

## San Every Day Who

By Idah McGlone Gibson

### THE UNWELCOME TRUTH

"Tell Major Gordon that I will be down immediately," said Eliene as the maid this time merely announced him, instead of sending up to my room.

But after she had left, Eliene seemed to hesitate. She had dressed herself most becomingly and, as always, was immaculately groomed. But she went to my mirror and patted her hair more firmly in place, although she knew that it would become a soft fluff again in a moment.

Eliene's hair was not the least of her attractions.

She dipped into my powder box and rubbed the puff lightly over her nose. She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her gown of dark, reddish brown and gold. She thrust first one and then the other of her little brown satin slippers, with their beautiful gold buckles, out for close inspection. She even took up my buffer and gave her nails an extra polish.

"Go on, my dear, and put him out of misery," I said, as I gently pushed her through the door.

"Do you know Margot, I am afraid," she whispered. "It seems so all cut and dried you know. Major Gordon knows what he is coming to say and I know what he is coming to say, and he knows that I know what he is coming to say, and he knows what I am going to answer and I know he knows that I know that he knows what—"

"Here, here, Eliene," I exclaimed. "There is no need of setting me crazy just because you are."

I waited until Eliene had reached the bottom of the stairs and then I went back slowly into my room to think over and analyze a curious expression I saw on Dr. Robert's face when he told me the other day that I must be quiet for a little while. In a flash it came to me that Robert's look confirmed what I had myself suspected for some time. Before I knew it I found myself sobbing and crying as though my heart were breaking. Under ordinary circumstances the thought that a child was coming to me would have made me the happiest woman in the world. But now I knew that I had been putting the thought away from me for the last few weeks because of Theo's impulsive speech when I told him about Valerie. Theo did not want a baby, and just now, when I knew that Sallie Saunders was going to make her great play for my husband, I wanted to be able to meet her on her own ground. I realized that with Theo's love of beauty I would be temporarily at a disadvantage. I wanted for the next year at least to be able to dance, to go whenever or wherever Theo wanted me to go with him. I felt I needed that freedom for self defence.

I will never be able to understand why at this time I was so very sure that Sallie Saunders was really intent upon taking my husband from me, but I simply knew it was exactly what she was going to try to do.

I had been taught that no other woman would have any chance with a man beside the woman who was to become the mother of his child, but I couldn't feel that that applied to Theo. Besides, Theo had told me in so many words that he did not want children, and knowing him as I did, I realized that he would act as though it were a direct bit of contrariness on my part. For the moment I forgot all I had said to my whispering tree about holding a babe in my arms—a baby of my very own. I determined to tell no one of my condition.

The afternoon lengthened into twilight. The maid came to my door to say that dinner was served and that Miss Eliene had sent her to say that Major Gordon was dining with us.

The maid also delivered the information that neither Dad Symone nor Dr. Robert was in the house.

"Tell Miss Eliene that I have one of my severe headaches and that if she will excuse me I will not dine with her and Major Gordon."

This message brought Eliene to my room. As soon as I looked at her I did not need the sight of a wonderful pearl and diamond ring to tell me that all was well with her.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Margot, and so happy," she exclaimed.

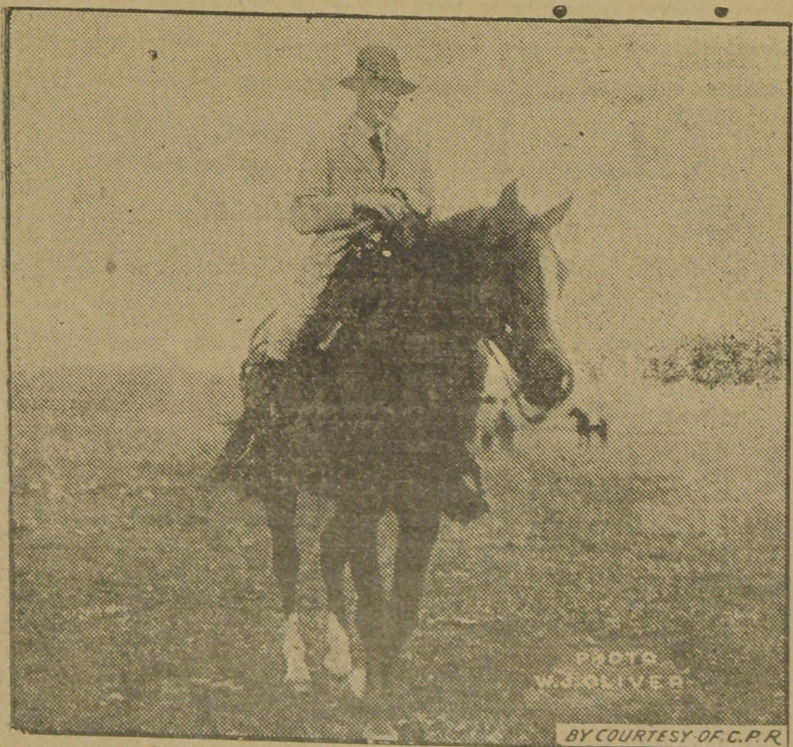
"You probably mean, dear, that you are sorry I have a headache and that you are happy because at last you have heard Major Gordon say for the hundredth or so time that he never loved any one but you."

