

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

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Death of Adolphustown Lad. Adolphustown, March 9.—The community was shocked on Saturday morning to learn of the death of Hugh White, aged fifteen, youngest son of George White. The lad had been ill with quinsy for some weeks. The funeral, conducted by Rev. Mr. Pringle, was held at his father's residence on Monday.

Mrs. Peter Loyst passed away after a brief illness on March 1st. The funeral services, in charge of Rev. Mr. Seymour, were held at her late residence the following Thursday. Mrs. Loyst, who was seventy-seven years of age, leaves, besides her aged husband, two daughters, Mrs. Walter Platt, Adolphustown, and Mrs. William Gault, Toronto.

Moving seems to be the order of the day. Mr. Beasley has taken possession of his new farm, also Messrs. Baldwin, Vestervelt, Jackson, McCormick and Schelly. Mr. William Schamehorn and family left for the west on Saturday. M. W. Clapp is moving to his new home near Picton this week. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey

Hicks, Glenora Road, and Miss McCormack, Enoch, visited at W. J. McCornock's, recently. D. J. McCormock and A. Miller, Picton, called on friends in the vicinity this week. L. Magee and sister spent a couple of days in Prince Edward last week. Mrs. George Magee has been spending a few days with her parents, Miss Gertrude Magee, who has been holidaying at home, has returned to Toronto.

The village school, which has been closed, owing to the illness of the teacher, re-opened on Monday. The teamsters are making use of the improvement in the roads to haul logs to Allen's sawmill.

After a few days illness of pneumonia at the residence of her son, Harry Hunt, Lansdowne, Mrs. Thomas Hunt passed away on Sunday night. Deceased went to assist in caring for her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harry Hunt, who succumbed to pneumonia a week ago and contracted a cold which developed into pneumonia.

Beware of the man whose charitable gifts consist of sympathy.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

A Bit of Philosophy. "I really do not know anything about husbands and wives and wedded life," answered Charles when I asked him rather rudely, what he, a bachelor, knew about married life, "and perhaps that is the reason I am so well able to analyze the actions of men and women after they are married. You know, Katherine, that after a man grows to middle age—"

"But Charles, you are not middle age," I interrupted. "Anyone to hear you talk would think you were old." "Yes," Charles answered, "I have reached the middle of life, I was thirty-five years old yesterday and you remember that the poetist says the length of years of man is of three score years and ten. Half of seventy is thirty-five, Katherine, and I guess that I feel older than even that. At least I know that when a man begins to stretch between him and eternity he may be sure that he is past the first milestone beyond maturity. I did not intend, however, to go into this long explanation. Everyone knows that a man is as old as he feels. Some way I have been feeling a hundred lately."

Looks About Among His Friends. "What I wanted to say was this: After a man gets beyond the age where a woman must be a woman to interest him he begins to look about among his married friends and wonder if lugging to his heart the intangible substance of a dream is not a happier condition than having always within his arms a reality, and that reality something that seems very heavy at times."

"Sour grapes," I laughed. "Are they not sour?" he asked. "No, and that's just what makes marriage so interesting. The grapes are not all sour and because we never know which grape is going to be sweet and which sour, which grape is going to make you smack your lips joyously at the lusciousness of its flavor and which is going to pucker your mouth with the bitter acid of its unpalatableness you still keep tasting, hoping for a sweeter flavor, than has yet been yours."

"Then to you, Katherine, variety is more than the spice of life?"

"Yes, to me what I think it is to most people. Variety is the real necessity of my life. I have been very happy since I was married, Charles, and I do not believe now happy and I do not believe now happy on my marriage I would really care to give up the unhappiness any more than I would the happiness."

"You're a strange girl, Katherine."

"Not so strange. Most women do not tell the truth, my friends, if they were perfectly truthful they would say they are not looking for happiness, but change; something different to-day from what they had yesterday. We're always looking for what we call happiness, but what we want, everybody wants, are the thrills of life. When I die, Charles, I want my friends to make much difference whether it is great happiness or great sorrow, the only thing is that neither shall continue long enough to become prosaic. Food for the soul must be of as great variety as food for the body. When I die, Charles, I want my friends to say to me, she has lived and while that means she has loved it also means she has suffered."

"You have learned much since you were married," said Charles.

"Yes, I believe that marriage is supposed to be the greatest school of experience in the world and it is a school to which every woman should go. I think that every woman should marry even if she knows that she will be as unhappy as I have been, an unhappiness, however, which no girl ever expects."

Altogether Too Philosophical. "Are you still unhappy, dear," he asked rather wistfully. "It doesn't seem possible you could talk the way you do if you were another person. You are too philosophical, too analytical for the story to be your own."

