

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

ARTHUR MANDEL KNOWS ABOUT BRIAN'S EVENINGS WITH MOLLIE.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Kenyon Roberts had not been the only one who had seen Brian going toward the Square with parcels under his arm; but while Kenyon had not investigated where he was taking them, Arthur Mandel had.

It all came about through an accident. One night while Ruth was away, Mandel was in the locality of Brian's office. He saw him come out, and thinking he would like to know if he—Brian—were taking that rent girl out again, he followed him for a block or two. He saw him stop and buy fruit and then go into a butcher shop and come out with a brown paper parcel. To Mandel's amazement he walked directly to one of the shabby houses near the Square and disappeared.

With a slow whistle pursing his lips, Mandel turned and went about his business, but joyfully. Surely Ruth must soon find out that Brian was unfaithful. He of course credited Brian with doing far more than he had; and of being in love with Mollie, and not with Ruth.

Arthur Mandel, with his disposition, could not conceive of caring for a woman like Ruth, and yet being tempted to hurt her because of loneliness, or because of a liking he might feel for a woman so much her opposite as was Mollie King.

He was not the sort of man who carried tales; yet he sorely longed for Ruth to know what he suspected as truth. The longer she was with

him, the more he saw of her, the more in love he had become. It seemed at times that he could not live without her, that she must belong to him. Yet instinctively he knew that to make the slightest advance would be to lose her altogether. Even to lose her from the store, did she so much as mistrust his feeling, he knew was a probability. Yet day after day it became harder to hide the love he had for her, the desire to try and make her return it.

"I know I could make her care if I could try," he would often mutter to himself. Yet he dared not try.

Ruth had no slightest idea that she was more to her employer than any of the other clerks, except as her work made her perhaps a more valuable asset to the firm. She gave herself wholeheartedly to her work, never elighting anything, never asking favors, or presuming in any way because she had found she was necessary. Arthur Mandel was not unaware of this and he thought the more of her because of it.

"There never was another like her," he said, one day, after she left some finished plans for him to consider. "What is that fool husband of hers thinking of neglecting such a woman?"

That Brian did not call it neglect, that he felt perfectly justified because of what he considered neglected of him, would have surprised Mandel. Had he known that Ruth paid most of the expenses of the living, so

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FOR AMERICAN ARMIES.

England Is to Make Over 3,000,000 Garments.

Washington, Nov. 5.—Contracts have been placed with the British Government for the manufacture of 1,800,000 pair of trousers and 1,400,000 coats for the American Expeditionary Forces, acting Quartermaster General Wood announced yesterday. At the same time supplementary orders were placed for 1,000,000 yards of cloth to be used in the manufacture of officers' uniforms. General Wood denied reports that these contracts have had the effect of curtailing the manufacture in England of cloth for civilian use.

Quebec Postmaster Dies.

Quebec, Nov. 4.—Arthur J. Turcotte, postmaster of Quebec, died here at the age of sixty-eight years. He was appointed postmaster in 1915 by the late Hon. T. Charles Casgrain, then Postmaster-General.

The United Farmers will make their next fight in North Ontario for the seat in the legislature made vacant by the recent death of William H. Hoyle, M.P.P.

The people of Valenciennes gave the Canadians a great reception when they entered the city after the retreating Germans.

Hon. Robert Rogers may lead the provincial opposition at the next election against the Norris Government in Manitoba.

If you draw the line of morality for others see that you follow it yourself.

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Fellow Feeling and a Fruit Stand.

I took him quite for granted—his high power car, his wonderfully equipped offices, and his row of waiting clients. I wrote him down mentally, as a dentist who had met with success; in the back of my mind there was an idea, that some one had left him a lot of money, making the road to success for him no rougher than a joy riding boulevard.

One day he called to take me out to his home for dinner. As he got into his seat behind the wheel he remarked "I'll have to drive a little bit out of our way. They need some fruit at home, and they told me to bring it with me."

"No need to go out of your way," I assured him, "there is a fruit store on the next corner."

"Yes, I know. But there is a kid in business for himself four streets over. I want to buy from him."

"A friend," I asked, just mildly



interested, as I gazed back into the comfortable seat.

