

THE DELINIATION OF AN IDEA.

The Story of a Clever Advertising Scheme
Which Brought an Unexpected Prize.

'Awfully stunning girl—'
'Awfully stunning gown, you mean.'
'Well, the gown makes the girl, you know.'
'Lamby hat, too.'
'Good style all around, I should say. Who is she?'

'They're registered "Mrs. Atwater and daughter, New York." That's not saying who they are, though.'

'Well, they look all right, and the gown's worth knowing, if the girl isn't.'

These, with many others, were the comments excited by Miss Cecily Atwater's first appearance on the veranda of the Chemanqua Hotel. Gowned with absolute and perfect art she certainly was, while her alert interest in the place and her pretty deference to her mother were equally charming. It was not long before one of the veranda dwellers remembered that she had known an Atwater in New York, and in response to her polite inquiry that she found that the Miss Cecily Atwater she had known was a great aunt to the present Cecily.

'Good old family, too,' Mrs. Peabody reported to her cronies. 'But I did not know that there was any of them left. These people must be well off, though.' This remark was the result of a long scrutiny at Cecily's lace trimmed lawn and flower crowned head. 'Possibly some Western connections,' mused Mrs. Peabody. 'Western people are always rich, and the family certainly is good enough to cover a multitude of Western mannerisms. The girl, too, is attractive to a degree.'

Introduced by Mrs. Peabody, it was not long before Cecily Atwater and her mother became central figures in the life at Chemanqua. Even the most carping critic could have found no fault with the manners of either, unless, perhaps, he had objected to Cecily's exceeding amiability. She was always ready for anything that was suggested. Would she play golf, tennis, or ping-pong? Of course she would. Would she read aloud, or be read to? Assuredly. Would she walk, drive, or ride? Would she dance or appear in charades? Without doubt. And whatever she did and whenever she appeared, she was a joy to the eyes that beheld her, for on every occasion she was faultless and artistically gowned as she had been on her first appearance on the veranda. It became one of the interests of the place to see what Cecily Atwater would wear, what new and stunning effects she would introduce into her costumes.

It is a well-known fact that when two or three women are congregated together the one subject of discourse that unites their souls in harmony is clothes. And how much more must this be so when twenty or thirty women are secluded in a mountain resort.

Would Cecily talk clothes?

It was apparently the subject she loved best in the world.

Would she, just in confidence and because she was the dearest, sweetest girl in the world, tell who her dressmaker was?

And Cecily, with a sweet hesitation and a wee bit of confusion, admitted that she had got the gowns at Bagster's.

'What! Bagster's, the department store?'

'Yes,' and here Cecily warmed to her subject. 'And I'd be so glad to give you my card to Mrs. Greene there. She's the head fitter, and she does take so much pains, studies your figure and complexion, and all that. She's a dear, and I know she would do just as well for you as she does for me.'

On another occasion when hats were being discussed, Cecily was implored to reveal the place where she had discovered the fetching white lace creation she wore, 'with the violets under the brim, you know, Cecily.'

'I get all my hats at Bagster's,' Cecily replied earnestly and seriously, as though a hat were a crown of empire. 'Their hats are absolutely irresistible, I think.'

'The ones you wear, certainly are,' agreed the bosom friend of the moment, 'but possibly you give them their charm.'

'Oh, no, I assure you,' Cecily interrupted. 'It is very hard to suit me in a hat, and if mine are becoming at all, all the credit must be given to Madame Violay, who manages their hat department.'

It gradually transpired that Miss Atwater's shoes, gloves, lingerie and all the little trifles dear to feminine hearts came from Bagster's, and before the summer had waned some twenty-nine of the thirty women had registered a vow to patronize Bagster's upon their return to town, and many were the little notes of introduction that Cecily had written to Miss Greene and Madame Violay.

It has been said that a carping critic might have found Cecily Atwater too amiable. He—if it happened to be he, and not she—would also have objected to her absolute indifference to men.

The summer men who came and went were besieged by every other girl in the place, while Cecily remained indifferent to their presence and their charms. Masculine efforts

to please her signally failed. Masculine invitations were declined without hesitation. Even Cecily's costumes were less studiously perfect on the week end nights, when the masculine element was more conspicuous.

When Harry Pryor had been at the hotel for two weeks, however, it was noticed that Cecily was less indifferent to him than she had been to other men. When he had been there three weeks it was evident that she was more interested in him than she had been in any one else. When he had been there four weeks she was, apparently, as indifferent to him as she had been at first, but there was a certain constraint in her manner that showed she was holding herself under perfect control. She looked haggard, moody and silent. Possibly this last was because clothes had ceased to be the subject of paramount interest. Cecily's love affairs having taken their place, and of course that could not be discussed with her.

