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LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

Physical Hurt Eclipse's Soul Pain. Although I thought that I could never sleep again, I was so physically tired that right after dinner I found myself nodding. I had intended to go to the train to meet John, but Dr. Hannaford, who had already given me something to steady my nerves, insisted that I should not make the trip. To tell the truth, I was so sleepy that I could not feel the necessity of meeting John.

Strange, isn't it, that Nature insists upon having her wants satisfied without regard for what the mind or the spirit may desire? The old Pilegrim who said: "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," spoke more than a half truth. After all, we are nothing but animals, and physical pain will obliterate the greatest of soul sorrows.

I have never known a man or woman who was suffering from acute rheumatism to be very much concerned about anybody or anything that did not look as though it would contribute to his comfort by alleviating his pain. And even now, although I wanted to sit beside my mother and comfort her and my mind admonished that I should go to the train to meet John, I was simply overcome with sleep.

Before dear old Sarah had fairly gotten the bed ready, I had slipped out of my clothes, leaving them for her to put away and curled down between the sheets. I do not think I even heard her as she set the room in order.

I had a confused recollection the next morning of John's trying to waken me, and that gave me a clue to his silliness while we were dressing.

"Did you meet mother last night?" I asked.

"No, I didn't meet any one except an old guy with chin whiskers who said he was the family doctor. That being the case, I wonder your father lived as long as he did. I can't understand why you didn't come with him to meet me. You must have known that I should expect to see you."

"I've learned, John, that one does not always get what one expects. I expected you to come to the telephone yesterday when I asked for you."

"How was I to know what you wanted me for? I was in a very important meeting."

"You might at least have called me up after it was over. If you had stopped to think you would have realized that this was the second

time I had called you at your office since our marriage—"

"Well, I thought this was another woman's row!"

My emotions must have shown themselves in my face, as I wheeled suddenly and looked at him, for he came quickly toward me and put his arms around me, saying in my ear:

"Girl, I don't mean to make you unhappy. You'll have to get used to me. I am awfully sorry for you, and didn't I come on the next train—only to find you snoring away and too sleepy to even wake up when I kissed you?"

"Dearest, I wanted awfully to go and meet you, but I had not slept a moment the night before on the train and I had been with mother all day. I think Dr. Hannaford gave me a sleeping potion when he said he was only giving me something to quiet my nerves. Honestly, it was a physical impossibility for me to keep awake."

"All right, dear, we won't quarrel about it any more. This is a beautiful old place you have here. Does it belong to your mother?"

"I don't know exactly whether the place is mother's or not, John. But it is surely a beautiful home, and I love it very dearly. I was not only born here, but my father was also, and his forebears five generations back."

John looked about the bedroom with evident admiration and I wondered just what his thoughts were as he viewed the exquisite old mahogany furniture that had come from England four generations ago, and contrasted it with the art nouveau stuff in his mother's house.

I did not have to wait long to find what was passing through his mind.

"Are these your rooms, Honey?" he asked, looking into my little sitting room, with its old English chairs and real Heppelwhite and Sheraton furniture.

"Yes, these rooms are mine and mother has always said that when I married I might have the furniture in them."

"Gee, that's fine! We'll rearrange that entire suite of ours at the house."

Of course I couldn't expect that John would be very much concerned over the death of a man whom he had never seen, but neither then nor since could I become accustomed to John's utter callousness and cold blooded inattention to anything, either joy or sorrow, with which he wasn't for the moment concerned.

This characteristic of my husband has hurt me more than any other since our marriage.

(Continued to-morrow.)

Told in the Twilight

(Continued From Page 2) Mrs. John A. Cooper gave her house in Rosedale, Toronto, for a tea at which two distinguished women graduates of Queen's University—Matron-in-chief Raylde and Miss A. E. Marty—were the guests, and the Toronto branch of Queen's Alumnae, hostesses. The dining room was massed with huge chrysanthemums, and the same flowers filled a large silver bowl on the dining table; Mrs. George S. Young, President of the Alumnae, received with Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Thomas McMillan looked after the tea things, Mrs. Frank Yetzb, Mrs. Robertson and Miss Edith Massie, Mrs. Cooper's sister, helping her.

Mrs. H. W. R. Elliott, Couper street, was hostess at the tea hour on Wednesday last in honor of her guest, Miss Isabel Tanton, London, Ont.

Mrs. R. C. Carter, West street, en-

tertained delightfully at the tea hour on Wednesday, in honor of Mrs. Jackson, who came out from England to spend some time with her brother, the Bishop of Ontario, King street.

The next Queen's dance will be that of Medicine, in Grant Hall, Friday, Nov. 28th. The committee in charge are C. G. Johnston, (convenor), C. F. Abbott, D. R. Hall, J. R. Third and C. H. McCuaig. The Erskine Society Orchestra of Montreal will supply the music.

Mrs. James Hamilton, Sydenham street, was the hostess of a bright lunch on Thursday at the Country Club when Mrs. D. S. Robertson, Montreal, was the raison d'être. Beautiful bronze chrysanthemums made a very lovely centre piece. The guests were Mrs. D. S. Robertson, Mrs. Iva Martin, Mrs. W. F. Nickle, Mrs. Charles Constantine, Mrs. J. L. Whiting, Mrs. F. Strange, Mrs.

Wotherspoon, Mrs. J. B. Carruthers, Mrs. R. E. Kent, Mrs. Hugh Ryan and Mrs. Stewart Robertson.

Mrs. E. P. Jenkins, 295 Alfred street, will receive in honor of her daughter, Mrs. H. W. R. Elliott, on Tuesday, Nov. 18th, afternoon and evening, four to six and eight till ten o'clock.

