

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—
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"A Soldier of the Legion."
"The Lightning Conductor."
"The Shop Girl"

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From Friday's Daily.

The woman had walked up to the verandah with such unflinching certainty that it seemed she must have been there before. Perhaps she had arrived while the mistress of the house was out, and had been walking about the place, to pass away the time.

"But she hasn't come to see me," the girl in the hammock thought. "She has come to see Knight. It is for him she is waiting."

Anger stirred in Annesley's heart, anger against Knight as well as against Madalena de Santiago.

"Has he written and told her to come?" she asked herself. "Does she think she can stay in this house? No, she shall not! I won't have her here!"

She was half-minded to rise up abruptly and surprise the countess, as the countess had surprised her; to ask her why she had come, and to show by her manner that she was not welcome. But if she was here at Knight's invitation she would stay. There would be a scene, perhaps. The thought of it was revolting. Annesley lay still; and in the distance she heard the throbbing of a motor.

CHAPTER XXV. The Allegory.

Annesley knew that Knight was in the habit of coming home that way, in order not to disturb her with the noise of the motor if she had gone to bed. If he were bringing parcels from the little mining town he drove to the house, left the packets and ran the car to the shanty he had rigged up for a garage.

A few seconds later the small open automobile came into sight, and instantly Madalena sprang up, waving a long, dark veil she had snatched off her hat. She feared, no doubt, that the man in the car might get into the house by some door she did not know before she could intercept him. From a little distance the tall figure standing on the verandah steps must have been silhouetted black against the white wall of the house, clearly to be seen from the advancing motor.

Quick as a bird in flight the car sped along the road, wheeled onto the stiff grass and drew up close to the verandah steps.

"Good heavens, Madalena!" Annesley heard her husband exclaim. "I thought it was my wife, and that something had gone wrong."

The surprise in Annesley's tone did away with the doubt in the mind of the hidden listener. She had said to herself that the woman was here by appointment, and that this hour had been chosen because the meeting was to be secret.

"I wanted you to think so, and to come straight to this place," returned the once familiar voice in its correct English and partly foreign accent. "Don't I travel from San Francisco on purpose to see you. Do you say you are glad?"

"I can't say it," the man answered. "I'm not glad. You tried to ruin me. And you tried in a cowardly way. You struck me in the back. I hoped never to see you again. How did you find me here?"

"I've known for a long time that you were in Texas," said Madalena. "Lady Annesley-Scott and I kept up a correspondence for months after you sent me away so cruelly, in such a hurry, believing hateful

things against me, though you had no proof. She wrote that Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Smith would probably never come back to England to settle down, as she'd heard from a Mrs. Waldo in New York that they'd gone to live in Texas. She asked if I knew whether Nelson Smith had lost his money. I forgot to answer that question when I answered the letter. But when she said 'Texas' I felt sure you must be somewhere in this part, for I remembered your telling me about the ranch that consumptive gambler left to you, on the Mexican frontier."

"What a fool I was to tell you!" Knight exclaimed roughly.

The words and his way of flinging them at her were like a box on the ear; and Annesley, lying in her hammock, heard with a thrill of pleasure. She was ashamed of the thrill, and ashamed (because suddenly awakened to the realization) that she was eavesdropping.

But it seemed to her an impossible thing that she should break in upon this talk and reveal her presence. She felt that she could not do it; though, hastily searching her conscience, she was not sure whether she clung to silence because it was the lesser of the two evils or merely because she longed with a terrible longing to know whether these two would again patch up their old partnership.

"If you knew why I have come all these miles to find you, maybe you would not be so hard to me," Madalena pleaded.

"That I can't tell until I do hear," said Knight dryly.

"I am going to explain," she tried to soothe him. "A great thing has happened to me. I can be rich and live easily all the rest of my years if I choose. But—I wanted to see you. I wanted to see more than anything. What I decide depends upon me."

"I arrived in El Paso yesterday, and went to the Paso del Norte hotel to inquire about you. I was almost certain you would have taken back your own name, because I knew you used to be known by it when you stayed in Texas. I soon found out that I'd guessed right. I heard that you'd stopped at the hotel last year on the way to your ranch. I hired a motor car and came out here today; but I didn't let the man bring me to the house. I didn't want to dash up and advertise myself."

"You questioned some of your cowmen. They said you'd gone off for the day and would be getting back at night in your automobile, not earlier than ten o'clock and maybe a good deal later. So I simply waited. The car is a covered one, and I sat in it, a long way from the house, and out of sight behind a little rising of the land. Perhaps you call it a hill."

"We do," said Knight.

"I brought some food and wine. The chauffeur's there with the car now. He has plenty of cigarettes, and doesn't mind if we stay all night."

"I mind," Knight cut her short again. "You can't stay all night. The road's good enough with such a moon as this for you to get back to El Paso, all right. You'd better start so as to reach there before the sets."

"Wait till you hear why I've come before you advise me to hurry away!" the Countess protested. "There's no danger of our being dis-

SIDE TALKS

OF RUTH AND HER COUNTRYMEN

YOUR OWN INTERRUPTIONS.

The other morning I spent fifteen minutes at the telephone (of my own accord) in the middle of my working time.

As I left the telephone one of my housemates called out to me: "If anyone asked you to give up all that time from your work you'd think you were terribly put upon."

And it was true.

As I went back into my study I reflected guiltily upon the matter and came to that conclusion.

Other people's interruption I resent bitterly. My own I am ever ready to forgive.

Why are we like that? We are never aggrieved when we interrupt ourselves.

