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Yours truly, C. A. PINKHAM.
Scotstown, Que., Sept., '07.

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Cinderella's Mask

By Ethel Barrington.

As the sound of sleighbells broke the quiet of the room, Miss Mercer clenched her teeth, to keep back the threatening tears.

"I couldn't stand on that foot for one minute, lei alone dance!" she explained to her younger sister's governess who stood slim and silent before the fire.

"I am truly sorry," the latter replied; "Jane said you sent for me to help you. What can I do?"

"Take my place in the minuet."

"Oh, no—no, I couldn't do that!"

"You'll have to," groaned Miss Mercer with decision. Being fond of Augusta Park, she treated the young dependent with confidence and consideration beyond her position, but expected in return, cheerful yielding to her own whims or comfort. "I'll write to Aunt Elida, explaining the accident to my ankle, and that you will take my place, so that the dance need not be abandoned. It's fortunate you played for some of the rehearsals, and can wear my gown."

"I really cannot!" Genuine distress rang in the protest. "The dancers are all your friends, I am not in society."

"When I wanted you to play the other night, you made no fuss. Regard it as an act of charity, if it helps you, but go."

"Not to Mrs. Fitzrays—I won't enter her doors."

The invalid raised herself on her elbow, regarding in astonishment the flushed cheeks of the other girl.

That sounds as if you held some sort of a grudge against aunt, and I doubt if you ever met her."

Augusta shook her head. "Don't be a goose, then," Miss Mercer shifted her cushions with a little move of pain. "Bring that low chair and let me talk to you. Now listen," she coaxed when her directions were obeyed. "It would be wickedly selfish not to save the situation. Aunt's masked ball has been looked forward to as one of the events of the season; our minuet of 'holly and mistletoe' is to be the piece de resistance. Aunt will never forgive me if I am the cause of its being cut out."

"It would be ridiculous for one in my position to take part in it," objected the governess.

"Who will know or care, so long as they get their fun?"

"If it were only somewhere else—" Augusta faltered: whereupon Miss Mercer turned the averted face toward her holding it firmly by the chin, to study the expression.

"You are keeping something back," she accused. "Be honest, oh—its not possible—"

"She half started up from the lounge to drop back breathing quickly. "So you're the girl," she said, "you might have trusted me."

"There was nothing to tell. I wouldn't marry into a family where I was not wanted."

"Morgan said he would choose his own wife, and my cousin is not one to change where his affections are concerned. Of course I now understand your refusal of my request, but you must reconsider the matter. No one can recognize you with a mask and you can leave directly after the minuet. I'll mention no name, merely write that a friend had consented to substitute. She'll be too busy to be curious."

Thus it happened that when the ball opened Augusta, a mere nobody, was among the envied debutantes who participated in the minuet. She was thrilled at being in the house of the man she loved, and the possibility of learning how it had fared with him during the three years of silence that had buried their happy courtship.

When Morgan's parents had discovered his attachment for an unknown college student, bitter scenes had ensued, resulting in the young man leaving Harvard to win independent success in life.

Augusta's pride forbade her corresponding with him, and, after graduating, she supported herself, that her father might be free to educate her sisters. That the Mercers were related to the Fitzrays she had not discovered for some months, and after the first shock of the knowledge she decided to re-

tain her position, there being only formal intercourse between the families and therefore small chance of her identity being discovered.

The brilliantly illumined ballroom was crowded when eight young couples swept into the centre. The men in picturesque, "square cuts," of green and scarlet, the girls in gauzy white, with frosty spangles and garlands of mistletoe. Augusta relying on her mask, entered into the dance with a grace and spirit that caused many of the spectators to single her out for favor. Rising from a deep courtesy, her eye was drawn to one of the guests, who regarded her intently. Something in the broad shoulders, the firmness of the chin, visible beneath the mask set her heart beating wildly; this to be followed by a sudden chill of the blood when she remembered that Morgan had a brother.

Nervous with alarm, she never knew how she followed the intricacies of the dance, though she must have acquitted herself well, since, of the flowers that petted the dancers at the end, a generous share fell at her feet. Then, silent among a laughing throng, she realized that her part in the festivities was at an end. Pride and duty demanded her withdrawal.

"I have secured my trophies," announced some one at her side, as she reached the hall, and, with a thrill of joy, she knew indeed that Morgan had returned. To leave before he had recognized her became of vital importance. Yet how to tear herself away, when her whole heart was, in a tumult for his presence.

"You will permit me," he begged, taking her card. "I'm sure the next is a waltz."

