

DID SHE MARRY COL. DEEK?

"Patricia, you are either a fool or a hypocrite!"

The remark was not a pretty one, and, addressed to a girl, it seemed doubly harsh. But Patricia Hembury smiled placidly at her brother as she leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap.

"I may be both," she said, still smiling. "Then heaven help Brainard!" was his reply as he left the room.

The derisive curve of the girl's lips dropped into a weary line when she found herself alone, and a long sigh accompanied the words she uttered half audibly:

"If I could only know my own mind!"

And yet she did not look like a girl of indecision, despite the shadows on her face, which told of mental worry and irresolution. The round, pink chin had character, undeveloped perhaps, but there for all that, and the forehead, though unseamed by thought lines, was an open and firm one.

Patricia had been engaged for six months to Gilbert Brainard, a young doctor, handsome and clever enough to win and hold the love of any sensible girl, and it was this engagement that was now causing her so much trouble.

Perhaps Brainard's reserve or matter-of-fact way of receiving her affection had cooled the ardor of Patricia's devotion, and she had begun to doubt whether her regard for him was genuine, or merely gratified vanity at being cared for.

After weeks of harassing perplexity she had determined to confide in her brother, who was spending his Easter holidays at the house of the aunt with whom Patricia lived.

She had proposed to him that she should ask Brainard for a year's abeyance of the engagement, pleading her own lukewarm state of heart, and the possibility of a change in her lover's affection also. This last argument had roused in her brother's mind a suspicion which found utterance in the words already recorded.

"You care for someone else, I suppose," he had added, half expecting her to repudiate indignantly a charge so unlikely.

A month ago Patricia would have answered such a question naturally and simply, but a sore conscience and a pendulous mind are very apt to put one's common sense on the bias.

"I do, then my plan will be so much the better," she replied.

"There!" and with one last energetic pat on the square envelope to fix the stamp, the important letter was dropped into the postoffice box, and Patricia walked slowly up the principal street in Brackley, an odd sensation of loneliness in her heart, but yet relieved and almost glad as she saw before her a whole year of freedom. For she knew perfectly well that Gilbert would not indulge in heroics; he would let her have her way, and it she hurt him he would not cry out.

The answer came promptly by return mail.

"You have been honest with me as always. I have never regarded you as bound to an engagement, though I believed that you cared for me. As for myself, I cannot help loving you and would not, if I could. A year from now, say at Easter, I shall come to you and then I trust that we may understand one another better."

The writer then went on to speak of indifferent matters—of the weather, of his work, and at the close asked Patricia to be hospitable to a Colonel Deek, an old friend, who would shortly be in Brackley.

The letter piqued Miss Hembury. "I wonder if he cares," she said to herself, slipping the letter back into its envelope, and then she added half regretfully, "Letters are so horribly unsatisfactory!"

Patricia was not a girl of intense emotions and she would not have felt very deeply had Brainard accepted an entire release with alacrity. She had not, and probably never would have, a passionate grasp of life as love and of love as life. Her affection for her brother was perhaps the strongest she had ever experienced, and yet, deep down in her heart, she felt that the love she gave to Brainard was not exactly what she knew herself capable of giving as a wife.

She worried a little over her decision, she burnt all her love letters, she transferred his photograph from her dainty toilet table to the family album, but, strange to say, the roses in her cheeks still bloomed, the sparkle in her eye was as bright as ever and her appetite could alarm nobody by its delicacy.

Mrs. Adams, the aunt, was far more concerned over the temporary broken engagement than was her niece. She had taken Gilbert Brainard into her simple, kindly old heart, and she pitied him for the pain she knew he was suffering. She could not understand the change in Patricia—to her it was utterly without reason.

But to Patricia's brother the change did not appear so sudden or so excusable. In her letters during the past few months, and in several chance remarks she made, he thought he could detect a new tone, and not one of a truer ring. Comments upon a former school-mate's splendid match, half-expressed wishes for more money and a good time, had shown him that his sister's mind was not rising to the high ideal he had always placed before her—the memory of the dear mother. Longing for wealth, and all that wealth can give, though natural and right enough in themselves, it indulged and fostered with push, better aspirations into the background, and a great discontent had gradually grown up in Patricia's heart at the thought of settling down to a quiet life as the helpmeet of a country doctor—a life in which how to eat one's cake and have it too would be the one all-absorbing problem.

