I waited until the first paroxysm sixing-room, and I drew her down

"Come." I urged. "We must go."

She arose, the body of the dog still

"We will bury him at the foot of

She acquiesced silently and we re-

her last objection had been removed.

Realm Of Woman---Some Interesting Features

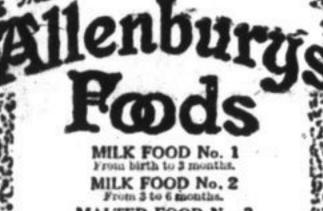


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about the changing of Baby's food from time to time. What suits at six weeks of age will not suffice at six

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old joke he may get off. Brave is the man who will stand is nothing left in life for me.' within twenty feet of anything a wo-

the dictates of a perfectly good con- ment. As we reached the spot where left the car at the corner and stood

because they are tired of fighting.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

TAKE THE RESCUED

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure

her for the time being, and I consid- of grief had passed and then I bent beside me gram I might offer looking to her morrow we will return and make comfort. So I merely arose and bade other provision.

"You need have no fear," I told it with earth which she watered with | ********** her. "You will not meet any one her tears. Then, meekly, as though

The girl was silent a moment and she followed me back up the embankthen looked intently toward me try- ment and out to the roadway which ing in vain to pierce the darkness. Led to the street car line. "It is strange," she said finally as for her to solve.

"What is strange, my dear?"

do what little I can to aid you. My of self-destruction was ended as we and Miss Aileen Craig. own regret is that you doubt me and traveled along. She was drawing the will not consent to accept my aid." girl wearily. "I know you are trying ed it was the final act. With the in- covers were laid for eight, the musical laugh she will fall for any to help me, but I do not want to be finite sorrow and patience of which guests including Miss Marjorie Pense. helped. As I told you just now, there only a woman is capable she once Miss Pense (Toronto), Miss Mildred

I did not attempt to argue with prepared to press onward, however and Miss Eva Martin, Miss May her, but stepping to her side I took great her burden might be. It takes a lot of fortitude to follow her arm and led her up the embank- We did not speak until we had she had been lying she gave a sharp before the entrance to my apartment

Some married men join the army cry and dropped to her knees.

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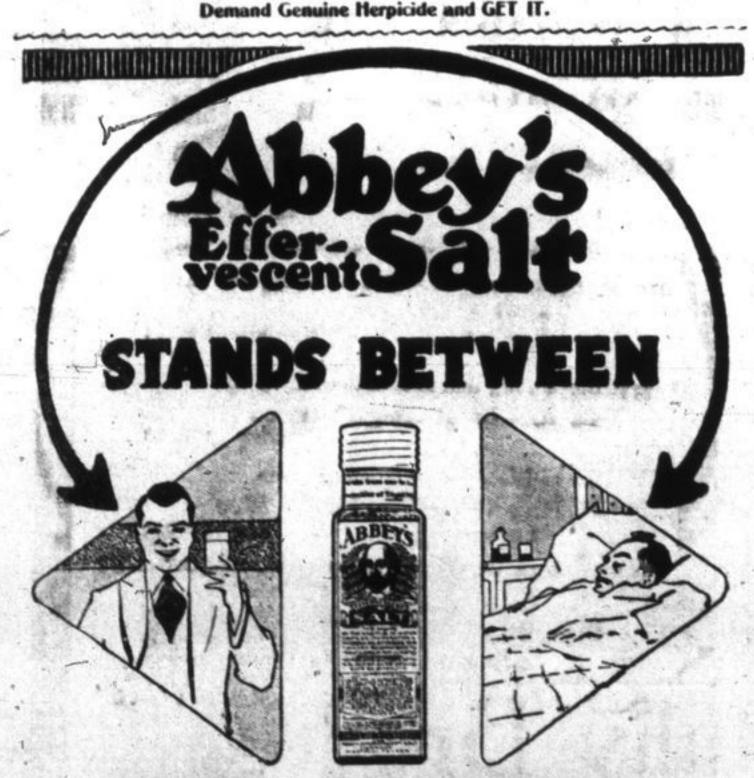
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clasping a dark object to her breast. "Poor, dear little Toots! GIRL TO MY HOME

Having saved the girl from death ing engine my next thought was to provide for ered that the best disposition just at that moment was to take her home! with me. But I did not make known my intention. She had resented my clasped tightly to her breast. efforts to save her so desperately that

her follow me. "Where are we going?" she asked traced our steps to the foot of the in such alarm that I knew at once slope, where we dug a shallow grave what she dreaded and hastened to with the branch of a tree. In it lay

"Poor little Toots;" she sobbed, fully at me. followed me into the house. The next morning when I awoke I friends.

> I had saved a girl's life, and that life now was mine. I had brought the girl home with me, and it became necessary, therefore, for me to provide for her. I must take care of her. It was a responsibility of had assumed and one from which I could not now shrink. The question before me was how I might best meet the

responsibility and solve the prob-My first, step was to dismiss from my mind all thought of going to M. Viteaux's. That now prosperous millinery establishment must dispense with my services for one day. Then I thought of the maid, and decided that I would dismiss her for the day. Under the circumstances I considered that the fewer persons there were in my department the more quickly the girl and I would estab-

lish a mutual understanding. Having got rid of the maid and telephoned Monsieur Smith, M. Viteaux's manager, whose duties were those of a floorwalker, I opened the door of the girl's room and looked

She was sleeping peacefully, her fair young face half buried in the soft pillow and a great mass of auburn hair failing about her throat and delicately rounded-breast. She would have furnished a model for an artist seeking Innocence in all its swectness and beauty.

