

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

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LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGione Gibson

John Has an Uncomfortable Evening.

John came into the room, purposefully making a great deal of noise, but I pretended to be asleep.

I sometimes wonder what would happen in this strange world of ours if there were no hypocrisy, no lies, between those who are bound together by ties of love and relationship.

I believe it would make for a better world and a happier home life if we were all perfectly sincere with those with whom we come in contact every day.

I said something of this kind to John's sister, Alice, the other day, and she did not agree with me.

"The only people I know," she explained, "who pride themselves on being honest are the most disagreeable people one can imagine. I always steer clear of the woman who says: 'Well, I don't lie to any one. I say what I think' because I know she is either lying at that moment or else she has a carping, destructively critical envious mind."

"But, Alice," I said, "wouldn't it be just as easy to see the virtues instead of the faults of other people?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "At least the people who insist that frankness is a virtue never seem to have anything frankly good to say about any one."

Entrée to Convictions.

As I thought of this conversation I chided myself for being untrue to my best convictions by allowing John to think I was asleep. I excused myself, however, by thinking that I was too tired of it all—too weary of the constant bickering to try to make any more explanations or even listen to his.

Again I felt myself smiling at John's bungling attempts to waken me without actually speaking my name. He drew a rocking chair across the floor with a sound almost like a siren whistle; he dropped one shoe after another with a thud; and as a climax, knocked an exquisite statue of Patience off her pedestal in the corner, breaking it into small bits.

This caused a pyrotechnical flow of words as he bent down to consider the damage he had done. I was almost sure by this time that he knew I could not be asleep, but I kept perfectly still, even when he picked up the gold pocketbook he had given me from the debris of the shattered statue. To a disinterested spectator the scene would have been unprovocative and funny, but I was in no mood for humor.

John held the pocketbook in his hand for a moment looking at it ruefully. His profanity ceased and he gazed at me with the expressive words which seemed to say: "There are no words which can do justice to my feeling at this moment."

Then with a growl of impotent rage he thrust the poor little gold purse which had made so much trouble, into his pocket and I hoped I had seen the last of it. He then proceeded to undress.

After preparing for bed, however, he seemed to grow enraged again and wrapping himself in a blanket which he dragged from the closet, he laid himself down upon the divan, leaving the electric lights in full blast.

For a short time he tossed and turned, and then with another vocalization of a picturesque vocabulary he gently rose and turned out the lights.

I do not know when he went to sleep, because as soon as the lights were out I felt myself becoming an apathetic mass without the power to think or capacity for emotion. Yet he was not asleep. I had a distinct consciousness that the bed was soft and comfortable and that the tears were dry on my eyelids. My forehead had lost its cold moisture and my hands seemed to grow softly human once more. Up to then they had felt shriveled and hot and crawling.

I know now that I had reached the point where physically I could go no further, and merciful sleep must have touched my eyes with its promise of succor from all pain.

When I awakened in the morning John had gone.

Rapping at the Door.

It was many seconds before I could realize that what had brought me back to all the worry of everyday life was an impatient rapping on the door. I tried to speak and was quite sure whether the effort was too great physically or whether mentally I was too inert to make a sound.

It did not seem to matter, however, for after the insistent tapping had become an angry pounding, the door opened with a bang and Madame Gordon entered the room.

I did not realize that I was staring into her face with wide-open eyes until she spoke:

"Good gracious, Katherine, what is the matter with you? Are you lumb as well as deaf? I have been rapping on your door for at least five minutes! Don't you know that it's after 11 o'clock? John was up and out very early, and I, notwithstanding my age and infirmities, rose and had breakfast with him. But is something I have not done for years, but I felt he needed me this morning. He told me, however, to let you sleep, but I decided that you had slept long enough to receive some sort of fatigue. A number of boxes have come from your home, addressed to you here, and I want to know what you are going to do with them?"

—Madame Gordon.

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mrs. Gordon Brown and Miss Evelyn Brown, Ottawa, attended the Royal Military College ball on Friday.

While here they were the guests of Mrs. Douglas Cameron, Beverley Thorburn, Queen's University, will reach Ottawa on Dec. 17th, to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thorburn.

General and Mrs. Burstell will give a dance on New Year's Day in Ottawa for their daughters, Miss Phyllis and Miss Rosemary Burstell. Rev. W. T. G. Brown, Kingston, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Clendinning, Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Newell, Patrick street, have left the city to spend holidays with friends in Toronto and Buffalo.

Mrs. J. D. Calvin and Master David Calvin arrived on Saturday from Montreal to spend the holidays with the former's parents, Judge E. J. and Mrs. Reynolds. Miss Clifford A. Bigford, Kingston, formerly of Smith's Falls, is visiting friends in Peterboro.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Fleming and children, of Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. Fleming's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Murphy, Colborne street. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Anglin arrived from Ottawa on Friday, and are the guests of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. E. Kent, King street.

Capt. Percy Vrooman and Miss Josephine Vrooman, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Uglow, Barrie street, returned to Nanapanoe on Saturday.

Prof. Gill, of Queen's University, who was recently appointed director of technical education in the Department of Labor, has gone to Ottawa to take up his new duties. Mrs. Gill and her daughter, Miss Marion Gill, will accompany him.

will not go to Ottawa till early in the new year.

Miss Macaulay, King street, has gone to Peterboro to spend the Christmas season with her niece, Mrs. Charles Abbott, and Mr. Abbott, Bank of Montreal.

Capt. and Mrs. Neil Neil Black and little son arrived on Saturday from Toronto, and are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Ryan, "Rockwood House."

Mrs. N. C. Polson, Jr., and little daughter, Virginia, came up from Montreal last week and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Givens, "Maitland House."

E. E. Newman, George street, spent the week-end in Ottawa, and has returned to the city.

Miss Nan Skinner, who for some time has been in Ottawa, has arrived in Toronto, and is at 295 Sherbourne street.

Dr. Rose, who was the week-end guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Anglin, East street, returned to Ottawa on Monday.

Miss Norton-Taylor returned to Brockville on Saturday after a visit with Mrs. J. B. Carruthers, "Annandale," Sydenham street.

Irving Martin, Toronto, spent the week-end with his sisters, the Misses Martin, Clergy street.

The marriage is announced of Miss Stella V. Strong, of Maberly, to Frank Tryan, of Sharbot Lake, to take place the latter part of December.

Solitude.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of your own pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your neighbor's wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by,
Succeed, and give, and it helps you thrive,
Through the narrow aisles of pain.
But no man can help you die,
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on,
Through the narrow aisles of pain.
The devil's promises are something like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

STOPPED HER HEADACHES

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Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm "blow" out and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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