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MRS. WINTERTON'S CLOAK.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

letters-all written before she first met Sir Arthur, two years ago. She seemed immensely anxious to get them back, and now she has got them."

"Still," I urged, "it does not appear that you have quite played the game."

"Would you have had me tell the truth to Sir Arthur when he came to my place this morning?" she demanded, facing me excitely. "Well"___ i

"But would you?" she interrupted. 'Ought I to have told him that Edna's explanation was false from beginning to end, and made two persons miserable;"

"The question arises whether you are making them miserable by facilitating their marriage," I said.

"Ah, if I hadn't felt certain on that score, help her. As it is," she cried, "I suppose you think I acted abominably."

"I think that, in any case, Edna Sutcliffe has a staunch friend," I answered.

"Of course," she returned, "we have known each other for years."

"That is why you give her your confidence," I suggested, and Cecilia took a step

toward the door. "Please tell your man to get me a hansom!" she exclaimed.

"Now" I continued, "if you had succeeded in overhearing the latter part of Desmond's Conversation"-

"I think he is hateful!" said Cecilia. "Why?" I asked.

"I shall never forgive Edna!" she cried, 'and I have a good mind not to go to her wedding."

"Well," I said, "will you come to mine, She looked up, with one of her character-

stically cheerful smiles. "When is it to take place?" she murmured. "What should you say to this day month?"

"Confess that Sir Arthur forced your hand!" she exclaimed, giving me both of hers. I made no ummediate reply, but presently

Cecilia remarked that it was nearly 1 o'clock. "You may as well come home with me to luncheon," she suggested.

"No," I said, "we will go to Ricardo's." Going to the glass in the overmantel, Cecilia, with delightful, new familiarity, took off her hat and began to pull and pat her fair hair. When she had replaced her hat, she coaxed on her gloves, holding one out for me to button.

"I think," she exclaimed, "I shall ask Edna to sell me back that cloak!"-The Bystander.

Wanted a Demonstration.

"John," said Mrs. Makepeace, coming out on the back porch, where here husband sat tilted back in his chair, his feet on the railing, "didn't I hear you tell the minister when he was here that you were deeply interested in temperance movements?"

"Yes," Mr. Makepeace replied, rather stiffly. "I said so, and you know that I am." "Well," said Mrs. Makepeace, "suppose you go and make a few of them on the pump handle. I want a pail of water."

A Necessary Attachment.

Her College Friend: I hope you are naking a great success in your profession? Actress: Oh, I shan't make much progress until I get a husband.

Her College Friend: For mercy's sake, what do you want a husband for? Actress: Why, to get divorced from, you

WOODSTOCK, N. B., MAY 4, 1904.

"Forgettin'"

The night when last I saw my lad
His eys were bright and wet.
He took my two hands in his own,
"Tis well," says he, "we're met,
Asthore machree! the likes o' me
I bid ye now forget."

Ah, sure the same's a thrifllin' thing,
'Tis more I'd do for him!
I mind the night I promised well,
Away on Ballandim—
An' every little while or so
I thry forgettin' Jim.

It shouldn't take that long to do,

An' him not very tall:
Tis quare the way I'll hear his voice, A boy that's out o' call— An' whiles I see him stand as plain As e'er a six-foot wall.

Och, never fear, my jewel!
I'd forget ye now this minute,
If I only had a notion
O' the way I should begin it;
But first and last it isn't known
The heap o' throuble in it.

Myself began the night ye went An' hasn't done it yet; I'm nearly fit to give it up,
For where's the use to fret?—
An' the morning's fairly spoilt on me
Wid mindin' to forget.
—Moira O'Neill in London Spectator.

The Evolution of a Piece of War News. Monday-The Persian Minister at Zanzibar has received a cable announcing the sinking of four Russian battleships and the damaging of two others.

Tuesday-The report that four Russian battleships were destroyed and two others damaged is indignantly denied at St. Petersburg.

Wednesday-It is rumored that confirmation has been received of the destruction of several battleships of the Russian fleet.

Thursday-There would seem to be some misapprehension as regards the sinking of four Russian ships, as at least two of these are still under construction.

Thursday (p. m.)- It is thought that the Czar's Government is seeking to create the impression that no Russian ships have been disabled.

Friday-There can now be little doubt that the Japanese fleet was seen off Port Arthur a week ago.

Saturday - Official confirmation of the grounding of a Russian cruiser has been received.

The Hero.

The English schoolboy, like the American, adores his leader in athletic games, just as I would have washed my hands of it. If I grown man prizes his chief in politics and hadn't known why Edna forced herself to | war. Whatever may be a boy's shortcomings that supper I wouldn't have gone a yard to | in scholarship, says Blackwood's Magazine, his athletic attainments will establish him as

One day, years ago, when a boy on his vacation from Harrow was walking with his father, a Cambridge youth, who had just performed some feat in a university cricket. match, passed them, and gave the lad a nor The boy grew pink with excitement. H. nudged his father.

"Look father, look!" he exclaimed. "That was Cobdea."

"What my boy? Who was it?" "Cobden."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, Cobden," said the father. Then, feeling that cordiality demanded his expressing some interest in the stranger, he added, "Now I wonder whether he is any relation to the great Cobden."

The boy spoke prondly: "He is the great

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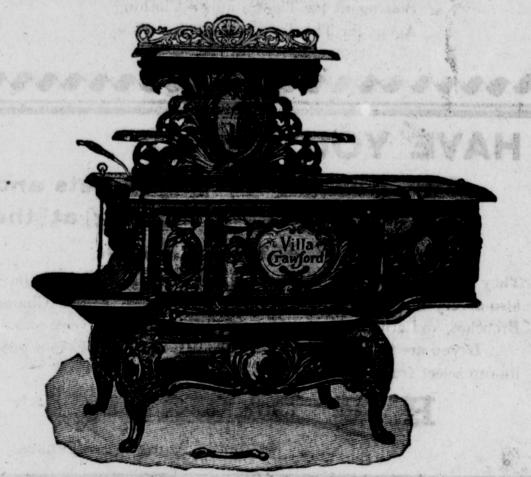
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We expect to resume our business of slaughtering lambs this season as usual. We buy our lambs by the pound, weighing when taken away, which has proved very satisfactory.

We shall continue to pay one cent per pound more for ewes and wethers than we do for buck lambs.

We advise weighing all lambs before selling by the head, to see if we are not offering more by the pound for good lambs than they will bring by the head.

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