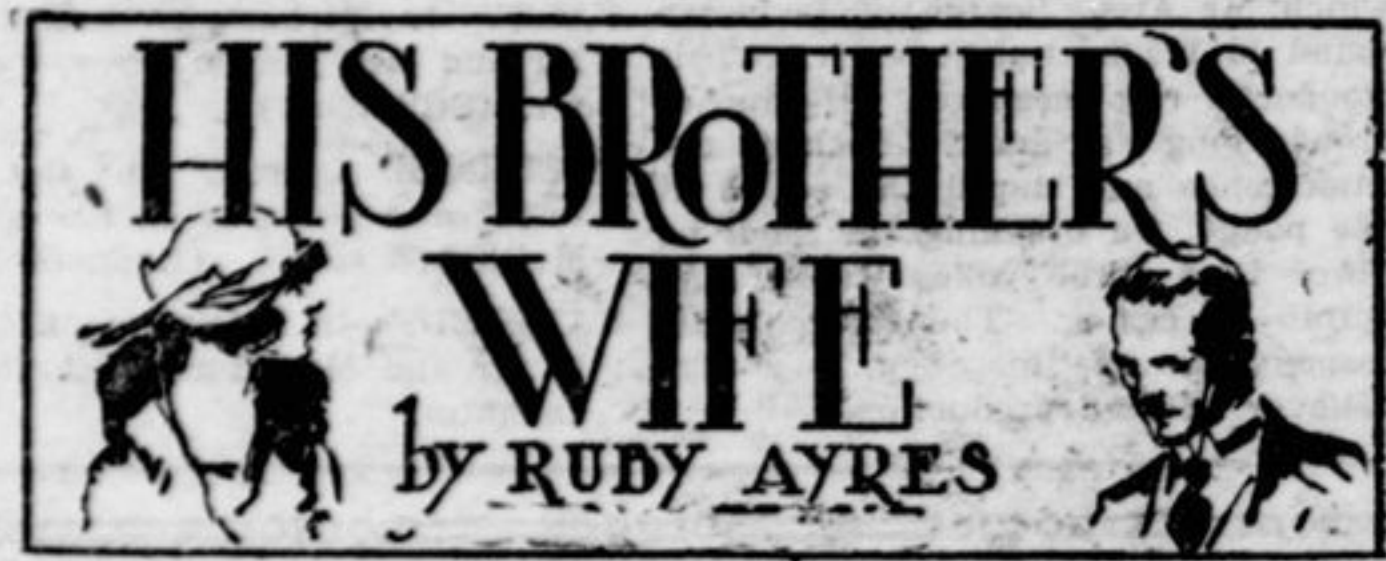


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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves unhappy. When war is declared, Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Farnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart and sails for America with him.

When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and takes her to live at Red Grange with his aunt, Monty Fisher, tells David that he knows that Mary is not Nigel's widow and David says he has already found that out.

When Mary sees Monty at Red Grange she fears exposure and runs away. David starts out to find Mary. Monty's sister, Dora, is jealous of David's attentions to Mary. Dora meets Mary by accident and asks her where she is living. Mary refuses to tell.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"You are very kind," Mary was conscious of a feeling of strong antagonism towards this beautiful woman; she would have much preferred her enmity to this sudden pretended friendship—for that it was pretended she was sure. For the second time she made a little movement to go, but Dora again stopped her.

"You will at least tell me where you live. You will let me be your friend?"

"You don't really wish to be my friend—you don't really like me. Please let me go."

The other laughed mockingly. "You are very candid, and not very charitable, are you? Some day you will be sorry."

Mary made no answer, she turned and walked away.

Dora stood looking after her with a chagrined face; the idea came to her to follow and see where this girl lived, but she shrugged her shoulders and dismissed it.

After all, what did it matter to her? She cared nothing so long as she could keep David from discovering where Mary was.

At dinner-time that evening she told David and Monty that she had something very interesting to tell them; she looked at David archly as she spoke.

"I met someone when I was out this afternoon, someone you are very interested in." There was a distinct challenge in her voice. "Guess who it was?"

"Mary," said David. The name came so naturally to his lips—just as if it had always been there—just as if she were always in his thoughts.

Dora laughed to hide her chagrin. "Yes, it was." Her eyes rested on his hand; she saw how suddenly it had clenched. She went on, with deliberate cruelty.