You see I refuse to admit that that is a personal peccadillo like that of the average human being has this propensity to feel aggrieved at the loss of working time when someone else wants him to do something and perfectly complaisant when he wastes his own time.

I have known the Authorman to spend hours pleasantly putting about his study and then become righteously indignant and call on the gods to witness that he cannot be expected to get anything done when his wife wants him to move a piece of furniture into the attic.

Why is it?

Well, of course it's natural to a certain degree.

That There Won't be any Mix-up If anyone gave as much time to other people's concerns as he did to

his own, what would become of his work? Someone else might attend to them and then again might not.

I suppose nature gave each of us the instinct to look out for ourselves first, so that there wouldn't be any mix-up and each one would get looked after for. I don't mean that to sound quite as selfish as it does. Altruism is the greatest of all virtues, to my mind. And yet I can understand why we aren't by nature altruistic.

Moreover it is a law of human nature that anything you do of your own accord is played and anything you do for someone else is work.

The Difference Between Work and Play.

Painting the fence was work to Tom Sawyer because his father had told him he had to do it. It was play to the boys whom that consumptive character inveigled into doing it for him because he made them want to do it.

Of course anyone who has those twin gifts, a sense of logic and a sense of humor will laugh at himself when he finds himself resenting other people's interruptions and permitting his own.

He will put a stop to this grudging attitude and will give whatever he can honestly afford to give graciously.

And he will also make up his mind to be more stern with that worst of all offenders against concentration and accomplishment—himself.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

THE GOLD AND SILVER CASTLE.

Great Black Spider built his castle in one corner of the garden. The walls were golden in the sunlight and when the light of the moon touched them the castle turned to silver.

All the Bugs of Bugville lozged to see behind its closed doors, but the Butterflies told them that once inside they could never return, so Ugly Black Spider and his beautiful Cabbage became a terror to Bugville.

One day Big Green Fly stopped to chat with Ugly Black Spider and Lady Bug flew near so she could hear what they said.

"They tell me the interior of your castle is more beautiful than it appears from the front," said Big Green Fly.

Ugly Black Spider nodded his head and said:

"If surely is. If you don't believe me, wait in and see for yourself."

Big Green Fly promised he would stop on his way home, and he hurried away to Lady Bug's home.

"I mean to see the inside of that castle," said Big Green Fly, and when Lady Bug begged him not to go he laughed at her.

"It's foolish to be afraid. He seems a harmless sort of fellow," he answered, and, promising to return and tell her all about the place, Big Green Fly flew away.

All day long Lady Bug waited for Big Green Fly to return, but the gate of the castle never opened. When night came Lady Bug sought Cabbage Witch and asked her help.

"Take this wine, made from the petals of the white poppy and give it to Ugly Black Spider," said Cabbage Witch, and Lady Bug, taking the wine, flew to the castle.

Green Fly and Black Spider.

The gate opened at her knock and Lady Bug stepped inside.

The walls were draped with beautiful soft gray hangings and Lady Bug gave a cry of surprise as she passed a round golden table in the centre of the room.

Ugly Black Spider led her into a golden chamber, where she fell into the arms of Big Green Fly.

"The draperies fell from the walls, and when the effect of the wine wore away Ugly Black Spider flung them back into the golden chamber and Bugville never saw them again."

To this day some Bugs believe that Lady Bug and Big Green Fly are still held prisoners, and they go in search of them, but they never return to tell what they saw in the beautiful gold and silver castle.

RYE DROP CAKES

One pint sweet milk, 2 eggs, 2 1-2 cups rye flour, 1 1-2 cups flour, 2 teaspoon salt, 1 1-2 cups cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons sugar, a little salt.

CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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AS TO BORGBERG.

By Courier Leased Wire.

Copenhagen, May 11.—The German newspapers this morning publish no news of the peace errand of the Danish Socialist, Borgberg to Petrograd or the nature of the peace terms alleged to have been transmitted to Germany. Even the Berlin Vorwaerts makes no mention of the mission although Borgberg claims to be acting as the spokesman of the German Socialists. The only reference in the Berlin papers is a citation in the Vossische Zeitung from the Copenhagen Social Demokratien disclaiming any official backing for Borgberg's endeavors. The Vossische despatch gives no hint at the nature or details of Borgberg's peace terms.

REDISTRIBUTING.

By Courier Leased Wire.

Copenhagen, via London, May 11.—A despatch received here from Berlin says the German government has indicated its intention to submit to the full redistributing of the reichstag districts. This would meet one of the most widely urged demands for reform and give modern Germany a more adequate representation in parliament, the members of which are still elected on the basis of the population of 1870.

ECHO PLACE NEWS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mrs. Mott of West Brantford, visited Mrs. Geo. Smith, Locke Road, on Wednesday.

Mr. McLeod is on the sick list.

Rev. M. Siple of Oshweken, visited his nephew, Mr. Murray Smith on Wednesday.

Miss Olive Pelton of Burford, was the guest of Miss Myrtle Douglas on Wednesday of this week.

Miss Doole's class gave a concert Wednesday evening, at which there was a good turn out.

Miss B. McLeod is spending a short time under the parental roof.

Sunday May 13th is Mothers Day and Elm Avenue expects a Mothers' Day programme and turn-out.

PINE

SHOE POLISHES

A "2 in 1 Shoe Polish" is made for every use. For Black Shoes, "2 in 1 Black" (paste) and "2 in 1 Black Combination" (paste and liquid); for White Shoes, "2 in 1 White Cake" (cake) and "2 in 1 White Liquid" (liquid); for Tan Shoes, "2 in 1 Tan" (paste) and "2 in 1 Tan Combination" (paste and liquid).

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