Colonel Deek came and fully justified all that Brainard had written of him. Patricia soon discovered that he knew nothing of his friend's engagement and this fact was agreeable to her. Why, she did not care to ask herself. The sober, middle-aged manners and gentle courtesy of the officer were passports to the good will of the strictest duenna, and Mrs. Adams conscientiously hedged round with her own little wall of "good form," just so high, and just so thick, had nothing to fear when the colonel and her niece spent hours over an interminable game of chess, or when they took walks of many miles together, or when he held the girl so spell-bound, listening to

regimental stories, that her attention could only be tardily recalled to other matters.

As regards the two friends, one of them at least had no intention of falling in love or of causing the other to leap into so deep and treacherous a pool. Patricia felt a delicious sense of freedom at this period. She deemed herself accountable to no one for her words or her deeds, and she had besides a vague sense of pleasure in thinking that at any moment she could, if it so pleased her, revert to her former state of thralldom.

But the colonel had developed some strange habits that greatly surprised his man Barney. That worthy put two and two together and sighed as he thought of his honest master falling into the hands of the Philistines.

"Here, I've brought him through safely these twenty years and now he goes and does for himself!" said this wise Gehazi.

The colonel owned to his accusing conscience that he was making a fool of himself, but consoled his wounded pride by recalling that paradoxical proverb about the man who never makes a fool of himself. He determined to test the weight of his foolishness.

"I'll do it this afternoon. I will, by gad!" he assured the empty air on three successive mornings as he plunged into his bath. And on the fourth afternoon "do it" he certainly did.

Calling on Mrs. Adams, he found, to his trepidation and delight, Patricia alone. She was sewing on some white stuff and the colonel sat opposite to her, his eyes riveted on the left fingers. He had seen hundreds of women sewing, but he was positive that none of them perched the thimble so daintily or drew the thread in and out so prettily as did Patricia, and he could have sworn that none of them looked up so bewitchingly through dark lashes between the stitches.

"What exquisite work that is!" he said at length.

"Your sarcasm is withering, Colonel Deek!" she answered, laughing. "This is a duster."

"I meant—I didn't mean—I should have said, how exquisitely you work."

"How ridiculous!" she cried. "Any ordinary woman sews beautifully in a man's estimation."

"But you are not an ordinary woman, and—"

Then the colonel "did it," how, he never knew.

For a moment the girl made no answer to his awkwardly shy declaration. This rush of feeling, this terrible choking sense of new consciousness that surged in her heart, was it love for her suitor, or was it fear or was it shame, or what was it? There was a ring of indecision in her voice as she replied:

"I wish you had not said this. I was so happy in your friendship, and now—"

"Miss Patricia," he interrupted slowly, "if it vexes you to think of me otherwise than as a friend, then it will be only as a friend that I shall speak to you. If you cannot give all I want, do you think I shall refuse what you can give?"

This speech was not altogether pleasing to his lady; it sounded too much like withdrawing the siege without sufficient action; a little pique served the colonel's cause well—or ill, just as you please.

"Will you give me time to decide?" she asked kindly.

"Certainly. But do think kindly of me; and when will you let me know?"

"Sometime this spring—at Easter," and as she said it, her heart smote her.

A note came to Patricia the next morning to say that the colonel had left town and would not return till Easter.

And now, free from lovers and all like troubles, Patricia found plenty of time to discover the true state of her feelings. Quiet self-examination did not tend to peace of mind and conscience. She saw very clearly how despicably she was acting, but lacked courage to put away acting and speak the truth. Tacitly at least, she had said to herself, "Don't throw away a good chance. Keep Colonel Deek at your heels until you know whether you will return to Brainard or not."

She contrasted the position of Colonel Deek's wife with that of Brainard's. Both good men, both with an average stock of brains, but one wealthy, the other poor. Over and over again did she argue with her heart, and over and over again did she come to the same conclusion. If Deek were out of the way she would love Brainard, and if Brainard were out of the question she would love Deek.

"Unwomanly, horrible!" you say. Perhaps you are right.

