

In the Realm of Women --- Some Interesting Features

The Promoter's Wife

By Jane Phelps

BARBARA WELCOMES NEIL MORE EAGERLY THAN EVER BEFORE

CHAPTER, LXVI.

As I leaned back in the car, my cheeks burning, fairly trembling with indignation, and the temerity of my lady's sentence to Blanche Orton, I wished with all my heart that Neil were at home. He should not visit Blanche any more. How careless I had been not to realize the lengths to which his anxiety for his business would take him. She had said she was willing to "crucify" herself to help my husband. What did she mean? Was she so in love with him?—Somebody I didn't quite believe that, and I was not at all ready to believe that Neil cared for her in a way to wrong me. No—it was all a part of this business tangle, and—secrecy.

Had I struck the right reason for her compliance when I said that she of course repudiated benefits from having those vulgar men at her table. It was common talk that Mr. Orton had left very little, was she being paid to entertain Neil and his friends?

The longer I thought of this the more positive was I that I had hit upon the correct solution. It was for money that she was crucifying herself—not for Neil.

I had no sooner arrived at this decision than I was happier. If she were being paid like any hotel or club for entertaining a lot of coarse men who were necessary to Neil because they were wealthy and could advance his interests, it put a different phase upon the matter altogether. I couldn't help but despise her for being willing to lend herself to any such schemes, but I knew she was luxurious. And if she needed money—well, people would do a lot when they wanted money that they wouldn't think of doing without that need.

It was not a nice construction to put upon an action, but in a way it made me less uneasy about Neil's intimacy with her. If it was, as I now tried to make myself think, a purely business arrangement, I had no reason to be personally jealous of them. No cause to fear the fascinating Blanche. Yet as I recalled how charming, how enticing she was in her daring negligee, I wondered that Neil, or any man, could withstand her seductiveness.

to my office, intending to examine my papers in my absence?" started unbelief and rising anger in his tones.

"Yes—they are saying you aren't quite—fair in business. And I wanted to prove you are, and"—

"D— them, and I tell you once for all never to dare touch my papers!" he was livid he was so angry. And we had the worst quarrel we ever had before I could pacify him as to the innocence of my intent. He wouldn't come to bed, but remained in the library all night. It was terrible for me, I had so longed to have him home.

(To Be Continued.)

TALKING IT OVER

—With Lorna Moon—

A Dear Old Goose

"Only a new hat, or a letter from over there, could make you look like that." I challenged the soldier's pretty wife, which "is it—less up!"

"You're a witch," she answered, her eyes dancing. "It's both. And I'm going on a bat."

"What kind of a bat?"

"Clothes," she cried gleefully. "Come on, come with me. I'm full of money!"

"But why the wild burst of extravagance after two years of economy?"

"That's why—too much economy. I haven't got a thing to wear. Jack's on his way home," she continued in breathless glee, "read this; no, wait, I'll read it." She pulled a letter from her shopping bag, extracted a cheque from it and waved it triumphantly. "I told me to spend it all on pretty clothes, the prettier the better, says if he finds me in uniform or anything that's grey or drab and sensible he'll get a divorce. Listen to this, 'the thought of home and you make me quite light headed, and funnily enough, I always picture you having breakfast with me, and you are wearing one of those fluffy silk things and a lace cap like you wore on our honeymoon. Get something like that, dear; the sight of a woman in uniform, pretty though it is, just reminds me of war and misery. In France the women are all in black, and in England they are all in uniform. I'll never feel that the war is over until I see you dripping along in a pair of silly little slippers with high heels.'" She looked up from the letter with a laugh, and said, "I'm glad he wrote this, for I intended to meet him in a serge frock and walking shoes—wasn't he funny about the lace cap?—the dear old goose!"

DIED AT NORTHBROOK.

The Late James Preslar, Aged Eighty-Nine.

Northbrook, April 21.—James Preslar, an old and most highly respected citizen, passed away Sunday night after a short illness. Mrs. Preslar had lived here for many years and was always a good neighbor, a kind father and a very active member of the Methodist church. His family were with him to the last, there being Mrs. R. Robinson of Queensboro, Mrs. Campbell of Ottawa, Marshall Preslar of Napanee, and Mrs. William Both at whose home he died. Deceased was 89 years of age.

Pte. Ervin Woodcock has returned to Kingston for his sixth operation on his shattered arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson and family spent Sunday at George Selman's. Mrs. Myrtle Newton is in Kingston for dental treatment. Mr. and Mrs. William Kehoe and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosley spent the weekend with Ardoek friends.

Dr. T. J. C. Tuttle of Plinton purchased a fine driver from C. C. Thompson, Friday. A number of mining enthusiasts are expected at the Ore chimney mines this week. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hughes have returned to their farm after spending the winter in Toronto. Harve Fuller is leading his car en route to his new farm near Plinton. Ervin Sifers is home from Mountain Grove. Miss Veva Thompson is visiting her grandparents at Harlowe.

In view of the widespread distress and demoralization that would likely arise if many thousands of girls under the age of eighteen, who, during the war, have been engaged in industry were thrown haphazard on to the labor market, the British minister of reconstruction has caused an extensive inquiry to ascertain the conditions of juvenile employment during the war and the probable conditions after the war.



A GOOD AUTHORITY

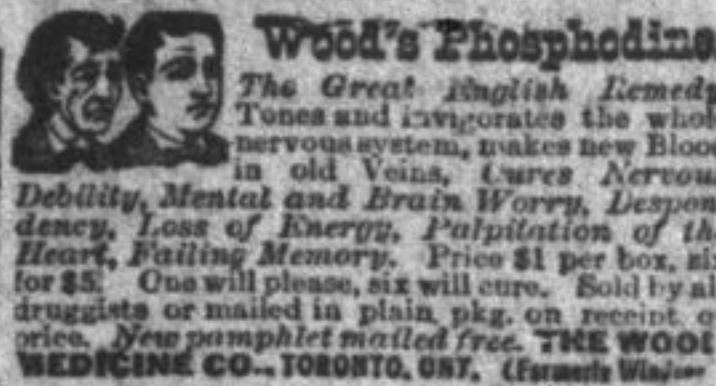
"Jack may escape after all. The young widow says he is clever but impossible."

"If the young widow has found him impossible he must be clever."

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