"Yes," answered Eliene, innocently. "Isn't it strange, dear, that although the Major has seen many girls he has been interested in he has never really known what love meant until I told him I would be his wife?"

I did not detain Eliene long enough to remind her that a few moments before the Major came she had said he would do this very thing.

"Oh, Love! Love, what a glamour you are able to throw over humanity," I said to myself as she left, and I wept again because I seemed to stand without its radiance.

(Tomorrow—"Love Makes the World Go Round")



The Prince Rides Over Bark Ranch, Near Calgary.

## "I HAVE PROVED"

Zam-Buk, invaluable for eczema, both in the case of my baby and myself," says Mrs. L. Bonin of West Arichat, N.S. She adds: "Baby's skin was badly broken out, but repeated applications of Zam-Buk entirely cured it."

"In my own case, I had eczema on my hands, which made it very inconvenient for me to do my housework. Particularly was this so, as it aggravated the trouble so to put my hands in water. By using Zam-Buk, however, I soon got relief, and it was not very long before every trace of the trouble had disappeared. I really think no home should be without Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk is equally good for all skin injuries. All dealers 50c. box.

## Zam-Buk

## GREAT LOVE TYPIFIED IN A LONDON STATUE

London.—The Lady in Bronze, how many of the thousands who pass her every day here in smoky prosaic old London, really know who she is or what story lies behind the arms ever stretched upward in silent grief toward the effigy of her lover?

Ah, say not there is no romance in London. In this quiet little garden spot, buried between a row of lofty buildings and the river; here where nurses bring their charges to romp and where seedy old gentlemen find quiet corners in which to eat their apples and read the Times, a romance is cast in enduring bronze and marble.

Probably the story of this romance never has been published in America for very few know it, and even of those few there has been none who has fortified his courage to the point of attempting to tell it.

When you have finished reading, you must have discovered why this should be.

Not many years ago a Famous Man died. I cannot even so much as hint why he was famous beyond saying his name was known wherever the English language is spoken. He was counted a genius.

As with all of us, his life had as many sorrows as joys; perhaps even the sorrows predominated. But the one transcendent joy of his life lay in love for a woman—the great love of his whole existence.

In the case of the Famous Man this great love was—well—as Kipling put it, "without benefit of clergy." So did Fate rudely play with both the man and the woman.

She was radiantly beautiful; of a freshness of youthful beauty which more than once had impelled painters and sculptors to seek her consent to sit for that master creation of which every artist dreams. Always she had refused; what she possessed of the charm of beauty and feminine allure was for the man she adored and for him only.

He died, suddenly and in mid career.

His admirers decided to grace one of the city's many green breathing spaces with a memorial to him. A sculptor was chosen to execute the work and his name was published.

Then to him went the woman whom the Famous Man had loved—went secretly because she was not strong enough to endure that all the world should know the secret only a few shared. She asked him to use her body as a model for the thing he was to create.

So now in this quiet bit of green, a little away from the full roar of London's life, the Lady in Bronze, gorgeously perfect in her semi-nudity, kneels through sun and rain, fog and storm, with her arms lifted in appeal to the bust of the Famous Man just beyond reach of her appealing hands.