"No—I don't know him—but I'm always interested to help a kid who starts out for himself—especially in the fruit business. I was in that business myself at fourteen—it's fellow feeling, I guess—fact," he asserted, answering my look of astonishment.

"And before that I was a boot black, and before that a newsy. I started in the fruit business one fair week. I had a stand on the fair grounds and I slept under it at night. I got my first fifty dollars worth of fruit for twenty dollars down, and the balance to be paid at noon—I sold pop and sandwiches as well, before the end of the week, and when I counted my profits I had cleared over five hundred dollars. I went into partnership with a Greek. After that I worked days and went to night school. Later I put myself through as a dentist—it is quite a tough pull doing it that way—that's why I feel for this kid." We had arrived at the little shop and he went in to make his purchases, leaving me to marvel at the romance which often underlies the apparently prosaic story of business success.

that Brian would feel he could use his money for what he liked, would have surprised him still more.

Ruth had paid the rent ever since they took the new and larger apartment. She had paid it in advance, and then as it came due had stopped on her way home and paid the agent. She explained to Brian that, as she had to go right by his office, it would be foolish for him (Brian) to make a trip up there purposely to pay it. After the second month it had not been mentioned; but Ruth went right on paying. She also paid Rachel. Brian looked over the grocery and meat bills, and paid these as well as the gas and electric light.

But often Ruth brought in a roast or a chicken, fruit, etc., so the bills were small. She was determined that Brian should not feel embarrassed because he had no money in his pockets. Had she known that almost every cent outside of that expended on the home, his smoking and carfare, was spent with Mollie King, or in some way to be with her, she might not have been so generous in her impulses.

Brian had gone regularly twice a week for his lessons, Tuesday and Friday. He came home punctually at about ten-thirty, and aside from asking how he was getting along, had not again been questioned. But Mollie had one night remarked that it was a pity to go way up-town and then back again. Brian decided that it was a pity, and also unnecessary. He would stay down to dinner, and then go home earlier.

He mentioned the subject to Ruth.

"I can get a snack, Ruth, then have my lesson early and get home at nine instead of after ten."

Ruth had acquiesced, as she usually did in anything Brian proposed that would make him more comfortable.

Someway, she happened to mention the next Tuesday night that there was no need of hurrying away—Mandel had told her she needn't stay, although the work was important work to do—because she was alone. He at once seized upon the fact and led her to dine with him.

"If you will, I shall accept your offer to remain until seven. If not, I can't allow you to do so," he had said so kindly that Ruth had agreed to take dinner with him after they had finished the work in hand.

To Be Continued.

AWFUL DEATH TOLL IN SOUTH AFRICA

Thousands of Victims Have Been Claimed by the Spanish Influenza.

Cape Town, South Africa, Nov. 5.—Some idea of the magnitude of the influenza scourge can be gained from the fact that almost every village has sustained losses. Besides 7,500 victims in Cape Town, 4,500 in Kimberley, the known deaths to-day total 1,000 in Pretoria, 600 each in Johannesburg and Stellenbosch. Durban escaped with only forty-seven deaths. Naturally it was the colored population that suffered most, but latterly many whites succumbed to septic pneumonia.

Deaths among the British official and military community in South-West Africa to date have been 125. Up to the present time it has been impossible to estimate the death toll in native territories.

The outstanding feature of the epidemic has been the success of the influenza vaccine from the Government bacteriological laboratories. This has proved to be a wonderful preventive and safeguard against pneumonia, while some doctors achieved remarkably satisfactory results from inoculation during illness.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.

From Italy, sweet land of song,
Which gave us many a golden voice
That spellbound held the listening throng
And made each hearer's heart rejoice,
There comes to-day o'er land and sea,
A soldier band in brave attire
To charm us with sweet melody
And thrill our souls with martial fire.

These shall envision us a land
One with our own from shore to shore,
From lofty Alps to southern strand,
Strong in her passion to restore
Her cities set amid the hills,
Her ravished ports upon the main,
To end their tale of cruel ills
And take them to her breast again.

