

# POOR DOCUMENT

## MC 2034

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1908

### THE CYNIC

By ELEANOR HOWARD-WARING.

SHE SPEAKS.

No, do not interrupt me—let me say all. Last night I was convinced of your love, and this conviction swept over me like a gale that bends a slender willow tree. During those moments I think you did love me. Oh, yes, and now, perhaps, as you say, for after all, last night is not so very far in the past. You might love and be true to me for as long as a fortnight, or until the novelty of possession wore off, or until a prettier woman came—My mind as well? Then I shall say a brighter, prettier woman. . . . Yes, there are lots of them!

You see I am not a girl. I've lived and studied men and women of many countries. I love they are all alike. My marriage was not a success—never mind why. It was years ago and seems scarcely more than an episode in my life, but it was long enough for me to learn something of married men and marriage vows, which seem but a matter of elasticity of conscience—

Yes, I heard that your marriage, too, seems true, but so is marriage often. Was—what shall we say?—failure in the beginning. I had ideas—one has them in youth you know—that one by an angel could live up to. The young expect much that maturity knows never existed. The law freed me from these shattered illusions, and as a burnt child avoids the fire I have no ideas now, and I have never married again.

Yes, I have become a doubter—No, I would not trust you. Why should I? With certain environments I would trust no one. . . . Hard? Perhaps I have wanted for years to say all this frankly.

So long as you were under my personal influence you might easily remain true, but one let this relax and another woman come into your life, I would not give that for your faith to me! You are not to blame. Nature has endowed men with a desire for novelty—and much curiosity. When this is satisfied—like a bee forsaking the flower when the honey is sipped, they flutter to another blossom or even away to another garden. Strange to say, too, the heart that's most loving is the most responsive to be responsible, if you can understand what I mean.

The only genuine unhappy men I ever knew have been married men. I think it is the method of conducting the marriage relation. Too much setting, too much familiarity. Some men are strong enough to defy the fate that blew over not their house of cards—No, when they are too wise they know better than to attempt another such frail structure. . . . Some of them stand on the ruins and with their heads erect go on to the end and the world never knows.

"What of the women?" Oh, it is all the same, men and women too. Only the woman of course, is the greater sufferer because of the restrictions of

conventional and the impossibility of seeking outside diversions.

No, no, let us be friends. Marriage spoils friendship. If I did not really know, your arguments might seem strong, but I am quite determined to let my head govern my heart and I know you last night when you kissed me. . . . no—no—don't touch me! that might make me think I loved you today! I wish to protect us both. . . . No, not even my hand, please. Last night when you carried me away by your eloquence and presence, by the the strength of our manliness, I was overcome. The quality and intensity of my feeling left me exhausted. It seemed to me at the time that you defied every evil thing that perils love—inconstancy and unfaithfulness included. I had neither power nor inclination to resist you. . . .

Oh, but that was last night. The lights and the music and the odors of many flowers make such a difference. I was reckless under their spell. I forgot all the lessons I have learned by daylight, and sitting there beside you with your shoulder so close to my cheek and your arm flung over the back of the bench. . . . Once more, no, please, this is not last night, but today, and last night it was the arch tempter that whispered to us both, "Somewhere there are truth and love and faith, and you two can find them for the seeking."

Do you remember how the orchestra sobbed the tenor solo from "Cavalleria"? Let me play a bit of it, shall I? Just here beside you on the piano bench. I want to feel the spell again. . . . Is it not wonderful? Do you feel it too? But we must not. . . . Why? Because there is no truth nor loyalty in the world and we must not deceive ourselves. You see, the "atmosphere" is really gone today. The daylight is too prosaic and the piano—ah!—only violins can sway one truly. See, when I raise the shade high how garish the afternoon sunlight seems! . . . Well, close it if you like—it does seem rather blatant. Thanks. . . .

Yes, you may sit beside me again—but not so near—there is plenty of room, the bench is made for duets! And I can talk and think more clearly if you don't touch me. When you do I feel lost, for some reason, and I have a sense of helplessness and a desire not to go on living but just to float into space with half-closed lids and relaxed senses. . . . You feel this too? I can scarcely believe it, men are so different. . . .

