

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

The Promoter's Wife

By Jane Phelps

BARBARA KNOWS NO PEACE OF MIND

CHAPTER XXXVII.

For the first time in my life I was almost physically afraid, so keen was a sense of danger about me. Something in Nell had struck hard upon my imagination. I could scarcely control the trembling that seized upon me as I heard the door close.

Then I began to sob. I felt shaken and frightened—like a child. Presently I ceased sobbing. I was, however, inundated with self-pity, because although I loved my husband so dearly, he persisted in being almost a stranger to me. What could there be between him and Blanche Orton, that the death of her invalid husband should affect him as it had? What was the secret between them? I was burning with excitement, yet there was something almost icy in me that tried relentlessly to probe into the heart of things that were causing me such anguish.

At midnight I went to my room. The dawn came and found me still at the window. I had not slept at all.

Tonko came to my door about eight o'clock.

"Mr. Forbes will not breakfast at home. Shall madame be served?"

"Eight o'clock was our breakfast hour."

"I haven't slept well. Bring me some coffee and toast," I told him through the closed door, then quickly disarranged the bed, and slipped into a negligee. All night long I had sat in my dinner gown, never thinking it uncomfortable because of the other thoughts which so filled my mind.

But less conveniences must be observed. Servants must not be given cause for gossip; though my heart ached and more than anything in the world did I want to shut myself away from their prying eyes.

But when the maid brought the tray I received her as usual. And detained her a moment upon some trivial matter. So do we women hide our emotions—so much we hide them.

To my surprise, about an hour later Mr. Frederick's card was brought to me.

"Tell him I will be down in a few moments," I said, then hurried into a suitable gown.

This is a surprise after the way you talked yesterday," I said to him after we had exchanged greetings. "I really never expected to see you again."

"As bad as that?" his gray eyes had a twinkle.

"I had a few spare moments this morning and I could think of nothing better to do with them, nothing so longed to do, as to spend them with you. So I took my courage in both hands and made a call at this unearthly hour—for New York."

"Oh, but I am so glad you did! I was just wondering what I should do to pass the time. I woke with a headache—I was afraid he would notice how tired I looked—and was just thinking I would order the car and take a ride. I am so glad you came before I did so."

"I have my car outside. Won't you let me take you for a ride? We can talk just as well, and the air may do you good."

The idea appealed to me and I hurried to put on my wraps. For a time, in the car, we did not speak. The air was delightfully fresh and it blew so refreshingly upon my aching head and tired eyes that I was glad to just lean back and enjoy the ease it gave me.

"Feeling better?" Mr. Frederick asked after a bit.

"Very much better, thank you."

"It is sad about Orton."

"Very. But he has been an invalid so long I suppose Mrs. Orton was in a way prepared for it—if we ever can be prepared for death."

"But—he did not die of his old trouble. Haven't you heard anything about it?"

"No. That he died last night is all I know."

"Oh, yes, he died very suddenly. The morning papers were full of it. Pneumonia, I believe."

"I haven't seen a paper this morning," I replied, wondering why Nell had thought it necessary to remain out all night to comfort Mrs. Orton, when her husband's death could be nothing save a relief to her.

"That he had been with her, I never doubted."

To-morrow—Mr. Frederick's Words Worry Barbara.

Elaborately Genial.

"Sorry I gave you the wrong number," said the polite telephone operator.

"Don't mention it," answered the man who had made up his mind not to lose his temper. "I'm sure the number you gave me was much better than the one I asked for. Only it just happened I wasn't able to use it."—Washington Star.

The late heavy rains caused the Ganeraska river at Port Hope to overflow and scores of houses along its banks have been flooded.

The waste tanning factory of R. W. Lee, Limited, Almonte, has been purchased by the Yorkshire Woollens Mills of Toronto. The latter firm will continue the business on the same basis as the former, but on a larger and more extensive scale.

Heed not the blusterings; beware of the silent man.

Sales of liquor at Government stores in British Columbia on doctors' prescriptions jumped from \$6,000 a year ago to \$50,000 in February of this year in Vancouver, and from \$1,600 to \$12,000 in Victoria.

The Canadian Council of Agriculture has invited Sir Adam Beck to address its annual meeting in Winnipeg.

Major Reginald Conover, a returned officer twice wounded, has been appointed Customs Officer at Brampton.



CUSTODIAN OF FLAG PRESENTED TO CANADIANS.
Lady Alastor Innes-Ker, daughter of the late W. E. Breese, of New York, has been appointed custodian of the American flag presented to the Canadian forces by the American women in Canada, and by the soldiers presented to Queen Mary of England.

A Marriage Test.
Pearson's Weekly.

One of the ways of telling whether a man is a married man or not is to examine his pockets. In the pockets of a bachelor you will find:

Half a dozen letters from girls.
Several bills.
Theatrical looking photographs.
A lot of invitations to dances and parties.

A tiny glove scented with violet.
But the married man's pocket will contain:

An old bill.
A couple of unposted letters which were given him to post a week past.

A sample of impossible shade which he must match.
A newspaper clipping telling of a sure cure for croup.

A shopping list ranging from a box of blackening to three yards of lace.

Bills.
More bills.

HUMAN LOSSES OF WAR.
Henry Seidel Canby in April Yale Review.

Incapable are the material losses of the war, and most of all in men. The wounded, the sick, the maimed, and dead make a sad human parallel to the broken pile on the hilltop.

