

# In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

## IF WINTER COMES

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BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Sabre stumbled into his house and pushed the door behind him with a resolution expressive of his desire to shut away from himself all creatures of the world and be alone—be left entirely alone. By habit he climbed the stairs to his room. He collapsed into a chair.

His head was not aching; but there throbbed within his head, ceaselessly and enormously, a pulse that seemed to shake him at its every beat. It was going knock, knock, knock! He began to have the feeling that if this frightful knocking continued it would beat its way out. Something would give way. Amidst the purposeful reverberations, his mind, like one squeezed back in the dark corner of a lair of beasts, crouched shawing, appealing. He was the father of Effie's child; he was the murderer of Effie and of her child! He was neither; but the crimes were fastened upon him as ineradicable pigment upon his skin. His skin was white but it was annealed black; there was not a glass of the mirrors of his past actions but showed it black and reflected upon it that black and blacker yet. He was a betrayer and a murderer, and every refutation that he could produce turned to a brand in his hands and branded him yet more deeply. He writhed in torment. For ever, in every hour of every day and night, he would carry the memory of that fierce and sweating face pressing towards him across the fabric in that court. No! It was another face that passed before that passionate countenance and stood like flame before his eyes. Twynning! Twynning, Twynning! The prompter, the goader of that passionate man's passion, the instigator and instrument of this utter and appalling destruction. Twynning, Twynning! He ground his teeth upon the name. He twisted in his chair upon the thought. Twynning, Twynning, Twynning! Knock, knock, knock! Ah, that knocking, that knocking! Something was going to give way in a minute. It must be abated. It must. Something would give way else. A feverish desire to smoke came upon him. He felt in his pockets for his cigarette case. He had not got it. He thought after it. He remembered that he had started for Brighton without it, discovered there that he had left it behind. He started to hunt for it. It must be in his room. It was not to be seen in the room. Where? He remembered a previous occasion of searching for it like this. When? Ah, when Effie had told him she had found it lying about and had put it—in all absurd places for a cigarette case—in the back of the clock. Ten to one she had put it there again now. The very last thing she had done for him! Effie! He went quickly to the clock and opened it. Good! It was there. He snatched it up. Something else there. A folded paper. His name pencilled on it: Mr. Sabre.

She had left a message for him! She had left a message for him! That cigarette case-business had been deliberately done!

He fumbled the paper open. He could not control his fingers. He tumbled it open. He began to read. Tears stood in his eyes. Pitiful, oh pitiful. He turned the page—knock, knock, knock! The knocking suddenly ceased. He threw up his hand. He gave a very loud cry. A single note. A note of extraordinary exultation. "Ha!"

He crushed the paper between his hands. He cried aloud; "Into my hands! Into my hands thou hast delivered him!"

He opened the paper and read again, his hand shaking, and now a most terrible trembling upon him.

Dear Mr. Sabre,

I wanted you to go to Brighton so I could be alone to do what I am just going to do. I see now it is all impossible, and I thought to have seen it before, but I was so very fond of my little baby and I never dreamt it would be like this. But you see they won't let me keep my little baby and now I have made things too terrible for you. So I see the only thing to do is to take myself out of it all and take my little baby with me. Soon I shall explain things to God and then I think it will be quite all right. Dear Mr. Sabre, when I explain things to God, I shall tell him how wonderful you have been to me. My heart is filled with gratitude to you. I cannot express it; but I shall tell God when I explain everything to him; and my one hope is that after I have been punished I shall be allowed to meet you again, and thank you—there, where everything will be understood.

He turned over.

I feel I ought to tell you now, before I leave this world, what I never was able to tell you or any one. The father of my little baby was Harold Twynning who used to be in your office. We had been secretly engaged a very, very long time and then he was in an officers' training camp at Bourne-mouth I quite understood. We were going to be married and then he had to go suddenly, and then he was afraid to tell his father and then this happened and he was more afraid. So that was how it all was. I do want you, please, to tell Harold that I quite forgive him; only I can't quite write to him. And dear Mr. Sabre, I do trust you to be with Harold what you have always been with me and with everybody—gentle, and understanding things. And I shall tell the Perches, too, about you and Mr. Fergus. Good-by and may God bless and reward you for ever and ever,

Effie

II

He shouted again, "Ha!" He cried again, "Into my hands! Into my hands!"

He abandoned himself to a rather horrible ecstasy of hate and passion. His face became rather horrible to see. His face became purple and black and knotted, and the veins on his forehead black. He cried aloud; "Harold! Harold! Twynning! Twynning!" He

## Had Bad Pains In Her Heart Nerves Were Very Bad

Mrs. John Case, R. R. No. 4, St. Catharines, Ont., writes:—I wish to say that I have been bothered very much with my heart and nerves. I doctored with two different doctors, but did not find much relief. I would have such bad pains in my heart, at times: I would be almost afraid to move or breathe, and at night I could not sleep. If the pains in my heart were gone, my nerves would be so bad I could not lie still and would only get a little sleep by being tired out. My stomach was also very bad and I could eat but very little, and then only certain things or I would have so much distress which always made my heart worse.

