

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

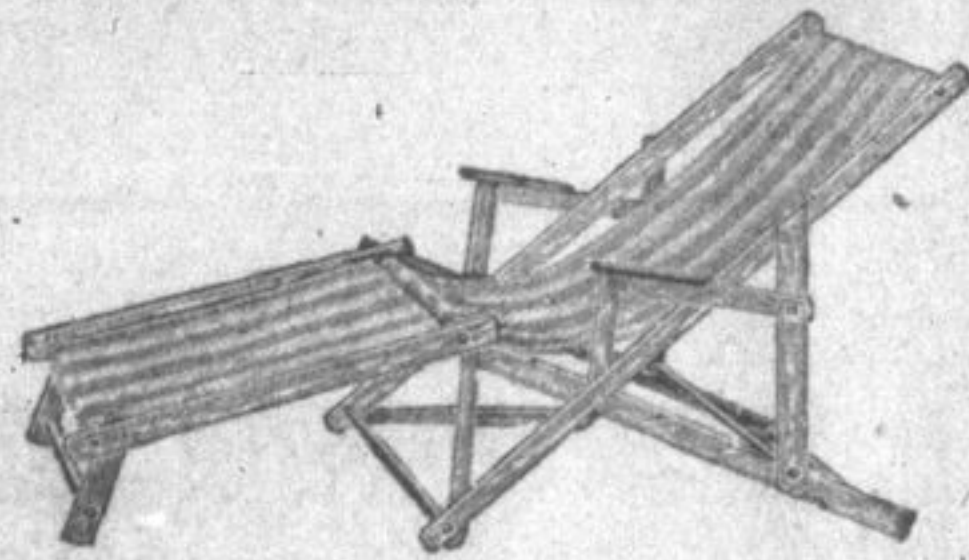
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Trains will leave and arrive at City Station, Foot of Johnson Street.

Going West.		Love City	Arr. City
No. 19 Mail	12:20 a.m.	12:57 a.m.	
No. 13 Express	3:10 a.m.	3:52 a.m.	
No. 27 Local	6:45 a.m.	7:17 a.m.	
No. 1 Intern'l. Ltd.	1:20 p.m.	1:59 p.m.	
No. 7 Mail	3:00 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	

Going East.		Love City	Arr. City
No. 18 Mail	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.	
No. 16 Express	3:10 a.m.	3:52 a.m.	
No. 6 Mail	12:20 p.m.	1:52 p.m.	
No. 14 Intern'l. Ltd.	1:20 p.m.	2:29 p.m.	
No. 28 Local	6:45 p.m.	7:27 p.m.	
Nos. 1, 13, 14, 16, 18, 19 run daily.			

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The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

A BIT OF GOSSIP.

CHAPTER CXXXV. Madge Loring called upon me one afternoon soon after my return. I was not particularly pleased to see her, but, in line with my new resolves, I tried to be particularly gracious. She, too, seemed more attractive than I ever had found her. It flashed across my mind that perhaps Mrs. Sexton had been right when she told me, a long time before, that our own attitude toward people tinged theirs toward us, to a great extent—that people usually responded in kind.

Be that as it may, I certainly found myself enjoying her call. We chatted of the people we knew, and what had been going on socially while George and I were away. She asked if I had seen Julia Collins, and when I told her "yes, frequently," (although I omitted to mention anything unpleasant), she said: "I hear she is to marry a Mr. Lombard, a very wealthy Chicago Board of Trade man. Of course she hasn't announced her engagement, yet, and one never can be sure of Julia doing anything until after it is done." I was tempted to tell her of the man we had seen Mrs. Collins with, that night in the restaurant, but did not. Afterward, I was so glad I had restrained myself. If Julia married, I should be very much pleased, especially if she made her home in Chicago. But it would have been a very tactless thing to allow her best friend to discover my feelings on the subject.

Helen Repents the Gossip.
When George came in to dinner, I repeated what Madge Loring had told me. He didn't seem at all surprised, and only remarked: "It was inevitable that Julia should make another marriage, and a good one; she has many sterling, as well as charming qualities. If she mar-

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Answering Small Son
"What is dark Mother?" said the little fellow who is half past six, looking up from his Mécano as I rose to turn on the lights. "Why is it dark?" His earnest brown eyes looked up at me, waiting for me to settle the why and wherefore of the solar system in a word.

I had no answer ready that half past six could understand. I only knew that my answer must not make him afraid of the dark. It must imply that dark is wise and protective, but how to explain that to half past six? So I answered: "I will tell you tomorrow, son." In the morning he met me with a question and I answered happily. (For I had my answer ready) "I'm going to show you what dark is, we are going out to the farm today." So out to the farm we went, and oh what a grand day we had, small son and I, watching the snorting, grunting pigs, and the silly little calf that couldn't use its legs properly, and the ducks waddling so foolishly on land and gliding so gracefully on the water. And always Small Son would punctuate our doings with the demand: "Now Mother, show me dark."

