

Kathryn's Burglar.

Kathryn never would have done it had her brother Tom been home because he would have laughed at her. Nor would her stern father of Scotch ancestry tolerate such absurd nonsense as the observance of heathen customs on All Saints' eve. Just the year before he had objected to her attending a Halloween frolic simply because he did not approve of perpetuating silly superstitions.

But Tom was safe at Harvard, undergoing the first anxieties of an ambitious freshman, and her father had been summoned abroad to look after a big contract. So, motherless, Kathryn was free to walk down stairs backward or perform any other Halloween feat. Just at present she was standing in front of the old-fashioned gilt-edged mirror in the drawing-room. All around her was midnight stillness.

"I hope the face of my true love comes to me."

She murmured the ancient formula approved by generations of lovelorn damsels and, to complete the charm slowly munched an apple, half apprehensive and wholly filled with wonder as to whether the apparition conjured up by the invocation would be clean-shaven or moustached. Would it be the features of Frank Handy or Chester Raymond? Both had asked for her hand, and really she did not—

What was that? Yes, it must be a masculine face, with bonnie blue eyes, appearing just above her own curls. A little, smothered shriek, and she was swung round to confront a personable chap with crisp blonde hair and a face which, save for a haggard look, would have been more than ordinarily attractive. His eyes had a subtle expression that made her think of Tom, and his dress proclaimed that he had once moved in good society.

Following the first spasm of apprehension she felt a sensation of relief that the picture reflected in the glass was that of a very pretty girl whose chestnut hair formed dainty contrast with a fluffy negligee of pale lavender.

The stranger raised his cap. "Pardon the intrusion," he began. "I had no intention of attracting your attention, but when I opened the door I could not resist the temptation to help out fate even though the forced prediction might displease you."

Kathryn stared at him. "How did you get in without my hearing you?" she demanded. "I locked all the doors hours ago."

"That is my business," he explained. "No," he went on as she drew herself up, "I did not mean to indicate that it was none of yours. I merely mean that it is my occupation to get into houses with as little disturbance to the occupants as possible."

A wave of red swept over her face. "So you are just a common burglar?" she demanded with icy scorn.

He flinched at the disgust she did not seek to conceal, but in a moment his easy assurance reasserted itself. "No, quite an uncommon one, I assure you. In fact, I am merely a tyro, and a pretty bad one at that, I imagine. You see, I was not brought up to a respectable trade, and when I was thrown upon my own resources I had to do the best I could. I sought everywhere for work, but my family friends remembered the time when I led a riotous life and would not have me, while others seemed to think that I did not mean what I said when I asked for the simple work I could perform. No man wanted to hire a porter who wore more fashionable clothes than he did, and I couldn't tell him that I had no others."

"Still there is no excuse for being a burglar."

"No," he admitted, "but yesterday it came to a choice between the poor house and a rich one, and when I passed your house this afternoon I heard you tell a friend you would be all alone save for the servant. I did not intend to take much, just enough to get me to Chicago, and I never supposed that you would be trailing about this time of night. Then, you see, when a man has been practically starving for two days there is—"

She flashed a sharp glance at him. "Do you mean to tell me that you have starved to death?" she demanded.

"Not quite that, or I should not be here, but if I remember right the last meal I had was Tuesday morning. This is Thursday. It might have been Monday; I never was good."

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Strict attention to every detail of the Drug business, low prices, and giving our people just the thing they ask for, have all contributed to make our establishment the popular drug store of the town. Physicians' prescriptions filled with accuracy and dispatch. We invite you to call and examine our large stock of Perfumes and new Toilet preparations.

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ESTES & CURTIS CO., LIMITED,
Druggists, Hartland, N. B.

at ancient history, but I think it was Tuesday."

Kathryn picked up a quaint silver candlestick. "Come right along," she commanded. "You should have gone to the poorhouse, but I suppose you are foolishly proud."

He followed, his eyes resting admiringly upon the little lavender form in front. Here was a girl who was not afraid of burglars and who carried herself as fearlessly as though she were entertaining a guest.

In the dining-room she laid out a dainty lunch. Then she sat herself down on the other side of the table, nor did she speak till the first keen craving for food had been satisfied.

