

A FAREWELL

BY ALBERT KINROSS.

Jack Halliday and Doris Verrall were what the society papers—especially the penny ones—call "smart" people. They lived in a dear little world of their own, whose inhabitants had nothing whatever to do but eat, drink and be merry; a charming sphere where everybody tried his or her hardest to be amusing and amiable, and where nothing was ever taken seriously—that is, in public. The greatest enemy of these Utopians was boredom, and this they avoided by being superficial—merely sipping at things instead of imbibing the huge draughts that ordinary mortals are apt to indulge in. When they did a good deed, they did it by stealth and threw mud at it afterwards; when they spoke of things human and divine they hid their true selves and real meaning under an impenetrable cloak of flippant slang and cheap witticisms. Each one of them was the hero or heroine of an eternal comedy with a single part. They played very well, and so strongly were their minds fixed on this one-character play that they forgot there was a world outside the theatre, a big, serious world, where everything was real; even love and hate, work and play, man and woman, even laughter and tears, even ambition and failure. Halliday and Miss Verrall had much in common. They used the same devices to conceal their good instincts, and occasionally went so far as to hint at a decided liking for this or that play, person or picture. Now and again they caught sight of one another for a brief instant, but the passing glimpse was always too short to lead to a longer one. They had known one another some two years, and living in the same small world, met almost every day in the season and every other one out of it. These meetings could hardly be considered profitable. The eternal comedy with the one part never allowed them to forget themselves and remember each other, and for two years they had exchanged flippancies tempered with chaff, and small talk spiced with refined slang, without getting any nearer to one another than the edges of their respective stages. Sometimes they flirted for a change—the flirtations of this peculiar people are so like love as to be indistinguishable from the genuine article—and, maybe, shook off the motley for an occasional brief moment of rest—simply a pause between two acts, with the orchestra playing in between to remind them that they were still in the theatre. Thus, the net result of their acquaintanceship was that Doris Verrall had never got a word of sober sense out of Jack Halliday, while Jack Halliday had never heard a syllable of wisdom issue from the delicate lips of Doris Verrall.

Doris was an only child and motherless. She and her father had kept house together and mutually spoilt one another these last fifteen years. They had a miniature Mayfair palace all to themselves, an Arcadia that would have surprised most of the Utopians, among whom Doris took her pleasures, by reason of its restful simplicity and quiet affections. Father and daughter were very fond of each other, each in his or her own way—Mr. Verrall in a dignified, old-world manner, that reminded one of Balzac's elderly aristocrats; while Doris showed her affection by being disrespectful. She treated "daddy," as she playfully called Mr.

Verrall, like a big spoiled child, and he was as clay under her fingers.

Mr. Verrall was a peaceful, white-haired old gentleman—tall, of simple manners, and inclined to brood over the loss of his wife who died when Doris was a little girl. He spent most of his time among his books and pictures, while Doris and her friends turned the house upside down as they listed. Mr. Verrall let the girl do exactly as she pleased, for the two had that consideration for and trust in one another that bourgeois and parvenu never seem to attain. The old gentleman was allowed to live his own life in peace and quiet, while Doris danced and made merry under the chaperonage of a score of friends.

It was a Sunday evening in June. The sky was clearing fast after a day's rain, and the city looked as though it had just come from the laundry.

Doris and Mr. Verrall, who had gone down to the park for a mild constitutional, ran up against Jack Halliday, bent on a similar errand, and bore him home to dinner. He had never dined en famille with the Verralls, and wondered what it would be like. The idea seemed strange at first because it was new. London men are above all things creatures of habit, three-quarters of whose lives are carefully planned and mapped out for them by that huge machine, society. This saves them the trouble of thinking and other discomforts. So Halliday thought for a moment, and came to the conclusion that Doris was a nice girl and would keep him in a good temper half the evening if he kept her amused the other half. Mr. Verrall he hardly knew.