"Not yet, Son, wait till the sun begins to go down." And then when the sun began to go down, turning rosy with a smiling assurance as it said "Good night" we stood and watched it, Small Son and I. And I said "Come now and I will show you what dark means."

We went to the barn where the big mother hen sat protectively over her brood. I raised her wing to show the little feet of the chicks as they stood under her in the nice warm dark.

"There, Sonnie, is dark. Under the hen's wing all the little chickens go at night, in there it is dark and warm and safe. And when the sun goes down, that is when God's wing comes close round you to keep you dark, and warm and safe."

He understood and seemed to like the idea of being watched over in the dark. Then after a little silence he remarked, "Only I'm glad that I don't have to put my head under a hen 'cause they has fleas." That night he added this clause to his prayer: "God bless the chickens and give them plenty of dark."

Accused of Poisoning Cattle.
Belleville, July 30.—Charles Bird, a resident of Wollaston township, Hastings County, has been committed for trial on a charge that he put out poison with malicious intent. It is alleged that the accused placed paris green in salt in a pasture field where cattle belonging to a neighbor, Jonah Hillis, procured it and three died. Bird has been admitted to bail until the fall court.

coming years, and I would wonder and speculate as to what those years would bring me—that life had in store that would be foisted out to me. Sometimes I would allow myself to think that in the years to come, I should be very happy—like Mr. and Mrs. Babcock, or like father and mother. Though it was not easy to think of George and me leading the quiet home-life led by my parents; it was easier to think of our Chicago friends. They were society people, such as George's people were, and as we were obliged to be. But they were just as happy. Being socially prominent had not spoiled their lives together. They seemed just as happy as did father and mother.

I decided to take Mrs. Babcock for a pattern. That is, when I felt that I was to have a happy future. Then, other times I would wonder if I ever would be what George wanted me to be. For, in spite of his unusual kindness, I had displaced him once or twice after we came back—had done it so unconsciously that, when he reprimanded me, I could not control myself and allowed him to see the tears in my eyes, and so brought double annoyance to him, and an extra reprimand to myself. When I felt that I never should succeed in making of myself the woman he wanted me to become, I would wonder what he would do, and, therefore, what I would do, in the coming years. Would he do as some men did, and divorce me or separate from me? The thought was torture, yet I considered it as a possibility. But such thoughts, as the last ones were becoming more and more infrequent; those of a happy future more frequent. I had found a certain encouragement in the manner in which George often spoke to me, both when we were alone and when with others. It often appeared as if he were really proud of me.

(To be continued)

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)
Mrs. William Nicolls, Clarendon street, entertained with a musical evening for her two guests, Misses Sarah and Kathleen Nixon, East Orange, N.J.

Mrs. Alexander Rosamond and children, and her mother and sister, Mrs. Cotton and Nursing Sister Dorothy Cotton, have arrived at Almonte. Mr. Rosamond's husband, president of the Rosamond Woolen Company, Almonte, was killed on active service. Another son of Mrs. Cotton's was killed in the South African war. Nursing Sister Cotton has also been giving splendid war services in France and England. They are the children of the late Gen. Cotton, formerly of Kingston.

Miss Gertrude Bradley, Westport, is visiting in Kingston.
Miss Veta Minnes, Hamilton, is the guest of Miss Eleanor McKay, Pembroke.

Hon. J. D. Reid and Mrs. Reid are at their summer home, Rockport.
G. E. Reaman, M.A., B.Paed., of Woodstock College, has gone to Ithaca, N.Y., to take post-graduate work at Cornell University.

Hayter Reed is at St. Andrew's, occupying his small cottage, the Hon. Frank Cochrane having taken "Pansy Patch," his large house, for the summer. Mrs. Hayter Reed is spending some time in Bath.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gardner, Watertown, N.Y., also Mrs. Murray Hugel, Rutherford, N.Y., motored over and are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Donald Thompson, Odessa, N.Y.

E. H. Bolton, Kingston, spent a few days' holiday in Ottawa. William Thake and family, Ottawa, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wing, at Westport.
Joseph Kerr, Kingston, was in Lindsay on Saturday.

Mrs. May, New York, will be motoring to Toronto in August to be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Philip Gilbert.
Mrs. G. W. Cunningham, Buffalo, N.Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Caldwell, Queen street.
Mrs. John Sherman, Brock street, has gone to Tamworth to spend a month.
Lieut. J. A. Dettlor, Kingston, spent the week-end with his parents at Bancroft.

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