

In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

HP YOUR SAUCE



Try this much-talked-of Sauce.

Everybody is delighted with its new and delicious flavour, that's why it is selling so freely everywhere.

Of all Grocers.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

John Asserts His Rights.

"What in heaven's name brought you to such a state of mind, Katherine? Had Karl Shepard been trying to make you think that you were an abused woman?" asked John, when he finally had come to the conclusion that what I had been telling him of my attempted suicide was true.

"He had been telling me nothing. I did not know that Karl Shepard was in the city until I heard a voice exclaim: 'Don't be foolish,' and two strong hands jerked me back. When I turned I looked into Karl's horror-stricken eyes."

"So the sounder had been following you, had he? Great God! I wouldn't have thought that of him—following his friend's wife is something I would not have believed of Karl Shepard, if my own wife had not told me he had done so."

I turned my face away and my body trembled so that my teeth were chattering. There was not one word of sympathy for me, not a pitying question as to the cause of my despair. Instead there was only black rage against his friend and a stubborn reiteration that I was either lying to him or was telling him a story of something that I thought I could possibly carry out, but in which I would have surely failed in the last moment. For all the many times that I have thought of this, I have not courage the greatest of all virtues I can see that he has always denied both moral and physical courage to me.

Tried to Explain.

"But John I did not tell you that he was following me. I have tried to explain that he hadn't intended me to know that he was here until he was ready to apologize to me for his part in your fight over Bea Moreland. He thought he could help me a little in some way to feel right toward you as well as toward himself."

"I don't understand how he thought he could help you. You are my wife, not his. The only thing he can do decently, if he wants to be a friend to either of us, is to keep away."

"If he had, John, I would not be here now to tell the story."

"Oh, you can't make me believe that. You never would have had the courage to do it."

No Poaching Allowed.

"Well, I'll tell you once for all I will not have any man poaching on my preserves and I can't understand why you should think that Karl Shepard's habit of following you around like a little dog has nothing of great import in it. Everybody knows he is in love with you. Men do not do things like this—and this—and this (and he picked up my baskets of white violets and threw them violently out of the window) unless he has something of special interest in doing it."

"Oh, yes," he continued, "I know that these flowers could be from no other person than Karl Shepard. They were his mother's flower. As long as she lived he sent her a basket of them every Sunday, and the moment I saw them about your sick room at the hospital I knew with diabolical subtlety he had transferred his delicate little attention to my wife. I didn't say anything about it then because I thought that if you didn't have sense enough to stop it you would at least see the futility of his attention. But I want to tell you right now, Katherine, that I am going to keep you. You are mine. Mine, and no other man in all this world shall have you. Oh, girl, why do you drive me mad with jealousy!" and again he drew me to him and crushed me against his heart.

"I pushed him away from me. It seemed to me that what John was feeling for me now was only the pride of possession. I was to him something that "belonged," and as such he thought of me always.

Wife Declares Herself.

"Don't touch me," I said, "don't think you can thrill me into forgiveness you do not deserve. You are slowly making me hate you and doing your best to send me directly to the man you affect to despise."

"Here is that letter you are talking about," he said, as he suddenly remembered that I had mentioned that Karl Shepard told me to give him.

I went over and took it out of my jewel case.

"Keep it among your treasures," he sneered at me.

"Yes," I answered, suddenly flaring into quick decision, "this letter is one of my greatest treasures for it tells me of a fact of which I had almost despaired—that there is in this world a man who can be unselfishly sympathetic and, by any possibility, he finds himself interested in a woman that can not return it, he tells her so frankly and bids her goodbye."

"Read that letter, John Gordon," I said, thrusting it into his hand, "and then tell me that you are thoroughly ashamed of yourself."

John Destroys Karl's Letter.

John quickly unfolded Karl Shepard's letter, and not wishing to see the remorse that I was sure would show in his face when he read it, I turned to leave the room.