It was at the end of Harry Pryor's fifth week that he persuaded Miss Atwater to walk with him to the Indian Nose, a point of rocks more or less secluded. It should be explained that he had resorted to the perfidious ways permissible in love, for he had given her to understand that he was making up a party to visit Indian Nose, when in reality she was the only guest. Upon her discovery of this fact her pride would not allow her to refuse to go. Possibly, too, her pride was upheld by a tiny atom of desire for a blessed moment of joy—impossible, of course, but oh, so desperately desired.

Be that as it may, they walked side by side over the fallen leaves. She knew that she ought to talk on conventional subjects, but she could not.

Suddenly, without a word of warning he said, 'Cecily, I want you to be my wife. You know that I have loved you ever since I first set eyes on you on the hotel veranda. Will you—will you marry me, Cecily?'

Cecily only buried her face in her hands. The joy, just as impossible as ever, was so much more blessed than she had dreamed it could be.

'Won't you answer me, Cecily? have I been too blunt? I never have had an opportunity to speak to you alone and I may not even have this moment, all of it. Say that you will marry me, dear, that you do love me.'

Cecily shook her head. 'No,' she answered. 'I—I don't—I can't.'

'But why?' persisted Pryor. Cecily, I've thought you've loved me some, and oh, Cecily dear; I'm perfectly willing to wait if I've frightened you. Won't you tell me why.'

This question was asked because of the refusing shake of Cecily's pretty down-cast head.

'You won't tell me if there was someone else that you loved?'

'No, oh no, it's not that,' interposed Cecily.

'Well, is it someone that you've thought you loved, and are bound to? All that could be arranged, you know.'

'No, no, it's nothing of the sort, Cecily answered.

'But what is it, then,' persisted Pryor. 'You surely love me some a little?'

'Oh, yes,' agreed Cecily; and then, with a frightened exclamation she hurried on, 'Oh, I don't mean that; truly I don't, but I can't tell you. You mustn't ask me.'

'But I must ask you and I must know.' And taking both her hands in his, he turned her toward him. 'And you must tell me.'

She tried to draw her hands away; she hung her head in silent despair, but still he held her fast. At last, when the tears had welled into her eyes, she faltered slowly, 'Oh, I don't want you, you of all people, to know about it.'

'About what?' demanded Pryor.

'Oh, the whole thing,' Cecily answered, enigmatically. 'I—I'm not a bit what I seem.'

'But you are,' cried Pryor. 'You seem the sweetest girl in all the world, and that's what you are.'

'But I'm not! I'm not! Oh I'm awfully poor, and all that. Don't you see? Can't you understand?'

There was an instant's pause, a slight relaxation of the man's hand, a little white line around his mouth. Again the girl tried to free herself, but she could not.

'What do you mean, Cecily?' I said.

To the low, earnest tone she could only answer straight forwardly, telling her little, pitiful tale, with broken sobs and tears.

'It's this way, you see: Mamma and I are awfully poor, even if we do belong to the Peabody Atwater family. But mamma didn't want me to work. Then something went wrong with some business, and I had to work or starve. I—I don't know how to do anything, but I thought I had a good figure, and that they might use it at—Bagster's. The name was spoken almost below her breath. 'I went there and they made me this proposition: They want to make an experiment in advertising, and send a pretty refined looking girl to one of the swaggar watering-places to advertise their gowns and things. At first I thought it would be horrid, then I thought it was funny, and although mamma just hated it, at last she said it would be better than a place in the shop. I was proud of it, too, because, you see, all these women are going to Bagster's when they go



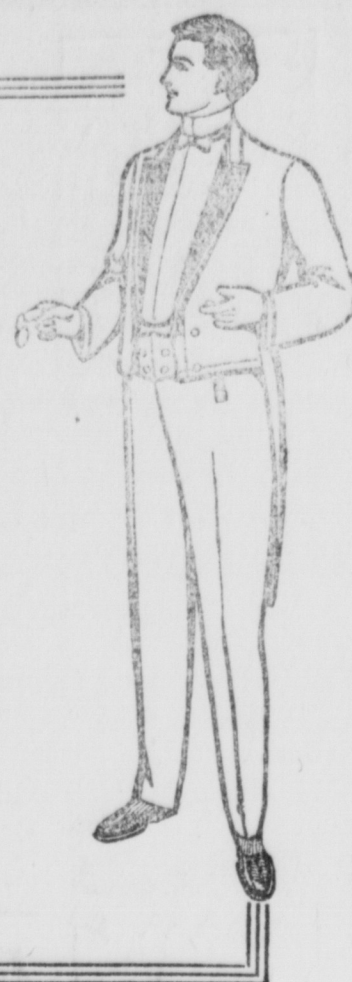
"PROGRESS" Full Dress Suits

For Balls, Receptions,
Evening Weddings etc.