One morning, a month or so before Easter, she was sorting a box of old treasures and unexpectedly found a note of Brainard's, which she must have overlooked when destroying her letters. It was a loving little note, asking pardon for some offence he had given her, and as she read tears started to her eyes. "How foolish, how wicked I have been, Gilbert dear," she whispered softly kissing the paper.

But the feeling was too sudden to be deep. The very next day the old sensation of being tired of Brainard returned, and she thought of the stately, gentle colonel, almost with relief.

A week before Easter, Patricia wrote to her brother, begging advice and sympathy.

"I am a perfect weather vane," so the letter declared, "I wake in the morning, believing myself deeply in love with Gilbert. I go to bed at night utterly disgusted with myself and him. The most incongruous and unlikely things sway me; aunt speaks, and an intonation in her voice makes me imagine myself once more happy in Gilbert's affection; she speaks again and the spell is broken. I think, with intense relief, of an entire release. The moving of a chair, the striking of a clock, the leap of a flame in the fire—they all influence, now well, now ill. What shall I do?"

True to his promise Gilbert Brainard arrived and Patricia, being informed of his presence, went down to the drawing-room to greet him. It so happened that one of the reactions in Gilbert's favor was in force that day.

She paused with her hand on the door; she must have no suspicion of her tardy loyalty; he must take the initiative. The words he had written recurred to her memory, "I will always love you, because I cannot help it, and would not help it if I could."

He was standing by the fireplace when she entered, which she did so quietly that she was at his side before he noticed her.

"Oh, I knew you would not keep me long. How are you? But I needn't ask, you are radiant with health."

All this in a perfectly unembarrassed matter-of-fact tone as he shook her hand warmly.

"My visit here is slightly unnecessary, is it not?" with an arch look.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a startled voice.

"Deek tells me that you have treated him royally. Fine old chap, isn't he? I had no idea when I recommended him to your hospitality that—"

"We have enjoyed knowing him very much," she said quickly.

"Yes, so I should imagine. I met him a few weeks ago and being old friends, he confided his hopes to me."

"I did not know that you knew the colonel so well as that!" she exclaimed.

Doubtless it was this surprising fact that drove all blood from her cheeks.

"Why, surely you have heard me speak of Deek as an old friend. Well, anyway, you have made a change for the better."

You took advantage of our mutual truce sooner than I did. If Patricia had grown suddenly fagged and trembling he did not notice it, and he went on: "I thought you cruel last year, but now I see how wise you were. It would be very foolish to marry a first love!"

His light laugh and words were brutal, but the very brutality showed that he was ignorant of her pain; he thought her as relieved and happy as himself.

Patricia stood up; her mouth wore a most charming smile.

"I see," she said, "that you also are open to congratulations. I give them with all my heart. And let me thank you for having spared me the annoyance of being first to own that our agreement was wise."—*Saturday Night.*

FACIAL PECULIARITIES.

The Left Side Is the Prettiest, But the Right Shows Most Character.

The other afternoon I was in the studio of a well known photographer. With me was an artistic friend who called my attention to a peculiarity of the photographs arranged around the walls. There were pretty women in abundance, and children and men in all kinds of poses and costumes.

"Did you ever notice," said my friend, "that nine out of ten of the pictures one sees show the left side of the face?"

"No," I answered, "I never did, nor can I imagine why such should be the case."

"There is a very good reason for it, which lies in the fact that in the vast majority of cases the left side of the face is the good looking side. Every photographer knows this and takes advantage of it. Now look around the room and see if it is not as I tell you."

A careful investigation showed me the absolute correctness of my friend's observation. In the whole studio there were not more than half a dozen photographs showing the right side of the face, and none of them seemed to be at all flattering.

"On the other hand," continued the artist, "if you want to get at the real strength and character of a person's face study the right side of it—the ugly side, as portrait painters sometimes call it. There you will find the lines bold and harsh, with every defect accentuated. On the left side, however, everything is softened down and the face is at its best."

"Whenever you suspect a man of trickery or deceit, and this rule applies equally to the fair sex, stand on their right and watch the expression closely. There never was an actor skillful enough to cover up the marks of his real personality, which are stamped on the right side of the face."—*N. Y. Herald.*

THINGS OF VALUE.

Religion that isn't used every day won't keep very long.

