead, absent, un- han-h-, I don't want to talk about saw no sign of him. Probably he had seeingly fixed on nothing. He seemed him! I trust you, Stella. I'm banking thought better of it, had seen now as to be unconscious of her presence or to on your own good sense. And along she had seen then that no good and an Shoe Polish, black white or tan 10c "Jack," she said. And when he made you've got so many illusions. About such a clandestine meeting, had taken Snap Hand Cleaner . . . 15c

want to go back to the house. She did He stirred a little, but only to take or put you on the right track. That's not want to make the effort of wanderoff his hat and lay it on a table beside a job for yourself. All I can do is to ing away in the other direction to find that restful peace of woods and water. She moved up a little on the point until Gillets, or Comfort laye . . 2 for 25c she found a mossy boulder and sat Liquid Veneer ..... 25c palms, looking out over the placid sur- Soap Chips or Pearline . 4 for 25c face of the lake with somber eyes. Toothpicks, pkgs. . . And so Monohan surprised her. Th knoll lay thick carpeted with moss. He Glaukos Starch Glaze ....56
was within a few steps of her when a twig cracking underfoot apprised her Lux . . . . . . . . . . . . 2 pkgs. 25c of some one's approach. She rose, with an impulse to fly, to escape a meeting

> the breath stopped in her throat. Twenty feet behind Monohan came Jack Fyfe with his hunter's stride, soundlessly over the moss. a rifle droop ing in the crook of his arm. A sun beam striking obliquely between two firs showed her his face plainly, the faint curl of his upper lip.

Something in her look arrested Monchan. He glanced around, twister about, froze in his tracks, his back to her. Fyfe came up. Of the three he was the coolest, the most rigorously han to his wife, back to Monohan After that his blue eyes never left the

other man's face. "What did I say to you yesterday?" Fyfe opened his mouth at last. "But then I might have known I was wasting my breath on you!" "Well," Monohan retorted insolently,

"what are you going to do about it?

This isn't the stone age." Fyfe laughed unpleasantly. "Lucky for you. You'd have been eliminated long ago," he said. "No, it takes the present age to produce such rotten specimens as you."

A deep flush rose in Monohan's cheeks. He took a step toward Fyfe, his bands clinched. "You wouldn't say that if you weren't rmed," he taunted hoarsely.

"No? Fyfe cast the rifle to one side. It fell with a metallic clink against a stone. "I do say it, though, you see. You are a sort of a yellow dog. Monohan. You know it, and you know that know it. That's why it stings you to be told so."

out of his coat. His face was crimson. "I'll teach you something!" be snarled. He lunged forward as he spoke.

Monohan stepped back and slipped

shooting a straight arm blow for Fyfe's face. It swept through empty air, for Fyfe, poised on the balls of his feet, ducked under the driving fist and slapped Monohan across the mouth with the open palm of his hand. "Tag." he said sardonically. "You're

Monohan pivoted and, rushing, swur right and left, missing by inches. Fyfe's nocking grin seemed to madden him completely. He rushed again, launching another victors blow that threw him partly off his balance. Before he could recover Fyfe kicked both fee from under him, sent him sprawling

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## Picked Up **Around Town**

-Hastings county council opened its June session this afternoon at Shire Hall.

The Sovereign Grand Priory of Knight Templary in Canada meets in Belleville on Sept. 11, 12, 13 of this year. King Baldwin Preceptory will entertain them. Lt .-Col. S. S. Lazier and F. D. Diamond on behalf of the local Knights Templar asked the city council last night for permission to use the city hall and adjacent rooms for the event. On motion of Ald. St. Charles the request was granted. It is expected from 300 to 500 Knights will attend.

-The case against a young ma named Post of having secured credit from Mr. S. R. Artis by false pretence was settled this morning with the consent of the crown attorney, the defendant paying all the costs and settling up his account with Mr. Artis.

-In police court this morning the case of C. Barsky, accused of obtaining by false pretence a quantity of metal belonging to Abraham Safe and storel at Bannockburn was settled with the consent of the crown. Barsky gave a check on the Bank of Hamilton and it was claimed by the complainant that Barsky had no funds there. Barsky claimed that he had not had time to get his vife to deposit the money necessary. W. Carnew for prosecution; Col. O'Flynn for the defendant.

-The Belleville Carters are now using the city lot on Front street next to the St. Charles Omnibus Company's building for a stand. The land has recently been levelled since the removal of the liverv buildings.

Pola

(Written for T

It would be cumstances if torical wars, sulted in the peror and crea various degre country involv the final estab Poland as a n That such a

was shown at war council a the British F miers declare The resul

ling in view o in spite of i the ancient ki Roman Emper tary rulers, co and civil war ages. What Gi true of Polan none could der birth, each fe through merit land, as one o declared, were among equals, power of the impossible for

his rule or po In spite of fare, the Pole proved thems the liberties o Under their Sobieski, the the tide of the Austria. which Mohammedan But as seen had been defe fighting amou

throne, shows monarch had Many tin Polish nobles were anable among their lected a fore

to achieve n

that none of

Sobieski was

That son afterwards France: the one of those ter three day of Cracow, h carrying the The Prince Louis XIV. frightened by he, too, fled he had been a

treasury. The inabilit an establishe one of the e of the kingd the Great of Great of Russ

of Austria. The Germ monarchy wo a return to t and revolutio instead of dis under the g tente, the P through the at the hands and during take their pla stable democ

> . Telegraphi cow. Stockho bring assura day by day, the Russian Bolshevism. many differen tempted asse premier. Len tion, famine, confessed w ment is base which the le ders to the · It has been first that the great length chaotic cond exist. The R neaceful citiz

In the fit revolution. of oppresion. excesses sho ted. It was French rew covered and Russia. The tever

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sense.. Read the "We are alre is no one to That a n

certain. Eve gress, though