## PASSED OVER ST. JOHN

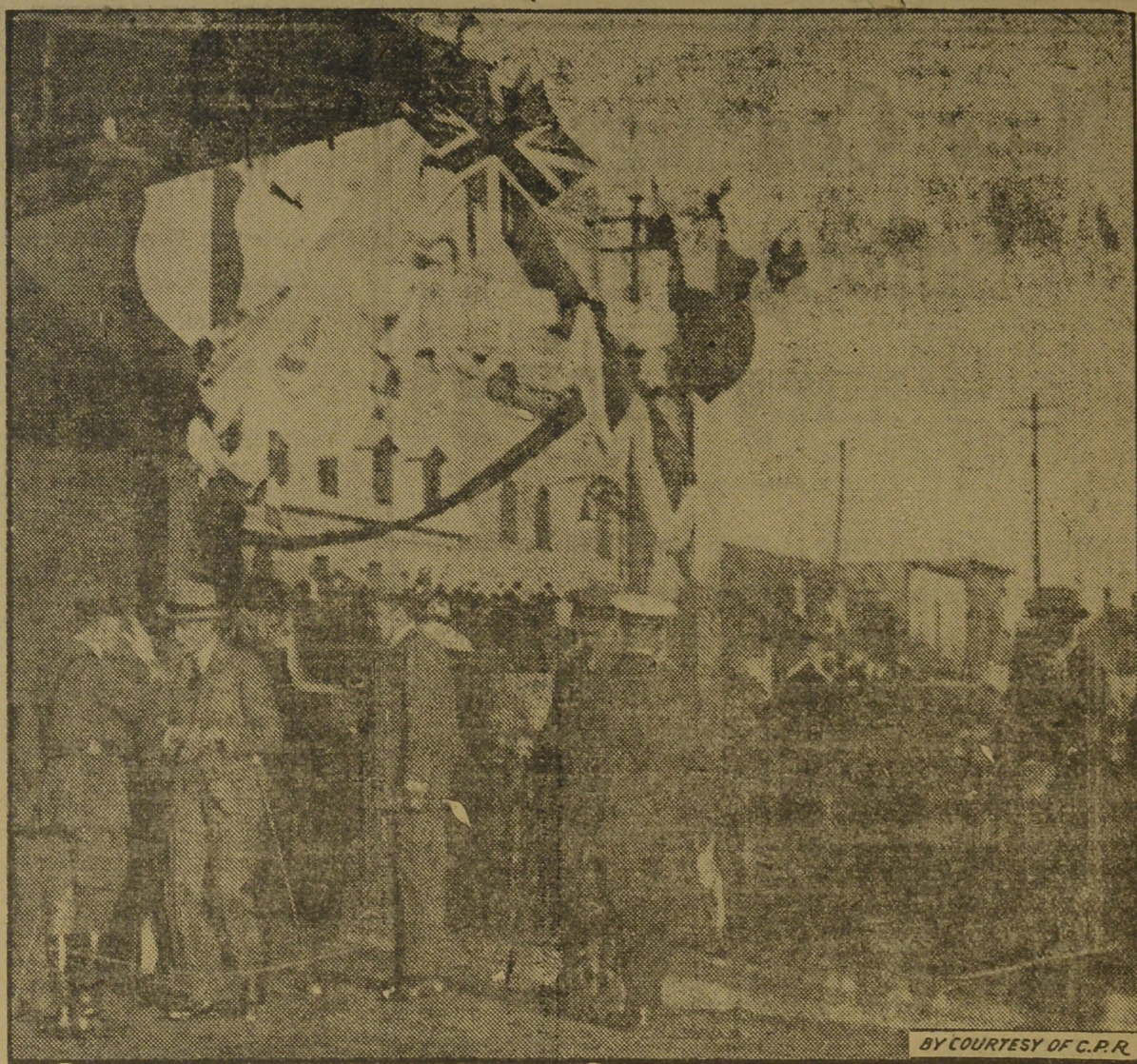
St. John, Oct. 9.—At 1:20 the Handley Page plane was passing over St. John on the way from Parrsboro, N. S., to New York. It was flying high and moving slowly on a westerly course, but slightly to the south.

Many a man who is sure he is right is unable to go ahead.

At a London auction \$800 guineas was paid for the cap worn by Marshal Foch at the first battle of the Marne. At that rate how much would one have to pay for his coat and vest?

With a poet running things in Flume, a musician in Poland and old-style politicians in Canada, these are surely grand days for the artists.

Prices may be high, but we don't see the cost of living scaring any young folks who have made up their minds to get married.



Scene During the Prince's Visit to Canada.

## Have Your Job Work Done at Home

The Mail now has every facility for turning out High Class Job Printing Work, and there is no longer any reason why manufacturers, merchants and others should send their orders out of town.

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## CHINESE COOLIES

(Continued from Page Two)  
pay from 15 to 20 cents a month rent for the small straw or bamboo huts in which they live.

In winter the entire family crawls into the one little room and huddles about the charcoal fire where the rice is cooking in order to keep warm. Many of the babies contract eye disease from the fire and tobacco smoke, which later ends in complete blindness. The unmarried richsha coolie sleeps wherever he can find shelter—most often in the cheap tea houses, where forty or fifty stretch on the floor of one room.

It is among the coolie class that the mission workers are now laboring with special zeal. The coolies at first could not understand why anyone should want to do anything for them. Accustomed as they are to centuries of neglect and abuse, but after the first mission was established especially for the coolie class they eagerly received the spiritual and bodily aid offered them.

There are as many ways to win a woman's heart as there are women.

Nineteen-year-old girl writes to a western newspaper that her ideal man would be polite at all times. But after she marries him she'll find that he'll pick up the other woman's handker-

## The Great Merit of Grape-Nuts

as a staunch building  
food of finest flavor,  
is supported by its  
economy as a ready to  
serve cereal for break-  
fast or lunch—

Not a bit of Waste