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If a man tells a woman she has a musical laugh she will fall for any old joke he may get off. Brave is the man who will stand within twenty feet of anything a woman throws at. It takes a lot of fortitude to follow the dictates of a perfectly good conscience. Some married men join the army because they are tired of fighting.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

I TAKE THE RESCUED GIRL TO MY HOME.

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Having saved the girl from death my next thought was to provide for her for the time being, and I considered 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 efforts to save her so desperately that I felt that she would oppose any program I might offer looking to her comfort. So I merely arose and bade her follow me.

"Where are we going?" she asked in such alarm that I knew at once what she dreaded and hastened to reassure her.

"You need have no fear," I told her. "You will not meet any one you know."

The girl was silent a moment and then looked intently toward me trying in vain to pierce the darkness.

"It is strange," she said finally as though the problem was too great for her to solve.

"What is strange, my dear?"

"That you should go to all this trouble for me. Why did you not wait a few minutes and it would all have been over."

"You must not talk that way," I replied. "It is no trouble for me to do what little I can to aid you. My own regret is that you doubt me and will not consent to accept my aid."

"I do not doubt you," returned the girl wearily. "I know you are trying to help me, but I do not want to be helped. As I told you just now, there is nothing left in life for me."

I did not attempt to argue with her, but stepping to her side I took her arm and led her up the embankment. As we reached the spot where she had been lying she gave a sharp cry and dropped to her knees.

"Poor little Toots," she sobbed.

clasping a dark object to her breast. "Poor, dear little Toots!"

It was the form of the dog which had remained so long at her side that he could not escape the oncoming engine.

I waited until the first paroxysm of grief had passed and then I bent down beside her.

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

She arose, the body of the dog still clasped tightly to her breast.

"We will bury him at the foot of the embankment," I suggested. "To-morrow we will return and make other provision."

She acquiesced silently and we retraced our steps to the foot of the slope, where we dug a shallow grave with the branch of a tree. In it lay the little dog's body and we covered it with earth which she watered with her tears. Then, meekly, as though her last object had been removed, she followed me back up the embankment and out to the roadway which led to the street car line.

She asked no questions and I volunteered no explanation as the car carried us homeward. She sat, a grief-stricken, silent figure at the window, her face half-turned and her eyes peering sadly into the darkness. Whatever battle she had to fight was fought there. Whatever disappointment she felt because of her inability to carry out her purpose of self-destruction was ended as we traveled along. She was drawing the curtain on an act in the drama of her life and as far as we were concerned it was the final act. With the infinite sorrow and patience of which only a woman is capable she once more took up the threads of life and prepared to press forward, however great her burden might be.

We did not speak until we had left the car at the corner and stood before the entrance to my apartment. There she paused and looked doubtfully at me.

"You are taking me to your home?"

I nodded.

She hesitated a moment and then followed me into the house.

The next morning when I awoke I lay quietly in bed and considered the problem which I had undertaken to solve.

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 I 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 problem.

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 establish 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 in.

She was sleeping peacefully, her fair young face half buried in the soft pillow and a great mass of auburn hair falling about her throat and delicately rounded breast. She would have furnished a model for an artist seeking Innocence in all its sweetness 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 her, running my hand through her hair and gently stroking her brow until her eyes opened slowly and gazed wondering 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 her 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 alone."

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 tub. 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, is it?" I asked.

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 trifle too long. But I shall pin it up so that it will not be soiled."

"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

she ate as rapidly as a person of obviously good manners could. Throughout the meal she spoke only a word or two, and then only in response to some question from me. She was not so ill at ease as she was denuded by the tragic events of the night before. Her mind dwelt constantly, I knew, upon herself as she lay there on the railroad track waiting for the train to come and crush on her life. Once when I glanced suddenly at her I saw that her eyes were wide with horror, and I knew that she had passed beyond the point where she was willing to kill herself. After breakfast we returned to the sitting-room, and I drew her down beside me.

"Now," I said, "let us have a little talk."

(To Be Continued)

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 7.)

Mrs. Ross M. McKee, Brock street, was hostess at a most delightful informal tea on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sister, Miss Ruth M. McKee of Montreal. Those present were Mrs. A. C. McPherson, Mrs. G. W. Wright, Mrs. A. Turner, Mrs. H. W. Snelling, Mrs. E. Rees, Mrs. R. Day, Mrs. W. Craig, Mrs. G. H. Williams, Miss Vera Vanluyen, Miss Jessie Nicol, Miss Olive Clowen, Miss Lorraine Allen, Miss Jessie Hutton, Miss Evelyn Crawford, Miss May Hanley and Miss Aileen Craig.

A high tea was given at the Country Club on Wednesday evening when covers were laid for eight, the guests including Miss Marjorie Pense, Miss Pense (Toronto), Miss Mildred Jones, Miss Lillian Kent, Miss Grace and Miss Eva Martin, Miss May Rogers and Miss Mollie Saunders.

Mrs. Buxton Smith, Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. J. P. Fisher, Ottawa, for the coming month, and was the guest of honor at a small tea on Tuesday given by Mrs. C. W. C. Bate.

Mrs. Daniel T. Smith has returned to Ottawa from Kingston and Toronto where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. John Fairlie, Brock street, is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Wood, Avenue Road, Toronto.

Lieut. A. S. Burgess, Victoria, B.C., 230th Battalion, has returned to Brockville, after visiting his cousin, Mrs. T. W. Gibson, 453 Division street.

Prof. and Mrs. William Nicol, Albert street, have returned, from Long Beach, California, where they

"Nature" chose Assam

Scientists tell us that Assam in northern India was the original home of the tea plant. Thousands of years ago "Nature" chose the climate and soil of this favored region as most suitable for growing tea.

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RED ROSE TEA is good tea

have been spending the winter months. Mrs. Austin Gillies, who is at present 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 City. Mrs. Edward Ryan and her daughter, Mrs. Nell Black, who have been in England for some time, have sailed for Canada and are expected home next week. The marriage of Miss Matilda B. Charette, Boston, Mass., to Staff-Sergt. W. H. Pritchard, 253rd Battalion (Queen's University) took place quietly on April 11th. Staff-Sergt. Pritchard, well known in Montreal, expects to leave with his battalion shortly for overseas.

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