I had been suffering for nearly two years until one day I was talking to your druggist about the way I felt. He advised me to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair trial. I have now taken five boxes and am feeling so much better, I am able to do my own work, and can eat anything I wish. I cannot praise

## Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

too highly.

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rather horribly mimicked Twynning. "Harold's such a good boy! Harold's such a good, Christian, model boy! Harold's never said a bad word or had a bad thought. Harold's such a good boy." He cried out: "Harold's such a blackguard! Harold's such a blackguard! A blackguard and the son of a vile, infamous, lying, perjured blackguard!"

His passion and his hate surmounted his voice. He choked. He picked up his stick and went with frantic striding hops to the door. He cried aloud, gritting his teeth upon it, "I'll cram the letter down his throat, I'll cram the letter down his throat, I'll take him by the neck, I'll bash him across the face. And I'll cram the letter down his throat."

The cab driver, his labour upon the buckle finished, was resting on his box with the purposeful and luxurious rest of a man who has borne the heat and burden of the day. Sabre waved his stick at him, and shouted to him, "Fortune's office in Tidborough, Hard as you can, Hard as you can." He wrenched open the door and got in. In a moment, the startled horse scarcely put into motion by its startled driver, he put his head and arm from the window and was out on the step. "Stop! Stop! Let me out. I've something to get."

He ran again into the house and bundled himself up the stairs and into his room. At his bureau he took a drawer and wrenched it open so that it came out in his hand, swung on the sockets of its handle, and scattered its contents upon the floor. One article fell heavily. His service revolver. He grabbed it up and dropped on his hands and knees, padding eagerly about after scattered cartridges. As he searched his voice went harshly, "He's hounded me to hell. At the very gates of hell I've got him, got him, and I'll have him by the throat and hurl him in!" He broke open the breech and jammed the cartridges in, counting them, "One, two, three, four, five six!" He sapped up the breech and jammed the revolver in his jacket pocket. He went scrambling again down the stairs, and as he scrambled down he cried, "I'll cram the letter down his throat, I'll take him by the neck, I'll bash him across the face. And I'll cram the letter down his throat. When he's sprawling, when he's looking, perhaps I'll out with my gun and drill him, drill him for the dog, the dog that he is."

him. Knock, knock, knock. Curse the thing. There was Twynning's neck, that brown strip between his collar and his head, that in a minute he would catch him by... No, seated thus he would catch his hair and wrench him back and cram his meal upon him—Knock, knock, knock. Curse the thing!

He said heavily, "Twynning, Twynning, I've come to speak to you about your son."

Twynning slightly twisted his face in his hands so as to glance up at Sabre. His face was red. He said in an odd, thick voice, "Oh, Sabre, Sabre, have you heard?"

Sabre said, "Heard?"

"He's killed. My Harold. My boy. My boy, Harold. Oh, Sabre, Sabre, my boy, my boy, my Harold!"

He began to sob; his shoulders heaving.

Sabre gave a sound that was just a whimper. Oh, irony of fate! Oh, cynicism incredible in its malignancy! Oh, cumulative touch! To deliver him this his enemy to strike, and to present him for the knife thus already stricken!

No sound in all the range of sounds whereby man can express emotion was possible to express this emotion that now surcharged him. This was no pain of man's devising. This was a special and a private agony of the gods reserved for victims approved for very nice and exquisite experiment. He felt himself squeezed right down beneath a pressure squeezing into his vitals; and there was squeezed out of him just a whimper.

He walked across to the fireplace; and on the high mantle-shelf laid his arms and bowed his forehead to the marble.

Twynning was brokenly saying, "It's good of you to come, Sabre, I feel it. After that business, I'm sorry about it, Sabre. I feel your goodness coming to me like this. But you know, you always knew, what my boy was to me. My Harold. My Harold. Such a good boy, Sabre. Such a good, Christian boy. And now he's gone, he's gone. Never to see him again. My boy. My son. My son!"

Oh, dreadful!

And he went on, distraught and pitiable. "My boy. My Harold. Such a good boy, Sabre. Such a perfect boy. My Harold!"

The letter was crumpled in Sabre's right hand. He was constricting it in his hand and knocking his clenched knuckles on the marble.

"My boy. My dear, good boy. Oh, Sabre, Sabre!"

He dropped his right arm and swung it by his side; to and fro; over the fender—over the fire; and over the hearth—over the flames.

"My Harold. Never to see his face again! My Harold!"

(To be Continued.)



## Unharmful—the soft skin of her face, though damp, and cold cut through rock

Although rain, wind and cold wear fissures in the hardest rock, women today are defying the severest climates to hurt the soft skin of their face. You, too, may laugh at the weather, dare the careless winter sports with a light heart, if you will follow the famous method they use.

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