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SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

JONATHAN'S CAT'S-EYE.

(Springfield Republican.)

"Mr. Saxe, Madam?" murmured Barnes, the discreet.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Tom and her guest, who stood up.

There was light in the glance of the guest, real terror in her glance toward the shadows behind Barnes.

"I must go," she said hurriedly. "Can I go out by the side door?"

"Why not see him?" suggested Mrs. Tom anxiously, "see him even if you repeat what you have said to me?"

"I want never to see him again," returned the flushed young guest, "never again."

"You mean to tell him so?"

"I do."

"And you are going? You will not wait to see how he takes it?"

"Certainly not. He is nothing to me."

"You don't care," hinted Mrs. Tom to wait in the library?" motioning to the nearest portiere.

"I shall go away at once," haughtily, "at once." I shall slip out by the side door."

"Very well dear, good night. You may show Mr. Saxe up, Barnes," said Mrs. Tom.

Through the library on her way to the side door the young guest's skirts fluttered softly while Mr. Saxe came up the stair.

"What is the matter?" faltered Mrs. Tom at sight of him.

"I've nothing to say," was the answer, "nothing."

At which Mrs. Tom smiled.

"That," she informed him soothingly, "is how Cally began; and then I never heard her talk faster—never—reflectively—saw her look prettier."

Mr. Saxe poked the fire gloomily and there was a pause.

"Where," Mrs. Tom began again, "is David?"

"If you mean Reynolds," said Mr. Saxe stiffly, "he is most likely with his ring, his cat's-eye ring?"

"His cat's-eye ring?" with a lift of her pretty brows, "has David a cat's-eye ring?"

"The name of David," Mr. Saxe informed her grimly, "is a thing of the past. We will never be friends again."

"The pity of it," cried Mrs. Tom, "and all on account of a cat's-eye?"

"On account of treachery."

"Whose treachery?"

"Hers! His! See here, Mrs. Tom, you were very kind to me in this matter—"

Mrs. Tom nodded. "Willing errand boy," she put in feelingly, "discreet chaperon, always ready manoeuvrer."

"And I am grateful," he hurried to say earnestly, "and I want you to know how it is that—that everything is over."

"No, no," pleaded Mrs. Tom, "not over for always?"

"Forever," sternly. "A man can't allow himself to be treated with ignominy, absolute indignity. Not even by Cally,"—his voice fell soft on the name, though.

"I'll tell you exactly what happened, and then you can judge whether there is anything for me but a silent withdrawal. At first I was deeply angry; but"—he put that aside with a little helpless motion of his hand.

"Attractive little witch, isn't she?" Mrs. Tom put into the break, put it very under standingly.

"She is incapable," he cried quickly, "absolutely incapable," of what she has done. She can't realize, I'll never believe that she realizes the wrong of it, the treachery of it."

"And David?" Mrs. Tom questioned with a very kindly feeling shining in her eyes, "how many years is it that you have been Jonathan and he David?"

"A man must believe his eyes," said Jonathan falteringly. "She showed me the ring herself, a man's ring, a crest cut intaglio."

"You didn't look at the crest? Oh how like you it was," with quick compassion, "how like you not to look at the crest?"

"Why," starting, "should I look at the crest?"

"To see whose it was."

"But I know it was his, David's; I know by the way she—she mentioned his name, by the way she blushed over the beastly thing."

"Is that adjective intended to apply to Mr. Reynolds or to the cat's-eye?" Mrs. Tom asked with sudden dignity, "because as to the cat's-eye I helped to select it myself."

"You did? You?"

"Why such astonishment? David helped, too; so did Cally. And the ring is a beauty, a credit to the three of us."

Jonathan got to his feet.

"Accept my apologies," he said, "for intruding on you my little bewilderments. I did not even guess."

"Guess what?"

"That my case was premeditated."

"The ring had to be premeditated," Mrs. Tom told him serenely, "the crest you see had to be cut."

"I see," said Jonathan.

But here Barnes the discreet opened the door. Again the name came doubtfully.

"Oh!" again said Mrs. Tom. "Jonathan will see David?"

"No, no," said Jonathan quickly. "I—I cannot."

"Will you wait," with her voice rather loud, "in the library?"

"I will go—I will go out by the side door."

"Very well, Jonathan; good night. You may bring Mr. Reynolds, Barnes."

"See here," said Reynolds, as he came in, began as if the matter were on his heart, "have you heard? What can we do about it?"

"Why meddle?" said Mrs. Tom, and gave him a keen glance. "You have always stood aside for this Jonathan of yours; but now—Isn't this a fair time to speak for yourself?"

Look and question were suggestive enough; they shot a rush of color up to Reynolds hair—which didn't need it, being already red—and waked a reply that echoed the fire.

"Do you take me," was the reply, "for a thief?"

She pouted prettily.

"Jonathan," she said takes you for a traitor."

"I know it," ruffling up his hair with both hands excitedly, "what else do I look like?"

