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The "Beeston Humber," The "Uptodate," The "Road King,"
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The **H. P. DAVIES Co.,** 81 Yonge Street,
Toronto.

AN UNLUCKY BARGAIN.

Bixby & Co's illustrated advertisement of
 of "cravenette" rain cloaks at a bargain
 removed Miss Moseley's last scruple. She
 felt that she must have one. Several hun-
 dred other women had arrived at the same
 decision and the same counter when Anna
 Moseley reached Bixby's and selected
 a cravenette with changeable blue silk
 lining.
 "Anxious only to secure her purchase,"
 Miss Moseley selected a bill from her well-
 filled purse, which she thrust back
 into a jaunty chateleine bag hung
 at her belt. As she moved away
 from the counter, she turned abruptly into
 the arms of a second young woman, upon
 whose shoe she set her own compact little
 and who had been sent by his lady love to
 meet her guest.
 "How glad and gay and bright New
 York seemed, and what a nice fellow Dick
 Waters was, anyhow!"
 This rushed through Anna's mind—when,
 in the midst of one of Dick's gayest sallies,
 a queer fixed look came into her eyes, and
 she started forward, involuntarily drag-
 ging Dick after her in pursuit of some one,
 who had given one startled glance at Anna
 and then darted into the crowd.
 "Stop her! There she is! Quick! Oh,
 do catch her!" in a rush of breathless ex-
 clamations. But all her companion saw
 was a trim little body in gray, who proved
 quite too quick for them in the unpre-
 meditated chase.
 "There isn't any doubt but she has it,
 else why did she run?" was the close of
 Miss Moseley's hasty explanation to the
 bewildered Dick, who explanation lasted,
 however, until the ferry boat drew into the
 Jersey City slip. As the two joined the
 crowd rushing through the labyrinth of
 fenced alleys to the trains and waiting-
 room, Dick took a look at his watch, and,
 catching Anna by the arm, made a sud-
 den dart through the doorway, muttering,
 "We'll miss that train unless we hurry—I
 beg your pardon!" he added with careless
 courtesy, to a man whom he nearly ran
 over in their headlong stampede. To his
 surprise the man again got in his way and
 laid his hand on Dick's arm, as if to draw
 him out of the stream of people.
 "Newark! Elizabeth! Rahway!" The
 strident voice of the station master was
 heard calling the train. "Ask the station
 master, my good man," Dick cried,
 impatiently, "I shall miss my train as it is,
 I fear," as visions of the anxious young
 hostess awaiting them arose before him.
 But this time there was no mistaking
 the grip on his arm, as with his free hand,
 his detainer showed a detective's badge
 under the lapel of his coat. Wrath
 blazed in Dick's eyes, but his companion,
 whose mind was still occupied by her
 glimpse of the girl in gray, asked, eagerly,
 "Is it about the purse?"
 A glance of surprise and reluctant
 admiration flitted across the man's face,
 as he replied with a half laugh, "Well,
 you are a cool one! I'll trouble you for
 both, while you're about it!"
 "I don't understand—there was but one
 stolen, and as I saw the thief a half hour
 ago, at the Grand Central, I thought you

