

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

BRIAN IS ORDERED OVERSEAS

CHAPTER XCV.
 "Brian—hurry—" she gasped. He was going to leave her, and perhaps she never would see him again. Had she any right to keep from him the wonderful thing that was coming to them? Wasn't it wrong to let him go in ignorance?
 Then, as she still held the receiver to her ear, she heard another voice—a woman's. As she listened, Brian's tones came to her modified, as if he were holding the mouthpiece against some object.
 "I'll hurry—yes, and—of course!" The last rather impatiently, Ruth thought as she strained to listen. Then: "Yes, it will be fully an hour—not if I can help it." Then once again he spoke to her. "Hello, Ruth!"
 "Hello—"
 "I'll be up just as soon as I can,

about twenty minutes. I'll jump in a taxi so that I may have more time with you."
 "Wait a minute, Brian—how long will you be with me?" She had what he had said in her mind: "Fully an hour—not longer, if I can help it." Who was Brian talking to—what woman? And why was he going to hurry to get back to her?
 "Just long enough to pack up and say good-bye, Ruth. Hurry orders, dear. I will be right along." The receiver clicked. She was shut off. She sat like one benumbed until she heard his key in the door. All power of thought seemed to have been taken from her. She neither thought anything of the question which had seemed so vital to her a while before, nor did she think of anything else. Her mind had approached for the present.

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)
 Mrs. W. Hooper, after a few weeks' stay in Kingston with Mr. and Mrs. David Smith, King street, returned to Brownsburg, Que., on Tuesday. Sir John Hendrie, Lady Hendrie and Miss Enid Hendrie will spend Christmas with Mr. C. McPherson, "The Holmstead," Hamilton.
 Mrs. A. W. Hepburn, Picton, has come up to spend the winter in Toronto and will be with her brother, Colin McCuaig.
 Mrs. Gordon Dewar, West street, has been a recent visitor in Dundas, the guest of Mrs. R. C. McPherson. Mrs. Jack Glover and two children, Mildred and Stuart, Copper Cliff, are in the city to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Fitz, for over the holidays.
 Mrs. W. B. Carey has come from Toronto, owing to the illness of her aunt, Miss Grier.
 Harold Hooper, medical student, left today for his home at Brownsburg, Que., to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Walter Walsh, Vancouver, and her little daughter, have arrived in Toronto. They will spend some time in the east. Mrs. Walsh before her marriage was Miss Irene Swift, formerly of Kingston.
 Major and Mrs. E. Lancaster are leaving on Thursday to spend Christmas in Hamilton.
 Mr. and Mrs. T. G. McGinnis and their two little children are spending Christmas in Belleville with the former's parents.
 Victor Minnes, Chesterville, Pa., is expected in town on Friday to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Minnes, Kensington avenue.
 Dr. Thomas Macgillivray, Port Arthur, spent a few days in town last week with Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Macgillivray, University avenue.
 Mrs. Anderson, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. J. Wilson, University avenue.
 Miss Hazel Browne returned from Toronto on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. F. Kirkpatrick, Edmonton, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Gladys, to Lieut. Harold B. Bates, M.C., Worcestershire regt., son of the late Newell Bates and of Mrs. Newell Bates, of Ottawa.

"Fresh as new, my dear—and I washed it myself"

"It's my old georgette—another tussle with the wasper-woman and I believe it would have fallen to pieces. So, of course, as we must all make the old things do and save our money for Victory Bonds, I thought I'd wash it, myself, with Sunlight. Or rather—let Sunlight wash it, for there's no need of any rubbing—just soaping and rinsing. And see—isn't it just lovely? Fresh as new, isn't it? I'm delighted."