Made of soft, rich worsted—lined throughout with silk—all hand shaped and hand tailored. Broad, concave shoulders—collars that snugly hug the neck—tapering at the waist—the "PROGRESS" Dress Suits are grace itself. With the "PROGRESS" system of sizes—a man can be fitted with "PROGRESS" Clothes just as well as, and often better than, when made to each individual measure.



Sold by leading clothiers
throughout Canada.



Progress Brand Clothing may be had from John McLauchlan, Woodstock, and C. J. Greene, Bath.

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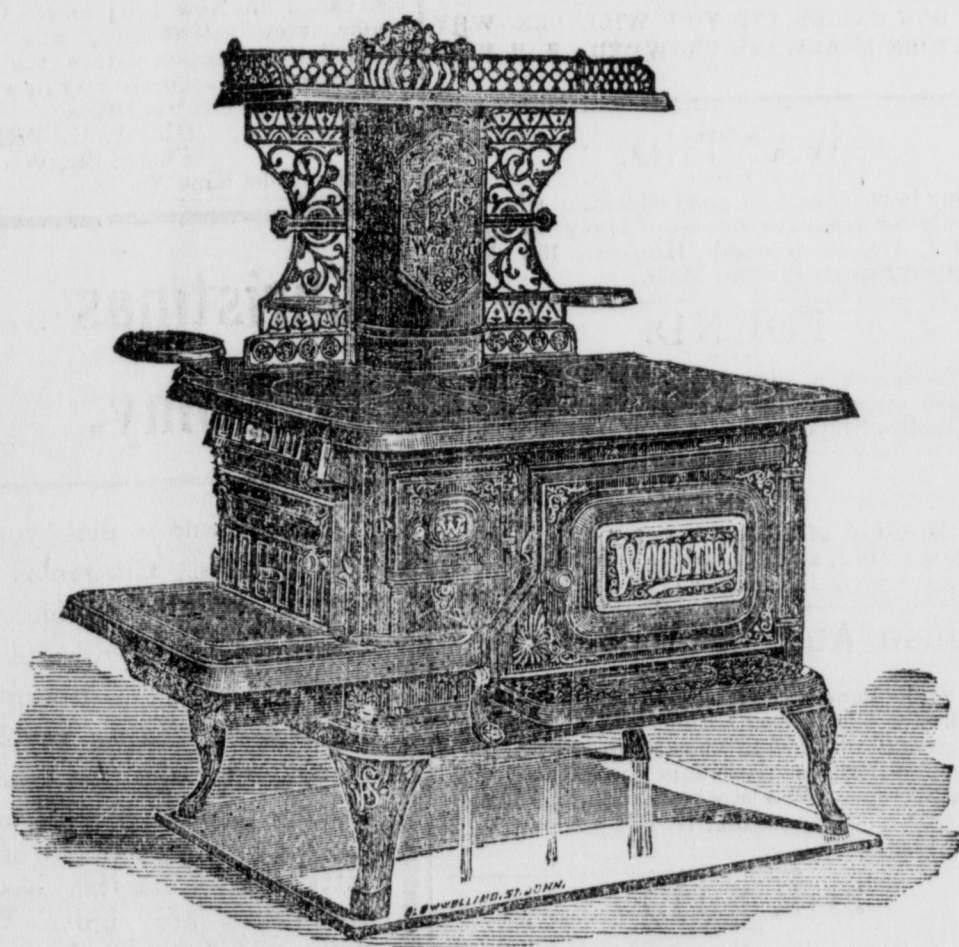
IN STOCK.

50 doz Chopping Axes, Single and Double Bit.
Steel Wire Rope,
Iron and Wood Blocks,
10 tons Steel Cable Chain,
30 doz Tubular Lanterns,
20 doz Horse Blankets.

Also a full stock of Sleigh Shoe Steel,
Iron, Coal, Etc.