things mixed up some ways, so she have
 nothing secured—less'n you've 'll be good
 enough to let her have your upper berth,
 Miss."
 Miss Moseley being really a kind-hearted
 girl, assented at once, and, throwing her
 cloak over her blue sleeping robe, she
 awaited the rearranging of her section like
 a drowsy forget-me-not, while the stranger
 she had been called upon to "entertain
 unawares" remained invisible.
 There was a whispered consultation and
 a desperate scramble audible after she had
 retired a second time, and then silence.
 As the train drew into the Grand Central
 station next morning, Anna stepped out of
 the car, closely followed by the obsequious
 porter with her bag, which was seized at
 once by Mr. Richard Waters, the young
 man to whose wedding she was hastening,
 and who had been sent by his lady love to
 meet her guest.
 "That's very well done, sir," said the
 other man, before Dick could go further in
 his explanation, "and I'm bound to respect
 you for trying to shield the lady. Perhaps
 she's imposed on you; but at any rate she
 won't deny a walk-in away with this bag
 in broad daylight."
 "Why, what should I walk away with
 but my own bag, I should like to know?"
 remonstrated the girl.
 "Perhaps you'll tell what's in it?" was
 the incredulous reply.
 "Certainly, I ought to know my own
 things. There's a mackintosh with a blue
 silk lining."
 "There, that'll do, I didn't think you
 had a chance to open it."
 At this point of aggravation, Anna for-
 got all her own woes at the reappearance
 in the doorway of the gray will-o'-the-
 wisp. The girl came rapidly in their
 direction, looking much distressed but in
 no ways ashamed.
 Without the slightest premeditation,
 Anna sprang toward her, exclaiming, eag-
 erly, "Give me the earring, and I'll never
 let them touch you; I don't care for the
 money, you must have needed it dreadfully.
 Papa says there are such cases!"
 "Stop!" the little grey figure seemed to
 dilate with indignant denial. "How dare
 you speak to me in such a way! I tried to
 think you couldn't have stolen my pocket-
 book, for you didn't look like a—such a
 person, although you were very rude. But
 here you are with my bag!" She glanced
 with an identifying eye at the bag, still
 clutched tightly by the officer of the law.
 "Your bag," said Anna, fire glowing in
 her eyes. "Perhaps you will tell me what
 is in that bag?"
 "Certainly," was the confident answer,
 "A rain cloak lined with changeable blue
 silk, is on the top."
 "A very good guess so far!" concealing
 her surprise with the sarcasm. Just at
 this moment a blue-coated policeman came
 into the rear of the room unnoticed, and
 stepping briskly up to Miss Moseley, whose
 tall figure completely obscured the small
 being sitting in front of her, the new-comer
 addressed her in a low voice—
 "I am sorry to say I must take you un-
 der my care, madam."
 "For what?" was the startled question.
 "For the taking of a pocket-book at
 Bixby & Co's, which contained a diamond
 earring!"
 "And \$20," added Anna. "Let me com-
 plete the inventory. Will you kindly tell
 me how you came to arrest me for stealing
 my own pocket-book?"
 "I ain't to be put off so easy, Miss; my
 orders came by telegraph to arrest on ar-
 rival of night express from Boston, young

woman in gray, occupying Section 17,
 Pullman Deliah."
 "Light breaks in upon me! I am glad
 to be able to pass your attention over to
 the right person. There is the young lady
 of whom you are doubtless in search, since
 it is only my wrap which is gray. She cer-
 tainly did not, however, occupy Section 17!"
 "I certainly did!" the gray girl rose, de-
 fiant; "at least, I was in the upper berth!"
 "Oh, you were my guest!"
 "Yes! and you?"
 They whirled upon each other with elo-
 quent faces, only to sit down more help-
 lessly bewildered than before.
 "Wait a moment, ladies!" The detec-
 tive had gathered his wits and checked the
 girls as both opened their lips to speak.
 "Which of you has had a purse stolen?"
 A simultaneous response paralyzed Dick,
 as well as the officer.
 "On what date?" The duet continued.
 "Last Tuesday!" The duet continued.
 "Where?"
 "At Bixby & Company's."
 "It was really getting ridiculous, but at
 each reply the victims looked more deadly
 serious.
 "You say," turning to the shorter young
 woman, "that this bag is yours, and the
 contents, beginning with a rain cloak
 lined with blue, are yours?"
 "It surely is!" The little lady's voice
 sounded weary and tremulous. With a
 quick movement Anna opened the clasp
 of the bag as it stood by the officer, and
 pointing to the disputed garment, said:
 "Let her put it on, then!"
 This test would plainly be conclusive,
 since Miss Moseley was as tall and stately
 as the other young lady was petite. As
 the officer shook out the cloak and encircled
 with it the shorter woman's shoulders, an-
 ticipated triumph gleamed in four bright
 eyes, changing rapidly with Miss Moseley
 to blank dismay, for the cravenette would
 have hardly reached to Anna's slender
 ankles.
 Dick, who had slipped away to the tele-
 phone in the waiting-room a short time
 before, returned at this juncture with a
 beaming countenance.
 "I have just 'phoned the conductor of
 the Deliah and find that a travelling bag
 is held for orders, which was left in the
 ladies' dressing-room."
 "Oh," exclaimed Anna, "I sent the por-
 ter back to the berth for mine. I thought
 I left it there, and he must have taken
 yours as they are alike. I cannot say how
 sorry I am, but I couldn't have known,
 could I?"
 "I would never have thought of it, but for
 my pocket-book," said the woman in gray.
 "But it was my pocket-book that was
 stolen," persisted Anna.
 "So was mine!" said the other, "and you
 acted so—so—queer, that I suspected you
 right away!"
 "Why, so did I—I mean, you were so
 angry, that I thought when I missed it—for
 if that nice old lady hadn't let me out."
 A low whistle from the detective arrested
 their attention.
 "An old lady? Old Hodgdon, I bet a
 penny. It's just one of her dodges? nice
 old party—mild—spectacles—hum! Same
 old girl—excuse me, I'll have to leave you
 to settle this among yourselves. Sorry to

