

# In the Realm of Women --- Some Interesting Features

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The death occurred Wednesday, of John G. Cunningham, at his home in the first concession of Ameliasburg. Death was due to senility. Mr. Cunningham was born in Ameliasburg seventy-nine years ago. He was never married.

**HE IS KING THEODORE.**

Abyssinia is Confronted With Two Revolutions. Adis Ababa, Abyssinia, April 5.—A grandson of King Johannes II, who died in 1889, has revolted and declared himself king under the name of Theodore. The Government has sent out a punitive expedition to put down the rebellion. Governor Tejon of Dedjarmach also has revolted against the Government. The Government announces that it will send a mission to Paris to apply for the admission of Abyssinia to the League of Nations.

There has been more or less disorder in Abyssinia since the death of the famous Emperor Menelik in 1913. He was succeeded by Lidj Jassu, who was overthrown in 1916 by Zauditu, a daughter of Menelik, who proclaimed herself empress. Lidj Jassu, who was a nephew of Zauditu, started a revolt in August, 1917, but his effort was soon put down.

## The Promoter's Wife

By Jane Phelps

### NEIL MAKES BLANCHE ORTON'S HOME A RENDEZVOUS

CHAPTER LI.

At the time I gave Neil's reply I thought. He was piqued when I said I would not sit at the table with such men, and had replied that there were many women who would simply for that reason. But afterward I was to recall that remark with the stinging reflection that I had caused it; and also had perhaps been responsible that it had been true.

I had talked a little to Neil of my plans for Robert, and of my ideas concerning the social position we must try to make for ourselves for our son's sake. White agreeing with me that it would be perhaps important later, he had laughed because of the baby's age. But I had thought of it until I not only had a longing for a social prestige, but for its symbols. It was this that made me determined to stop—in as far as I could—the entertaining of what I called "objectionable men" in our home.

That I was sending Neil to another woman, who for his sake would "be nice" to anyone he chose to take to her home, I had no idea; that he had Blanche Orton in his mind, never occurred to me. In fact since baby came I had forgotten—almost—that I ever thought I had cause to feel a bit of jealousy because of her. Only once, at her dinner, had I felt the least recurrence of the emotion which before my boy was born had commenced to make me a trifle uneasy. It had been but a slight uneasiness then, just the beginnings of what might have grown into unpleasantness because of their intimacy. But this feeling had lain dormant for months, and I had been so happy that there seemed to be nothing that could make me unhappy again.

Then too Neil's attitude, his loving care, had caused me to forget all that had gone before. Women are like that; they so easily forget things the more whom they love and cling so desperately to other things.

A man, after he is married, will not cherish a glove or a rose given

him in the sentimental days of courtship, while a grandmother will spend time gazing over the contents of an old trunk wherein she years before, has laid away the first flower he ever gave her, the first invitation, and his love-letters. He has the reality; why bother? She also has the reality, yet she clings to, and thinks tenderly of, the days when they first met and loved, and so holds on to the symbols of those days.

So I cherished the loving things Neil had done and said. And I forgot the short space of anxious, worried days and nights when I had wondered if he cared for Blanche Orton; and if his business methods were strictly all right. (The word "honest" or "dishonest" I never spoke in connection with Neil—not even in my thoughts.)

As I have said, Neil had commenced to remain out evenings when they first met and loved, and went to sleep early, and I was often lonely. Once when I said:

"Neil, why do you stay out to dinner so often? Even if you have to go out afterward, I wish you would come home and have dinner with me. It makes the evening so long when you do not."

"You object when I bring home the men whom I have to see," he had replied shortly.

"What if I do? You can meet them after dinner, can't you? Surely you are always expected to dine with them?"

"They expect attention—it's part of the game. I want their money. And it strikes me you aren't at all averse to spending all you can get. But you don't want to do anything to have me get it."

"That's not so! I am willing to do all I can in reason. If you would tell me more of your business affairs, I might perhaps be better able to judge of what was necessary. But I know enough to know that it is not necessary for me to sit at table with the sort of men you sometimes bring home."

To-morrow—Barbara Calls Upon Blanche Orton.

**CAN HONEYMOON HAPPINESS LAST?**

**Don't Let Your Personality Fade; Don't Permit Domesticity to Absorb Your Life.**

With the arrival of spring comes thoughts of brides and weddings and honeymoons, and such like things, a most timely subject for discussion therefore is "Why Shouldn't Honeymoon Happiness Last?" It must be admitted there are cases where it can't but these are mostly cases where the lovers are unworthy of the greatness of love; cases where a man regards a wife as a possession, and having secured her, immediately begins to be dictatorial, and perhaps a little brutal, so that love becomes crippled forever.

Or cases where a woman is selfish and spoiled and so on, so that love grows cold and tongue-tied. Or cases where some unpleasant personal habit, like greediness or slovenliness, makes love ashamed of itself.

But after all, it's not of these cases that we are speaking. Truly loving and love-worthy lovers should be able to keep their love alive, even though every cynic in the world shall tell them that marriage is the end.

A suggestion or two how this may be done: For one thing, don't let too great a difference in interests arise between you and your husband. Love won't live without companionship. And companionship demands that as many of your interests as possible be shared. Don't be domestic to the exclusion of everything else.

