

MODERN FABLES, BY GEORGE ADE.

The He-Flirt who was very Jimsy in the Hotel Office, but a Phoney Piece of work when Turned Loose in a Flat.

A Drove of Mavericks was herded every Night in a sad European Hotel. One of them was a Lady-Killer, who didn't deny it. He had left a Trail of Broken Hearts from Penobscot, Me., to Puget Sound. He had a Style of Beauty made familiar by the Wood-Cuts in the Weekly Story Paper. He was The Police Gazette's Idea of a Gent. Also he was an identical Ringer for the polished Villain of the Ten-Twent-and-Thirt Reper-toire Troupe. He had a long, silky Gambler's Mustache and he wore embroidered Suspenders. He was Elegant in every Detail. Trust him for that.

His name should have been Chilton Travers or Lionel Lyndhurst, but his Parents could not foretell that he would grow up to be manicured once a Week, so they called him Bill.

He wore Satin Fronts and Velvet Collars and put Brillantine on the Mustache. Bill had massive Jewels on each hand and a Watch chain the size of a Padlock. When he had combed his Hair so that it stood up in front, a la the Polite Brakeman, and whitened himself with Talcum Powder and splashed himself with Musk and eaten a few Cachous to perfume the Breath, he was more than Satisfied with himself. He wore sharp-toed Patent Leathers with Green Tops at all hours of the Night and Day. Bill read The Smart Set every Month and told how much his Clothes cost, and before he had conversed with a Stranger very long he would bring up the Subject of Silk Underwear. One of the yearning Ambitions of his Life was to own a Seal-Skin Overcoat.

When Bill was on the Road there was never a Waitress with a Waspy Waist and high-heeled Shoes that did not tremble violently when she handed him his Tenderloin of Beef Larded with Mushrooms. It is not often that a poor Working Girl gets a Chance to see the real Kafozalum, although she often reads about him in The Duchess.

At the Hotel which he illuminated with his Presence, Bill was wont to gather a few Friends about him and tell of all the Happy Homes he had wrecked. He let it be understood that when he held up one Finger and whistled, they came running from all Directions.

His Stock Narrative always began with a Scene in a Parlor Car. According to his Tell it was practically impossible for him to ride any Distance in a Pullman without having some Society Girl of ravishing Beauty fix a hungry Gaze on him and begin to wig-wag for a Better Acquaintance. She was usually the daughter of a Cincinnati Millionaire with a Swell Place on Walnut Hill, or mayhap he learned afterward that she belonged to a Prominent Family living in Euclid-avenue, Cleveland. If he cared to mention Names, he could tell of a certain Party that moved in the very highest Push of Fifth-avenue, who wanted to break off an Engagement with a Guy from Boston, and all on his Account. He was a Devil among the Women, and he

admitted it. As soon as a Lady had counted up his Rings and Lockets and got a good Whiff of the Musk, she Capitulated and fell in a Swoon.

Sometimes, when the Pipe was drawing very freely, he would tell all about being out to spend the Evening with a certain Queen whose Father owned one of the principal Banks in Omaha. To prove that all he said was True, he would show a Pink Envelope with Sealing Wax on the back of it.

Those who had obtained a Flash of these Missives noticed that they were addressed in Blue Ink, with a little Curly Tail to each Capital Letter, thus proving that they must have been written by Heiresses.

One Peculiar Fact in connection with the Killings made by this Commercial Don Juan was that all the Victims of his Fatal Beauty lived at least 200 miles away. Here in the Town which was Headquarters for him, he seemed comparatively Harmless. He could put on his fawn-colored Prince Albert with a Red Carnation and a jaundice-colored Cravat, and carry his gold-headed Cane all up and down the main Thorofares and then come back to the European Hotel without having any of the Elite tagging after him, and trying to Date him up. In fact, if he hadn't confessed so often, no one would have suspected that Rainbow Bill, the human Mardi Gras, had ever cut any Melons outside of Switchmen's Ball.

At this same Hotel there lived two or three Young Fellows who did not use Brilliantine or Scented Soap, and not one of them had ever made Cruel Sport of the trusting Affections of a Railroad President's Only Child. They thought they were good and lucky if they could sally out after Nightfall and while away a careless Hour with a few nice Stenographers and Music Teachers. All they expected was a little Coon Stuff on the Piano and then some Dutch Lunch.

It happened that they told the Girls about Rainbow Bill, who lived down at the Hotel and was receiving come-back-to-me Letters every Minute or two from the Leaders of Kansas City's 400 and the Prize Beauties of Lexington, Kentucky, to say nothing of the Hot Looker whose Old Man had just built a \$250,000 Hut outside of Philadelphia. The Girls said they would like to meet one who had got in right with so many of the First Families, but they were afraid that he wouldn't pause to dally with them, seeing that they were on Salary. Perhaps one accustomed to show off in a spacious Drawing Room would find his Style more or less cramped when thrown into the 6x9 Parlor or a \$22 Flat. However, the Boys said they would try to inveigle Rainbow Bill. Only, they gave Fair Warning that he claimed to be a Sorcerer, and that after he looked a Soubret in the Eye and made a couple of Passes, she was his Willing Slave, and took Orders from no one else. The Girls said they were ready to take a Chance. Besides, they had been Vaccinated.

The Boy with the Wardrobe of many Colors did not show any Eagerness when told that he was wanted up at the Flat. He began to Back Water and fake up Excuses. They had to tell him that the Girls had seen him

on the Street and were dying for an Introduction. At last he fixed himself up until he smelled like the front part of a Drug Store and they took him in Tow.

