

In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

A Page From Helen's Soul.

I ran through my letters again, and among them I found an envelope on which was written, "This piece of paper was found in the desk of your friend's room. I am enclosing it in this envelope so that you may decide whether it is something you wish to send to Mrs. Gaylord or whether it should be thrown away. Floor maid."

I opened the envelope and unfolded the paper to find a poem in Helen's handwriting. I started to read without much thought of it being of any importance, supposing it was something that Helen had copied in an idle moment. As I read on it came to me that I was reading a page of Helen's heart. I am putting the little poem down here because it is so true. A ghost walks beside us every day—not only one shade, but many—and the pleasures and joys of to-day are always changed with the memories of yesterday.

How the Poem Read

Our tender lips can never greet
Without a sigh.
You and I can never meet
Unless a ghost stands by.

A ghost of what has been
Blows cold on our lover's kiss;
A shadow felt it still unseen
Poisons our cup of bliss.

Fear bids us rush along the road
To a place we soon must find;
Where ugly doubt has his abode
And leave poor Love behind.

Oh love, my love I never dreamed
Of this road, rough, beset with care;
Where first we met it only seemed
A sunny pathway flowering fair.

But now I stumble along the way
With fear wet eyes, while stalks
between
Me and the joys of yesterday
The ghost of what has been.

Poor Helen! I am afraid she'll never get back her happiness and her joy of living which such a little while ago she dreamed was hers. She knew as well as I did when she showed me the children's letter that the children were a tie she could not break. And she had been married to Bobbie long enough to know that love before marriage is nine-tenths desire, and love after marriage is nine-tenths sympathy and understanding. She can never have much sympathy with Bobbie's love for his children, and he will never understand why this is so. Consequently the harmony is already broken, and harmony both before and after marriage is that other one-tenth, which must steadily increase until all the other tenths merge with it.

LEAD US TO THEM.

Potatoes at Northbrook Selling at 2.75 a Bag.

Northbrook, March 1.—Snow keeps piling higher each week, yet the roads are kept in good condition.

The Cobalt Mining Company here is finding great need of its dam on the Scotomata River, where they now have a surplus of water, which is greatly needed. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lloyd, a son, Noah Kimberly, of Oshawa, is spending a few days on his farm here. Mrs. Dave Spicer is slowly improving from her severe illness.

Rev. Mr. Watts, of Winchester, has taken the place lately vacated by the death of Rev. Mr. Aylsworth in the Free Methodist church, Flinton, and holds meetings in C. C. Thompson's hall each Thursday night.

The drawing of gravel for the road south of here has been contracted for, and the people feel indebted to the new councilman, W. Cassada, for at once looking after this necessary affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Wood are soon leaving for the Fyke homestead on Wolfe Island, where they will reside for the year. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Helms are moving to the William Hughes' farm, Kaladar.

The produce market seems well supplied with butter at 55c pound; eggs, 50c doz.; pork, 25c to 30c lb.; beef, 20c to 28c lb.; potatoes, \$2.75 bag; cabbage, 5c lb.; kraut, 50c pall; pickled, 25c pall.

William Ellis is able to be out again. Miss Alcott has returned to Kaladar, after spending a few days with her cousin, Miss Marion Rutan. Mrs. Mervin Newton has returned to Arden from a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Well, Cassada. Mr. and Mrs. George Selman intend moving to a farm near Picton. They will be greatly missed as good neighbors and cherished friends from this vicinity. Miss Mabel Woodcock and Miss Hazel Boombour are home from Oshawa.

C. C. Thompson purchased a fine driver from George Murphy, Tamworth. The Misses Mabel and Hazel Parks and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thompson spent Sunday with Harlowe friends. Ervin Shier and Archie Thompson left for Toronto, March 1st. Bert Cassada is in Toronto for a few weeks. H. Mills is buying a number of young cattle for his ranch.

The smallpox scare has died out by careful attention from the health authorities. A Fletcher, manager of the Ore Chimney mines, is here after spending some time in the western counties in the interest of the mines.

Death at Verona.

Verona, March 2.—A sad death occurred on Friday, Feb. 27th, when the wife of Toronto Goodberry passed away. Deceased was a very respected resident, and lived near Verona. She possessed a quiet and lovable disposition, which endeared her to all who knew her. In religion she

John and I had the nine-tenths of desire and one-tenth of perfect harmony before marriage, but we have never had sympathy, understanding or harmony since. Perhaps, as someone said to me the other day, it is all in the adjustment and time is the greatest adjuster in the world.