Was it possible that this girl, hardly more than a child could want to die? Was it possible that anyone could be guilty of a reason for her wanting to die?

I moved to the bed and sat down beside here running my hand through her hair and gently stroking her brow until her eyes opened slowly and gazed wonderingly at me. In their depths at first I read only surprise, but in a moment I could see the cloud as it swept over her face when she felt the shock of realization as memory repeated to her the events of the last few hours.

She spoke no word. Her eyes closed and a slight frown furrowed hef forehead. Her red, full lips suddenly became white and pinched with pain. But this, too, soon passed and soon she was gazing at me again, this time with a new light in the depths of the great brown eyes.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked. She nodded, and I could see by the trembling lips that she did not trust herself to speak. Tears gathered. I tightened my hold on her shoulder and together we sat silent for a moment, each understanding, each full

of sympathy for the other. "I have brought some of my clothes so that you can have a bath." I told her gently after a while. "When you are ready, we will get breakfast together. The maid is not here today and we shall be afone."

She considered this situation for a sweetness and beauty. up. I showed her where the bathroom was and soon heard her splashing about in the tuo. In a few minutes more she came into the sitting room, clad in one of my morning negliges.

"It is not much too large for you.

She kicked the hem of the skirt and smiled faintly over at me. "It is very nice and cool, but I am afraid it is just a triffe too long. But shall pin it up so that it will not

"Do whatever you wish with it, only come along quickly and help me cook breakfast. I am famishing. And I believe she was, too, for when we sat down shortly afterward

obviously good manners could Throughout the meal she spoke only a word or two, and then only in responce to some question from me She was not so ill at ease as she was benumbed by the tragic events of the night before. Her mind dwelt constantly, I knew, upon herself as she there on the railroad track waiting for the train to come and crush out her life. - Once when I glanced suddenly at her I saw that her eves It was the form of the dog which were wide with horror, and I knew had remained so long at her side hat she had passed beyond the point that he could not escape the oncom- where she was willing to kill herself.

> "Now," I said, "let us have a little (To Be Continued)

After breakfast we Feturned to the

Told In Twilight the little dog's body and we covered

(Continued from Page 7.) Mrs. Ross M. McRae, Brock street, was hostess at a most delightful informal tea on Tuesday aftermoon She asked no questions and I honor of her sister, Miss Ruth Malthough the problem was too great vouchsafed no explanation as the car der of Montreal. Those present were: carried us homeward. She sat, a Mrs. A. C. McPherson, Mrs. G. W. grief-stricken, silent little figure at Wright, Mrs. A. Turner, Mrs. H. W. "That you should go to all this the window, her face half-turned and Snelling, Mrs. E. Rees, Mrs. R. Day, trouble for me: Why did you not her eyes peering sadly into the dark- Mrs. W. Craig, Mrs. G. H. Williamwait a few minutes and it would all ness. Whatever battle she had to son, Miss Vera Vanluven, Miss Jessie fight was fought there. Whatever Nicol, Miss Olive Chown, Miss Lor-"You must not talk that way," I disappointment she felt because of raine Allen, Miss Jessie Hutton, Miss replied. "It is no trouble for me to her inability to carry out her purpose Evelyn Crawford, Miss May Hanley

curtain on an act in the drama of her ... A high tea was giver at the Coun-"I do not doubt you," returned the life and as far as we were concern- ty ('lub on Wednesday evening when more took up the threads of life and Jones, Miss Lillian Kent, Miss Grace Rogers and Miss Molfie Saunders.

> Mrs. Buxtor. Smith. Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Fisher, Otta-There she paused and looked doubt- wa, for the coming month, and was the guest of honor at a small tea on "You are taking me to your Tuesday given by Mrs. C. W. C. Bate.

Mrs. Daniel T. Smith has returned She hesitated a moment and then to Ottawa from Kingston and Toronto where she has been visiting

Mrs. John Fairlie, Brock street, is lay quietly in bed and considered the problem which I had undertaken to staying with her daughter, Mrs. Wood, Avenue Road, Toronto. Lieut. A. S. Burgess, Victoria, B.C. 230th Battalion, has returned to



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Mrs. Austin Gillies, who isat pre-

sent in England, expects to sail for Canada very shortly. Mrs. R. J. MacDowall and Miss Elda MacDowall, Gore street, have returned from New York and Atlantic

Mrs. Edward Ryan and her daughter, Mrs. Neil Black, who have been in England for some time, have sailed for Canada and are expected home

The marriage of Miss Matilda B. Brockville, after visiting his cousin, Charette, Boston, Mass., to Staff. Mrs. T. W. Gibson, 458 Division Sergt, W. H. Pritchard, 253rd Battalion (Queen's University) took place quietly on April 11th. Staff -Sergt. Prof. and Mrs. William Nicol, Al- Pritchard, well known in Montreal, bert street, have returned, from expects to leave with his battalion Long Beach, Catifornia, where they shortly for overseas.

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No man ever lost his self-respect It takes a man of push to prope even a wheelbarrow

