



Your Floors Need Paint

Paint preserves the wood. Paint keeps floors sanitary and healthful. Painted floors make the rooms bright and cheery. Painted floors are easily cleaned—a damp cloth keeps them free of dust and germs. Paint your floors and thus have them always Spic and Span.

Senour's Floor Paint

"MADE IN CANADA"

is all ready to brush on—anyone can apply it evenly and smoothly. It gives a hard, durable, lustrous finish, that stays fresh and bright, and wears, and wears, and wears. And it costs less to use than other floor paint, because it covers more surface and wears longer.

Senour's Floor Paint comes in 14 beautiful colors, suitable for every floor in the house from kitchen to garret.

Write for a color card, and a copy of our entertaining book, "The House That Jack Built". Written for children, but "grown ups" get a lot of fun out of it. We'll also give you the name of our nearest dealer-agent.

ADDRESS ALL ENQUIRIES TO

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co. LIMITED
655 DUNDAS STREET, MONTREAL.



Woman Against Woman

or A Terrible Accusation.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

She did not understand her own emotions, but she felt safe alone with the woman upon the bed. She threw herself upon a couch, the room dimly lighted, and tried to go to sleep, knowing herself to be so light a sleeper that any movement whatever upon the bed would awaken her.

But she could not sleep. The events of the evening had been too much for her. Her sympathy was too much aroused for that household. She had taken off her lovely gown and put on a pretty, loose wrapper of flowing white, which Dunraven had given her during those few happy days, and lay there with one arm above her head, her eyes closed. Every door was locked, and yet as she lay there, suddenly she seemed to feel a presence approaching her.

Believing that Ethel had slipped noiselessly from the bed and was coming toward the place where she had the drug in concealment, she decided to watch her. Opening her eyes just the faintest particle, so that the lashes fully concealed the opening, she looked up. To her intense astonishment she saw that Muriel had entered the room.

She could scarcely conceal her start of amazement, but by a mighty effort she controlled herself and lay there motionless, fully simulating sleep, yet never losing a motion of the gliding figure.

Coming to the side of the couch, without even the faintest noise—for Alisa's senses were all alert—she touched the girl gently upon the arm. The end of the bed, the girl's eyes were closed, but she was not by the quiver of a muscle did Alisa betray her knowledge of that presence.

What was she doing? What did it all mean?

Curiously, horror, dismay were all blended, yet she held heroically to her intention, when the fingers were lifted as gently as they had been placed there. But it was a terrible ordeal.

And then began a curious movement, which at first Alisa did not in the least understand—a curious movement of the hands across the face, very gentle, very soothing, very.

And then Alisa realized with awful horror that a sleepless sensation was stealing over her, a sensation which she could not at first control. She seemed like a bit of wax in the hands of the girl bending over her, but all her will-power, not submerged in that other, was fighting with the strength of a wild despair.

Even half-controlled as she was, Alisa had comprehended the awful truth at last—Muriel Ogden was hypnotizing her.

But the very realization of the influence, and once again, with senses fully restored now, she was watching the girl, watching her with an intensity that was breathless.

At last Muriel spoke, her voice low, gentle, thrilling under its tone of quiet command.

"Alisa—do you hear me?"

And imitating the tone as nearly as possible, Alisa answered:

"Yes."

And then came the next question, more potent, more lifted with terror for the quivering subject.

"Alisa—will you obey me?"

And the answer followed in the same monotone that had been used before:

"I will obey."

With only a momentary hesitation the girl rose, slowly, mechanically, her movements stiff, almost ungraceful, and stood with head erect.

"Open your eyes," came the command again.

They opened with a curious snap, and stared vacantly straight into her own.

It required all Alisa's strength to stand that look, but she was glad of the opportunity it offered her to see Muriel's face, glad in one moment and regretting it in the next, for the terror almost overcame her. The shadowy form in the dim light was like some awful, cold, straight, upright, with those awful burning eyes fixed upon her own that seemed to glow with

was through the hall door the vision had vanished, yet it was both locked and held upon the inside.

She stood there appalled, absolutely forgetting the existence of Ethel Dunraven, until a low moan from the bed recalled her.