Lady Kirkpatrick, who returned from England a short time ago and has been staying with relatives in Quebec, is leaving in a few days to spend the winter in the Southern States. On Monday Lady Kirkpatrick was the guest of honor at a luncheon in Quebec when Mrs. Colin Sewell was hostess.

Brig-Gen. L. W. Shannon, who is a Kingston visitor, will leave in the course of a few weeks for California where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. G. W. Bell, Princess street, is visiting her sister, Miss Roe Spooner, at Ottawa, for a few days.

Mrs. Robert Laird of Toronto, is spending a couple of months in the Kingston while Mr. Laird is in the far west in connection with the Presbyterian church Forward Movement.

Mrs. R. J. Wilson, University avenue, and little daughter are spending the week at Mrs. Wilson's parental home in Toronto.

Major and Mrs. D. G. Anglin, of Kingston, are spending a few days in Ottawa.

Major-General Sir Archibald Macdonell was the guest of his cousin, Miss Marie Macdonell, Toronto, this week.

Mrs. M. A. Bolton, Newboro, spent a few days in Kingston the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. Border.

Mrs. J. B. Cavannah returned to Newboro on Tuesday after a two weeks visit with relatives in Kingston.

Mrs. Gilbert Johnson, Montreal, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. J. McKelvey, Bagot street. She is accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Plesman.

Capt. Ernest Reynolds, Mrs. Reynolds and infant daughter, are guests of Judge and Mrs. E. J. Reynolds, Brockville.

Mrs. Audrey Judge has returned to Queen's, after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Judge, Prescott.

Gordon Thorpe, Kingston, is spending a short vacation in Brockville.

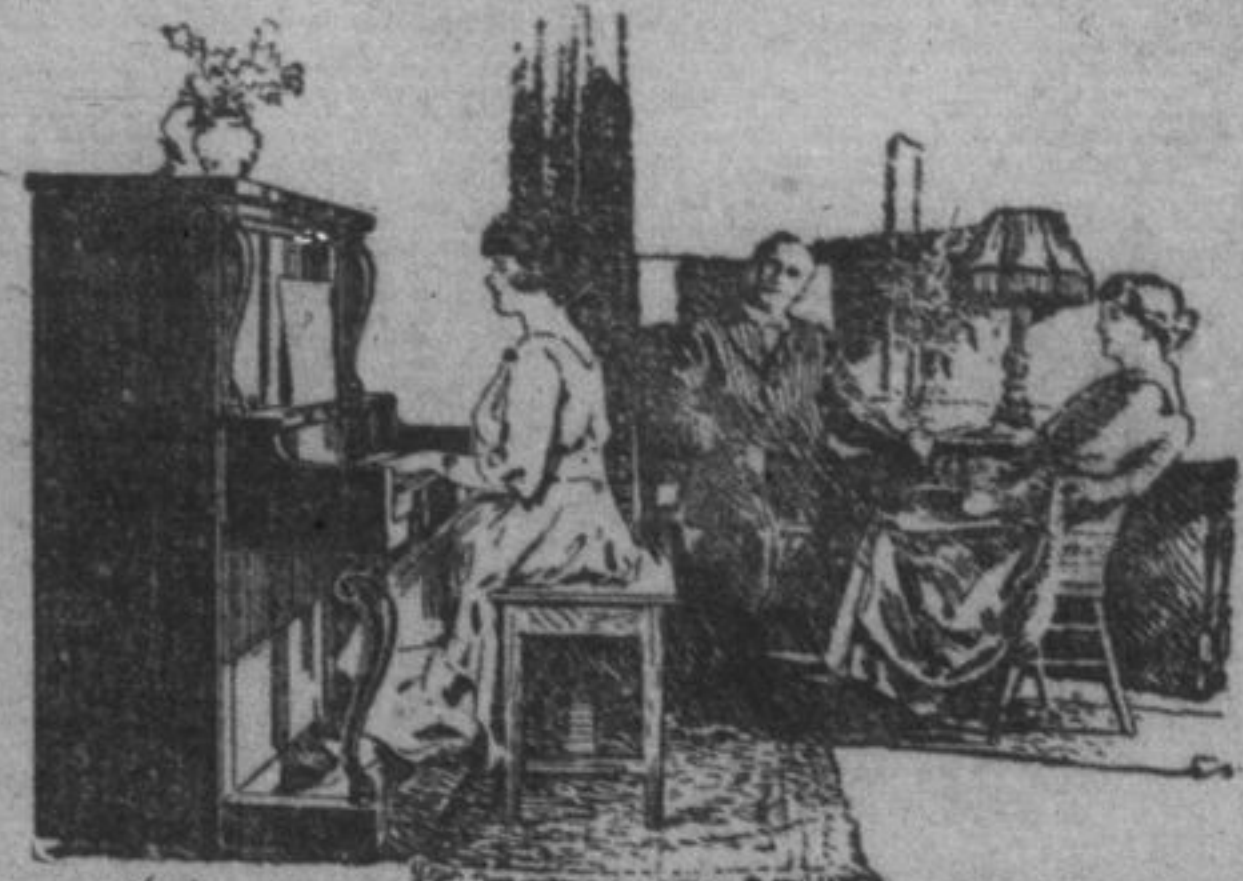
Miss Mary Hall is here from Brockville, to spend a few days with her sister, Mrs. James Eaves.

Mrs. W. J. Drysdale, Kingston, is visiting her brother, Wilmer Campbell, Appleton.

Miss William Dewey, Stuart street, has been spending the week with friends in Trenton and Cobourg.

Miss Constance Norton-Taylor, England, is expected early in the week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Francis Macnee, St. Lawrence Cottage, King street.

Major T. Ashmore Kidd, Chateau Belvidere, spent a few days in Kempsville and returned on Wednesday.



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