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GRAND TRUNK SOLLYER

TIME TABLE

Trains leave Watford Station as follows: GOING WEST Accommodation, 75....8 44 a.m.
Chicago Express.13....12 31 a.m.
Accommodation, 83.....6 44 p.m. GOING EAST

Accommodation, 80...... 7 48 a.m.
"New York Express, 6....11 16 a.m.
New York Express, 2...... 3 05 p.m.
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Home

A Widow's Experience

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

My love for Edward Lane began when we were both so young that neither of us could remember a time when it did not exist. His father's place was but a short distance from ours. Indeed, the rear line marked the limits of both places. On one side of this line was the playground of the several children, boys and girla including Edward and myself, who lived in the neighborhood. I can remember as far back as when I was seven years old and Edward nine that in playing keep house he and I always played the part of husband and wife. There was a swing on this playground, and Edward's father put up articles for a boys' gymnasium. A little house four or five feet high was built for us girls and furnished with toy furniture. At times we would leave our dolls there all night, first putting them to bed.

When I grew taller I could not understand how I could have stood upright in that little house. And what med more remarkable to me was that Edward could have done so, for he was always a large child. And I remember that when he had been away to school for a long while and came back he was

taller than the house. By this time we were growing out of childhood into that intermediate period when, though boys and girls may feel love, they are not likely to express it. It is a period of transition from child love to real love. The boy mind is taken up with athletic sports, while the girl hides her secret almost from herself. Indeed, so nebulous is this period that in my own case it is difficult for me to recall my exact feelings. I remember them faintly and as existing at intervals. They were rather a small portion of my girl's existence than the whole

When I was sixteen I was awakened to the true condition by the marked preference displayed by another girl for my Edward. From that time my love became the principal instead of a minor part in my life. I failed to conceal my jealousy from him, and this brought out his own consciousness of what was between us. There was no formal declaration, no conventional giving of the hand, not even the lovers' kiss. He merely said something about the other girl, I know not what, but it assured me there was no change in our position since the days when we played husband and wife at keeping house-no change in the position, but a great change in the condition. It had then been like a winter bud, but ready to put forth leaves.

I sometimes wished that I could have experienced the proposal that other girls seemed to regard the next most important moment in their lives to their marriage. Edward and I had no occasion for a proposal. Our love was rather, as I have said, an unfolding of a bud than the birth of a butterfly. The only abrupt part of it was when he gave me the first kiss. I treasured

that in lieu of a proposal.

When we were married great changes had occurred. I had been left alone in the world, so it was arranged that we should occupy my house. Our living room was on the second floor, overlooking the playground where we had pretended to be husband and wife. The faint dream of childhood had been developed to a realization of almost perfect happiness. If there could be a perfection on earth these five years of my life, from twenty to twenty-five, were such a condition. Two children were born to us, a boy and a girl. What seemed strange to me was that, though I gave them a boundless love that which I bore their father, instead of being diminished, was increased, Truly love must be, like space, infinite. Up to this point there had been an expansion of happiness. Suddenly there came a check. Our younger child sickened and died. I have described with some minuteness what I have likened to the gradual unfolding of a flower. I have no heart to give more than a brief mention of its blight-Within a few months after the first death a second occurred, and within another year I lost my husband. For a time I was in a sort of col-lapse, in which I did not take enough interest in my surroundings to be affected by them. After one has met serious accident or has been operated upon by a surgeon the senses are deadened; then comes the begin-

ning of pain. It was so with me.

When I became myself my surround-

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I longed to get away from them. Friends advised me to seek recovery in the many new scenes and interesting objects that are to be found abroad. I took their advice. I sailed for Europe, leaving the place where I had been so happy in the hands of an agent for sale. One thing I was resolved upon-never to return to it.

It may be considered that my story is one of coincidence. It is more than that. It is an illustration of the very different conditions that may occur in the life of a single person. Masters the life of a single person. of romance have maintained that there should be in song or story but one love. Playwrights never bring a sec

ond on to the stage. They portray rather romance than real life and do not give all that real life needs. They are of the same order as the people of India, who believe that the wife should die on the funeral pyre of her husband. I may be weaker than some women

or I may be stronger. Possibly I may have less depth of feeling, though that I will not admit. I saw only in nursing my grief a dreadful life before me. I gnized the principle that no two absorbing ideas can occupy the brain at one time. I did all that I could to interest myself in what was about me. True, I did not at first succeed and when I did only partially so. I dreaded the word forget, and yet I realized that to avoid suffering I must temporarily forget. I forced myself to feel that after a time I would be reunited with my loved ones and that meanwhile I must except occasionally, put them out of my mind.

I made my home abroad. Three years after my bereavement I married again. I did so partly because I was lonely, partly because I wished for a man to rely upon, as is natural to any woman, partly because the man I married assured me that I could give him an interest in life and, lastly, because became attached to him. He was an American, like myself, and, being wealthy, gave himself up to study. He lived abroad that he might write books which required his presence among the subjects of which he wrote.

