HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

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 Furnival. 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 exposes Mary to David. Mary disappears. She meets an acquaintance, named Evans, who sees her run over by a cab and taken to a hospital. Evans tells David where to find Mary.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Where is she?—where is she? Heavens! man, can't you speak? How slow you are!"

Evans began to stammer.

"She was afraid of you, sir. Afraid! She thought you were going to punish her. She has been hiding, because she—" He stopped; there was no need to finish his words. The expression of David Bretherton's eyes was a sufficient answer; he stood back with a sort of pathetic humbleness.

"If you will come with me, I will take you to her, sir. She is in the T—— Hospital."

CHAPTER LX.

IN NO. 4 WARD.

She was lying so still—so very still when David Bretherton followed the nurse down the ward—that for a moment his heart seemed to stop beating as he bent over the narrow bed, with its painfully even folded clothes, and looked at her white face.

"Mary!" He spoke her name through the unbearable silence, but it fell on deaf ears.

The nurse looked at him pityingly.

"She cannot hear you—she has not been conscious ever since they brought her in."

She smoothed a little crease in the coarse sheet.

David was conscious of a sort of angry impatience; her calmness got on his nerves. How could one bother about a crease in a sheet when death was hovering round the bed? What did anything matter if Mary were dying?

He sat down beside the bed, and hemmed his face in his hands. It seemed to him now that he had been very cruel to her in the past; he had held back and kept silent, when a word from him might have lifted the burden she carried and brought peace between them.

He had gone on, hoping that she would tell him of her own free will; believing that some day she would come to him and make a full confession of her innocent deception.

He told himself that he had tried her too much, that he had allowed the misunderstanding to exist too long.

His natural reserve and coldness seemed to be broken up in a sudden flame of passionate remorse; he felt as if he could fall on his knees beside that silent figure, and beg her to speak to him—beg her passionately to open her eyes and smile at him once more.

But he only sat there suffering dumbly.

The nurse stood there for a moment; there was a sort of compassion in her eyes, then she turned slowly away.

She believed that Mary was dying. She did not believe that she would ever regain consciousness.

David had wired to Miss Varney that Mary had been found. He did not tell her how or when, but he knew that she would come up to town as soon as she possibly could.

He stayed at the hospital all night. They had drawn a screen round Mary's bed now; and David sat there in the almost unbearable silence watching her in agonized suspense, not daring to hope that she would ever speak to him again.

It was too late! Often that knowledge has broken a man's heart—too late to ask forgiveness, too late to speak the word of simple understanding and comfort that might have saved so much pain and suffering. Dawn broke gray and chilly; it stole into the long ward like a timid visitor, gradually driving away the shadows, and lighting up the wan faces of those who filled the narrow beds.

David was cold and weary, but he hardly knew it. He seemed to have lived through a lifetime in that one night. The face he lifted to the nurse when she came round again was gray and haggard.

"You don't think she will get better?"

There was hopeless despair in his voice; she shook her head.

"There is always hope," she said gently.

The old platitude! And yet what

But he only sat there suffering dumbly.

else is there to say when human skill has given of its best and one can only pray?

The long hours dragged by. It was midday before Miss Varney came. She had been to the Fishers', and came straight on. She was frightened and tearful; she broke down altogether when she saw Mary's still face.

"Oh, poor child! Poor darling child!" She stopped and kissed the girl's white cheek; her tears fell fast.

David moved restlessly. Somehow he envied her easy expression of grief. It was beyond him altogether. He felt as if his heart had frozen during those long hours of night watching.

Presently he allowed Miss Varney to take him away.

"It's absurd! You can do nothing, and you'll only be ill yourself," she protested, with pretended anger. "They will let you know at once if she wakes."

David followed her from the ward. He looked back once as they reached the doorway. All his life he remembered the long room, with its rows of beds and that one with the ominous screen drawn round it.

Miss Varney was longing to hear the whole story. She plied David with hundreds of questions—how he had found her, what had happened.

He answered them as best he could, but it was all such an effort.

What did the "how" and the "why" matter, when the all-absorbing fact was accomplished and irrevocable?

If she were to die, what did it matter how her death had been brought about?

"Dora Fisher was hardly civil to me," Miss Varney sobbed. "She was so rude and off-hand. David, I am so glad you never really liked that girl. At one time I thought you were rather interested in her. I was dreading that perhaps some day you would ask her to marry you. I could not have borne it; I could never have lived in the house with her—not that she would have wanted me, I suppose," the old lady added sadly.

David colored. He stood looking out of the window into the sunshine. He laughed rather mirthlessly.

CHAPTER LXI.

CONVALESCENT.

"I marry Dora? Good heavens! What next?"

Miss Varney looked at his tall figure doubtfully.