What I really crave is your friendship—a relation based upon a mutual attitude to each other. In my proper sense I do not love you. The music, lights, flowers, your caresses, give a false glamour I like you. You

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exhale a strength that stimulates me like a tonic. You give me hope and courage. Your firm mouth gives me a sense of power, your square shoulders seem to me a bulwark against the world, but above all it is your mind which I most admire.

Against all of these things I must guard myself. The tone of today, which stimulates, was as intoxicating wine last night. You touched me, you crushed me to you and I gave myself up to a joy for which I thought I had lost the capacity. I am glad I can still feel so deeply, but I must let my head guide me. I postponed my answer until today, fearing to trust myself last night and knowing, even in the supreme moment, it would be different by daylight. Most of life is daylight. Music and palms and the subdued lights of a conservatory grow fever and fever as we grow older. That is all over. It is your mind today which I delight in—not your physical self. I do not want your physical self. I want your expression, for you have been patient with me. But it will do no good. I am quite determined. . . .

Why do you pull the shade so low? The room is quite dim. . . . Yes, you may play, certainly. . . . Are you going to sing it? . . . Ah! . . .

HE SPEAKS.

Do you mind if I go on playing as I talk? This "Cavalleria" thing seems to be a sort of motif with us. . . . When I first heard you sing I realized the possibilities of life in you and saw your temperament. You were singing Verborghenheit and you always were, the words, as if you were afraid: and keen as a beardless boy. The

youthful longing for a mate sweeps over me.

We can be happy together, for our love is not founded solely upon physical attraction. We have each had a hard lesson and we know, wherein we failed before. . . . Ah, you must let me finish—that is only fair, you know.

I can and would be true to you, for I would find in you always that infinite variety that makes association interesting. Your moods fill me with a desire to penetrate and respond as you would have me. When you are happy you irradiate happiness. I heard you laugh somewhere on the lawn yesterday. I wondered at your capacity for joy, but I laughed with you. When the gardeners wife told you of her suffering child your eyes filled with tears—but that was not all, I saw the doctor when he came at your request, he told other tales out of school, too. So you see I know you. . . . Yes, I know more than you think. You are not hard, you are not really cynical. Love you for all the things you are, not for the things you call yourself. . . . Please do not move. . . . Then I shall follow you. . . . Yes, lean there on the piano with the dusk falling outside and your face shining so white. Your hair is like a halo against the fading light. . . . No, you shall not go. . . . Yes, I meant to do it and I shall not ask to be forgiven. Can't you see and feel that you must never go? That you must stay here, in my arms, always, and that I must kiss you so . . . and so . . . forever?

### MISS HUTCHINSON HAS CLOSE CALL

OTTAWA, July 12.—Miss Emily Hutchinson of St. John, who is visiting in Ottawa, had a very narrow escape from drowning while out sailing on Blue Sea Lake with her cousin, L. R. Cameron, Saturday. The ship was suddenly capsized in a strong gale of wind. Both, however, succeeded in getting hold of the upturned boat, and after some time were noticed by a young girl and her little brother on shore nearly a mile away. They pluckily pulled out in a boat to the rescue and despite the heavy seas on the lake finally reached the two in jeopardy. Miss Hutchinson, who was much exhausted, was rescued just in the nick of time.

(Miss Hutchinson is a daughter of Rev. D. L. Hutchinson, pastor of Main street Baptist church.)

### CANADA'S PILOT FOR 12 YEARS

OTTAWA, July 12.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier today completed his twelfth year as pilot of Canada's ship of state. He was sworn in as first minister on July 18, 1896, and during the twelve years that have elapsed since then has been the guiding spirit in the remarkable development of the country which has taken place. Of his original cabinet only six are now left, eight having died. Sir Wilfrid celebrated the day of morning one of the most important resolutions of his tenure of office, namely, that providing for the extension of the boundaries of Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec.

### STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF AMHERST CITIZEN

AMHERST, July 12.—Amherst citizens are much mystified over the sudden disappearance of E. M. Bicknap, a well known lumber dealer. Mr. Bicknap, who is associated with R. W. Ambrose in business, left Amherst on Tuesday, June 30th, for Halifax and returned via Pictou, where he had a vessel loading lumber for his firm, Messrs. F. A. and L. Bicknap, who is associated with R. W. Ambrose in business for some time. It was his intention to return to Amherst not later than Saturday, the fourth instant. Since leaving the Halifax Hotel on Thursday, the 2nd, Mr. Bicknap has totally and mysteriously disappeared. On any previous occasion when absent from town on business and being unable to be detained he notified Mr. Ambrose to that effect.

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ICE CREAM made from best grade pure cream. Sure to please.  
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CLEAN-SWEEP SALE AT THE UNION BEGINS THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 16th, at 8.30 a. m. Ends Saturday, July 25th—9 Days Only

YOU'RE IN LUCK if you have waited for our Great Mid-Summer Sale of Clothing and Furnishings. Thursday morning we start a bargain sale of reliable high grade Clothing and Furnishings that will put all our past efforts in the shade.

## THIS GREAT MID-SUMMER SALE

### Of High Grade Clothing and Furnishings for Men, Youths and Boys

will surpass in value-giving any sale that St. John has ever known. Past experience has satisfied our patrons that we advertise only facts.

Opportunity is Knocking—Soon it will be time to say farewell to summer—when the cold snaps will be here again. Modern retailing knows no better time to close out stock than these between-season days. We have cut our prices to move out the stock on hand, and here's your opportunity. The prudent buyer will read this ad. and call at once. The profit to us is in disposing of goods that while new now would be "last season's" next season. Your profit is in the money saved, and where else would you look for such splendid styles, as we offer, at such small prices? Reductions touch all Clothing, Hats and Haberdashery—boys' and men's. DON'T LET THIS OPPORTUNITY GET AWAY FROM YOU

STORE CLOSED ALL DAY WEDNESDAY, July 15th, to get everything in readiness.

Sale Starts Thursday Morning, July 16th, at 8.30 a. m. Ends Saturday, July 25th.

We are clearing out stock. Our low prices will make the best brooms. If you pay less for clothing elsewhere you will get less. Our good clothing ties our patrons to this store. Now for a quick turning of stock into cash. Read these prices, they will surely interest you:

Men's Suit Dept.		Men's Toppers.		Men's Trouser Dept.	
Suits worth \$6.50, 7.00 and 8.00 for	\$ 4.25	Fancy Mixtures, now	\$ 6.90	Tweed Trousers at	98c. and \$1.10
Fancy Tweed Suits, now	5.50	Fancy Mixtures, now	8.15	Tweed Trousers worth \$2.00 for	1.19
Fancy Tweed Suits, now	6.25	Black Toppers worth \$12.00, now	9.25	Others at	\$2.85, 1.87, 2.07
Fancy Tweed Suits' now	8.15	Black Toppers now	10.00	Boy's Pants at 39c. and 63c.	
Fancy Worsteds Suits worth \$14.00, now	10.65	Men's Raincoats.		Men's Furnishing Dept.	
Fancy Brown Suits, now	12.50	Grey Mixtures worth \$8.00, now	5.65	Men's Black Cashmere Hose	19c. pair
Youths' Suit Dept.		Fancy Mixtures, now	\$7.20, 7.50 and 10.65	Men's Neckwear	11c. 19c. 39c.
Fancy Tweed Suits at	4.25	Boys' 2 Piece Suits		Balbriggan Underwear	29c. 39c.
Fancy Worsteds Suits worth \$11.00, now	8.15	At \$1.85, 1.98, 2.50, 4.40, 5.00		Men's Hard Bosom Shirts	59c.
Fancy Worsteds Suits, extra quality, now	8.75	Boys' 3 Piece Suits		Men's Soft Bosom Shirts	63c. 89c.
Great Sale of Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises.		All marked to sell—They are marked away down.		Men's Black Shirts	63c. 89c.
Everything in the house marked to sell. Come help us to move this immense stock of up-to-date clothing and furnishings and make this sale the banner one of our history.		COME AS		Collars at	11c. each
OFTEN AS YOU CAN—bring father and son along with you.		Sale Starts Thursday, July 16th, and Ends Saturday, July 25th.		Braces	19c. 39c.

## UNION CLOTHING COMPANY,

26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market.  
ALEX. CORBET, Manager.