Augusta, shaking her head, endeavored to slip away.

"You can't vanish, so," he challenged, dropping his mask. "Will you follow suit, or must I wait the witching hour of twelve to solve the mystery?"

"Mystery?" repeated Augusta in a curiously muffled voice.

"But one girl dances like you." He bent over her eagerly. "Were it not fantastically impossible, I should think—"

"Thought at a masquerade!" Augusta teased, but knowing that he spoke of herself, she grew reckless and, despite the risk of delay, yielded to his plea for just one waltz.

The first led naturally to a second, after which, because she could not single out Fitzray for favor, she permitted others to fill her card. Many dances were "halved" among important partners, since about her hung the fascination of real mystery, which with most of the masks was but a pretense. Augusta drifted in the intoxication of the hour, forgetful of everything save her lover's presence. For supper he secured a tiny table to themselves.

Strangely interested in his companion yet knowing his suspicions to be wildly improbable, he impatiently awaited the striking of the clock. As the first silvery chimes rang through the room, the guests, amid gay rallyery threw off their masks.

Augusta, casting one startled glance about her, sprang to her feet, then ignominiously fled, like Cinderella of old, leaving Fitzray to stare at her empty chair. Reaching the hall a moment later, the young man caught a glimpse of vanishing drapery on the stairs.

Imagining that the girl must return, he waited with the best grace he could muster, but at the sound of wheels outside he flung wide the door, just in time to see the carriage disappearing with all speed, while before the servants' gate lay a small object, dark against the snow—the silken mask that had baffled him.

In the Mercer's schoolroom next morning lessons dragged as never before, and the pupil wasted no regrets when her governess was summoned to her sister's room.

"Say something," demanded the lady, after having informed Augusta that her cousin had been to see her. It seemed he had been so successful in business, winning such golden opinions from his employer, that a partnership was promised.

"Uncle is so proud," she concluded. "He declares himself willing to receive Morgan's chosen wife. After which news I couldn't fib—it scarcely seemed to your interest, and you'd better go down to him."

Instead of following this advice Augusta dropped on her knees beside the lounge.

"It's been so lonely—I'm so happy," she whispered incoherently.

"Morgan didn't look overstocked with patience," Miss Mercer warned as she pushed the girl gently away. "Come back directly he's gone," she commanded, and, as the girl turned, with a smile before closing the door, her face was beautiful in its tremulous happiness.

Left alone, Miss Mercer lay quite still watching the hands of the clock slowly making the circle of the dial. "I wonder," she mused, whimsically, "are fairies human enough to feel a wee bit lonely after they have brought the lovers together?"

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Local Topics.

J. S. CREIGHTON returned home on Wednesday from a trip to Halifax.

MRS. J. T. GARDEN and her daughter, Jean, are visiting Mrs. Newcomb in Andover.

IRVINE DIBBLEE, of East Woodland, Me., who had been spending the Easter holidays in town, returned on Wednesday evening.

W. R. JONES, of the Royal Bank agency here, left on Wednesday evening for Havana, Cuba. Mr. Jones was a popular young man and took an active interest in golf and other athletic sports. His companions gave him a send-off on Tuesday evening.

MR. RICE, the new caretaker of the golf links, began his duties last week. Quite a few alterations will be made in the way of changing the fences and lengthening several of the links. The club house has been shingled and will be painted shortly, and the grounds adjoining will be cleaned up. A good season for the game is looked for.

AT THE Easter Monday elections at Canterbury Station the following were elected to office for the ensuing year: Wardens—Richard H. Scott, Edmund Lawton; Vestrymen—James English, Thomas English, John A. Hartin, John Ferron, Alfred Wibberley, Jarvis S. Law, John E. Price, William Day, Edgar Speer, John Boyd, William Cunningham, James McMullin, jr; Representatives to synod—Edmund Lundon.

WILLARD S. EMERY, of Woodstock, N. B., took as his bride in Lynn, Mass., Monday afternoon, April 20th, Miss Bessie B. Ferguson, one of the most popular girls in the shoe city. Miss Annie Emery, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Rev. John MacPhie, of the First Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony. After a short honeymoon trip to New York, the bride is to sail for Scotland to visit her father, and the groom will return to his lumber business in the Maine woods. Relatives and friends attended the wedding from Woodstock, Hartford and Boston, and many beautiful gifts were received by the newly wed. Mrs. Emery is a beautiful and accomplished Scotch lassie, and her husband is considered a prosperous merchant in the lumber business.