Our sons with hers fight side by side,
That all earth's peoples may be free,
And so shall strive until the tide
Bears us to final victory.
Therefore to you, who bring to-day
Harmonious greetings, be it known
That though our skies be cold and grey
Our hearts are warm as are your own.

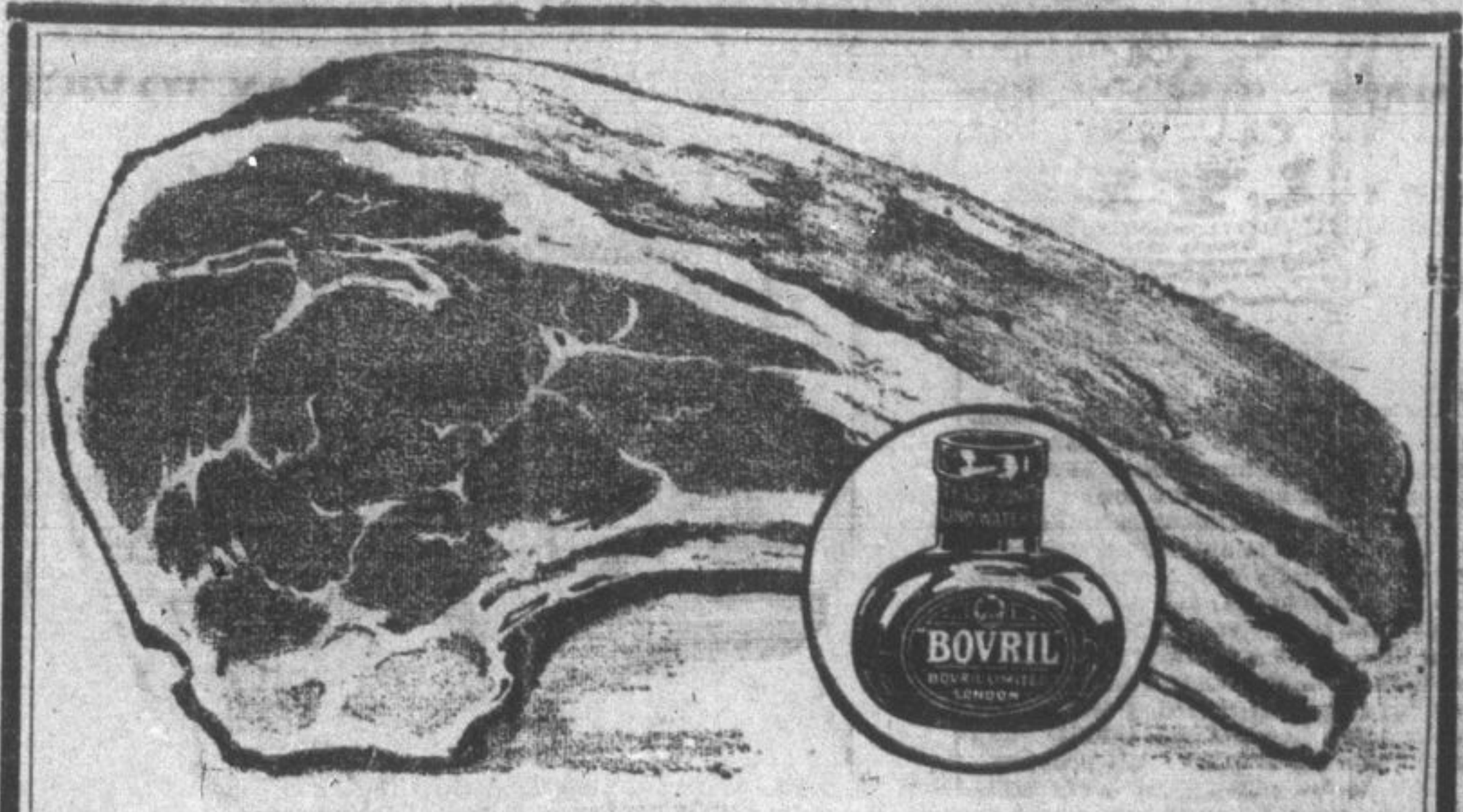
—Touchstone.

The authorities in London are as anxious as the people of New Zealand that the islands in the Pacific formerly in enemy hands shall not be allowed to go back to them.