The dinner was a success. All three enjoyed it—Jack Halliday most of all. It was different from the shallow glitter of his everyday life. It reminded him of the "Home, Sweet Home," that Patti sings about, and the domestic Doris, carefully looking after her white-haired old father, was an unexpected revelation. It seemed strange to think that this pattern of filial affection was the cynical, witty and flippant Doris Verrall he had hitherto known. For a moment or two the thought made him uncomfortably self-conscious. He was an intruder, he had no place in the domestic economy of the household, no right to pry into their attachment and intimacy. This feeling gave way after the first few moments. No one, save himself, noticed the incongruity of his presence; he was evidently a welcome guest and belonged to the picture. Doris had never seen him so quiet before. To him she seemed a new being, more like one of the people in the books he read in his lonely chambers than the Miss Verrall of yesterday. When she talked to the old man the theatre with the solitary, single actor, seemed to have closed. When she addressed a remark to Jack the portals reopened, the footlights glared as brightly as ever. Perhaps it was his fault. Habit was stronger than nature. He could not speak as he felt, and she took the cue. In spite of themselves they could not shake off the heartless jargon that veiled their true selves in a mist of precocious coarseness, cynical affection and superficial worldliness.

The old gentleman listened amusedly. He rather enjoyed their curious methods of evading sense and sincerity. There was a certain misguided cleverness in it all that was new to him and seemed full of the pretty vanity and overflowing vitality of

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"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, Indianapolis, N.B.

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youth—simply a mood, a mood that had its faults, no doubt, but was interesting all the same. He did not know that Jack and Doris spent the greater part of their lives amid similar drivel, and that both in that instant, were tired to death of it—loathed it. To them it sounded out of place, bad taste, and even vulgar. Yet it was their language; they could not shake it off, they could not talk to each other but in that profane tongue. Each could see the reflection of these thoughts in each other's eyes, but neither was strong enough or bold enough to be real, to rebel.

They grew silent after a time while Mr. Verrall talked lovingly about books and pictures and men and women who had written and painted them. The old gentleman had a simple, homely way about him that was restful. Doris and Jack listened contentedly, and again Halliday thought of the people in the books, while the girl looked encouragingly at her father—even tenderly, Jack thought. She stayed in the dining room while the men smoked a cigarette, and then Mr. Verrall, with many apologies, settled in a big arm chair for his usual after-dinner nap. It was nearly dusk, and Jack asked her to play to him in the twilight, so they went up stairs to the drawing room. Doris seated herself at a piano, while he went over to the fireplace and sank into a chair piled with cushions. Doris played divinely and the music went deep into his soul. It wove subtle spells as it filtered through the shadowy room, and made him sink deeper into the chair and guard the silence, lest he should lose a single note of the harmony that spoke to him out of the dimness, out of the fleecy haze that wrapt all things. A whole world of spirits whispered into his ears; they told him of Jack Halliday—much about Jack Halliday. The little devils that pop in and out of every man's past were murmuring fitfully around him, exercised maybe by the dim light, maybe by the music and the shadowy figure at the piano, maybe by all three together. It was too dark for Doris to see his face, so he let his feelings have full play. Every note raked up some long-forgotten dust heap in his heart; recalled thought after thought of past hopes, ambitions and love—chiefly love. Shadowy faces of nameless men and women, faces long forgotten, and all too well remembered, that had left their mark on boyhood, youth or manhood, rose out of the gloom. Now the notes wove themselves into words—soft words that made his heart beat madly in other days or humbled him through their wealth of spotless purity. It was quite dark now, save for the moonlight, but he sat still in the chair listening to the voices that surged in his ears. He had shut his eyes and pressed both hands to them so that he could still be blinder to the present—blind to all save the sweet pain of the hour, the sadness and longing for better things that filled his naked soul.

Suddenly the music ceased. Doris closed the piano with a bang, and turning a tap in the wall above her head, filled the room with a great blaze of light. Halliday sprang hastily from his chair, then regaining some of his old composure, "By Jove, you might a fellow some warning!" he said. She smiled, livening the cause of his nervous face and the softness in his eyes with woman's intuition. Then they both rubbed their eyes because of the sudden glare of the electric light, till she laughingly said; "Caught you napping, Mr. Halliday! I really didn't know that you ever took anything seriously" and a picture of the invariably flippant and supercilious Jack Halliday rose up before her. She saw a half reproachful, half-pained look in his eyes; so she added, "I mustn't

Continued on 6th page.

