

The Sloop Cup.

There were only two days remaining before the Bayhead regatta, and up to 3 o'clock, Thursday afternoon the one rival to Dave Garrison's 'Fleetwing,' that everyone wanted to see, had not yet registered at the Yacht Club.

Naturally the bunch of fellows lounging on the pier head Friday morning and lazily criticising the regatta fleet as it swung at anchor, burst into interested comment as a long slim boat slid past them down the harbor and stood out before the heavy wind under full canvas.

'Hello! that's Thorne's boat now, isn't it?' exclaimed Joe Scott, dropping from his seat on the rail and hurrying over to the other side of the pier with the boys at his heels. 'Yes, there's her name, "Conqueror." She must have come in last night. I didn't know her at first; look at the big topsail he's got on her.'

'She's been made over for this race. I tell you, it'll take her work for even the "Fleetwing" to beat her now.'

'I wonder what Dave'll say when he hears that his beloved rival is here.'

'Here comes Dave now.'

'Whoop! Hello! Heard the news?' roared the half dozen voices that had been disputing as a white hat came slowly down the wharf.

'What's the row?' asked the new-comer, calmly taking a seat on the rail beside Joe. 'Anything fatal happened in the last ten minutes?'

'Thorne's here with a new set of sails on the "Conqueror," blurted out Joe, who never could keep anything long.

'Thorne?' interrupted Dave, a black look on his good-natured face. 'So he's come after all.'

'Hasn't he, though; it will take your prettiest sailing to show him your stern.'

'I'll decide to race him,' answered Dave, slowly watching the boat as it dwindled oceanward.

'Nonsense, Dave!' 'The idea, old fellow.' 'Goodness sake, man, you wouldn't drop out for that,' argued every one at once while Joe, who was Dave's particular chum, and dared anything, added: 'Then you'll let Thorne take the cup? Your two are the fastest boats in the class.'

Dave said nothing, but his mouth narrowed to the long, thin line the boys knew so well.

Ever since the two had been old enough to have boats, there had been a rivalry growing up between them, slowly changing their friendship to enmity, and ending the year before in accusation and open distrust.

'I'd rather have him take the cup than think I wanted it bad enough to race him for it,' said Dave, shortly.

'Oh, judge, then he'll think you're afraid of him,' laughed Joe, throwing his arm over Dave's shoulder. 'What you want to do is to go in and beat him clean out of his boots; take a little more ballast it's too windy and show him the way home.'

'Maybe,' answered the other, a far-away look in his quiet blue eyes. 'I suppose it is the only fair thing to do,' he said to himself as he walked home. 'Better race and have it over. I only hope this wind will shift before tomorrow.' And he glanced toward the northwest, whence a merry gale piped along.

For with all her virtues the 'Fleetwing' could not make time in a stiff breeze. She could beat anything in a light southerly with Dave at the helm, for no man could sail a boat as craftily as he.

Sydney Thorne knew Dave's skill and the 'Fleetwing's' powers, too, and he hoped as earnestly for a 'freaking gale' as Dave prayed for a catspaw breeze, with better luck, unhappily for Dave.

'I'm afraid we're going to get more of this,' said Joe Scott, anxiously, as he stood on the 'Fleetwing's' deck Saturday morning and felt the puffing north wind that rolled the little sloop heavily in the trough of the waves.

'It will be dirty work getting round the "pudding stone reef" in this choppy sea.'

'If we can make the first leg on this breeze, I'll have the wind behind me on the next, and it's only a short beat home from the second buoy,' answered Dave, with a sort of nervous quiteness. 'Hurry up there, Joe, I never saw you take so long.'

'Here, belay that, and stop your fussing,' retorted Joe, throwing down a rope. 'You can't race this race alone; I heard Thorne saying that as this wind would hold there was no hurry about starting.'

The hard look on Dave's face deepened as he went on with his work. So busy were the two boys in talking that they did not hear their names called by childish voices, nor see a skiff that was paddled past them by unskilled little hands.

'Thorne isn't going to have an easy time taking care of that topsail of his,' remarked Joe, looking up from the halyard he was hauling in.

'Say, Joe, let Thorne take care of himself; we've got all we can do to manage right here; just run forward and keep her off the pier, will you?' answered Dave, in a tone that made his mate lift his eyebrows and whistle silently.

'Funny how mad fighting will make a man,' he said to himself, as Dave snapped out orders to the boys as they tumbled on board from the pier where they had been waiting.

Dave was in a fighting mood. He felt his boat tugging to get away, and he saw the 'Conqueror' wiggling along behind as Thorne took care to windward at the starting line. 'Joe,' he ordered quickly, 'I'm going to gybe up on the windward of Thorne; be ready with the sheet. You fellows ballast her now. All ready. It's going to be close sailing all the way,' he said to himself, as one after another the boats slid over the line, 'Conqueror' and 'Fleetwing' side by side.

Closer sailing than he thought even.