I was half way to the door, however, when I heard the sound of tearing paper and I suddenly stopped still. It didn't seem possible to me that John Gordon would tear up my letter, especially as I knew he had not had time to read it and quickly on the heels of this disturbing thought came another which was tragic in the extreme. I knew that if John, in a moment of quick anger, should destroy Karl's letter without reading it, he would always be doubtful of its contents. I turned about and faced him. By this time he was tearing it into tiny bits.

"Why did you do that, John?" I demanded.

"I have no desire to read another man's love letter to my wife," he answered sullenly.

Not a Love Letter.

"Oh, John, you must know that it was not a love letter. Why Karl told me right in the letter to show it to you. I kept it purposely so that you might see it. Do you for one moment suppose if it were a real love letter that I would have let you see it? John, women do not bare their hearts to their husbands if they have anything in them to conceal."

"You may tell me what was in it," he said, and I knew from the tone of his voice that his anger was evaporating.

"It was then that I grew angry and I said, 'You have had your chance, John Gordon, and you did not take advantage of it. I am too tired to talk to you any more to-night.'"

"Come back, come back, girl," he pleaded, as I started toward the door. "No, I shall not come back, and what is more to the point, I shall never tell you what was in that letter."

"Come back, come back, Katherine. Are you going to leave me forever?"

Until John had said this I had not thought of such a thing, but now it seemed to me that if he would just go quietly out of my life or let me go out of his I would at least have a surcease from this pain, from this heartache.

John came suddenly forward and caught me to him. In doing so he hurt my shoulder which his hand had bruised. I do not know whether it

was the physical pain or whether it was because I could stand no more excitement that I collapsed in his arms.

I Lay in the Chaise.

When I came to myself I was lying in the chaise longue where I had so often seen my mother's fragile form, and John was kneeling beside me covering my arms and hands with kisses.

"Oh, I am a beast, a beast, Katherine," he said. "Really I do not mean to be so brutal, but when I think of your caring more for another man than you do for me, I simply go mad."

"I do not care more for anyone on earth than I do for you, John, but I must tell you honestly that I wish I did not care for you. It is my love for you that makes it possible for you to make me so unhappy."

"If being unhappy is a test of love, then I am very much in love with you, dear, and I must be loving you more than I ever did in my life, for this is the first time girl, that you ever made me unhappy."

"But you have been annoyed with me, John, many many times."

"No, never," he answered stoutly. I smiled. It was so ridiculous. If I had not been so weary, so exhausted, I would have told him of the many times he had been annoyed with me, but as it was I just closed my eyes, for I felt as though I could not speak another word.

"How Light You Are!"

John noticed my exhaustion and as he picked me up in his arms he exclaimed, "Why, girl, how light you are. I did not realize that your illness had made you so thin. You seem like a little, weary child. Oh, Katherine, I guess I have been a brute to you. I don't wonder that you are ready to fall in love with Karl Shepard or any other man that is good to you. Come," he said, as he laid me down on the bed. "I'll call Hannah to help you prepare for sleep."

He kissed me softly and such has always been the spell John's kiss has woven for me that my arms stole up about his neck and I did not mind even the hurt of my bruised shoulder.

To-morrow—John Sees a New Light.
(Copyright by National Newspaper Service)

TEXTILE WORKERS ARE OUT IN FRANCE Serious Attempts Being Made to Institute Soviets.

Paris, April 1.—One hundred thousand workers in the textile and printing trades are on strike in the Houlbais and Tourcoing region, where serious attempts are being made to institute Soviets. The employees of gas and electric power stations have joined the movement, while street cars are being held up and forced to return to the depot. Automobiles have been stopped and in some cases the cars were confiscated by workers. There has been street fighting between the Anarchists or Bolsheviks, and the more moderate workers in which there has been many injured. Workmen who refused to quit work, were



Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

A few slices of this mild, delicately-cured ham or bacon—cooked to a tempting brown—served sizzling hot—make a meal the whole family will enjoy. For Swift's Premium is outstanding in excellence: the Ham, because of its extra mild cure and juicy tenderness; the Bacon because of its succulent fat and enticingly flavored lean; and both because of their characteristic savouriness due to the exclusive Swift process of selection and curing.