"She looked very well and happy, I thought. She stopped and spoke to me; she asked after you, David."

His lips moved, but he did not speak. "Was she alone?" Fisher asked.

He stared when he saw the two at the window.

He stared when he saw the two at the window.

Dora laughed meaningly. "Well, that's rather telling, isn't it? But—well, no, she was not David. I'm afraid you've been horribly taken in by her. It is a shame!"

"I don't understand you," Bretherton's voice was cold. "If you really saw Miss Farnival, perhaps you can give me her address?"

"I am sorry—I am afraid I can't. I asked her for it, but she refused; she doesn't want to have anything more to do with any of us. It's perfectly obvious! I really think it will be kinder to leave her to herself."

David looked at Fisher. The latter spoke rather impatiently: "Whom was she with. You say she was not alone?"

"My dear Monty, I really don't know. Her beautiful eyes met his without flinching. "She did not introduce him to me, but I understood from what she said—and what she left unsaid—that she was going to be married to him."

There was a little silence; David laughed suddenly, lifting his wine glass.

"Well, here's good luck to them both," he said in a queer voice. He deliberately changed the conversation. It was he who did the entertaining throughout the remainder of the evening.

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in his tired mind when Dora came into the room and stood beside him. The faint light from the moon fell on her beautiful face and graceful figure. She looked like a dream princess, he thought, with reluctant admiration, as he turned to speak to her. She smiled up into his eyes, and something in the sweep of her long lashes made him think of Mary with a sickening heart-throb.

Was this story true about her coming marriage? Had she indeed only played her own game with them all along—been only a common adventuress, as Fisher had hinted from the first? He could not believe it.

In all his life no woman had ever caused him a single pang until now. He hated it because now he could not sleep or rest for thinking of her—of wondering where she was and what she was doing.

CHAPTER LIII.
SAVED FROM AN IMPULSE.

The woman at his side spoke in her soft voice. "What a lovely night, David! It makes one feel quite sentimental, doesn't it?"

Her soft skirts brushed his feet—the scent of her hair seemed to fill his senses.

For a moment he looked away, and tried to believe that it was Mary standing beside him; that he had only to put out his hand to take hers—only to turn his head, and meet the shy sweetness of her eyes.

When a man is in love, and unhappy, even the sympathy of a woman for whom he cares nothing is sweet. David might have said or done anything during the next few minutes had not Fisher saved the situation by walking into the room and switching on the electric light.

He stared when he saw the two at the window.

"Sorry, I thought the room was empty."

He caught the scowl on his sister's face, and wondered if he had interrupted anything of much moment. He came forward awkwardly, and made some platitudinous remark about the weather.

He would have gone away again, only he knew that it would look too pointed. He flashed a whimsically smiling apology at Dora.

Afterwards she raved at him. "He would have asked me to marry him if you hadn't come bounding in! You really are a perfect idiot, switching on the light in that manner. I believe you are deliberately trying to spoil my chances."

She broke into the usual storm of tears. "Just when everything was going so well. I believe in his heart that he really does care for me."

"If he does, he can find a time and place to tell you so, without any assistance from me," she said dryly.

She stamped her feet. "I think I am beginning to hate you!" she stormed.

Fisher walked out of the room. His sympathies were all with David. Perhaps he realized at last something of Dora's shallowness and utter selfishness.

He passed a restless night, wondering how he could help him; he did not for a moment believe Dora's story of having seen Mary with a man. "He would have liked to tell David that he did not believe it, only it seemed so impossible to give his own sister away."

That promised letter from the Argentine seemed to be their only hope of ever solving the whole mystery; but it was cold comfort to look forward to another month of waiting before the mail could possibly arrive.

David went down to the Red Grange for the week-end. It was so lonely, Miss Varny complained to him in one of the many letters she wrote. "Nobody knows how I miss that poor child. David, why can't you find her?"

London was very easy to find in? Apparently it was, David thought wretchedly, as he went off home to try and cheer her up; in his heart he was beginning to think that Dora had been right, and that Mary did not mean or wish to come back to them any more.

"I have done my best," he told Miss Varny, as she rushed to the door to meet him, and ply him with questions. "The only thing is to believe that she does not wish to see any of us again, dear, I am afraid."

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DIGNITY AND GRACE OF LINE.

