

will," she urged; till at length, half both, he yielded.
"So be it: I trust I do you no wrong. I will follow."

Some hours later King Charles sat in the oak parlour looking across the pleasure. The late light filled the chamber and, outside, the woods and garden lay in the stillness of eventide. Lady Elizabeth had won his leave to dispatch an old and most trusted servant to seek out Dr. Hudson—that friend whom he had missed—deliver a word written in cypher, and bring back an answer. While he waited, not knowing whether it was safe to turn, the King yielded himself to the sense of rest and shelter. His gaze dwelt sometimes on the flickering fire on the hearth—for the Spring day grew chill at the close—and travelled sometimes through the casement to that far silver line.

"The sea," he said, "it hath seemed sometimes as though I must turn thither for safety, so hath disaffection pursued me; but I would not forsake my own country—nay, I love it well, and I do think there is more love for me in England than would commonly appear; the people are misled. I have flouted even, of late, whether to journey to the Scot's camp, or turn, instead, to London."

"It would seem, Sir, to my poor thought," ventured Lady Elizabeth, "that there in your capital and court you should find surest safety."

"I know not," he said uncertainly. "There be many questions and many counsellors; 'tis not easy to judge which to choose. I set forth from Whitehall in dark days—ah—" he pressed his hand above his eyes—"days the very memory whereof is dark. It seemeth oftentimes that the storm which hath shut in about me will not suffer my return unto that port wherefrom I first put forth."

He fell silent; then, as the calm around him made itself felt, the troubled lines of his face relaxed. Leaning back in the great chair, one hand idly touching the silver goblet, which Lady Elizabeth, acting as his cupbearer, had filled, he seemed to put from him, for the first time, his burdening cares. The maiden beside him moved in a strange and rapt content; she might serve and minister to him; her home, for that brief hour, was his court, his kingdom, and her love and loyalty circled him round with peace.

"How fair," he said at length, "your pleasure, sweet lady, calleth to mind the garden at Hampton Court, where I walked with my children and"—his voice softened—"my wife. I would fain think those days might soon return. Assuredly, I and this my realm have borne chastening; an hour, even, peaceful as this, is strange to me."

"May it be but the pledge, Sir, of peaceful years to come," she said softly. "Ay," he made answer, looking from the ordered fairness without to the fire which made clear within, and the young face in its glow, "if God will, so may it be, and your rose—a good gift, as it not England's flower—may serve—"

He paused suddenly; in speaking, he had lifted the rose, and a shower of loosened petals drifted downward, and lay crimson on the dark boards.

The King smiled sorrowfully. "Tis ill to trust in omens," he said; "this is not the first—"
Steps sounded without, and Lady Elizabeth sprang to the door to meet her messenger.

"Found you the gentleman?" she asked.

"Please your Ladyship, yes," returned the man; "he made demur at me at first, then gave me this slip of parchment, and bade me ride for my life."

Left alone, she brought the missive to the King, who drew a long, quivering sigh as he broke the seal.

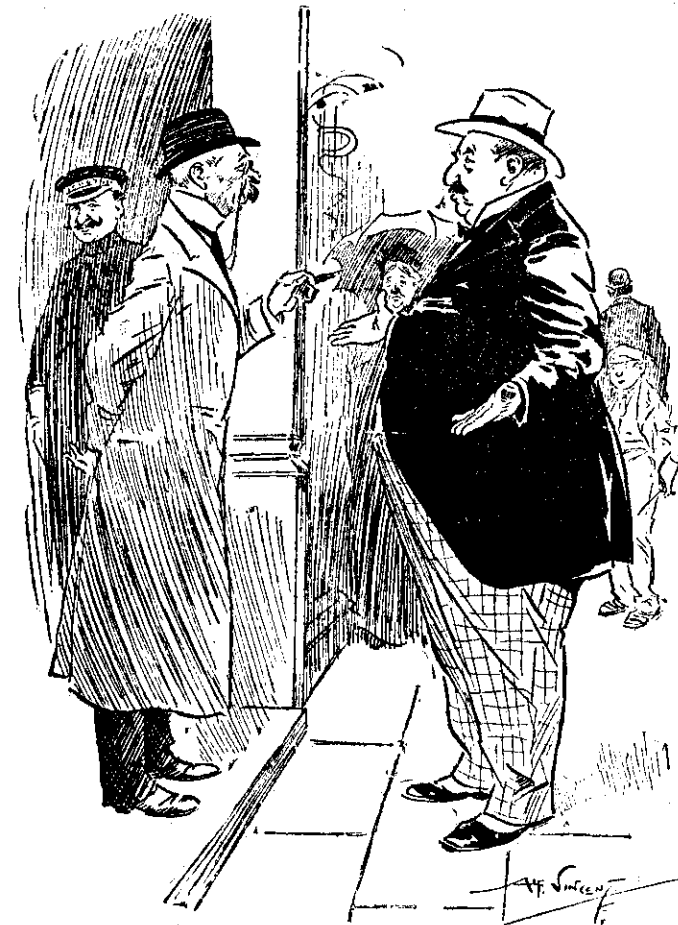
"Hudson writes there is danger—he prayed me to meet him without delay; he will be some three miles hence on the road," he said wearily. "Twill be the Scot's camp then; there is no other way. I had hoped to strike through to my brave Montrose—but I know not—ill fortune attendeth all who fight for me since—since Wentworth. So it must be. The Scots at Newark are not my friends, yet will they deal honourably."

