

IN THE PRIVATE CAR.

BY GEORGE HYDE PRESTON.

The west-bound Overland was standing still on the plains. The sun beat down and the hot wind sifted the dust through every crevice. The girl, who was the sole occupant of the private car at the end of the train, looked forlornly out of the window and drummed on the pane with impatient fingers. "What are we stopping for?" she exclaimed. "There is not a house in sight nor a thing stirring except this nasty dust."

rest of you come on. Sorry to disturb you, Ma'am, but I have to leave a man in charge here while we search the train. This is mighty particular business I'm on, and I can't risk no slip up. The train was a long one and it was some time before the Sheriff came back. When he did he looked the girl straight in the eye. "We didn't find the man," said he. "He must have stepped off the train, then," she answered.

"No. They belong to the secretary. The son lives away out here somewhere." And she waved vaguely across the country. "He had some trouble with his father and left home, saying he would never come back till his father asked him to—and they are both obstinate." The man started and clinched his hands nervously. "Yes, I have heard of such cases," said he quietly. "I wish he would come home, though," went on the girl wistfully.

tween you. This story will go all over the road. Everybody knows I have no daughter to say nothing of a married one. And the Sheriff will find out he has been fooled, and begin sending telegrams down the line to arrest you, young man. It's a pretty kettle of fish. Now, what are you going to do about it?" he demanded in puzzled despair. "I didn't know how to—properly." "Your fault, indeed?" cried Mrs. Blaker, with her arms around her. "You're the bravest, sweetest girl in all the world!" "I'll do anything I can to straighten things out, sir," sighed Miss Lee.

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Tender for Straightening Main Line at Curtis Creek—6,146 feet of line; also for connection between Main Line and Hillsborough River Bridge at Charlottetown, P. E. I.,—2,323 feet of line.

Separate Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Line at Curtis Creek" or "Tender for Connection to Hillsborough River Bridge," as the case may be, will be received until

TUESDAY, 15TH MARCH, 1904, for the above works.

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Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grover

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TENDER FOR DOUBLE TRACKING.
Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Double Tracking," will be received up to and including MONDAY, THE 14TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904.

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Tender for Station and Dwelling.
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Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Car Repair Shop, Sydney," will be received up to and including TUESDAY, THE 15TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904.

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Reliable men to sell for "Canada's Greatest Nurseries" largest and best assortment of stock; liberal terms to workers; pay weekly; outfit free; exclusive territory. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto.

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To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it.

Japanese Proverbs.
If you wait for the other fellow to hit first you may never land your blow. It is better to aim and miss than to keep your hands in your pockets.

Japanese Proverbs.
If you refuse, I'll go back and give myself up to the sheriff!" declared the cowboy. "Oh! don't do that—Jack," faltered Miss Lee.—In Lippincott's Magazine.

"Oh Marian! then my wish would come true!" cried Mrs. Blaker. "You might as well give in, young woman," put in Mr. Blaker. "My son is the most obstinate boy alive."

"Yes, only one day, Marian, but a big, long day. Long enough for you to save my life and bring me home and make me love you."

"Have you ever met the son?" "No, it all happened several years ago, before I went to live with her."

"But—perhaps you would not love him." "His mother says I could not help it. But I don't know about that," smiled the girl, looking at her watch. "Why it is two o'clock!" he exclaimed. "I hope you will say to lunch," she laughed.

"Thank you, I will. I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday morning." "Oh, I ought to have thought! Why didn't you tell me? I'm so sorry! Will you please touch the button?" And when the darky came in she said, "Johnson, have lunch right away. Have lots of lunch, Johnson! I'm awfully hungry! And—er—Johnson—my husband got on at that station away back there, you know, early this morning. You remember, don't you? Someone on the train—some Sheriff—might ask you, you know."

"Yes, Miss, yes, Miss, I sure remembers whatever you say," replied the darky, nodding gravely.

"And now, Johnson, hurry lunch as fast as ever you can."

"Yes, Miss"

As they were finishing lunch the young man looked across the table at the girl with troubled eyes.

"I'm afraid I have got you into an awful scrape," he said.

"Oh, no!" she answered lightly. "Johnson is devoted to me, and he will say nothing. You'll get off somewhere this side of Billings, and I'll invent some story about the loss of the secretary's clothes,—you'll have to wear them, you know,—and there you are! Oh, what a lot of fibs I've told today!" She sighed contritely.

"I shall always remember this day—and you," said he unsteadily "How can I ever repay you, or even begin to thank you? I shall probably never see you again, but before I go you'll tell me your name, won't you?"

"Yes, I'm Marian Lee. And yours? It must be something wild and daring," she laughed.

He hesitated. "Please let me be 'Jack,' as you christened me. I can't tell you my name. Not because I am ashamed of it or have dishonored it, but because you—because I can't."

In their eager talk they did not notice that the train had stopped at a station, and did not hear the car door open.

"Well, Miss Lee," called a cherry voice, "I found we had time to come this far on the east bound to meet the car, and—what?"

"Oh Mr. Blake!" gasped Miss Lee. "I—"

"Oh Will! Oh my son, my son!" cried another voice, and his mother was clinging to Miss Lee's cowboy with trembling arms. "You have come back to us. Say you have!"

The young man held his mother to his breast for a long moment. Then he looked at his father and his face hardened.

"I didn't expect, sir, to meet—" he began. Then he felt Miss Lee's hand on his arm.

"You asked me a minute ago how you could repay me," she said in a low voice. "Pay me now—I demand it. Oh, please do, Mr.—'Jack!'"

"Will—my son—don't break my heart," whispered his mother.

He faced around. "Father, I have come home. I have been a fool."

"So have I, my boy, and so we'll say no more about it," and he walked down to the end of the car and looked out of the door for a moment. Then he came back.

"Look here, you two," he demanded, with his hand on his son's shoulder. "where did you meet? What have you been up to? What's this I hear about your repaying Miss Lee, Will?"

"I'll tell you, sir," and he did.

"'Pon my soul!" sputtered the old gentleman. "You've got me into a pretty mess be-