Serve Swift's Premium on your Easter breakfast table and we know you will insist on this brand in future.

Order today from your Butcher or Grocer.

Swift Canadian Co. Limited
Toronto Winnipeg Edmonton

Appear At Your Best—Instantly

If you receive a sudden caller or an unexpected invitation you can feel confident of always appearing at your best. In but a few moments it renders your skin a wonderfully pure, soft complexion that is beyond comparison.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

FRUIT HOPKINS & SON, Montreal

The Cash Store Special Sale

Special price Red Rose Tea. Eggs 8. Cocoa, 3 tins for 25c. and 50c. Choice Farmers' Butter, 58c. and 60c. Swift Premium Ham and Bacon. New Laid Eggs. Choice Apples and Oranges for Easter day.

The United Grocery COMPANY
Next Standard Bank
138 Princess St. Phone 267

Apple Pie with Ingersoll Cream Cheese is a dainty dish

Spreads Like Butter

NON-RUSTABLE D&A CORSETS

Forget the price, when you examine a D & A Corset, think only of what you want—see the material and workmanship—the style and the fit.

Then ask the price and you will wonder how it can be sold so cheap, when other makes seemingly no better sell much dearer—you will buy the D & A.

There is a D & A in every style to suit your figure. Get your Corsetiere to show you the right one.

DOMINION CORSET CO.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.
Makers of "LA DIVA" & "GODDESS" Corsets.

The soul within us claims for its own the old-time melodies and the music of the moderns.

The GREENE Player Piano

brings to the family circle, where no member is trained in music, everything in music that can be desired. Its extraordinary flexibility enables one to provide music with the delicacy and feeling of a skilled pianist.

Exchange your old Piano, or perhaps a good Piano but silent, for a GREENE PLAYER-PIANO. It will respond to your every mood, permit you to produce soft, dreamy airs, light dance numbers, song accompaniments, or heavy classical numbers, at will. It's a musical instrument and a musical education combined.

We sell on easy terms.

The J.M. Greene Music Company, Limited
The Home of Good Music. Princess Street.

Maeterlinck on Life after Death

Is there Life after Death? Maurice Maeterlinck's famous lecture on Immortality is now translated and published in English for the first time in *Hearst's for April*.

I ASK YOU WILLIAM by K. C. B.

Hearst's for April

Bernard Shaw on Ireland

Will the Irish problem ever be settled? Lloyd George's latest plan has met with favor in neither the North nor the South. Bernard Shaw tells why, in *Hearst's for April*.

Hearst's Magazine—a Liberal Education!



Maeterlinck on Life after Death
Is there Life after Death? Maurice Maeterlinck's famous lecture on Immortality is now translated and published in English for the first time in *Hearst's for April*.

Arnold Bennett on Marriage
The famous British novelist takes up some of the problems of Marriage in a new series of stories—"The Married Life of Jack and Jill." See *Hearst's for April*.

The TWO GREAT NOVELS of the Year

Hall Caine! Vicente Blasco Ibanez! What other living novelists have been so universally acclaimed by critic and public alike throughout the entire civilized world?

The Christian, The Eternal City, The Prodigal Son, The Woman Thou Gavest Me, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Mare Nostrum—these were not only great novels in the literary sense but tremendous popular successes as well!

Hearst's now offers you—simultaneously—the new novels of both these great novelists.

THE Master of Man, by Sir Hall Caine, just started, will continue into the summer. And in the issue now on the newsstands you will find the first chapters of **The Enemies of Women**, by Blasco Ibanez.

THE BEGGAR by MAURICE LEVEL *Hearst's for April*

Georges Clemenceau on Poland
The ex-Premier of France is as accomplished a writer as he is a diplomat. Read his fascinating description of modern Poland and her people in *Hearst's for April*.

IF you are content with an ordinary magazine, if you are not willing to pay well for the very best, you won't want Hearst's this month or any other. But if you really want the works of the world's great writers—the words of the world's great thinkers—make sure each month—starting today with the April number—of your copy of

Hearst's
A Magazine with a Mission