A smart variation of the coat frock expressed in chic black and white. Unusual in cut are the fronts overlapping in the front, confining a full length plaited under panel. The ends of the slender tie collar are weighted with tassels and a string belt outlines the low waist-line, while novel plaited cuffs trim the tailored sleeves. Being smartly and appropriately dressed is possible in No. 1426, which is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Skirt 38 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch black satin, and 1 1/2 yards contrasting for panel front; or 4 1/2 yards for dress all of one material. 29 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Sheffield Plants Begin Razor Blade Output
Sheffield steel manufacturers in their efforts to cut into the American safety razor blade trade are now turning out millions of blades every week. One firm alone employs 1300 workers and produces more than a million blades weekly. It is making preparations to double its capacity within the next few months.

In his annual report, Sir Gerald Bellhouse, chief inspector of factories, says that for some years Sheffield has been supplying a good proportion of the steel for the manufacture of safety razor blades in the United States, but of late the Sheffield manufacturers have been exerting themselves to produce the actual blades themselves for Britain's share of the world trade in this particular line.

Big Money for Ford Owners
Selling Eclipse Shock Absorbers, Spring Controls and Lubricator. Write for particulars.
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Pengoo, New Hungarian Currency.
The latest addition to the new money units is the Hungarian "pengoo." The purpose of the pengoo is to eliminate the big figures in the almost worthless kronen notes. Thus a 1,000,000-kronen note is equivalent to 80 pengoes.

Tapping a Rubber Tree.

This is an art that requires a delicate touch and sure hand. Contrary to general opinion, the ordinary rubber of commerce is not the sap of the rubber tree, but is a fluid called "latex," found between the corky outer bark and the hard, thin, inner tissue that increases the trunk of the rubber tree.

Tapping means cutting the tree so that its latex will ooze out and be caught in a cup properly placed. One of the best methods of tapping is a diagonal cut extending a third of the way around the tree. These cuts are made with a razor-like knife of special construction, whose blade is so thin that 20 slashes can be made side by side in an inch of bark. The latex oozes not flow through the tree like sap, but is found in cells. Tapping in most localities may be done daily, but not to such an extent that the vitality of the tree will be weakened. Trees that have been tapped too heavily for a time improve after a few days of rest.

Javanese women are among the best tappers. Javanese men are more suited to tapping work than the Chinese, but the Javanese women are better than either. It is in the heavy work of clearing the jungle for planting that the Chinese are most at home. All work is "task work." Each worker starts off each morning with a certain amount of work to be done, and as soon as he has finished he is through for the day. The tappers are through their tapping work by noon. The tapper's "task" is usually 450 trees. In collecting the latex, the cups are emptied into metal milk-cans, and when this work is finished each worker takes his cans to the collecting sheds and the latex is weighed. Each tree yields from one-third to one-half an ounce of latex each day. Half of this weight is rubber, making the annual yield of real rubber from each tree three or four pounds.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Bridges.
Founding a constant grandeur On inconstant sand, Bridges hurdle rivers And land.

Surly, their perfect stonews, Under long dureses, Hold a crouching posture Motionless.

Beams arch high, and girders— The Z-bar, the cross— That we may cross laughing, Oblivious.

That there is a river Blackened by the night, Where a mighty shadow Glistens white.

—Marion Strobel.

500 Luther Descendants Meet.
There are 608 living descendants of Martin Luther, and 500 of them gathered at the annual reunion and memorial services of the Luther family at Eisenach. Although Luther had six children, and four survived his death in 1546, only two had offspring. The ancestry of 537 is traced to Dr. Paul Luther and the remaining seventy-one to Margaret-Luther.

World's Largest Organ May Play Soon on Radio
Canadian radio fans soon may hear from the Daventry station, Liverpool Cathedral's organ, which has just been completed at a cost of about \$175,000. It is said to be the largest organ in the world.

The instrument has five rows of keys, 22 draw knobs, 168 stops and 10,934 pipes. It is pumped by electro-pneumatic action, the mechanism being driven by motors with thirty-five horsepower. The size of the organ is such that there are seventeen telephones from various parts of the instrument for the workmen to communicate with the assistant at the keys during tuning.