No one can be truly polite without the practice of self-denial.

Fortune has often been blamed for her kindness; but fortune is not so blind as men are.—*Samuel Smiles.*

Unique—K. D. C. is not advertised to cure all "the ills that flesh is heir to," but is specially prepared for the cure of dyspepsia or indigestion. Cure guaranteed. Try it!

He whom the gods favor dies young, while he is in his health, has his senses and his judgment sound.—*Plautus.*

Theatre goers! Attention! The Greatest Play of the Age—"The World Do Move," and dyspepsia is moving out of it, chased by the King of Dyspepsia Cures—K. D. C.

The faults of our friends ought never to anger us so far as to give an advantage to our enemies.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

K. D. C.—The Dyspeptic's Life! Why? Because it makes life worth living. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The flowering of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power—the gentleman.—*Emerson.*

The Dyspeptic's Hope—K. D. C. Why? Because it cures when all other remedies fail. A free sample package mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S.

True generosity is a duty as indispensable as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being.—*Goldsmith.*

Can dyspepsia be cured? Yes; K. D. C. is "a positive cure," "a safe cure," "a complete cure," "a marvellous cure," "the best cure," "a thorough cure," and "a guaranteed cure."

The only disagreeable thing to an author about a literary success is that the work which has succeeded always remains the most persistent and the most conspicuous rival to his next candidate for success.—*Saturday Review*

"Rigby."

When falls the rain and winds are blowing,
I do not heed it, I do not care,
With a Rigby coat on I am going,
I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair.
The rain may fall as from a mountain
And I turn the fields into a pool,
The east wind whistles o'er the mountain,
I wear Rigby, I'm no fool.

Incorporated, 1887, with Cash Capital of \$50,000.

THE OWEN
PAT. AUG. 16, 87.
ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.

49 KING ST. W., TORONTO, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Mgr. for Can.

Electricity, as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances.

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. It is fast taking the place of drugs in all nervous and rheumatic troubles and will effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. It is nature's remedy, and by its steady, soothing current that is readily felt,

POSITIVELY CURES

THE FOLLOWING:
Rheumatism, Sexual Weakness, Sciatica, Female Complaints, General Debility, Impotency, Lumbago, Kidney Diseases, Nervous Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Varicose, Urinary Diseases.

RHEUMATISM.

It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces.

To Restore Manhood and Womanhood

As man has not yet discovered all of Nature's laws for right living, it follows that everyone has committed more or less errors which have left visible blemishes. To erase these evidences of past errors, there is nothing to equal Electricity as applied by the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances. Rest assured any doctor who would try to accomplish this by any kind of drug is practising a most dangerous form of charlatanism.

We Challenge the World

to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant, by simply reducing the current. Other belts have been in the market for five or ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured than all other makes combined.

Electric Insoles.—Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles will prevent Rheumatism and cure Chills and Cramps in the feet and legs. Price \$1, by mail.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts.

Our attention having been attracted to an imitation of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt, that is being peddled through the country from town to town, we desire to warn the public against such.

Our Trade Mark is the portrait of Dr. A. Owen, embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Information, Testimonials, etc.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO'Y,
49 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Mention this paper. Head Office, Chicago.

Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors!

A CHARMING SET OF BOOKS, EMBRACING

Ten of the Greatest Novels Ever Written

BY TEN OF THE

GREATEST AUTHORS WHO EVER LIVED!

If you will study the biographies of the great authors of our day, you will observe that in most instances their reputations were made by the production of a single book. Let but one work that



is really great—one masterpiece—emanate from an author's pen, and though his future efforts may be tried in comparison, his name will live and his works be read long after the author has passed away. A well known New York publishing house has issued in uniform and handsome style ten of the greatest and most famous novels in the English language, and we have perfected arrangements whereby you are enabled to offer this handsome and valuable set of books as a premium to our subscribers upon terms which make them almost a free gift. Each one of these famous novels was its author's greatest work—his masterpiece—the great production that made his name and fame. The works comprised in this valuable set of books, which are published under the general title of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," are as follows:

EAST LYNNE. By Mrs. Henry Wood.
JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Brontë.
JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot.
THE WOMAN IN WHITE. By Wilkie Collins.
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By Mrs. M. E. Braddon.
VALENTINE FAIR. By W. M. Thackeray.
THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
THE THREE GUARDSMEN. By Alexander Dumas.
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade.