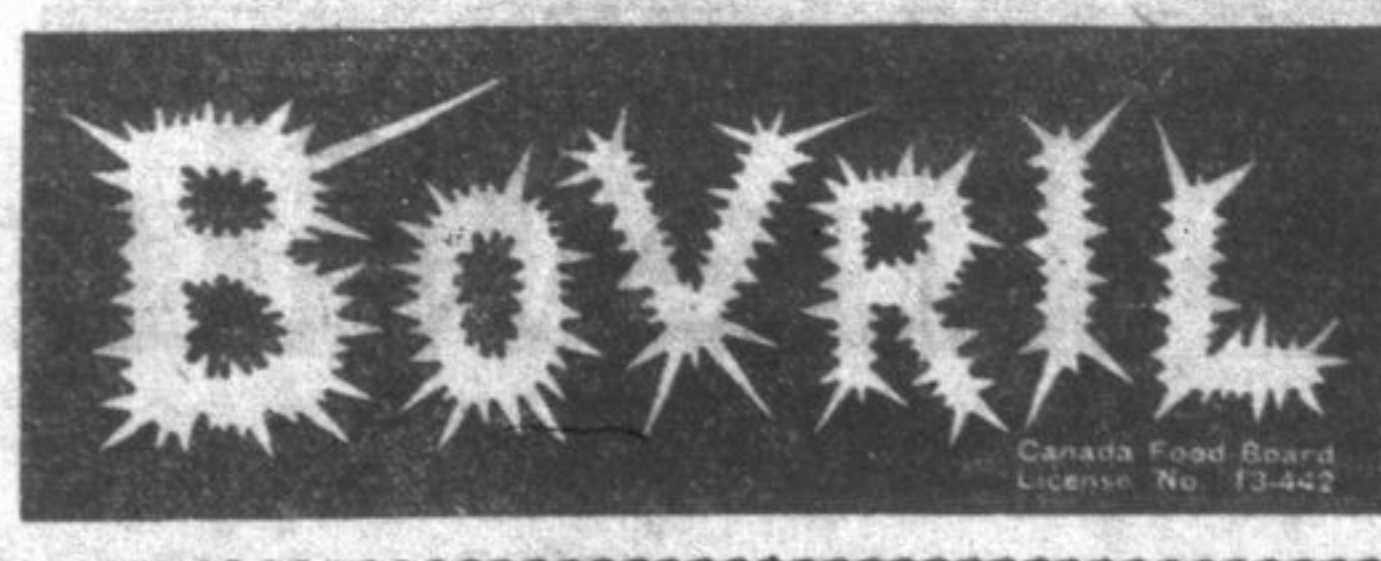
With the living there is new life and hope stirring beneath the surface. The sap runs strong in the youthful wounded. Soldiers do they admit pessimism, and then it is because their nerves are still twanging, or now that the war is over, because they have passed beyond the flush of sacrifice. Shattered bodies are perhaps the least of the evils we have to fear for the future, except when the mind shatters too. But it is different with the dead. Death is loss. They will not come back. They will not do what we hoped of them; they will not be there to help when we need them; a longing memory does not atone for a smile, or a kiss or the hand of a friend. They may do much for us spiritually; nothing more in the flesh.

It is different too with the unborn. The birth-rate has been dropping with frightful rapidity. In 1917, the births in England and Wales fell to the lowest level since 1858. Every day that the war continued, so the British Registrar-General estimated, meant a loss of 7,000 potential lives to Europe. "While the war has filled the graves, it has emptied the cradles." The separations of war were partly responsible, and these have largely ended. But the effect of strain and stress and labor upon women, the effect of wounds and hardship upon men—these will not quickly pass. Life is cheap at present; it will be dear in the future, especially among our best. We shall have to make it more worth living than ever before.

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In Cuts from two to five lbs., per lb.30c
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Fresh Eggs45c a dozen
Sausage20c a lb.

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TALKING IT OVER

—With LORNA MOON—

The Weather Cock

She is the victim of every wind that blows, like a weather cock she heads east by east-to-day, and north by west to-morrow. One day, then another seizes her and heads her in one direction, then another. In ten years she has not advanced one step. She is still whirling round on the spire of vacillation.

First she decided to be a nurse (the becoming uniform and stories of pretty nurses who had married doctors had much to do with her resolve). Six months of probation cooled the desire to freezing point, and she felt that hereafter she would devote her life to music. So they bought her an expensive harp, and engaged a good teacher. This lasted for a year; and just about then a girl wrote to say that she had managed to break into the movies, so our breeze blown friend saw a new light, packed her trunks and left for California!

In nine months she was back ready to tell all who cared to listen, that the moving picture business was a fraud and that talent did not count—only pull. At this time a schoolmate won a prize for oil painting, and now, like an inspiration from heaven, came the knowledge that she was really an artist at heart, so she enrolled on the list of art students and for months the house was cluttered with half-painted canvases and brushes. An extra room was built so that she could have the light—just so.

When this fever abated there was a rest period in which she studied millinery, dressmaking, and cooking, in a half-hearted manner. Then it came like a flash of lightning—languages—she would be an authority on foreign languages! Life for the family became a hodge-podge of Latin, Italian, French and Spanish until the wind changed, she decided for a business career.

The war came like a tornado, and she studied five different kinds of war work but never remained long enough at one thing to get across. She is resting now, and her latest and most glorious inspiration convinces her that she was born to be a writer. She has begun to write the story of her life! Publishers, attention!

The date for the election of delegates to the Hungarian National Assembly has been fixed for April 13th.

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