"Yield not to foes, your Majesty!" pleaded the girl. "There is none among your true subjects but would gladly die ere that should be. A sword is ready, Sir, if you will needs go forth when night is gathering; but, oh, trust your-

self rather to them that love you—go not so!"

The King stood silent, irresolute; the peace of the brief respite was past, and as he looked into the gathering grey-ness he saw no light beyond. In the approaching gloom what peril might lurk? What grim shadows lifted, dark even on the darkness? King Charles looked out with haunted eyes, and then moved from the rest and shelter of the quiet room to follow whither his errant fate might lead him. He held out his hand to the maiden, who, as she kissed it, looked up and saw his face—wan in the fading light—and caught his farewell glance.

A moment later hoofs rang on the stillness. He had passed into the shadows, and Elizabeth Travers' Royal hour was at end. Kneeling where he had stood, in the solitary chamber while the gloaming fell, she kept as her treasure and her portion, only the scattered crimson rose leaves and the memory of the King's smile.



THE PESSIMISM OF FAT.

City Man: "My word, what a great season you've had!"
Squalter: "Yes; but look what it takes out of the ground!"
—The Bulletin.

Women in a Labour War.

Continued from page 44

hall. A patriarchal Jew of seventy began to speak. He told his hearers that he was one of the few men engaged in the shirtwaist industry. He was the father of nine children. He knew what hunger was; he knew what cold was; he knew what work was. Also, he knew what visions were made of, for he himself had dreamed of a happier day when the union should protect them all.

In the same simple Yiddish that Clara Lemlich had employed at the beginning of the strike, he counselled the most careful consideration. They had struck for the union, it was true; but winter had come. The valiant remnant of the strikers had been reduced to bread and soup. Some of them had only an apple for breakfast, and nothing afterward. If the strike were to be ended upon the proffered terms, conditions would be better than they had ever been before. If

the strike were to go on, there would be an indefinite continuation of bread and soup—and, he a little white, there might be no bread. An advance of twenty years had been made in the last two months; wouldn't it be better to rest content for a while—even without the union?

When he finished speaking, no one replied. Three thousand girls sat in stunned silence. For twenty full seconds, there was not the rustling of a foot nor the sound of a voice. Then, in unison, as if the three thousand girls had been trained for a month to do what they were about to do, there swept over the hall a mighty sob. It was like the scene in Reading Jail when Oscar Wilde and his fellow prisoners knew that the man who "did not wear his scarlet coat" was about to be hanged:

With sudden shock, the prison clock smote on the shivering air;
And, from all the jails rose up a wail
Of impotent despair.
The children of Israel were again

DAMP SADDLE CAUSED PILES.

FIVE YEARS' AWFUL SUFFERING.

ZAM-BUK PROMPTLY CURES.

Mr. J. H. Livingston, an engineer, employed at the Chilling Works, Young, N.S.W., says:—"For five years I suffered terribly from itching and bleeding piles, and attribute riding in a wet saddle as their cause. No one knows what agony I endured, at times becoming so bad that I was forced to lay up for days together. I tried every possible so-called cure for piles, without deriving any lasting benefit, for immediately I left off using them the piles would come on as bad as ever. A few of my friends knowing what agony I was undergoing, frequently recommended Zam-Buk, but, after using so many other remedies in vain, I naturally did not place much confidence in it. Continuing to suffer untold agony, however, I eventually gave Zam-Buk a trial, and I am happy to say that after a few applications the wonderful easing and soothing effect was very comforting. Persuading with Zam-Buk, the piles went completely away, and I can confidently say that I am perfectly cured."

Zam-Buk is without equal for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, abrasions, and all injuries to the skin, and promptly cures eczema, piles, running sores, ulcers, ring-worm, bad legs, diseased ankles, chapped hands, cold sores, poisoned wounds, sore heads, blood-poisoning, and festering sores. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all chemists and stores at 1s. 6d. per pot and 3s. 6d. large family size (containing nearly four times the 1s. 6d. size).

GOOD SUNLIGHT SOAP



ALL OVER THE WORLD thousands of housewives use Sunlight Soap in preference to any other, because it cleanses the clothes more thoroughly, and at half the cost, without injury to hands or fabric. Sunlight lengthens your leisure and lightens your work.

Follow the directions given round each tablet and the dirt drops out.

IT PAYS BEST TO USE THE BEST STARCH.

"It is of the greatest importance that in all laundry work a pure starch should be used, and in our experience we have found that the best results are got from using 'Sylvia Starch'—Extracted from 'The Laundry Guide,' chapter viii.



weeping for their promised fund. Everything gained but the union—the union that meant to them all they knew of liberty! The union for which they had fought and struggled and dreamed and starved!

But the assembled girls had not yet spoken. Having sobbed, they were ready to speak. And what was the order that these starving strikers unanimously gave? Here it is:

"Burn the proffered terms of the employers and go on with the strike."

And they went out again into the cold, with their shivering bodies, their empty stomachs, and their heavy hearts. They had kept their oath.

Yes, indeed, women have changed. Fifty years ago, women would never have waged such a desperate fight, in mid-winter, against five hundred employers. They hadn't been prepared. They hadn't learned to fight the world as men fight it for a living. But they are learning—learning in the same school in which man learned.