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## 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. In 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, was—what shall we say?—failure seems trite, but so is marriage often.

In the beginning I had ideals—one has them in youth you know—that only 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 ideals 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 too 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 exacting, too much familiarity. Some men are strong enough to defy the fate that blew over 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 conventionality 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 strength of your 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—bah!—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 first upon a mental attitude to each other. In my proper senses I do not love you. The music, lights, flowers, your caresses give a false glamour, I like you. You 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 tonic 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 fewer and fewer as we grow older. That is all over. It is your mind today which I delight in—not your physical self. . . .

Oh, very well, I can hardly deny you 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 almost whispered the words, as if you were afraid:

"Tempt me not, O world, again,  
Lure me not with joys that perish,  
Let my heart unspoken cherish,  
All its raptures, all its pain—"

These harmonies are very interesting just here, I think. . . . Is not this a queer strain? . . . I had seen you the evening before for the first time. From the moment our eyes met I knew that this was to follow. I never resisted it. We had been in the same world all those years, and had known each other all that time, but we only met face to face two weeks ago.

I did not dream until last night that you cared. When I found that you did. . . . Oh, yes, you cared—last night. . . . Never mind, the daylight does not make such a difference. Do you like Delibes? Sometimes there seems never to have been any other composer. Listen to this. . . . You see, Life only offered us the drugs the first time. Today you and I will fill the glass with glowing wine and drink together. . . . Yes, we will, for we are yet young enough, and blood flows quick in our veins.

Last night, with your violet-scented hair against my cheek, your warm, palpitating body against mine in your evening gown, your hand with its sudden, unhopied-for clasp on mine and your lips so near. . . . Go on playing? Very well, since I am not to touch! . . . I like to see you smile like that. I can't believe you are over twenty and your teeth gleam so white. . . . I did not think I should ever care to marry again until you came, and now I am as fresh 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 gardener's 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 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. I 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?

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### Good Plowing.

No amount of harrowing or after work can entirely overcome the effects of bad plowing to begin with. Plowing is the foundation of the crop to follow. A man who can drop a straight furrow is one who keeps pretty close watch of his plow. He may hold his handles loosely and appear to be plowing very easily and perhaps carelessly; but he is watching every movement of the plow and shifting the handles slightly one way or another that it may take more or less land. The plow, of course, should do the plowing itself, without any necessity for the plowman to bear down on it with all his weight, nor to raise it up on its point constantly; but nevertheless plowing needs close attention. Intelligent selection of the team which is to plow together is important. The horses' gaits should be even and they should work well in span. It is impossible to do good work with one horse walking rapidly and the other lagging behind constantly or walking sometimes in and sometimes out of the furrow. The plow itself is another thing to consider. On one plow is best suited to all kinds of land. A sharply curved, short, high mold board will throw the furrow very high and hard and break it up; this is suitable for a stiff clay soil.

For smooth, mellow soil, or for plowing sod in the spring, when it is desired to turn the furrow squarely over, a plow, with a long slightly curved mold board is best as it turns the furrow smoothly upside down and breaks the furrow the least. The Scotch farmers want a plow which will turn a narrower furrow than American farmers. If the beam of the plow is short, bringing the horses near to the point of resistance, the draft will be least; but there should be several links between the beam and the whiffletree to give the horses some leeway, when stepping on a mound or into a depression, so that the point of the plow will not be jerked up or down.—American Cultivator.

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### A Clubbing Offer.

The Montreal Weekly Witness, Canada's cleanest and most reliable weekly and THE DISPATCH, both for \$1.50 per year.

### NOTICE OF SALE.

To JOHN TIMONEY of the Parish of Richmond, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION in front of the Office of D. McLeod Viner, on King Street, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on Monday the SEVENTEENTH day of AUGUST next at the hour of Two of the clock in the Afternoon, the following lands and premises:—

"All that certain tract of land situate in the said Parish of Richmond and bounded as follows, to wit:—On the north by land formerly owned by Samuel Hemphill; on the east by land formerly



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THE ABOVE SALE will be held under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the SIXTEENTH day of JULY in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the said County of Carleton, in Book G. number four of Records on pages 671, 672 and 673, and made between the said John Timoney of the One Part, and the undersigned, Alfred H. Henderson of the City of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, one of the United States of America, Surgeon Dentist, of the other part,—default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereby secured.

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