In her own heart she believed that Dora was quite capable of marrying David, whether he wished it or not, but she wisely refrained from comment.

"Well, she might have been kinder to me, anyway," she objected plaintively. "She must have seen I was in great trouble about Mary. David, do you think she will die?"

No answer. Miss Varney repeated her question timidly.

He spoke then—spoke with such passion that Miss Varney was startled. She had never believed him capable of much strong emotion; she had always considered him rather cold.

"If she dies, I shall never forgive myself or be happy again. If she dies, it will be the end of everything for me."

"David!" Miss Varney's gentle voice was full of compassion. "Oh, my poor David!"

He dragged his composure together. He looked at her half apologetically.

"I'm so sorry, dear. I thought you guessed that I—that I—" He could not go on.

Miss Varney fell to weeping afresh.

"It would have been the dream of my life. I always thought how wonderfully well suited you were, even when I believed that she was poor Nigel's widow. Oh, David, can't we do anything to save her?"

"They have done all they can."

From his quiet voice nobody would have guessed how he had been suffering. Miss Varney looked at him wonderingly.

Much as she had loved David, she had never understood him. Would he really feel it so very terribly, she asked herself, if Mary died?

They had been waiting in a little private room. Presently someone tapped at the door, and entered. It was one of the nurses.

"You are wanted at once in No. 4 ward."

She looked at David.

He caught his breath hard in his throat. His face was colorless as he strode from the room, followed by Miss Varney.

He asked no questions. He told himself that he knew what had happened. Mary was dead, and the whole sunshine of the world was blotted out forever.

* * *

It seemed but a flying second before he was back again at her bedside, but he was now afraid to look up. Now he felt that he could not raise his eyes.

Someone touched his arm.

"Speak to her—try to rouse her a little."

She was not dead then! His heart seemed throbbing in his throat. He knelt down beside her, and covered her hands with his own.

"Mary!" There was just the faintest flicker of the white eyelids. David spoke again, more urgently: "Mary!"

And now the lids were slowly lifted, and for a moment her eyes sought his face. The faraway, vague, unseeing look seemed to tremble and hesitate. Then—just the ghost of a smile quivered about the pallid lips.

"David—dear."

He was not quite sure if she really spoke the last little word of affection, or whether it was his own passionate longing alone that heard it. But with sudden abandon he stooped and kissed her lips.

(To be continued.)

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ISSUE No. 47—'26.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Valuable Work Done by Canadian Air Force.

An air mail service in Canada may be a reality of the near future, stated Capt. J. S. Scott, of Ottawa, director of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who was in Winnipeg on an inspection trip. The success which has attended the operation of such a service in the United States is now being studied by the department, Capt. Scott said, and it is intended, furthermore, to conduct some experiments in Canada in this regard.

Winnipeg is ideally located for the headquarters of an air force, Captain Scott said. He paid tribute to the splendid work done by the Manitoba Wing of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which he said was one of the best organized and most efficient parts of the organization. During the year some 215 fires were sighted by the air patrol and forest rangers rushed to the scene inconsiderably quicker time than under the old system of patrolling the forests. The air force was also doing valuable exploratory work and in mapping new areas. Last year 47,000 square miles of unknown territory was photographed from the air, much valuable information being thus obtained.

Here's a Fish Story Told for the First Time.

A fish story with an unusual twist is related by a stone-cutter in the California Cut Stone and Granite Works. John A. Ewen, the cutter, found his prize in a fissure of a limestone block when his chisel uncovered the silhouette of a 10-inch ganoid, perfect in form to the last flick of a fin and colorful scales. Dr. George D. Hanna, paleontologist of the Academy of Sciences, identified the fossil as thousands of years old, of which the gar in the Mississippi is the only living representative. The limestone was brought from Manti County, Utah. The academy gets the fish for permanent exhibit.

To Kim, A Spaniel.

Over the polished floor your scurrying feet
Slide as with frantic haste, day after day,
You greet me when the morning winds blow sweet
Across the garden from the sparkling bay,
Then by the open door you crouch, and pray
For wanderings through the orchard to cool seas,
When day is young and earth is blossom gay,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

The good red dewy earth is musty-sweet,
There are a thousand smells to chase to-day,
And many fancied foes for you to greet,
Tossing your ears and dancing to the fray,
Before we swim in the clear green-gold bay,
Then race along the sand, and lie at ease
Watching white clouds curtsey and twist and play,
And sunbeams dance between the apple trees.

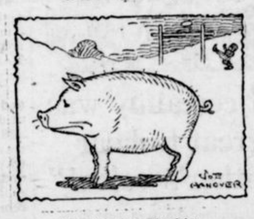
—Morwyth Rees, in The Poetry Review.

Our Yard.