Holding her throbbing temples with both hands, she staggered over to the bed, Ethel was lying there upon her back, her lips swollen and distorted, her beautiful blue eyes dulled and haggard, her hair disheveled, looking as little like anything human as one in that shape could possibly appear.

"My goodness," she gasped, "what a terrible household! In spite of the beauty, the carving, the elegance, the old life was less horrible than this. I will go back! I can not bear the mental torture of it all!"

But already Ethel Dunraven was sitting up, looking at the girl with a steady, her eyes, and "crying wildly about her. She glanced up at Alisa, and then threw a quick, searching look about the room. With a shiver she drew herself closer to Alisa, and in a low, hoarse tone, in which there was not a trace of the old meekness, she half whispered:

"Where is she?"

Alisa started. In spite of the awful pain in her head, she knelt down and looked at the girl, who was trembling violently in her own hands that were trembling violently.

"You mean Muriel?" she asked, her own voice low as Ethel's own.

The young girl nodded.

"She is in her room, I suppose," Alisa whispered. "Why?"

"Are you sure?" gasped Ethel. "Look about you—quick! she is behind the drapery of the dressing-case!"

"No! No! No! I tell you," answered Alisa. "The doors are all locked; she could not get in."

"Bah! what difference does a locked door make to her? Alisa, I—oh, what is the matter with me? It is—the old—old curse! Alisa, tell me, have I taken it again?"

She looked with such bitter pleading into the girl's eyes that Alisa forgot her horror, and taking the little form in her arms, drew it closely to her breast. "You have almost broken your husband's heart; he will not let you go again, will you?" she said, soothingly.

"You will not!"

But to Alisa's surprise, Ethel Dunraven pushed her away, and with the energy of despair, got up in bed. "You don't understand. How should you, when none of them will believe me! They think it is a delusion produced by a morphia-drug, but I swear to you that it is not! You would believe in me, that you would help me. I had intended to trust you, but I waited until it was too late. I am not mad! I swear to you that I am as sane as you are, except for the hideous pain in my head. It always leaves me in the pain. Oh, I hate it, I tell you! I hate it! I have sworn and sworn that not another particle of it should ever enter my body, but—I have no more power over it than you would have. She she will not—let me stop!"

A little cry escaped Alisa, but already Ethel Dunraven's hand was pressed over her lips, a wild whisper brought back the staggering senses.

"Hush! She will hear you! There is scarcely a whisper that she does not hear. She will be here in a moment. When she takes it and—Who could loathe me so! I loathe myself! When they are here, she fixes her eyes upon me, and I beg and plead for it, conscious of what I am doing, yet as powerless to prevent it as you are to take in air when you breathe. In half an hour from now I shall be raving and pleading! I shall—"

"Hush! hush! Alisa, you shall not! I will not allow her to come! No one shall enter here except myself. I promise you."

They had been looking into each other's eyes, holding each other as if for protection against some demon's influence; but with a start both looked up, and saw the face of the same deep shadow, a placid smile hovering upon her rigid lips, no other than—Muriel.

She dropped back from Alisa's arms and lay snoring upon the pillow, looking as locked, as well as she remembered anything, she recalled the fact that it

For a moment it seemed to Alisa that the grain upon her mentally would keep the cord that looks close in throat. She could hear the beating of her own heart like the rumble of thunder in her ears. Had she been in the presence of a spirit from the other world, there would have seemed to her less of the uncanny in the vision.

A wild scream from Ethel broke the silence that bound her, and perhaps saved her reason.

She sprang toward Muriel, intending to seize her, to denounce her to that trusting household, but as she reached the girl's side, her hands dropped to her knees.

Muriel had simply turned her eyes up on her, never moving her long, lithic body, never allowing the smile to fade from her white lips, and to have saved her life Alisa could not have touched her.

Ethel was still screaming, and while they stood thus, Dunraven and Ogden both entered.

A scene followed which rivaled the one of the night before in frenzy, pitiless plauds, wild ravings, blood-curdling screams. Oh, it was horrible! horrible! and through it all, fallen, silent, cowering where she could never reach, apparently unable to speak, holding her head between her hands, she listened and listened to the wild beatings of the blood in her own veins.

The sensation was one which she could never afterward recall. It seemed to her that she must have been dead for those hours, for she remembered nothing of it all—nothing whatever.