"I do not think so," I answered. "No happy woman, or man either, for that matter, is ever a philosopher. While our blessings outnumber our woes we do not stop to count them."

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To-morrow—A Visit from Helen and Bob.

Thomas Hardy Tells How Music Affects Animals. The old adage that "there is nothing new under the sun" is constantly brought to our minds with more certain force. It was only recently it seems that a brand new idea has been discovered when it was found that cows yielded greater returns of milk when music was played in their presence. Thomas Hardy, however, in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," written in the reign of Queen Victoria, states that "songs were often recited to dairies as an enticement to cows when they showed signs of withholding their usual yield and the hand of milkers would burst out into melody. When they had gone through fourteen or fifteen verses of a ballad, they would react to a fiddle or other musical instrument."

In another place Hardy makes one of the dairymen tell the following story about the effect of music on an angry bull.

"Oh, yes; there's nothing like a fiddle. Though I do think that bulls are more moved by a tune than cows—at least, that's my experience. Once there was an old man over at Melletock—William Dewy by name. I knowed the man by sight as well as I know my own brother, in a manner of speaking. Well, this was a coming home along from a wedding where he had been playing his fiddle, and he had a moonlight night, and for shortness sake he took a cut across forty-acres, a field lying that way, where a bull was out to grass. The bull seen William and took after him, horns aground, began, and though William ranned his heels, and hadn't much drink in him (considering 'twas a wedding, and the folks well off), he found he'd never reach the fence and get over in time to save himself. Well, as a last thought, he pulled up a big tree, turning to the bull as he played, and backing towards the corner. The bull softened down, and stood still, looking hard at William Dewy, who fiddled on and on; till a sort of a smile stole over the bull's face. But no sooner did William stop his playing and turn to get over the hedge, than the bull would stop his smiling, and lower his horns and step forward. Well, William had to turn about and play on, willy-nilly. When he'd scraped till about four o'clock he felt that he verily would have to give over soon, and he said to himself, 'There's only this last tune between me and eternal welfare. Heaven save me, or I'm a done man.' Well, then he called to mind how he'd seed the cattle kneel o' Christmas Eve in the dead of the night. It was not Christmas Eve then, but it came into his head to play a trick upon the bull. So he broke into the 'Tivvy Hymn, just as at Christmas carol-singing; when lo and behold, down went the bull on his hended knees, in his ignorance, just as if 'twere the true 'Tivvy night and hour. As soon as his hended friend were down, William turped, clinked off like a bang-day, and jumped safe over hedge, before the praying bull had got on his feet again to take after him."

London Maids Have Their Planos Now. From London, via the United News, comes the information that British housewives are stripping

their drawing rooms in order to make the kitchens comfortable enough to accommodate the post-war maid. It has become fashionable now in England to strip the drawing room of almost bare drawing room. If there is no piano it makes no difference; nobody is likely to ask where it has gone if one happens to know you are the proud possessor of a maid. The only music in life emanates from the kitchen nowadays. "Above stairs" they have neither the time nor the money to spend on it.

Big furnished stores fill their windows with goods intended for kitchen comfort. So that no upstairs housewife will mistake their uses, they are duly labeled, "kitchen piano," "writing table for kitchen" and so forth.

No more plain deal chairs and tables for Mary Jane. Since she bobbed her hair and joined the "wacs" she has grown decidedly "arty" and her tastes are catered to accordingly. So the drawing room bric-a-brac finds a place on the kitchen shelf, while the kitchen chairs and tables, as sold in the stores, come under the category of "art furniture."

Legend of the Irish Harp. We are coming close to Ireland's national holiday or holiday—St. Patrick's Day, 17th of March—and that brings to mind the music of the soft, beguiling harp that is the national instrument of Ireland. Because of the harp is so poetical and so characteristic of the Irish people perhaps it might be apropos to tell the story here, if it is not already familiar to the reader.

Once long, long ago when the fairies and leprechauns and the banshees and all the other wild and little folk that have vanished forever from mortal sight, there lived in dear old Erin a sea-maiden, beautiful as a dream, who fell in love with a mortal knight. Night after night she left the coral caves and her sisters at play to walk and talk on the shore with her lover. But the knight "loved and rode away," and the poor maiden was left forlorn and broken-hearted to bewail her loss. Such a sad, lonely figure was she, poor maid, with her white face and lovely, despairing blue eyes and her beautiful golden hair falling over her arm as she leaned on the rock, once her lover's trying-place, that the little folks, out of pity for her woe, changed her into a harp. And out of the chivalry and gallantry she changed into the harp, the Irishmen took the harp for their national musical instrument.

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