The breadth of Our Yard used to be from the beehives to the red geraniums. When the beehives were New York, the geraniums were Japan, so the distance is easy to calculate. The apple-tree Alps overshadowed New York then, which seems strange now, but geography is not what it used to be. In the lapse of years the Manhattan hives have crumbled in the Alpine shade, an earthquake of garden spade has wiped Japan from the map, and where the scarlet islands lay in the sun there are green billows now, and other little boys in the grass, at play.

In the old days when you sailed away on the front gate, which swung and creaked through storms, to the other side of the sea, you could just descry through a fog of foliage the rocky shores of the back-yard fence, washed by a surf of goldenrod. If you moored your ship—for an unlatched gate meant prowling dogs in the garden, and Mother was cross at that—if you anchored your gate-craft dutifully to become a soldier, you could march to the back fence, but it was a long journey. Starting a drummer boy, you could never foretell your end, for the future was vague, even with the fence in view, and your cocked hat on your curls, and your drumsticks in your hand. . . . There was your stalled hobby-horse on the side porch, neighing to you for clover hay; and stopping to feed him meant desertion from the ranks to become a farmer, tilling the soil and bartering acorn eggs and clean sand-butter on market day. And even though you marched untempted by bucolic joys, there lay in wait for you the kitchen door, breathing a scent of cullers, of gingerbread, or apple pies, or leading your feet astray to the unscraped frosting bowl, or the remnant cookies burned on one side, and not so good for supper, but fine for weary drummer boys.

Mornings in Our Yard the clover prairie sparkled with a million gems. Strung on a blade of grass you found a necklace of diamonds. . . . When supper was over a bonfire blazed in the western sky, just over the fence. The clouds built it, you explained to Lizbeth, to keep themselves warm at night. . . . When the moon shone you could see through the window by your bed the clover prairie and the trellis mountains, silver and gold with fairies—you could see their lanterns twinkling in the trees.—From "In the Morning Glow," by Rolfe Gilson.



Kicking the Pigskin.

Pig—"There goes all that left of my poor brother over the goal!"

Knew Sheep.

A city young woman went out to teach a country school. The class in arithmetic was before her. She said: "Now children, if there are ten sheep on one side of the wall and one jumps over, how many sheep will be left?"

Then up piped a little tow-headed daughter of a farmer: "No sheep, teacher, no sheep."

"Oh, oh," cried the teacher reproachfully. "You know better than that! Think again. If there were ten sheep on one side of the wall and one jumped over, nine would be left."

"No!" persisted the child. "If one sheep jumped over all the others would jump over too. You know 'rithmetic, but I know sheep."

Best Thing.

"Did you sew the buttons on my coat, dear?"

"No. I couldn't match the buttons, but the coat is all right now. I sewed up the buttonholes!"

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Last Voyage of a Famous Ship.

One of the few survivors of the famous old clipper ships that raced from London to Australia in the sixties has sailed from Vancouver for the South Seas on her last voyage as a deep-sea carrier.

The vessel is the French barquetine Bougainville, whose strangely assorted crew includes a number of Tahitian savages and two venturesome American girls. She will end her days as a floating grain warehouse at Fiji.

The two young women on board, Miss Viola Cooper and Miss Jean Schoen, have figured prominently in New York society. They wished to voyage to Fiji in the "windjammer," and as no passengers are carried Miss Cooper signed as a stewardess, while Miss Schoen is travelling as master-mariner.

Sixty-three years ago the Bougainville slipped out of the Thames on her maiden voyage to Australia, with brass and paintwork spotless and her white sails bulging. She was then the Kimalaya, owned by the Shaw-Savill Company. She did valiant duty as a passenger liner, and many citizens of the Antipodes to-day first landed from her gang-planks.

Her record time from London to New Zealand was ninety days, so she was never in the first rank of crack sailing liners, but she made a name on account of her excellent sea-going qualities, and was popular among colonists who preferred safety and comfort to haste.

The Kimalaya became the Star of Peru when she changed hands in 1896, and for the last thirty years has been bucking ice barriers and Arctic gales in the Bering Sea under the house flag of the Alaska Packers of San Francisco.

The staunch old ship, however, at last became obsolete, and this year the Star of Peru was sold to a French firm and renamed the Bougainville.

French Airmen Fly 3750 Miles in 32 Hours.

The feasibility of a Paris to New York non-stop airplane flight is considered to have been proven by Lieutenant Costes and Captain Rignut, French military airmen, who made an aerial trip from Le Bourget, France, to Jask, on the Arabian Sea in South Persia. The distance flown was 3415 miles. The time was 32 hours.

The aviators are claiming a record only for distance in a straight line between the Le Bourget airdrome and Jask. The actual distance covered by them, counting deviation from this straight line, was about 3750 miles, which is greater than the distance between Paris and New York.