Any woman can keep an expensive account, but only about one woman in a hundred can make it tally with her cash account.

If a girl doesn't marry her first love it isn't her fault.

A call to arms: "John, take the baby."



It takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of Bovril

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THE vital elements that give beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

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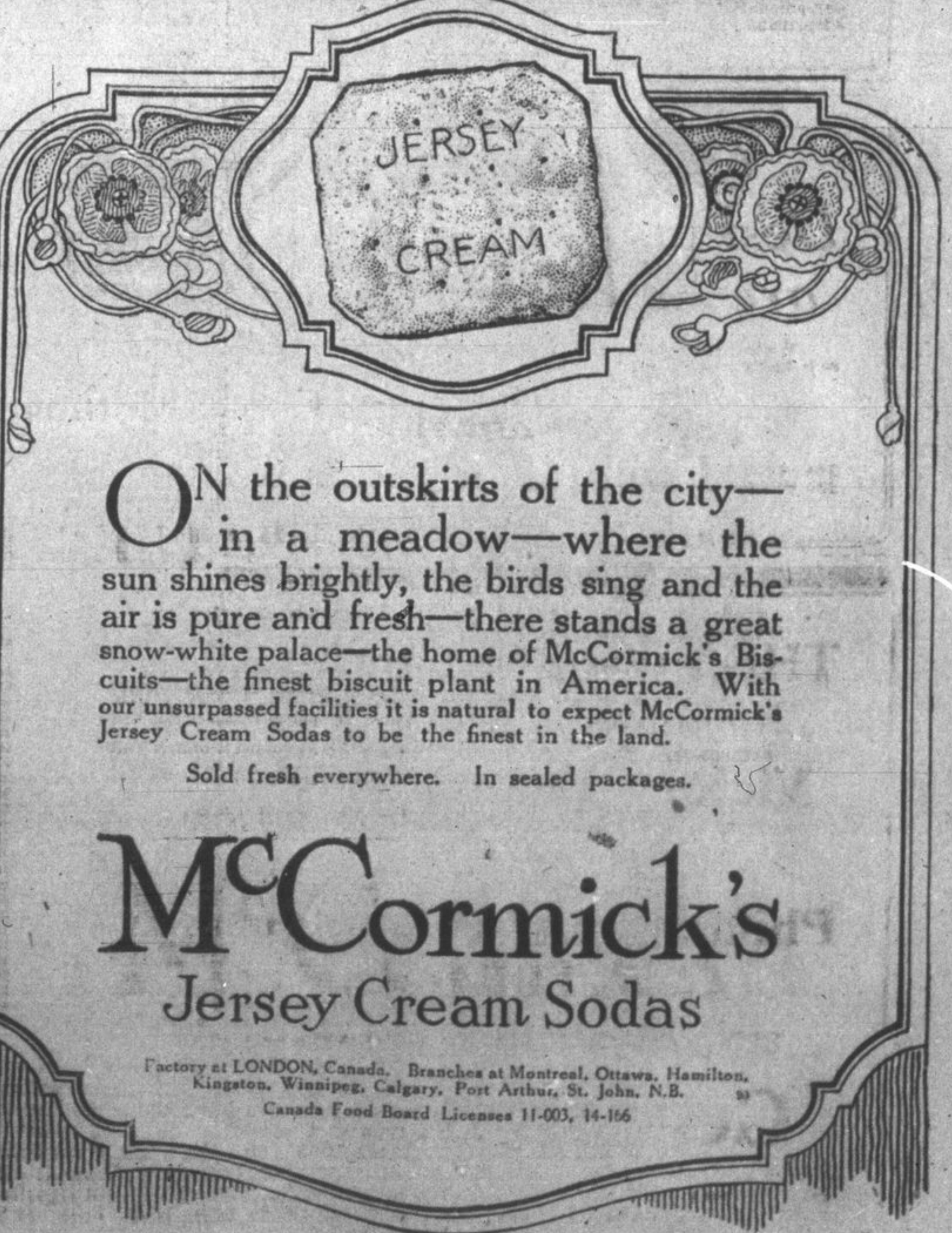
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