W. F. Dibblee & Son,
Woodstock, Centreville and Hartland.

THE WOODSTOCK RANGE.



The Methodist Parsonage, Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 11th, 1902
Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—After upwards of thirty years experience with a large variety of cook stoves, none has ever given the satisfaction derived from your "Woodstock". It is a perfect heater and baker, keeps the water tank hot day and night, with less fuel than any stove we have ever had in our parsonages.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. BERRIE.

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

SMALL & FISHER COMPANY, Limited,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Salemen wanted at once to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Special list of new and Hardy Specialties in Fruits, Ornamentals, Shrubs and Roses. Liberal inducements, pay weekly, exclusive territory, handsome free outfit. Spring season's canvas now starting. Write now for full particulars. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto. Oct. 26th, 919.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., DEC. 14, 1904.

back to town. But I'm really nothing but a walking advertisement of that department store.' She raised tragic eyes to his, but she could not see him through her tears. 'And oh, I have hated it so. Ever since I've known you I've been quite sure that there was nothing funny about it, but that it was all horrid, horrid. But I was in, and I couldn't get out. I've had my summer, and I had to keep my contract.'

She shook the tears from her eyes so that she might see his face. To her amazement, he was shaking with laughter.

'Oh, don't laugh, don't! It's cruel, cruel!' she burst out.

'But I'm not laughing.' He drew her close, and was very serious. 'Was it you all the time? You've done it so well. I'm proud of you, Cecily. Don't you see what you've been doing? You've only been carrying out my idea.'

'Your idea—you!' grasped the girl. 'I—I don't understand.'

'Yes; I'm Bagster's advertising director. I suggested the idea to old Bagster, and he never told me that he was going to make the experiment. I'll make Bagster, pay me well, you may be sure.' And he laughed bitterly.

When Cecily Atwater was married the whole Atwater contingent wondered how on earth the child had managed to get a Paris wedding gown. Only the inner few knew that the lace-covered robe was one of Bagster's most triumphant creations, and that old Bagster himself had presented it to the bride.

A Summer's "Pleasuring."

Mary Makepeace sat down in her favorite chair in her own room, and threw her head back with a long sigh. "No words can tell how glad I am that I've made my last visit for the summer," she said. "Now I shall have some peace, not to mention pleasure."

"My dear!" said her mother, reproachfully.

"I mean it," returned Mary. "Of course I like change of scene, but I am tired of adapting my whole life to others, as I am expected to do as a welcome guest."

"My dear!" said her mother again. "Think how kind everybody has been to you!"

"They meant to be—they were kind," Mary said, wearily, "yet I feel as if I had barely escaped with my life, and you will admit that is not just the right kind of after-feeling."

"Let me tell you, mother," continued Mary. "At the Fosters' I changed my hours for rising, for retiring and for eating my meals. At the Lanes' I changed father's politics—for of course I haven't any of my own—to please Mr. Lane, and I had all I could do to keep from changing my religion to please Mrs. Lane."

"At the Jenkins' I changed all my views about what constitutes diversion to suit the family in general. At the Pages' I entirely changed my point of view concerning music and books. And at the Nevins' where I was ill, I changed my doctor, and took stuff which I felt sure would poison me, just to please them."

"I ate cheese, which I abhor, and gave up fruit, which I like, at the Fisks'. I slept with closed windows at Great-Aunt Maria's because she is afraid of a breath of air, and drank twenty-one pints of hot water in the four days I was at Cousin Thomas's 'to flush my system.'

"No," said Mary, in a firm voice. "I pay no more visits for months to come. Home-keeping youth may have homely wits, but if I go about much more I shall not have any wits at all."

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c. in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A Peculiar Situation.

Farmers in the Cartwright district of Manitoba are somewhat puzzled over the fact that they can sell their wheat on the American side of the border for from \$1 to \$1.05 per bushel, while the best they can get for the similar article in their own market is from 65 to 75 cents per bushel. On this account there is a great deal of the Canadian product being sent across the lines, the farmers hauling it in their waggons a distance of about 25 miles. The only explanation which the farmers can offer for the disparity in prices is that there is a concerted action on the part of the Canadian elevator men to keep the price on this side down to a stated figure. The shortage of the product on the American side season is also accountable for the Canadians being able to find so profitable a market in the republic. In former seasons it was customary for the Canadians to purchase American wheat.

Lady lecturer on Woman's Rights (saxing warm). Where would man be if it had not been for women? (After a pause, and looking around the hall) I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman? Voice from the gallery—In paradise, ma'am.—Exchange.