Each of these great and powerful works is known the world over and read in every civilized land. Each is intensely interesting, yet pure and elevating in moral tone. They are published complete, unaltered and unabbreviated, in ten separate volumes with very handsome and artistic covers, all uniform, thus making a charming set of books which will be an addition to the home. They are printed from new type, clear, bold and readable, upon paper of the highest quality. Altogether it is a delightful set of books, and we are most happy to be enabled to offer our subscribers an opportunity of obtaining such splendid books upon such terms as we can give.

Our Liberal Premium Offer! We will send the ten great novels above named, comprising the splendid complete set of "Famous Fiction by the World's Greatest Authors," also **FREE** for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.50, which is an advance of but 50 cents over our regular subscription price, so that you practically get this beautiful set of books for only 50 cents. Subscribers desiring to take advantage of this offer whose terms of subscription have not yet expired, by renewing now will receive the books at once, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. We will give the complete set of books free to anyone sending us a club of two new yearly subscribers. This is a great premium offer—a great chance for our readers. Do not miss it. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed. Address all letters.

EDWARD S. CARTER,
Publisher PROGRESS,
St. John, N. B.

Now

Is the time to have your Furniture Repaired and Re-upholstered. We are selling Lounges Cheaper than ever—good ones from **\$5.00** upwards.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

CANADA.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

FIVE AND TEN YEARS FISHING LEASES.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N. B.

17th February, 1892.

THE exclusive right of Fishing (WITH THE ROD ONLY), in front of the ungranted Crown Lands on the following Streams, will be offered for Sale, at Public Auction, at this Office at noon on **WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF MARCH, 1892.** Leases of the Fishing Rights will be governed by existing Regulations and will be for the terms of **FIVE and TEN YEARS** from the 1st of March, 1892, as mentioned below.

No.	STREAMS.	FORMER LEASEE.	Upset Price Per Annum.
Five Year Leases to expire 1st March, 1897.			
1	RESTIGOUCHE RIVER:— From the I. C. Railway Bridge up to the mouth of the Upsalquitch River. (Excepting the Islands in the Restigouche River at the mouth of the Matapedia River),	Restigouche Salmon Club,	S. \$ 400 00
2	From mouth of Upsalquitch River to Tead Brook,	H. B. Hollands,	S. 300 00
3	From Tead Brook up to Tom's Brook,	Samuel Thorne,	S. 1,500 00
4	From Tom's Brook up to Patapedia River,	James M. Waterbury,	S. 800 00
5	From Patapedia River up to Tracey's Brook,	Restigouche Salmon Club,	S. 1,600 00
6	From Tracey's Brook up to Quatawamkewick River,	Archibald Rogers,	S. 1,200 00
7	From Quatawamkewick up to Madawaska County line,		S. 100 00
8	UPSALQUITCH RIVER:— From its mouth up to the Forks,	Ezra C. Fitch,	S. 350 00
9	From its Forks to its head, including all Branches,	do,	S. 200 00
Ten Year Leases to expire 1st March, 1902.			
10	NEPISIGUIT RIVER:— From its mouth up to 11 mile tree,	C. B. Burnham,	S. 250 00
11	From 11 mile tree up to Great Falls,	do,	S. 175 00
12	From Great Falls to head of River,	do,	T. 150 00
13	MIRAMICHI RIVER:— North West Miramichi River and Branches, above the mouth of Big Sevogle River,	Robert R. Call,	S. 50 00
14	Big and Little Sevogle Rivers and Branches, and the part of N. W. Miramichi River from the mouth of Big Sevogle to the mouth of Little S. W. Miramichi River,	Wm. F. Ladd,	S. 150 00
15	Little S. W. Miramichi River and Branches,	do,	S. 150 00
16	CAINS RIVER and Branches,	A. S. Murray,	S. & T. 100 00

Copies of the Regulations to govern the above Sale, or any further information, may be had on application to the Fishery Commissioner, J. Henry Phair, Esq., Fredericton, N. B.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Surveyor General.

NOTE.—S. means Salmon Fishing; T. means Trout Fishing.