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"Hello, Ruth, where are you?" came Brian's voice with a ring of something so like joy in it. She hastily brushed her hand across her eyes before she answered.
 "Here, dear! In the bedroom."
 Brian caught her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.
 "Isn't it wonderful, Ruth? I am going over at last. Gee! how we have chafed under the waiting; how we have longed to get WB, you should have seen the boys when the order came. Such shouting you never heard. I tell you, Ruth, those damned Germans will open their eyes when they see us—if they do sneer at us because we are green at the fighting game. We'll show them a trick or two even if they have been at it for forty years so they could whip us. We've a bag full of them, you know! I tell you, Ruth, all the other nations have got to get up early if they are going to get anything out of Uncle Sam. Not that they aren't wonderful—but just wait until we get across and give them a breathing spell. You see, Ruth, the British, the French, and the Italians, to say nothing of Belgians and men of the other smaller principalities, have got to be helped and it is up to us to do it. I'll be proud to fight on the same line with the Canadians! Think of the time the poor devils have been bucking that Hun proposition, over there. Maybe they won't give us Yanks a warm welcome. I wish you were going along Ruth."
 He had not stopped talking a moment, while he was rummaging through his chiffonier drawers, and in the closet; but that had been the first word he had said that showed he had any thought of her. The tears filled her eyes, but resolutely, she winked them back. If he didn't care anything about leaving her, she wouldn't let him see how near to heart-break she was because of his going.
 "No—I'll not tell him!" she whispered, her lips quivering.
 "Can I go to the boat with you?" she asked when she could control her voice.
 "No, dear. They won't let anyone go. We will have to say good-bye here." His voice trembled just a little.
 Just then Rachel came in and Ruth told her to get Brian something to eat, and some coffee.
 "You'll have to hustle, Rachel," he looked at his watch, "I shall have to be out of here in about half an hour."
 "As soon as that, Brian? What time do you sail?" Ruth watched him narrowly as she spoke. The flush that dyed his face for a moment did not pass unnoticed.
 "Yes, and I don't know the time of sailing or anything about it. We are told only one thing at a time, you know."
 "Yes—I have read that even the captain of the boats sail under sealed orders, but I had forgotten it." Once more her eyes filled. And as before, she would not let Brian see.
 "Yo' snapper am on the table, Marce' Brian," Rachel interrupted.
 "To-morrow—Brian Leaves Ruth. She is Heart-broken."

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TALKING IT OVER

—With LOUNA MOON—

I'm Tired of the Realist
 I am tired of the Realist, heartily tired of him. He has read George Bernard Shaw until he picks every emotion of life to bits, leaving only an ugly spectre with joints that creak. He can explain away the romance in love, and courage, and color, and song—but then any half-witted ignoramus could do the same!

(An unlearned clown may turn the pages of a book and look upon the written symbols therein; he may decry them as meaningless scratches having no beauty of shape, just because he cannot read their meaning; and if he should lift his voice and say *beauty, no meaning, no excitement, no life in those pages, shall we listen to such a fool?*)
 Everyone finds romance in that which he loves. Romance is the first gift we make to the object of our devotion. It is a cloak of magic and wonder which makes an ordinary man a hero, a plain woman a second Psyche, and turns work into a glorified pathway to accomplishment.
 No one can find romance in life if he is too tired, too ignorant, or too indifferent to impart it. He can call the moon a piece of matter thrown off by the earth, he can call a beautiful picture a piece of canvas all daubed up, he can call an opera singer a howling woman, and a baby a hunk of flesh. There is nothing at all to hinder him. He can be as stupid, and selfish, and indifferent as he likes, but I don't see what good it is going to do him to destroy all the beauty in the world for himself since he has to live in the world. Do you?

Mrs. Adam Mans, Tavistock, was struck in the head by a bullet from a rifle with which her fifteen-year-old son was shooting at a target. She will recover.

Canadian prisoners of war, have returned to England to the number of 2,000 and are now arriving at the rate of 25 a day. They reach the country at Dover or Rippon and are there taken charge of by the Canadian army authorities. Each man is fully interrogated as to his treatment in Germany and a statement is drawn up for his signature. Sir Percy Sherwood, for thirty-five years commissioner of the Dominion Police, retired at the week-end from the position which he has long and acceptably filled.

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