JAMES NICHOLSON, of Canterbury, was on April 21st convicted by Judge Wilson under the speedy trial act, on a charge of assaulting his stepfather with intent to commit robbery, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. John Sullivan, the complainant, Mrs. Sullivan, mother of the accused, and Jailer Hawthorne gave evidence for the crown. Sullivan testified that the prisoner attacked him in the barn and after throwing a blanket over his head, made off with his pocket book, containing thirty-one cents. He had been paid a considerable sum of money a few days before, but it was in his wife's possession at the time of the robbery. The prisoner was the only witness for the defence and he denied all knowledge of the robbery. He swore that he had slept in a railway water tank that night and was at Canterbury station at the time the robbery occurred. The prisoner's story sounded very fishy and no credence was placed in it by the court.

Another Name for it.

There is a hotel called "Boundary House" just across the line from New Brunswick in that part of the State of Maine which Lord Ashburton kindly handed over to Uncle Sam. The manager is a worthy Dutchman who knows little of the equipment of a modern hostelry and who is also ignorant of the subtleties of up-to-date slang. A Canadian politician recently spent a week at this hotel and in conversation with the manager referred to the appropriateness of the name.

"Yaw," said the innocent Dutchman, "but some theatre folks who were here last night kept on calling it 'De Limit'."

East Florenceville.

S. M. Carle has returned from a trip to Montreal.

George Smith, captain of the Always Win baseball team, expects to have his boys moving some this season.

Guy Pierce, of U. N. B., and friend, Jack Conley, spent Easter at the parsonage.

Mrs. Percy R. Semple and family spent Easter at Fort Fairfield with Mrs. S. B. Charleton, Mrs. Semple's sister.

J. H. Flemming, our Bank teller, was home for Easter.

Miss Jennie Darkis and sister, Catherine, have returned to Normal school.

Roland S. Semple is whistling a bit harder these days—a young daughter.

Miss Lulu Pierce, who has been spending a few weeks with friends in Moncton, has returned home.

The Masons are going to build a hall 30 x 60 on lot of land next to the post office. Maple street is coming sure.

The Rifle Club will have their first regular shoot on May 23rd, as Victoria Day comes on Sunday. The range will be very convenient as the targets will be running four abreast, and perhaps a telephone connected with each mound. A ten-cent hack will take foot passengers to and from the range.

A Constant State of War.

To successfully combat the germs of disease and sickness, of which the atmosphere is full, you need something more than ordinary food. A daily cup of "BOVRIL" will give the extra strength and vitality to enable you to successfully resist any attack. Keep "BOVRIL" in the house.

NOTICE.

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(Philadelphia Ledger.)

A grizzled old colonel who is a veteran of the Civil War, and who has since seen hard active service in several Indian campaigns, the Arctic regions, the Spanish War, and the Philippine insurrection, did not view with pleasure the recent promotions of younger and almost unknown officers who were jumped over his head. Strolling about his camp in the Philippines one day, he came upon one of his officers fondling a monkey.

"Colonel," said the officer, "this is the most remarkable monkey I ever saw. Why, he can take a stick and go through the manual of arms almost as well as one of the soldiers."

"Sh!" exclaimed the Colonel, glancing about in great alarm. "Don't tell anybody. Suppose the War Department heard of it! They'd make him a brigadier-general!"

One morning recently a man in New Jersey looked over his fence and said to his neighbour:

"Hey, what the deuce are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted the first man angrily. "It looks like one of my hens."

"Oh, that's all right," the other returned.

"The seeds are inside."

Well Blanketed.

(Everybody's Magazine.)

One day, in the spring of '74, Cap Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Montana. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinner," to a man repaired to the Combination Gambling House and proceeded to load himself. Late in the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, zigzagged into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. After supper, Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb.

"Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, after earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.

"I reckon 'tis," Zeb drowsily mumbled.

"Ain't yer 'fraid ye'll freeze?"

"Tis cold, ain't it? Say, Cap, jest throw on another wagon, will yer?"

NOTICE OF MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the first general meeting of the shareholders of The Woodstock Cold Storage Company, Limited, will be held at the office of The Carleton Creamery Company on Cornhill Street in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Friday the eighth day of May next at the hour of eight o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of organizing the Company, electing directors and transacting all such business as may legally be transacted at a general meeting of the Company.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock this twentieth day of April, A. D. 1908.

J. FRANK TILLEY,
ANDREW MYLES,
J. A. HAYDEN,
Provisional Directors

DR. DAMAN,
Dentist & Oral Specialist
CANTERBURY, N. B.
March 25—1m

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