"You look," retorted Mrs. Tom laughing half angrily, "you look like a dear old goose; a goose giving up," softly, "all that you have."

"I haven't anything," eloquently throwing out empty hands. "Do you think if she were mine, mine!—I would give up?"

"You had a great chance," insisted Mrs. Tom; "you let him win, helped him to win."

"And now," hotly, "I'll help him to hold."

"Good for you; I do love a goose," cried Mrs. Tom, "a whole goose."

"Nonsense," laughed the goose; "let us think what can be done, done quickly; Jonathan, you know is not enjoying his mistake."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, useless to go to him until I can explain; and Cally will not allow me to tell him the truth about that ring."

"Which places you in a rather difficult position."

"She does not realize the position," quickly defensive as David had been. "She is incapable of hurting any one intentionally."

"Oh," grumbled Mrs. Tom. "I begin to see where I come in. I am expected to be show lady, to lift the curtain from the gaping wounds of Jonathan and David."

"You needn't mind me," said David, meekly.

"I think," said Mrs. Tom, "that I shall mind my own business."

"Can you?" chuckled David.

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The old way was to ask a neighbor or trust to the newspapers. The new way is to get information in the nick of time over the phone, thus knowing when to sell and when to hold.



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Problem IV. Emergencies :—

The old way of procedure when some one took sick, was to harness up the "driver" and make all haste for the doctor. Effort in this direction often procured as its only result the information: "doctor is out."

The new way is to call up the doctor on the phone, and know instantly what can be done pending the medical man's arrival.

Problem V. Help :—

The old way was to allow men to go on boys' errands—waste half a morning walking to Smith's only to find that his harrow was already loaned. The new way is to make the phone your errand boy—buy, borrow, begot by means of the "silent partner."

We have prepared a Booklet describing fully a rural phone system. Hadn't you better instruct us to send you this interesting bit of information, seeing it costs you nothing.

Ask for Booklet 3117

Easy Advice.

Bad habits are always stronger than good resolutions.

Don't put your friend in a position where he must deny your request.

Swimming is not the only exercise in which one must keep the mouth shut.

If you want to please a man get through talking so that he can begin.

If you have a strong point in your character, don't make it a weakness by admiring it to much.

Tickling, tight Coughs, can be surely and quickly loosened with a prescription Druggists are dispensing everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so very, very different than common cough medicines. No Opium, no Chloroform, absolutely nothing harsh or unsafe. The tender leaves of a harmless, lung healing mountainous shrub, gives the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. Those leaves have the power to calm the most distressing Cough and to soothe and heal the most sensitive bronchial membrane. Mothers should, for safety's sake, always demand Dr. Shoop's. It can with perfect freedom be given to even the youngest babes. Test it yourself and see! Sold by All Dealers.

A Peculiarity of Dreams.

It is said that when Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied: "Oh, wine does some times help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help." "Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?" "No! no!" said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne, I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

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Profited By Experience.

From The Youths Companion.

In the grey light of an early morning the traveller in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn," he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before night I shall look up other lodgings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied respectfully.

The traveller smiled ironically.

"If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir."

"I know it is. By a man who snored all night, and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

The Brute.

(Boston Transcript.)

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on \$3,000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that.

He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat.

She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man. Always thinking of his stomach?

All That is Left of Them.

(Hamilton Herald.)

At the annual dinner of the Balacava veterans this year, there were present eleven men, all troopers, who followed Cardigan in the great charge which he himself pronounced either a "man-brained trick" or "a great blunder"—for bystanders differed as to the form of his character zition. When the remnants of the Light Brigade were mustered at the close of the action it was found that 113 officers and men had been killed and 134 wounded out of the 675 who had entered the fray. That of those whom Russian weapons did not slay eleven should be able fifty-five years later to pledge a cup to the memory of their old commander in evidence that the chances of longevity are not shut against even the participants in the most desperate of encounters.

A New Company.

Letters patent have been issued incorporating the following company: C. Miles Sherwood, Maud J. Sherwood, Leroy T. Lee, Lena May Lee, R. Jack Lee, Henrietta C. Lee, Carrie A. Simonson and Ida A. McDon. all of Centerville, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, for the following purposes, namely: To acquire and take over as a going concern the business now carried on in the Parishes of Wilmet and Wicklow in the County of Carleton, by C. Miles Sherwood and all or any of the assets and liabilities of the said C. Miles Sherwood in connection with the said business, except the saw mill property of the said C. Miles Sherwood. To establish and conduct a general department store, and to carry on a general wholesale and retail mercantile business.

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DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam, St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jet, to Boston. Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jet, to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jet, to Truro.

12.15 A EXPRESS—For all points North. M. Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Carleton and Presque Isle.

5.00 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib. Mon Branch.

5.33 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, M. St. Andrews after July 1st, Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc., and Pullman Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

ARRIVALS.

11.50 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc., via Gib. Mon Branch.

12.15 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East. St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st, Boston, Montreal and West.

5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Carleton, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Riviere du Loup.

11.00 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. Ry., St. John, N. B.