WOODSTOCK, N. B., APRIL 19, 1905.

Mr. Kinsbitter's New Suit.

Once in a while woman wakes to a realization of her power, and proceeds to use it tyrannically. Mr. Klusbitter drew the cheval glass in his bedroom over to the light, and then tried on his new suit, says the Chicago News. It was a business suit of gray tweed—rather a neat thing, Kiusbitter had considered it. It looked well on him, too. He had not been quite sure of it at the last fitting. But the trousers were a good fit—just the right break over the instep—and the coat had just the right degree of looseness, and the fit over the shoulders was beyond question.

Well satisfied, Kinsbitter took up his brushes and smoothed his hair. Then he went down to the living-room and Mrs. Kinsbitter. His wife was reclining in a wicker rocker with her feet on a tabouret, reading a novel.

"My new suit!" he announced.

His wife raised her eyebrows in a queer sort of way. "What, another?" she asked, without looking up.

"Well," he said, after a patient pause, "what do you think of it!"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Kinsbitter.

"I say, what do you think of 'em?"

"Of what?"

"Oh, put down that book! My clothes—what do you think of my clothes?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Kinsbitter, with a perfunctory glance, "I suppose they're all right."

Then she resumed her book.

"All right!" echoed Kinsbitter, rather impatiently. "I think you might take a little more interest in them than that. All right! Now lay that trash down and let me have your attention. Look at the fit of them."

Mrs. Kinsbitter put her book down with a

sigh, and turned her eyes on her husband.
"I suppose they fit well, though it seems to me that they're a trifle baggy."

"Baggy?"

"Yes. I suppose it's the style, but I should think you could get them cut more becomingly, even if they weren't in the height and extreme of style. What did you get them for, anyway, Eddie?"

"Just for you to exercise your critical faculties on. As for the extreme of style—well, if you ever noticed the extreme dressers you wouldn't consider these baggy. What did I get them for? I got them because I wanted them."

"You've got two good gray suits."

"If you'll show me one decent suit—gray or any other color—I should be obliged to

"How much did it cost you?"

"Forty dollars."

"I saw a much prettier suit than that in Yardley's shop-window for fifteen dollars." "I dare say."

"And it's so light! You won't have it a week before it will be too much soiled to wear. If you would get something practical I wouldn't say a word. If the truth's known I expect your friend, Mr. Jamieson, has been buying a new suit, and you couldn't be satisfied till you outshone him."

"You simply don't know a thing about it. Jamieson paid sixty dollars for the suit he bought. But I don't care if he didn't pay more than ten dollars. Why, what's got into you, Maud? You never talked like this before or acted so about anything I bought. Why, when you bought that last dinner dress—"

Mrs. Kinsbitter took her feet down from the tabouret.

"When I bought that dinner dress!" she repeated. "Yes, when I put it on and came down to show you how nice I looked, what d d you say and how did you act? Now, how do you like it yourself?"

Kinsbitter smiled in spite of himself. "Oh, if that's what you're driving at!" he said.

Mrs. Kinsbitter laughed, and taking him by the arm, turned him round. "It's very nic," she said, "and suits you perfectly. And how stunning that black cravat is with it! Eldie, do you know, you're rather good-looking when you're well dressed?"

"You're a little fraud!" retorted Mr. Kusbitter, grinning sheepishly.

His "Carrying" Voice.

"I never have known just why," remarked M. Aiken, meditatively, "but I do seem to have a faculty of making father hear what I say without shouting." "You!" exclaimed his wife, in honest surprise. "Yes. I often think of it when you lift your voice in the shrill way you did just now. I never have to do that. It must be I have what they call the 'carrying' voice."

"What's that you're saying son?" inquired the serene old gentleman at the side of the breakfast table.

"I was telling Helen, father," repeated Mr Aiken, complacently, "that, even with

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your hearing as it is now, you always understand me easily."

Father Aiken looked mystified. Then he reached his hand toward the salt. "Hand you—what?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing!" Mr. Aiken raised his voice only a trifle, but made an evident effort to articulate. "I was just speaking of the fact that I can always make you hear so well. I told Heten I believed I must have the, carrying' voice!"

Father Aiken slowly shook his head. "I don't quite get it, my boy," he said, gently.

The younger man felt his wife's amused

eyes upon him, and his color heightened.

"It was nothing at all, father," he protested, speaking louder, although still in repressed tones. "I was only saying that you seem to hear me better than you do Helen, even when I talk low. I said"—enunciating very distinctly—"it—w4s—because—I—have—a 'carrying' voice."

"You have-what?" demanded Father Aiken.

"A 'carrying' voice!" roared his son in desperation, beginning to look absolutely foolish.

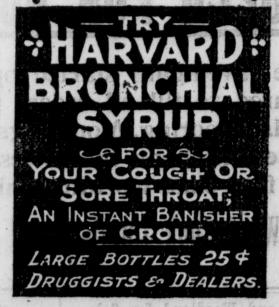
"Helen," appealed the gentle old man, turning to his daughter in law, "for mercy's sake, speak up and tell me what the boy is talking about!"

Reciprocity In Business.

The owner of the Makepeace Flour Mills looked sternly at the provision dealer, who had for some years supplied the wants of his household.

"Those last apples you sent us were good, he said, with a keen eye fixed on the other man's face, "but they were in undersized barrels, my wife tells me, smaller than ever before. She says that the three barrels would scarcely make two and a half of the proper size. How do you account for it?"

"I can't," said the provision dealer, with apparent distress of mind. "I snum, I can't There I had my wife send me down three of your barrels that we've been getting flour in and just packed the apples in and headed 'em up with burlap. For says I to her, 'I believe in reciprocity, and I'm bound he shall have just as good measure of apples as we get out of flour,' I says. Now don't it beat all?"



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True Ladies are Born, Not Made.

I think it was Zangwill who said that, like a poet, a gentleman was born, not made. The same aphorism can be applied to the opposite sex. A true lady is born, not made.

Being born a lady, she can be improved by education and by refining influences, but she will not suddenly begin to be a lady—she will always have been one; while if she was not born a lady no amount of education or refinement or stimulating environment will make her a true lady.

She may educate herself to become a very passable imitation of a lady by cultivating her sense of her obligations to her brothers and sisters in this world. She may act the part so often and so well that after a time she will convince people that she is a lady; but if she only takes the trouble to be born one, if she will only choose for her ancestors kindly, unselfish people, she will be apt to start her life with the chief requisites, and then, no matter what her education may or may not be, her heart will every day incline her to ladylike actions, and people will say of her when she has passed away, "She was a true woman if ever there was one."

To be a true woman is to be the best possible kind of a lady.—Brown Book.



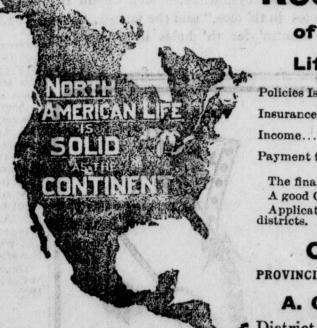
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