Prime.

Clear open fields with silver stacks;
Sandonyx pumpkins, earthy tracts,
Reaped of the goodly harvest yield,
Under the sun's emblazoned shield;
Ruddy maple and rugged oak—
Heraldic foliage in jewel'd cloak,
Bowering the lane, bounding the lake,
Shimmering, rippled reflections wake.

—Lucile Barrett.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

What She Said.

Little Dolly was having a great treat. It was Saturday morning, and her mother had taken her out into the town to help her with the shopping. Among the shops they went to was the greengrocer's, which was kept by a man who was very fond of children. With a smile he gave the little girl a big, red apple.

The child took it, but not one word of thanks passed her lips.

Dolly's mother was somewhat embarrassed by her little girl's lack of manners and said:

"Dear, what are you going to say?"

Dolly held out the apple to her benefactor as she said briefly:

"Peel it!"

Many a community has cried out for leaders when all it needed was a few followers.

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THE WAY TO KEEP LOVE

A young man writes: "I am about to be married. My fiancee and I are very much in love with each other, but as we look around among our married acquaintances we see that some husbands and wives have lost all the fine romance and sentiment with which they must have started out on the matrimonial voyage. They are indifferent to each other. Sometimes they are even hostile. Nearly always they bore each other.

We do not want this calamity to happen to us. What can we do to keep our love as fresh when we are fifty as it is now?"

Be Lovable.

If we wish to be loved we must make ourselves lovable.

You can't turn the entire business of keeping in love over to the other party. You have to lend a hand at the task yourself. A woman should do all she possibly can to keep her husband fascinated. A man should make every effort to keep his wife thrilled at the sound of his footsteps. But when both have put forth their utmost endeavor to keep love alive, the individual must supplement it by making a few hypnotic passes over himself!

For love is largely a matter of self-hypnosis. Even when we are in love, we know, in our lucid moments, that the men and women we have set our hearts upon are not really more beautiful, more intelligent, more angelic than the remainder of humanity. But for the time being they seem like that to us because we have concentrated all of our thoughts upon their perfections and have declined even to consider their defects.

Nothing would do more to promote domestic felicity and to keep husbands and wives in love with each other than for them to carry this state of mind into their wedded life, and to refuse to wake up from the trance into which they have thrown themselves. Therefore I can give no better advice about how to retain your affection for your wife than just to focus your eyes upon her shining virtues and wilfully blind yourself to her faults.

It is literally true that we can think ourselves in love, or out of love. We can glorify the good qualities of our husbands and wives so that we see them as we want them too be, and not as they are, or we can turn a spot-light on their bad qualities and gaze upon them until they become unendurable afflictions.

It is when a man begins to let his thoughts daily with how stout and middle-aged his wife has become, instead of how faithful and devoted she is to him; it is when a woman begins turning over and over in her mind how seldom her husband takes her out to any place of amusement, and how long it has been since he paid her a compliment, instead of remembering how hard he works to make her comfortable, that love falls sick and pines away.

Another way to keep yourself in love with your wife it to follow the Boy Scouts' motto, and do some good deed for her every day. The more we do for people the more we care for them, and any man can keep himself a romantic lover as long as he cultivates romance and treats his wife as if she were still only his sweetheart.

Earth's Surface is Always Moving.

Scientists and astronomers are now engaged in experiments which will last until December 1st, to ascertain what are the precise relative positions occupied by the various countries of the world, says an English writer. It is well known that the surface of the earth is always on the move, and there can be no doubt that our conceptions of the locations of our own and other countries are, to a great extent, incorrect.

As a basis for the work, what is called a "fundamental polygon" has been set up, consisting of the United States Naval Base at San Diego, California, the Algiers Observatory, in Africa, and the Shanghai Observatory, in China.

These places are all in approximately the same latitude, and are about eight hours apart in longitude. Time signals are being sent out all over the world by wireless, and it will be through discrepancies in the reception of them that errors in the present notions of location will be discovered.

In addition to the stations comprising the "fundamental polygon," other observatories taking part in the tests are Greenwich, Paris, Washington (U.S.A.), Berlin, and two or three in various parts of Australia and New Zealand.

Amateur wireless enthusiasts who are interested in this matter should note that, in connection with it, long-wave signals are being sent out three times daily from Annapolis (17.145 metres), Arlington, Va., or Bellvue (74.700 metres), Honolulu (11.500 metres), Saigon (17.000 metres), Bordeaux (18.900 metres), and Issy, near Paris (32.000 metres).

If, as is expected, the experiments disclose errors in the circles of longitude as already established, the result will be a general overhaul of the charts and maps now in use.

Dust from volcanic eruptions has been known to travel 500 miles through the air.

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