For five years after our marriage we continued our residence abroad, During this period children were born to us. There was a tacit mutual agreement between us that I should not talk about the world in which I had lived. I saw that he would rather leave that to me, considering himself as having no part in it, and I had no desire to make him a part of it. He was absorbed in his literary work, and if I ever told him even where I had lived he soon forgot it.

Then he was called to America on matter of some property that needed his attention. It was agreed between us that he should leave me and our children in Lucerne, where we were then living. He expected to be absent not more than two months, but soon after his arrival in America he was induced to write for a publisher a work necessitating his presence in America. He suggested my coming home with the children, but left me to consult my own feelings in the mat-

I had never intended to return to the United States, dreading lest it should reawaken me to my lost world. But

with a husband and children that world had receded further and further from me till the consciousness of it had grown very dim. I wrote my thusband that I would go back to the western hemisphere and remain there. I was tired of moving about from one place to another, and the children were coming to that age when they should have steady instruction at school. Our boys I preferred to bring up in America. I therefore suggested to my husband that he buy a place in which we might settle. He replied that he agreed with me and would carry out my suggestions. Later he wrote me that he had bought a place in the suburbs of the city wherein it would be necessary for him to do his work.

We arrived after dark. I was delighted at our reunion, as were the father and the children. I did not ask where our home was to be. I intended to be satisfied with it, pleased with it, wherever it was. We took a train and in less than an hour alighted at a station, where a carriage was waiting for us. It was very dark when we reached our home, and I saw nothing of it till I stood in the hall. Then I caught at a banister to prevent my falling

I was in the house I had left more than ten years before with a blighted

"My dear!" exclaimed my husband, starting toward me.

But in a twinkling I had recovered myself. And what had enabled me to do so? The sudden appearance of an object. Ah, those objects that come to How much more valuable oftentimes than realization! I must at least for the present spare my good man the inexpressible pain of knowing what he had brought upon me.

"Nothing," I replied. "A little glidiness at having been so long rolling at

"Nothing you don't like, is there?" he asked anxiously. "On the contrary, I am very well

pleased. Let us see the rest of the He took me into every room in the house, a house that had been sold twice since I had parted with it and both times with the furniture included. Not for the world would I have betrayed that these rooms, closets, cor-ners, with every bed, table, burean, had been familiar to me from child-hood. But when it was over I passed the night alone in a room opening into one occupied by the children.

No tongue or pen can describe what that night was to me.

When morning came I found that if I could endure the first shock I could endure more. I deferred from day to day telling what had happened. My husband was delighted with his purchase, and before I had gained heart to tell him my secret he had become a fixture in it. Months passed, then years. My husband is now an old man and my children are grown. None of them know that their mother has een living in her second earthly

And yet, after all, this coincidence has not brought me unhappiness. I have been living two existences, both of which are dear to me, the one near ture; the one of flesh and blood, the of spiritual form. In time it will be a spiritual mingling of the two.

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Mistaken

Mr. Pondersby had been lunching with a few friends in the city, and, so as to arrive home without displaying any signs of the festivities, he decided to

walk to Victoria. As he swayed along the Enbankment he made a splendid effort to avoid the large crowd collected near the Temple pier to view the captured submarin e, but only succeeded in colliding with a group only succeeded in containing of children. He fell against the stone coping, and stood for a moment trying to collect himself.

Then a gentleman in a blue helmet and overcoat tapped him on the should-

Now, then, sir, keep moving along ! Get You can't stand here, you know! Get to the end of the queue if you want to

to the end of the queue in you want to see the submarine."

"Submarine! Whasubmarine?"

"Why just over there! U.C5."

"You're a liar! You thin' I'm in toxicated, and I'm not! I don't see five! I c'n see's plain as you! There's on'y two! See, clever!" Mother Graves' Worm Extermintor

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upon many words in my reading that I did not understand, my mother, instead of giving me the definition when I applied to her, unifo dy sent me to the dictionary to learn and in this way I gradually learned many things des the meaning of the individual word in question-among other things, how to use a dictionary, and the gre e in the use of the dictionary. Afterwards, when I went to the village school, my chief diversion, after les-sons were learned and before they were recited, was in turning over the pages of the 'Unabridged' of those days. Now the most modern Unabridged-theNEW INTERNATIONALgives me a pleasure of the same sort. So far as my knowledge extends, it is at present the best of the one-volume dictionaries, and quite sufficient for all ordinary uses. Even those who possess the splendid dictionaries in Several volumes will yet find it a great convenience to have this, which is so compact, so full, and so trustworthy as to leave, in most cases, little to be desired."—Albert S. Cook, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of the English Language and Literature, Yale Univ. April 28, 1911.

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