He began to lose out from the Minute that he came up the front Steps. His Reputation had preceded him, and it was the kind that would sink a Ship. The nifty tailor-made damsel of 1901 doesn't ask any better Sport than to walk up and down on the tonsorial Wretch who fancies that he is irresistible. As soon as a Man bills himself as a Girl-Tamer, the whole Sorority wants to get out and stab him to death with Hat-Pins. For some Reason, the latest variety of New Woman resents the Suggestion that she is a Soft Mark for the curb-stone Masher who stands in front of Cigar Stores and does the Ogle.

It may have been True that Rainbow Bill cut a wide Swath in Kansas City and visited all the warm Tamales in St. Paul, but up in the dinky Flat he was one cold Hortion of Lobster a la Newburg. The Girls sparred him back into a Corner and kidded him to a Frazzle. They passed the Sarcastic Shots at the Rate of one per Second, with no Return, although frequently he had told that he was a Great Hand for Repartee. They hurled the Javelins into him until he curled like a Rubber Band. The fascinating Wiles that had played such Havoc among the Society Belles at other Points somehow refused to come to the Surface. All he could do was shift his Legs and look Sheepish. In the whole course of the Evening he found his Voice eight times, but he didn't say anything that would have induced a Girl to leave her comfortable Home. After the first half hour they wouldn't have known that he was there at all, if he hadn't got in the Way occasionally.

MORAL: Copper all Confessions.

What Is Life to You?

If you are a victim of piles, as one person in every four is, you suffer keenly from one of the most torturing ailments known to man, and may well wonder if life is really worth living. Certain relief and ultimate cure is awaiting you by means of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never failed to cure piles. Painlessly and naturally it allays the inflammation, heals the ulcers and thoroughly cures this wretched disease.

Romans Brought Apples to England.

Of all the productions of the vegetable world which the skill and ingenuity of man have rendered conducive to his happiness and to the increase of his enjoyments the apple stands forward as the most conspicuous. It is now a fruit crop of universal growth, and, although the most beautifully sun-stained examples reach us at various periods of the year from Canada and California and the temperate regions of our great Australian colonies, for flavor none of them equals those grown in England. The garden apple is believed to have been introduced into Britain by the Romans, and the wild apple of our hedgerows is the type of the fruit when left to degenerate, and to which it would speedily return but for constant culture.—London Telegraph.

The largest picture in the world is "Paradise," by Tintoretto. It hangs in the Doge's Palace in Venice. It is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high.

Old Hymn Discarded.

(Cincinnati despatch in N. Y. Sun.)

The Methodist hymnal revision committee, which is in session in this city for the purpose of revising the hymn book, has decided to eliminate that old favorite "Sweet Hour of Prayer," objection to the last line of the hymn having been found:

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

"He Leadeth Me, Oh, Blessed Thought" is another favorite taken out.

Charles Wesley is a prime favorite and only two of his hymns will be omitted. The old stand-bys, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Rock of Ages," and others similar will be retained.

IN THE CENTRE OF AFRICA the fame of Pain-Killer has spread. The natives use it to cure cuts, wounds and sprains, as well as bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Proved His Innocence.

An amusing story is told of a clergyman, who, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quickly abstract a half crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails. After the service he called the old man into the vestry and told him with emotion that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled. Then a sudden light dawned on him. "Why, sir you don't mean that old half-crown of mine? Why, I've 'led off' with he this last fifteen years."

Something About Faith Cures

What a great variety of faith cures there must be. Some have faith in so-called divine healers, others in certain doctors, and still others in the medicines they use. Every person who has tested Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has faith in them, but faith or no faith they cure just the same, for they act specifically on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, and make these organs healthy, active and vigorous. Judging from the enormous demand for these pills there must be hosts of people that have faith in them.

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I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement, accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours,

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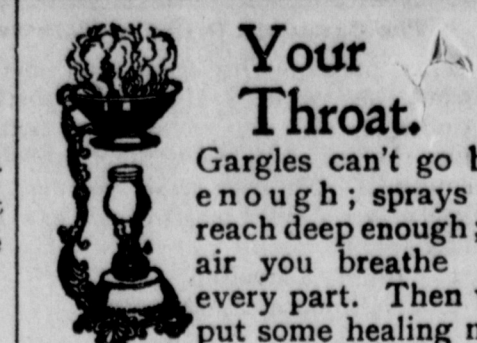
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We have the Boy's Own Annual, Girl's Own Annual, Chatterbox, Chums, The Prize, Tatters, Young America, Giant Story Book, Sunday at Home and many others. Besides these we have a great stock of Standard Works and the Poets.

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A Mutual Friend.

Once upon a time a Diplomat was walking with his close friend Deceit, who was dressed in his usual attractive manner, when he met a lady acquaintance.

"Allow me to introduce to you my friend Diplomacy," he said.

"It is not necessary," she answered. "He is a close friend of mine, whom I know by the name of Tact."

MORAL: A nettle by any other name would sting the same.

UP LATE NIGHTS, endless engagements, generally run down? Take "The D. & L." Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It will ton up your system and make you feel yourself again. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Principal Requirements.

How's your voice? the superintendent inquired of the man who had applied for a position as conductor on the street car line. Excellent, replied the applicant. I can call out the names of the streets so every one will understand.

Oh, that's quite immaterial, returned the superintendent. Let's hear how you can cry. Move up! There's lots of room in front! That's what counts when it comes to packing a car.

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