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Notice of Sale.

To Alonzo Cronkhite of the parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary J., his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Two, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book Z, Number 2, on pages 132, 133 and 134, and made between the said Alonzo Cronkhite and Mary J., his wife, of the one part; and George Leonard Cronkhite, of the same place, of the other part; there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Hartley & Carvell in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday, the twenty-third day of January next, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"All that farm of land situate and being in the above said Parish of Wicklow, and bounded as follows, to wit:—Beginning at the North Easterly angle of Lot Number Sixteen in the fifth tier, granted to Samuel H. Cronkhite; thence running by the magnet of the year 1852 West, sixty-seven chains along the Northern line of said grant to the Northwesterly angle thereof; thence North fifteen chains; thence East sixty-seven chains, and thence South fifteen chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as the Southern two-thirds of lot number fifteen in the fifth tier; and being the same land granted by the Crown to the aforesaid George Leonard Cronkhite, Esq., by grant dated the 31st day of April A. D. 1866, and registered in Frederick the fourth day of said month under number 9638, and by the said Geo. L. Cronkhite and wife, conveyed to the first said, Alonzo Cronkhite at the date of these presents.

Together with all and singular the buildings, and improvements thereon, and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Dated this twelfth day of October A. D. 1898. HARTLEY & CARVELL, G. L. CRONKHITE, Solicitors for Mortgagee. Mortgagee.

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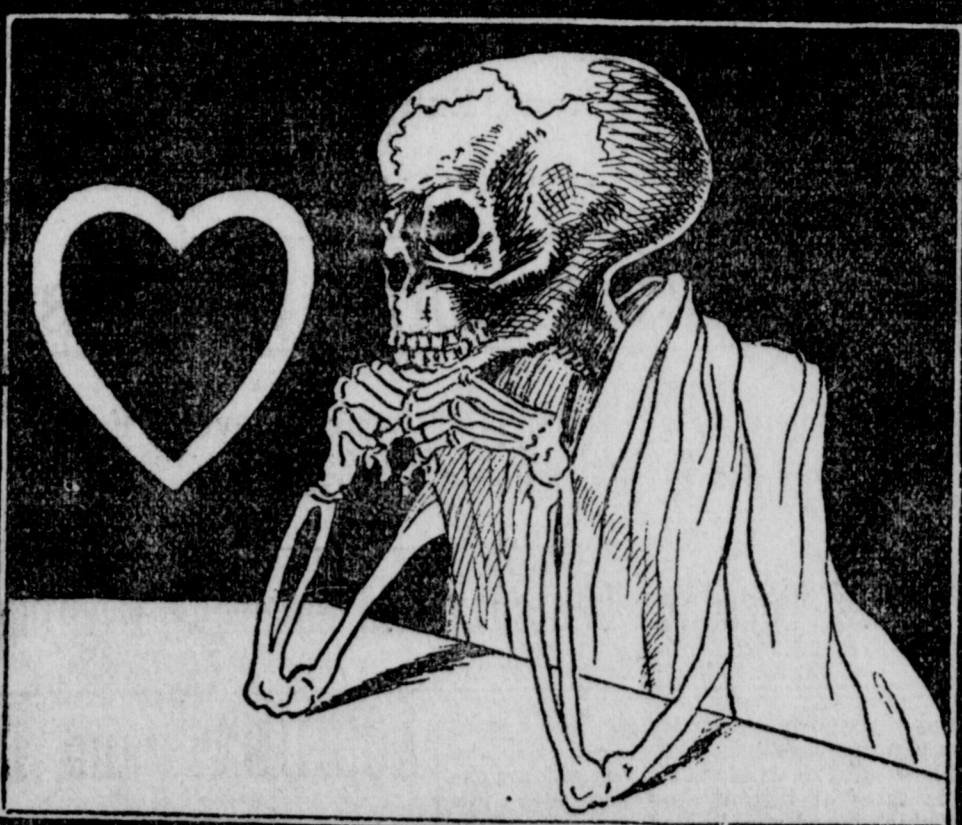
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