When she came to herself, she was in her own sitting-room, with Lloyd Ogden chasing her hands.

The foolish idea of allowing you to remain in there alone with her, he was saying. We ought to have known how to handle her. You are all unfeeling. Won't you drink this coffee? I can't imagine why Leslie ever allowed a sensitive girl like you to come into a house like this. Drink this coffee, won't you?"

He held it to her lips, and she gulped it down in great long draughts. The stimulant was exactly what she needed, and she sat upright a moment after she had swallowed it, pushing her hair back almost as helplessly as Ethel had done an hour before.

"There! You are better now!" exclaimed Lloyd Ogden, gently. You can now endure the little Alisa, and Leslie should have asked it of you. I so hoped it might prove different, the help—only, I was a friend to my poor little sister, but we can not accept the sacrifice of you. It is too great."

But, to his surprise, she leaned toward him and placed her hand heavily upon his.

"There is no lower strong enough to make me leave this household now," she said, coldly. You are all unfeeling. Won't you drink this coffee? I can't imagine why Leslie ever allowed a sensitive girl like you to come into a house like this. Drink this coffee, won't you?"

"You must not believe that, Alisa," he said, softly. "I know what she has been telling you. She is a cunning, cold, calculating creature. She knows that the drug has unsettled her poor little brain. There was something more noble than Muriel, she by whom you were brought here. She was a woman who would sacrifice herself for a man whom she loved. It would be absolutely impossible for her to do anything so monstrous as the suggestion of Ethel in this instance. Alisa, there is nothing under heaven that could ever make me believe that; and surely we know her after all these years of sacrifice and torture."

And then it was that Alisa realized that she was to save the reason, the life of that unhappy wife, she must work alone, work alone, work alone.

But what was she to do, and how?

CHAPTER XII.

For very nearly a week those scenes were repeated, the horror of which was possible, instead of decreasing.

Vainly Alisa strove in some way to discover a means of stopping the ravings, entrance to that room; but bolts and bars seemed to be no more formidable to her than the walls of the prison which she once were to Muriel.

When Alisa thought of the secure against the woman she feared and hated, that moment the fiend stood before her, smiling in that cold, glacial way which Alisa had come to loathe and fear.

And then, after that time, slowly but surely, she began to feel the hidden influence of the woman stealing over her. Once or twice she had submitted herself to the same ordeal, that she had undergone that night in Ethel's room; but she found that the way lay straight to a chilling fire, when one day she looked into Muriel's eyes, as she was hidden to approach her, and found herself mechanically obeying, not because she wished to deceive the woman she was striving to control, but because that awful presence compelled her.

Then she turned and fled—fled from the destruction which she felt was upon her, yet knew herself powerless to combat.

She had no more power over her own will, her own absolute power, however; for, as Alisa fled down the hall, she heard the low, mocking laughter that maddened her.

During those days of torture Alisa had not once seen Leslie Dunraven alone; but, looking into the strained, haggard eyes of his wife, she realized that something must be done, or the unhappy creature would die there under the mystic influence which she had found no power to control.

Ethel was lying there upon the bed, the pupils of her eyes dilated until they appeared black instead of blue, great circles about her mouth and eyes, a pinched, clammy appearance about her nostrils that spoke of death; and, in sheer despair, Alisa determined that she would make Dunraven see the danger, that she would compel him to help her, and so prevent murder being done in his own house to his own wife.

She entered his room noiselessly, determined that she would keep her presence there a secret, if that were possible. His dressing-room opened off Ethel's bedroom, and she slipped in, and was about to enter his sitting-room beyond, when the noise of voices in the room attracted her. Some one was pouring a trifle aside and glanced in. She caught her breath with a sudden gasp and drew back, wrapping the por-

ties about her so that she could see without being seen.

It never occurred to her that what she was doing was dishonorable. In a household like that, anything was allowable. And even if she had believed it a crime she would not have stood there just the same, rooted to the spot with surprise.

Leslie Dunraven was seated before the glowing fire in dressing-gown and slippers, his head thrown back, looking up into the eyes of his wife's sister, who stood slightly behind him. Her hand played with the short thick curls of clustering hair that adorned his shapely head; her eyes were filled with an expression which Alisa had never seen in him before, a soft, tender light, the light in the eyes of a tigress resting upon her little cub.