I never knew that Helen was a poet. In fact, I think she would disclaim if anyone should call her graceful verse poetry. But it was poetry to me because it was, as I said before, a page from her heart. No woman ever discloses her soul without it being poetry. And no woman writes wholly from imagination. If Helen had not had this great experience she could never have written these verses.

I wonder if the poetry that is written by men is always a leaf from their soul. Of course, I know that the great lovers of history, Heine, Gothe, Byron and even Bobby Burns, kept the fires of their naves alight by their numerous love affairs, but I sometimes think that one of the greatest tragedies of life is that we can imagine something that we can never realize.

I have never yet known a woman to whom love was the great thing which she imagined it might be; of course, I have never talked with John about this, and he would probably not tell me the truth if I asked him, but I sometimes think that men as well as women are disappointed when they find that they have imagined a height of emotion which they can not reach.

Recalls One Stanza.

A little stanza which I have often quoted comes to me perhaps oftener than any other:

"Thus on we tread, an army marching
With listening ears,
Each waiting, hoping for the heavenly music
He never hears.
And the only difference of the love in heaven
From the love on earth below
Is, here we love and know not how to tell it,
And there we all shall know."

"Nurse," I said, "will you please put out the light," for I had determined to be worried no longer with the tangled lives of myself and my friends. I would invoke that blessed sleep which is perhaps the greatest comfort we have after work. Sleep brings forgetfulness, is the narcotic of the soul, but work, thank God, work is the waker, and I determined to do something as soon as I could. It would keep my hands and my mind busy.

To-morrow—Katherine's Views.
(Copyright by National Newspaper Service.)

Mrs. Horace Sears Passed Away at Pine Grove, Feb. 28.—Mrs. Horace Sears, an aged and respected resident of this place, passed away Wednesday morning after an attack of influenza and pneumonia. Mrs. Sears, who was eighty years of age, was predeceased by her husband twenty years ago, and since then resided here with her son and daughter. She was the mother of seventeen children, and is survived by nine daughters and three sons: Mrs. J. Jones, of this place; Mrs. John Rogers, Ganges, B.C.; Mrs. George Sears, Ross, Sask.; Mrs. George Binkhorn, Kitchener; Mrs. Peter Baker, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Richard Wilson and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Perth Road; Miss Henrietta Sears, Kingston; and Miss Edith Sears, at home; and Heskiah Sears, Birds Creek; Mack Sears, Oxford Mills; and Herbert Sears, of this place. Just a year ago another son, William Sears, of Kingston, succumbed to influenza. In religion, Mrs. Sears was a Methodist, and the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Ball, of Westport, assisted by Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Perth Road. Mr. Ball spoke very highly of the spiritual life of the deceased, and also of the patient care she was given by her family to the end. She was widely known as a friend in time of need, also a patient, kind and loving mother. The remains were taken to Wilmar and placed in the vault.

MOTHER OF SEVENTEEN.

Visitors: Miss Hazel Davey, Kingston, is spending a few days at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Martin, of Hinchinbrooke, at J. S. Bradford's; Mr. and Mrs. George Deare and son, Clifford, of Godfrey, at John Deare's; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Switzer at Anson Grant's; Mr. and Mrs. George Brown at E. A. Tallen's. Mrs. Fred Snyder was taken to Kingston General Hospital, Monday morning, for treatment.

Picton Items.

Picton, March 2.—Mrs. Hammel and Miss Agg, of the military department of the Fraser store, were in Toronto last week attending the millinery openings. S. Tripp, of Indiana Head, Sask., is visiting in the county. Mrs. H. Head, after a lingering illness, died at her home, South Greenbush, on the 17th Feb. She leaves to mourn her husband and three children.

Both the Gothic and Celtic languages bear traces as having the same origin as the Sanskrit.

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Black or navy and white in geometric, floral and dot designs are most popular in this fabric.

This smart frock combines polka dot foulard with black charmeuse satin. The front of the blouse is cut with a bolero jacket faced with black charmeuse. Black hose buttons are set on either side of the bolero that, wings loosely over a fitted vest of charmeuse cut-in-one with the girle that continues around the back. The back of the blouse is made entirely of foulard and is not a jacket.

The skirt shows the popular side insert made of a straight band of charmeuse. Bone buttons are run on either side of the front.

Worn with a black hat trimmed with ostrich or white flowers this costume is extremely smart.

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