"You don't look a bit like a burglar," she said musingly as she looked at the well built man opposite. "Somehow you look as though you were cut out for a leader of men."

"If I keep this sort of thing up," he responded with grim humor, "I am apt to wind up leading a chain gang."

She sprang up with a little cry. "You mustn't keep it up. You must get work and make your people proud of you. You must not go to prison."

"I don't know," he responded, regarding her excitement wonderingly. "It's the only boarding house I know of where you are not put out if you fail to pay your bills, and apparently it's the only place where I can find work."

"You should not say those things," reprovingly.

"I know I should not, but when you have done your best and the whole world seems to be against you, when you starve till you are made desperate there come moments of temporary insanity, when all sense of right and wrong is lost. When I came here I fully intended to get enough money to take me out west, where there might be a better chance for me, but when I saw you before the glass in that violet colored dress somehow you made me think of my sister—and she's dead. So are the others, thank God!"

Kathryn rose abruptly and went into the library. Would she call for help? The man did not care much. He simply sat watching the doorway through which she had disappeared. He was very tired, and it did not matter much now anyway.

She came back with a card in her hand.

"You know where the Hewitson mills are, don't you?" He nodded. "Mr. Hewitson is my father." Again he nodded. "Take this to the manager. I think there's an opening in the shipping department. You will probably have to start at a ridiculous salary, but—"

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips as a loyal subject might kiss the hand of a revered sovereign.

"Oh, I will go. Only give me the chance and I'll show you what I can do." He felt something folded under the card. He looked down and his face flushed a deep purple. He laid the bill on the table.

"Oh, but you must take it till you get your first salary. You can't starve."

"No, not that. I can't take it; but please God, I'll show you that I can lead a decent life and justify your faith in me." And, waving his cap, he disappeared, as he had come, through the dining-room window.

Three years have passed swiftly for Kathryn; but oddly enough she had tried no more Halloween charms. This evening she stands in the square hall watching the storm which is ushering in November. A sleigh dashes up to the door, and her father comes in, shaking himself like a great polar bear.

"I've invited young Douglas up to dinner this evening, Kathryn. I didn't think it necessary to phone you. Just have an extra place laid. He pushed through that Rothberger deal in splendid shape, and in consequence I've given him the promotion he deserved. By the way, Kathryn, where did you meet that chap? He was a lucky find for me."

Kathryn does not answer, but with a conscious blush looks into the drawing room, where the softly shaded lights play on the gilt-edged mirror. The bell rings, but she does not wait to receive the guest in the hall. He finds her in the dim drawing room before the mirror. She is looking over her shoulder, and she wears a lavender gown.

IMITATIONS ABOUND, but insist upon getting the genuine "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. "The D. & L." has stood the test of years. It cures. Its imitations are impotent. "The D. & L." is made by the well-known Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

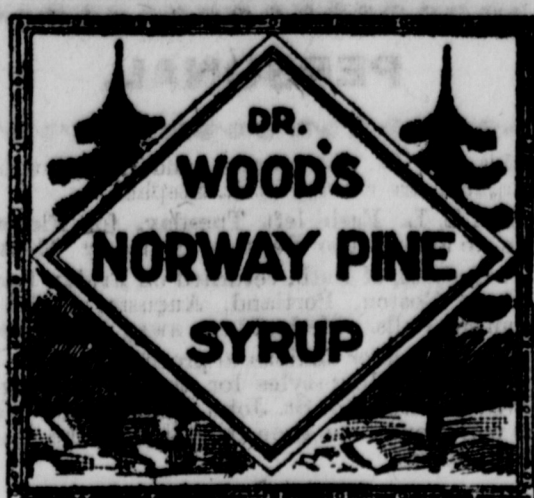
A Financier.

"There is a small, cross-eyed boy living in this city who, if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution, will grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a yellow pup that has no earthly excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the city, and spends most of her time hugging him and kissing his dirty little nose. Finally, the dog-worship became so unbearable to me that I resolved to end the nuisance. Chancing to meet a small, cross-eyed boy one day, I said to him:—"

"See here, boy, do you want to earn half a crown?"

"Sure," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "you go up to my



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MR. THOS. J. SMITH, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled in my lungs and in my throat, so that I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I used one and a half bottles of Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me."