(To be continued.)

CAUSES LOSS OF THE SENSES.

Soldiers Become Blind from "Wounds to Consciousness."

That blindness can be caused by concussion is one of the many medical surprises of the war.

A man, says a writer in the *Lancet*, after more or less prolonged fatigue, induced by marching and exposure in the trenches, is incapacitated by the explosion of a shell in his immediate vicinity. He may be merely knocked down or thrown into the air and more or less seriously injured or wounded by concussion, shrapnel bullets or shell splinters. Consciousness is lost for a variable time, but often not so far as to prevent automatic movements, so that the man may walk in a dazed condition to a dressing station.

At this stage, it would appear, the mental balance is very much disturbed, nor does memory retain any record of the phase. But the man is "instantaneously struck blind," and this may be associated with deafness, loss of smell and taste. The eyes are found to be watering freely and the lids tend to keep tight shut. After the lapse of a week or two they become less tender, and then on examination it is found, very often, that the eyes are quite normal.

By this time, too, some sight has been recovered, and light can be distinguished from darkness. The patient gropes about, but curiously enough, does not seem to stumble up against objects in his path; yet it is found that his field of vision is restricted. "Indeed, to a degree which seems scarcely consistent with the avoidance of obstacles in walking." Eventually complete, though slow, recovery takes place.

It appears curious to the oculist who contributes this record that the eye to recover last is frequently the "shooting eye," and that some of the patients candidly admit to being in a "blue funk"; also that in all there has been a complete mental upset. He dismisses, however, as a cruel injustice the suggestion that shamming may be an explanation. These cases, he says, are to be regarded as "examples of injuries or wounds to consciousness. The problem is psy-

When A Woman Wants

her summer Dresses—her "frilly things"—her fine linens—to look their whitest and daintiest—she is very particular to use

Silver Gloss LAUNDRY STARCH

It gives that delightful satin finish. : : YOUR GROCER HAS IT

The Canada Starch Co. Limited, Montreal

chological and clearly demands a most careful and minute study of the evolution of character.

It would seem that as the result of severe and sudden shock the conscious mind, with its high attributes of control and determination, is thrown out of action; the "sub-conscious mind" supervenes. This subconscious mind, about which so much has been written of late, is a kind of storehouse of forgotten and unremembered things—events and ideas which belong to the past of the race as well as to that of the individual, but of the presence of which within him the individual is scarcely conscious, or not at all conscious, as the case may be. The highest centres in his brain cease to functionate. Powerful primeval instincts resume sway and a "block" occurs between the mechanism and the perception of sight which is in some respects comparable to the block which is often noticed when reading an uninteresting book, and by reason of which nothing is conveyed to the mind though the words are seen quite clearly.

"It is pointed out that these 'wounds to consciousness' are not confined to one particular sense; it may be urged—and that is the general application of this most interesting contribution—that rash and cruel judgments in which occur the terms 'nervous wreck' and 'neurotic,' not to speak of more unpleasant taunts, shall be avoided at all costs. The effects of modern shell fire are still not completely understood; that they are profound from a psychological as well as from a physical point of view scarcely admits of denial."

The Farm

Use of the Roller.

The capillary water that rises from the sub-surface reaches the highest mark in soils that are fine grained and consequently we find that, in the dry part of the summer when plants are dependent upon capillary for their water supply, coarse grained sands become very dry. If these soils could be pressed together so that the air space between the separate grains would become smaller, the capillary water would rise higher. Here the roller may be used to advantage. It should follow the seeding of small grain and especially clover, to get the soil in closer contact with the seed as well as to supply moisture from below.

There is another factor that enters and tends to counteract the good effects of rolling. The smooth surface produced will offer less resistance to the wind and consequently the sand will blow and evaporation will go on more rapidly. This may be prevented by following the roller immediately with a light harrow. The roughened surface lessens the blowing of sand, and also forms a dust which which retards evaporation as well.

If the corrugated roller or clod crusher is used, the harrow is not needed because this roller itself leaves the surface in a decided ridged condition. The effect of compacting sand soils can best be seen by the increase in germination of grain, wherefore a wagon was driven over the field after seeding. If used properly, the roller is one of the most important of all farm tillage implements.