have disturbed you—think I know where
 to lay my hands on Betsey inside three
 hours."
 "How much did you lose?" asked the
 little lady in gray, when they had talked it
 over the next day at lunch with Dick's
 fiancée, who insisted on knowing all about
 it.
 "Fifty dollars and twenty-seven cents,
 and mamma's earring!" replied Anna.
 "How much did you?"
 "A dollar bill, fifteen cents and ten post-
 age stamps. It was really the stamps that
 I felt the worst about—they go so fast."
 And Dick who had just slipped noise-
 lessly into the doorway, laughed, the mean
 thing.
DAN DIDN'T DRINK.
 But, All the Same, His Share of Whiskey
 Didn't Grow Any Older.
 Somebody asked "Dan" Lamont, Cleve-
 land's secretary, to take a drink the other
 day. Before the colonel could reply some
 body else told this story:
 "That makes me think of the last time
 I heard some one give the colonel the same
 invitation. It was during Cleveland's first
 term. The presidential party was in St.
 Louis reviewing the parade. It was a cold
 blustering day, the sort of weather which
 makes one draw himself up into the small-
 est possible space. Gov. Francis, who
 was doing the honors, looked at the pre-
 sident standing stolidly in the face of the
 wind while the parade went by. Going
 to Col. Lamont the governor said:
 "Colonel, do you—eh—eh—think it
 wouldn't it be right to ask the Pre-
 sident to eh—to take a drink—eh—of
 whiskey? Pretty cold, you know, and it
 would do him good."
 "Ask him to take a drink!" Lamont ex-
 claimed. "Good heavens, man! do you
 mean to say that you have been with the
 president twenty-four hours and haven't
 asked him to take a drink?"
 "The governor looked somewhat sur-
 prised, but at the same time relieved, ad-
 mitted his guilt, and, stepping to the pre-
 sident, said:
 "Mr. President."
 "The president, turning around, looked
 at him straight in the eye, which seemed to
 take the sand out of the governor, who,
 blushing and stammering like a young man
 about to propose to his sweetheart, said:
 "Eh, Mr. President, do you know it is
 very cold today—eh—I thought that maybe
 just by way of a preventive, you know, that
 small drink of—eh—whiskey."
 "Where is it?" the president in a very
 business-like manner asked.
 "Right this way," said Gov. Francis,
 and beckoning at the same time to Lamont
 and the mayor he led the party to a room
 which contained a table on which were four
 glasses half filled with whiskey. The pre-
 sident looked at the glasses and said to Gov.
 Francis:
 "Who are these for?"
 "Why one, Mr. President, is for you,
 one for Col. Lamont, one for the mayor,
 and one for myself."
 "The president took up one glass and
 emptied its contents into another. Setting
 down the empty glass he raised the filled

one carefully to his lips, and, looking at
 the red liquor with an expression of sweet
 anticipation, said, just before emptying his
 glass: "Dan don't drink!"
Poached Eggs with Cream Sauce.
 One pint of water, one teaspoonful of
 vinegar, one saltspoonful of salt, as many
 eggs as are required. Put the water,
 vinegar and salt into a very clean frying
 pan, and when boiling, slip the eggs care-
 fully into it without breaking the yolks.
 When set, remove from the water with a
 skimmer and drain thoroughly before plac-
 ing on a warm dish. Pour the water out
 of the pan and put in a teaspoonful of flour
 and a tablespoonful of butter smoothly to-
 gether, and add the cream; add a little
 mixed parsley, salt and a dash of cayenne.
 Boil three minutes, pour over the eggs,
 and serve at once.
Irish Moss Blanc Manger.
 Pick and wash $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Irish moss.
 Then put it into 1 pint of boiling water
 with 4 figs and a rind of one lemon. Let it
 simmer until moss is well dissolved. Then
 add juice of one lemon, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of
 sugar. When sugar is dissolved strain
 into a cold, wet mould. This is excellent
 in any manner whatsoever.
WARNING
\$100 REWARD
 We are informed
 that unscrupulous
 dealers are in the
 habit of selling
 plugs and parts of
 inferior
 Tobacco, representing
 them to be genuine
 'T. & B.' Myrtle
 Navy
 The genuine plug is stamped with the letters 'T. & B.'
 in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by look-
 ing for the trade mark when purchasing.
 A reward of One Hundred Dollars will be
 given to anyone for information leading to the
 conviction of any person or persons guilty of the above
 fraudulent practices, or infringing on our trade mark
 in any manner whatsoever.
The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONT.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.
RISEING SUN
STOVE POLISH
 DO NOT BE DECEIVED
 with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which
 stain the hands, injure the face, and burn
 red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Bril-
 liant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package
 contains six ounces; when moistened will
 make several boxes of Rustic Polish.
HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 5000 TONS.
DEARBORN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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