Reaping a Neighbor's Field.
Across the town road which separates my farm from my nearest neighbor's, I saw a field, familiar, yet strangely new and unfamiliar, lying up to the setting sun, all red with autumn; above it the incalculable heights of the sky, blue, but not quite clear, owing to the Indian summer haze. I cannot convey the sweetness and softness of that landscape, the airiness of it, the mystery of it, as it came to me at that moment. It was as though, looking at an acquaintance long known, I should discover that I loved him. As I stood there I was conscious of the cool tang of burning leaves and brushheap, the lary smoke of which floated down the long valley and found me in my field, and finally I heard, as though the sounds were then made for the first time, all the vague murmur of the countryside—a cow-bell somewhere in the distance, the creek of a wagon, the blurred evening hum of birds, insects, frogs. So much it means for a man to step and look up from his task.

As I stood there I glanced across the broad valley wherein lies the most of my farm, to a field of buckwheat which belongs to Horace. For an instant it gave me the illusion of a hill on fire; for the late sun shone full on the thick ripe stalks of the buckwheat, giving forth an abundant red glory that blossomed the eye. Horace had been proud of his crop, smacking his lips at the prospect of winter pancakes, and here I was entering his field and taking without hindrance another crop. A crop, rather, but with hands not secret in granaries—a wonderful crop, which, once gathered, may long be fed upon and yet remain unconsumed.

So I looked across the countryside; a group of elms here, a tufted hilltop there, the smooth verdure of pastures, the rich brown of new-plowed fields—and the odors, and the sounds of the country—all cropped by me. How little the fences keep me out; I do not regard titles nor consider boundaries. I enter either by day or by night, but not secretly. "Taking my fill, I have as much as I find."—From "Adventures in Contentment," by David Grayson.

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Going to Emmaus.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end, A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend, And asked them with a kind engaging air.

What their affliction was, and begged a share. Informed, he gathered up a broken thread, And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said, Explained, illustrated, and searched so well

The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell, That reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near, We must not now be parted, sojourn here."

The new acquaintance soon became a guest, And, made so welcome at their simple feast, He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word, And left them both exclaiming, "Twas the Lord!"

Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say, Did they not burn within us by the way?"
—Cowper. "Conversation."

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DEVELOPING ONE'S OWN STYLE

Style is like happiness. Every one recognizes it, every one describes it, but no two people agree as to its exact nature. Indeed, literary style has been discussed so often as the rare and few flower of perfect writing that there is a common belief that style is like a top hat, something every one may like to possess but can very well do without. Style in its more exquisite forms is, it is true, rare, and so is exquisite writing. But style as an accompaniment of good writing is not a grace superadded to what does well enough without it, but a part of excellence itself. It is not a cause but a result of good writing, and is no more beyond the reach of the aspirant than clearness or force. Who does not attempt to form a style, does not try to write as well as his subject demands and his intellect permits. . . .

Difficult to Define.
Style is not ornament. To define it positively is not so easy. Buffon asserted that order and movement were two of its chief attributes. Perhaps the simplest and most inclusive account of it, is to say that style is the measure of control over what is being written. The control itself comes from a firm handling of the idea and a mastery of expression, but when power over the order of thought and of words, and over words themselves, approaches completeness, the result is felt as a perfection, and harmony of the whole. That measure of completeness is style. There is an exact equivalence between the style of an able writer and the style of an accomplished golfer or a perfect orator. It is not what they do that gives them style, but how they do it and the effect of their doing. Thus style is beauty—but not the beauty of prettiness. Its beauty is akin to the beauty of architecture where a steel structure of most uncompromising lines has a beauty of its own, the same in cause as the beauty of the Taj Mahal though so different in effect. . . .

Do Not Copy Others.
Style of a copy is possible for every honest writer, and he must get his own style if he ever to imitate. But fluency in style, especially in the choice and disposition of words and in the harmonies of diction, is possible only for the fine nature. A literary style is quite as impossible for the un- literary as excellent music for the man without an ear. This is one difference between the necessity for accurate expression discussed in the last chapter and the desirability of an excellent and personal style. The distinction is important, and disregard of it has produced a race of would-be literary writers who learn to imitate a great style, but when they might develop an honest, if modest, style of their own. Dr. Johnson's advice to set up nights with Addison never meant that to write like Addison was desirable for every man. Models may be necessary at the beginning in order to know what can be done, although it is far better to read them, not as models of style, but as good reading; nevertheless, style is the result of writing what has to be said as well as it can be said by you in your own way. Here one can expect success without being either Addison or Shakespeare.

—Henry Seidel Canby, in "Better Writing."

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