Economical Summer Feeding.

Alex. Wallace, Norfolk Co., Ont.

Our cows should receive grain all summer. It is generally a mixture of oats, bran and oil cake in the proportion of five, three and two. It is our experience that heavy milking cows require grain both summer and winter, and when they are dry as well as when they are working. Of course the amount varies according to the milk produced and luxuriance of the pasture.

The regular pasture is also supplemented by a soiling crop of thickly sown peas and oats. Three sowings of this can be made in the early corn in the early spring. Like the peas and oats this forage crop is also sown thickly. As soon as possible in early fall a pasture crop of oats and rye takes the place of the corn. In spring the rye is again pastured, and then plowed for roots. By this method is obtained a great deal of feed from land that would otherwise be lying practically idle from the time the hay crop was removed until the roots were sown. Such practice is in line with economical farm management.

Diarrhoea Amongst Young Pigs.

This is often due to sudden change of food or to remaining too long in a damp place. The following is a simple remedy which can be employed and which is almost infallible. Immediately that signs are perceived of diarrhoea amongst the young pigs throw some shovelful of turf into the sties. In rummaging amongst this turf they find in it vegetable substances which provide the remedy. The cure seems perhaps somewhat droll, but it is efficacious all the same. The most complicated remedies are not always the best; this one is simple and sure.

Farm Hints.

All experienced farmers in Alberta are agreed that the present condition of the wheat crop is first-class.

Grass parks are being let for grazing purposes in Scotland at rents that show an increase of from 25 to 70 per cent.

Kansas is already calling for men to work in the wheat fields, although harvesting will not commence until the middle of June.

The most profitable poultry to keep on the farm is chickens, turkeys, guinea, ducks and geese. The chickens come first to most farmers.

Exports of wheat and flour from this country up to May 1st exceeded 300,000,000 bushels, or approximately 125,000,000 bushels more than the total exports a year ago.

Canada is the real granary of the British Empire. Not only the motherland, but New Zealand, Australia and South Africa have been looking to the Dominion to replenish their depleted grain supplies.

Typical wheat farms in Australia are usually worked single-handed by the farmer and his family, labor-saving machinery being used in every possible direction.

To make a good lawn the soil requires frequent rolling. In the first place a good lawn cannot be produced in one, two or three years, that is, a perfect lawn, without depression, and with a soil surface as smooth as a floor.

Beautiful Walls For Your Home

Sanitary, Fire-Proof, Inexpensive

Make your home more attractive, and protect it from fire with these beautiful, sanitary

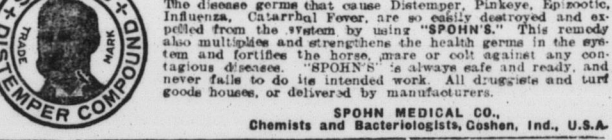
"Metallic" Ceilings and Walls

They will out-last the building and are very inexpensive. They can be brightened from year to year with a little paint at a trifling cost. Made in innumerable beautiful designs suitable to all styles of rooms. Can be erected over old plaster as well as in new buildings. Write for catalogue.

We manufacture a complete line of Sheet Metal Building Materials.

THE METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED

King and Dufferin Sts., TORONTO 797 Notre Dame Ave., WINNIPEG



PATHOGENIC GERMS

The disease germs that cause Distemper, Pinkeye, Spontaneous, Influenza, Catarrhal Fever, are so easily destroyed and expelled from the system by using "SPOHN'S." This remedy also multiplies and strengthens the health germs in the system and fortifies the horse, mare or colt against any contagious diseases. "SPOHN'S" is always safe and ready, and never fails to do its intended work. All drug stores and turf goods houses, or delivered by manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.



Few products in household use to-day have bridged the gap from the primitive things of sixty years ago as has

Tedpath Sugar

Canada's first refined sugar. "Ye Olde Sugar Loaf" of 1854, was REDPATH, so was the first Canadian granulated sugar, in 1880, and the first Sugar Cartons in 1912.

The leader in every advance, Tedpath Sugar stands to-day first in the estimation of tens of thousands of Canadian families. 131

Ask for "REDPATH" in Individual Packages, 2 and 5 lb. Cartons. 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

