

The Middle Ground

(Continued from page 2)

around her, said goodnight and went out not caring now whether she was the centre of attention in the restaurant or not.

In the taxi, she slid her hand into Luther's. His fingers were limp, they did not take hers. "Loo, dear, I'm glad that's over," she whispered. "We didn't stay long, it's not one yet."

"Loo, why don't you say something? Didn't you want a party to celebrate—celebrate making up?" Her face was near his, Luther sat quietly back in the cab.

"Are you sure you made a sufficient impression on Clarke?" he asked coldly. "Yes, it's just as I told you. They've made it up. Luther wants me to pack his things and send them around to the old apartment. They are going to stay on there."

"What did you do so to—that girl, Maizie?" her voice was beautifully pleading. "I couldn't help going tonight when she asked me and of course they were astonished at seeing us together—of course there will be a lot of talk. And I didn't want gossip—so I thought if I pretended we'd been living together a long time—well, don't you see, it would be an old story and they wouldn't gossip!"

"And Clarke?" "The taxi stopped at her apartment house, Luther paused at the door, hand out in goodbye. "Don't go away cross," Claire begged. He said he would come back the following day.

"I'll get up and have an early breakfast and tell you. Don't worry," and Amy slid her arms into the blue robe and began hunting her slippers.

"So it's evident they've made up, and I'm responsible," Amy ended her explanation triumphantly. Mrs. Talbot sat silent for a time. An expression of perfect peace softened and relaxed her features, which had been fairly drawn with worry when she found out Luther's absence.

"It's what I wanted. It's too good to be true," she said finally. But she knew it was true when Luther rang up on the phone. Amy answered, and came back to the breakfast table laughing.

"Yes, it's just as I told you. They've made it up. Luther wants me to pack his things and send them around to the old apartment. They are going to stay on there."

"You're going with me, Mother," Amy said. "At least I can do that much for you. You're not going back to that awful desolate hole."

"When you're married, I won't be needed any more—by any of my children." Mrs. Talbot tried to keep her voice even, and failed. Long, blank dreary and empty the future stretched in front of her.

"I'll never see him again, if you don't want. I never cared—only for you, Loo dear." Luther was holding her tightly. "Please don't go away," she begged. "In terror of losing him. Please don't go—stay here—please."

"I'll never see him again, if you don't want. I never cared—only for you, Loo dear." Luther was holding her tightly. "Please don't go away," she begged. "In terror of losing him. Please don't go—stay here—please."

"I'll never see him again, if you don't want. I never cared—only for you, Loo dear." Luther was holding her tightly. "Please don't go away," she begged. "In terror of losing him. Please don't go—stay here—please."

"It doesn't matter, I want you." Amy's tone was not so convincing as it might be. Adam had shown signs of being a tyrant more than once.

"In any case I could not stay if he did not like me there," Mrs. Talbot went on. "But Mother—I'll want you," Amy repeated again. "Good gracious, I don't want to live in any house with no one to talk to but Adam."

It burst from her. She had not meant to say it—to give her feelings away so plainly as that. The mother sat thinking for a time, while Amy pretended to read the paper.

Finally, each one came out of a brown study, looked up, and their glances met. "I suppose I am unusually lucky in this," the mother said, "that two of my children have married happily—for Luther and Claire will be happy now. I know. If only you—if only I felt half as safe about you as I do about them!"

A CLIMAX Chapter 104 The trunks were packed and left, and Mrs. Talbot moved out of her tiny room by the kitchen to occupy Luther's old bedroom. She turned her own room into a place for sewing.

Adam wanted the marriage to take place the first of the year. He wanted to give Amy an allowance, which she refused, and he wanted to buy her trousseau—which she also refused.

"I'll go back after you're married," she added. Amy did not reply. But throughout the Winter, as these two lived so much together, a new spirit of confidence grew up between them. Amy did not go out except with Adam, her work took all her strength—more than her strength, in fact, for Amy was living on nervous energy half the time.

"I'll go back after you're married," she added. Amy did not reply. But throughout the Winter, as these two lived so much together, a new spirit of confidence grew up between them. Amy did not go out except with Adam, her work took all her strength—more than her strength, in fact, for Amy was living on nervous energy half the time.

"I'll go back after you're married," she added. Amy did not reply. But throughout the Winter, as these two lived so much together, a new spirit of confidence grew up between them. Amy did not go out except with Adam, her work took all her strength—more than her strength, in fact, for Amy was living on nervous energy half the time.

Jordan wanted her home. If only Amy could be gotten away from Adam, if only somehow she could show her that there was more nobility in her character than the girl would believe of herself!

One day a telegram came. The manager of the small opera company promised her a two weeks' trial engagement singing a minor part, if she could come at once.

"I can always get leave of absence," Amy said—and wired that she would accept. Mrs. Talbot packed her bags. There was only enough money for Amy to go alone, so she was to stay in the apartment.

That's how the engagement between Amy and Adam was broken. For Adam, faced with a few weeks' desertion, announced that she should cancel her acceptance.

Amy refused. Adam stormed. And then Amy said: "It's my chance, and I'm taking it. If you interfere in this, you will interfere in everything else I want to do. We—this ends it. And here is your ring!"

Mrs. Talbot, sitting alone in the sewing room, hearing this, dropped her head into a pile of chiffon and began to cry.

(To be Continued)

WOMEN'S IDEALS GOVERN STYLES IN CLOTHING That styles of outer and under-wear are likely to be governed by the activities and ideals of the women who will wear them is admitted by designers.

At the beginning of the war fashion authorities were taking about nipped-in waists but as women launched out in war work, and life became both strenuous and serious they forgot about their nipped-in waist and demanded comfort and freedom which they got in the elastic and almost boneless corset.

FORTUNE'S FOOL is another of Rafael Sabatini's incomparable historical stories of sword play and of love making in the olden days when the world was full of adventure and romance. Of course you've read the same author's SCARAMOUCHE and CAPTAIN BLOOD FORTUNE'S FOOL is one of the same type—bright with color, a thrill with gripping interest and suspense, alive with action and sparkling with vivid character portraiture. Beginning serially in GUARDIAN FEBRUARY 22nd

The boy with his boat, the girl with her dolls will soon have passed this age of toys—but Photographs of the children never grow up. Call 652-3 today for an appointment. BAYER Photographer



AN ITALIAN THRUST AT FRANCE "The same sea bathes our shores and the same France annoys us equally." (Italy and Spain are uniting their interests preparing to resist French aggrandizement in the Mediterranean.)

A Sure Relief For Women's Disorders 10 DAYS' TREATMENT FREE DR. W. COONLEY'S ORANGE LILY Orange Lily is a certain relief for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissues. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief; the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, and the circulation is rendered to normal as this treatment is based on strictly scientific principles, and acts on the actual location of the disease, it cannot help but do good in all forms of female troubles, including delayed and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc. Price \$2.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. A free Trial Treatment, enough for 10 days worth 75c will be sent Free to any suffering woman who will send me her address. Inclose 3 stamps and address Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

For Baby's Burn and Bobby's Bruises —for a jagged cut or nasty sprain—for a lame back, a sore throat or an aching tooth— Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT gives ready relief from pain and suffering, and prevents serious consequences. ABSORBINE JR. is both liniment and antiseptic. It cleans as it heals. It destroys the germs of infection as it rebuilds tissue. It renders raw wounds antiseptically clean as it starts healthy healing. Its aromatic pungency, and the fact that it contains no trace of stains, make it a pleasant remedy to use on wounds that require bandaging. \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or sent postpaid by W. F. YOUNG INC. - Lyman Building, Montreal