Does this horrify you? Have you been taught that a woman can't be too domestic, that the more time she spends in cooking for her man, the better wife she is?

And yet you must have noticed that women who do spend all their time and strength in domestic drudgery aren't often objects of romantic love to their husbands, and have themselves usually lost sight of what love means. It doesn't follow that if you assume the responsibility of a household you oughtn't to do the job well. Untidy houses, and bad meals are a disgrace always, from the point of view of any sane person.

But if you want to keep your love alive, don't let housework consume you utterly. Resist that calamity. Don't withdraw into a world of saucapans and brooms, whence you can only signal to a husband, who, for his part becomes more and more tightly locked up in a world of book-keeping or salesmanship. It isn't necessary. Resist that calamity.

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A young wife has asked why it's necessary for married lovers to make a point of reading books together and taking walks together when sooner or later they will share the most absorbing interest that it's possible to have, which is babies.

It is true that babies are the most wonderful bond conceivable. Yet even babies aren't enough to keep love alive, in the honeymoon sanatorium. As a matter of fact, you'll have to be on your guard not to be too parental—not to lose sight of each other's individualities in your absorption in the children.

If you and your husband wish to remain lovers always—and you know that at present that's your dearest hope—don't let your personalities fade away in the unselfish excitement of becoming "father" and "mother." Motherhood is a marvelous thing and so is fatherhood, but see if you can't experience them to the utmost and still hold fast to this lover-like relation that is so precious to you now.

You can do it if you sincerely want to. It's been done before, in spite of what everybody has told you, and done triumphantly.

If your love is big and real, and you respect it, and nourish it sufficiently, it can live as long as you do.

See if you can't make your honeymoon last a life-time.

**THE HATTER.**

He had no use for women, folks. He'd proudly have you know, And air his views along the line If they should vote or no. But every little joy of home He'd guard with jealous care, And let his comforts each and all— In fact, more than his share.

He'd talk about their uselessness, The leisure that they had, That all they ever thought about Was fussing up to god. But just the same, three times a day, In spite of all his blow, He ate three healthy, hearty meals, A woman cooked, you know.

He'd laugh about their running ways, The gossip that they'd hear, But if he thought he'd get some news, He quickly cocked his ear. Was so afraid of missing things, Would make himself absurd, To find excuse to listen To any secret word.

He sneered at women pampering, Each trifling ache or pain, That if they'd think less of themselves, Their health would quickly gain; But when he got a little cold, He turned into a bear, And every woman in the house Made him her special care.

—Amy E. Campbell.

At the parsonage, Concession, on March 31st, Rev. G. D. Campbell officiating, the wedding was solemnized of Miss Edith L. Benway and John Wm. Root.

Whoever enjoys a perfect cup of coffee—fragrant, delicious, satisfying—will find an added pleasure in a cup of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

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**DRUGGISTS RETURN YOUR MONEY** if Vinol fails to benefit you.

**TALKING IT OVER**  
 —With Lorna Moon—

**Betty Flynn Makes a Discovery**

Betty Flynn made a new discovery this morning. She's been making discoveries every day since she opened her eyes on the world nine months ago. She learned quite early that the things one enjoys most are the things that are not good for one; for what is there more comforting than a nice little pink thumb to suck? And yet, every time that Betty essays to enjoy it, her smoothness mother takes it out and tucks it in the bed clothes.

Then Betty learned that things that can become very painful in the region of one's pinnys, and that mother can relieve the situation by turning one on one's face, but that father invariably makes matters worse. There was one glad day, when she discovered that hands are good for something else besides sucking the day she grabbed for the bright thing in father's fist. Then, grabbing became life's chief sport, until holding things, and dropping them almost ousted it from favor.

Down at the end of Betty Flynn are two little pink things, perfectly useless things. Mother makes a fuss over them and kisses them and exclaims adoringly about the tiny toes; but Betty doesn't see what they are there for. She's grabbed for them and tried to get them in her mouth, but the effort has never been very successful, although mother always, and seems willing to witness the effort as often as Betty cares to try.

But to-day Betty made the crowning discovery of her life. It was quite accidental—and there may be some excuse for the existence of those little pink things with toes after all!

She was grabbing for the bar that runs round her crib, grabbing, and stretching, with little hope of reaching it, when, sure enough she caught it, pulled on it, and there you are—her whoop of triumph made mother look round. "My baby's standing." Flap went Betty Flynn, but she knows about those two pink things, and as soon as she gets her breath she is going to try it again!

Smith's Falls advanced its clocks an hour.

**CHILD GETS SICK, CROSS, FEVERISH IF CONSTIPATED**

"California Syrup of Figs" Can't Harm Tender Stomach, Liver, Bowels.

A laxative to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

Might Need It Again.

The irate old gentleman put his head out of the remains of his window and espied some small forms looking up at him from below.

"They all dispersed but one. 'Look here, you young rascal, did you break my window?'"

"No sir."

"Do you know who did?"

"No, sir; I don't know nothing about it!"

"Well, get away, I don't want you hanging around here."

"All right, mister. Will you give me my ball before I go?"

"Give you your ball? Why, where is it?"

"I think it is in your front parlor."

For my training diet give me corn in Post Toasties



—Bobby

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