25c. a bottle or five for \$1.00.

house, watch your chance, and steal the yellow cur that you will find hanging around there. When you get him, bring him down to my office and get your half-crown."

"Within two hours the boy was back with the cur tied to a rope."

"What will I do with him?" he asked, after I paid him.

"I don't care," I snapped; "drown him if you want to."

"That night I discovered my wife in tears, and I was informed between sobs that poor, dear little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers, offering one pound reward for his return. The third day she met me joyfully at the door at the door and announced that Fido had been found."

"Where?" I asked, concealing a groan.

"A little boy brought him back," she answered.

"What kind of a boy?" I asked, suspiciously.

"A small, cross-eyed boy with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him a pound."

Do You Work For Profit?

If you make butter for profit, you should remember that WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S "IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR" will add from 3 to 5 cents per pound to the value of your butter. Cheap and imperfectly prepared butter colors lower the value of butter so much that it cannot be sold. All prize buttermakers use Wells, Richardson & Co's "Improved Butter Color."

Their Opinion.

A volunteer, who was a great man in his own eyes, was by some influence appointed captain. He could hardly speak of anything but his new dignity. Meeting a friend one day he accosted him thus:—

"Well, Jim, I suppose you know I have been appointed captain?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I heard so."

"Well, what do your folks say about it?" asked the captain.

"They don't say nothin'," replied truthfully James; "they just laugh."

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

TENDER FOR CONCRETE FOUNDATION AND WOODEN BUILDING FOR COAL AT MONCTON, N. B.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside, "Tender for Coal Handling Plant, Moncton," will be received up to Wednesday, the 12th day of March 1902, for the construction of a concrete foundation and framed building for a coal handling plant at Moncton, N. B.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
February 24th 1902.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Armoury, Woodstock, N. B." will be received at this office until Saturday, 15th March next, inclusively, for the erection of an Armoury, at Woodstock, N. B., according to plans and specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and on application to the Postmaster at Woodstock.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of the tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of tender, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 26th February, 1902.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

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"FAVORITE" CHURN

Exceed the total of all other makes combined.



The buyer that compares this Churn with others can soon decide on the one he wants.

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For sale by us and our agents.

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March 5, 1902.

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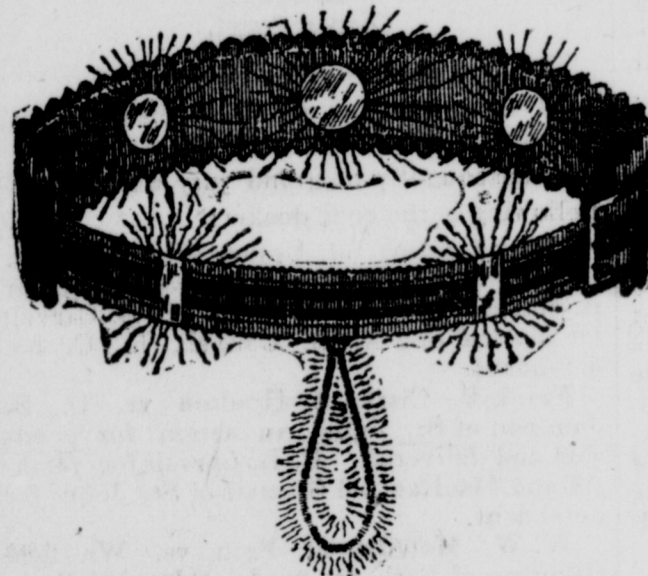
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Safe, Mild, Quick-acting, Painless, do not weaken, and always give satisfaction.

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All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S."

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Will in a majority of cases cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Lumbago, Constipation, Piles, Lamé Back, Poor Circulation, Nervous, Restless Nights, Incipient Paralysis, Numbness, Prickly Sensation, Dizziness, Tired Feeling in the morning, Indigestion, Female Weakness and general debility.

Fits, Female Irregularity, Falling of the Womb, Costiveness, Indigestion, Spinal Weakness, Weakness, Lack of Vital Force, Decay in old or young. All cases where there is lack of animal electricity, seminal weakness, etc., etc.

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