In spite of the 'Fleetwing' promising start and the master hand on her wheel, the lee rail sank under water and the white sails, swelling like a swan's breast, strained in vain to keep ahead of the black-bulldog boat that was using all the wind its sails could find.

Joe looked at the long ripple of water swirling continuously over the rail and shook his head. 'It's not our fault, Dave, we can't run against the weather, old fellow,' he said, gently, knowing his captain's thoughts.

They were all silent as to the bigger boat tore along beside them, the sea snoring heavily under her prow like the deep laugh of a sea creature. It would mean so much to win that race. Both boys felt that more depended on it than they had thought—whosever won the cup won something else with it. And somehow Dave couldn't help feeling that Thorne would do anything rather than be defeated. 'Just see if he doesn't do something queer before this over,' he thought as they swept on over the rolling, windy sea. 'Just wait, though, until I get around that first buoy with the wind behind me. I've a chance yet, and it's changing to the east already.'

Poor Dave, not a great chance. Even after they had started on that long second leg, where he had trusted to do so much luck was against him. The northeast wind was as fierce as ever, and still the 'Conqueror' gained. Dave would not look at her. He stared fiercely at the great curving sails above him, swollen and stiff with wind, the mast creaking and straining as the little vessel staggered bravely on under her heavy load. Dave's nails were white with the grip of his hands on the wheel.

And the 'Conqueror's' tiller never wavered in Thorne's hard grasp. His eye on the sail, his breath coming short and hard, every thought hurled forward with his flying boat, he was making up for the failure of the last year—he would win this time beyond doubt or disbelief. Already the tide in the 'pudding-stones' was shouting victory in his ears. He laughed to it, and a voice came crying back. Thorne looked around. He wondered if any the other boys had heard it.

The wind had veered into the east and was pulling up the waves so that the 'crew' who lay for ballast along the starboard rail caught a glimpse now and then of the 'Fleetwing' staggering on behind. They saw and heard nothing else.

Again that faint voice came to Thorne like the voice in the ripple of water. He bent and looked under the boom. Something was dancing toward the fatal current round the 'pudding stones.' Dancing like a thoughtless child. A wave lifted it nearer. It was a skiff and a bit of white tuff fluttered from the bow. Will many boats came out to sea, why should Thorne notice this. Yes, many boats came—but not so far—not skiffs—not with something white flying from the prow in terrified signal of distress—surely not with frightened cries for help—for 'mamma' and 'papa.' But why should Thorne stop to help. Dave was close behind him, so close that if he changed his course now enough to rescue the little skiff, he would be too late by the time he had come back and rounded the 'pudding stone' buoy on the starboard side. Dave would have passed him.

A wave tossed the little craft on its crest—another, and another, each wave nearer to the whirl of water over the rocks. Thorne could see the spindle on the crag standing like a warning finger. It was time to tack out around it and start on the last leg home. Again came that frightened sobbing cry, so hopeless and so lost. Thorne looked at his crew.

'I say, Thorne, the "Fleetwing" seems to be gaining,' called little Harley. 'We can't be losing now, eh?'

Thorne's hand trembled on the wheel. The rudder swayed. Slowly the shadow of the sail swung round over its captain. With a cry of amazement the boys flung themselves into the cockpit. 'What on earth, Thorne; there's the buoy on the port hand—'

Thorne nodded to the drifting boat already circling in the edge of the whirlpool. 'Get the boat hook, Harley, quick. Ease her off Bob, there she comes, now then, that's it. There's no hurry Harley, we can't win. Thank God, we saw them in time.'

'Never mind, then, they'll find out who's won,' he added, quietly, as a long faint shout from the buffed 'Fleetwing' warned them that their course was seen.

For as Joe eased the sheets to go about he saw the 'Conqueror' headed home, but with the pudding stone spindle on the wrong side, and he said in a puzzled way: 'Do look at Thorne, will you; isn't he inside the mark?'

'By Jove, so he is, shouted Joe angrily. 'Call him, boys, let him know we've seen him cheating.'

'Never mind, never mind,' cried Dave, 'wait until we get home, the cheat. We'll settle him then.' Dave's heart swelled as he saw the hated black hull, its huge canvas taut, ripping through the rough sea as though it cared not a stroke for honor. 'Coward!' groaned Dave.

What a long hour that was. 'But the race is mine,' said Dave. 'Mine, mine, mine.' He repeated it over and over, as he heard the far-off clamour of whistles and bells and horns when the 'Conqueror' crossed the line.

The angry blood flooded his cheek and shook his voice as he touched the pier. For even his father and mother were then holding Thorne's hands and laughing ecstatically. And his two little sisters all wet and tumbled laughing in his mother's arms. Dave could hardly wait to touch the dock, but sprang ashore. 'Father mother, do you know what he did—'

'Oh, Dave, did you see it, too; how can we ever thank him. It had not been for him, if he had not been there at that moment, Dick says he and Mary would have been drowned. Oh, I can't think of such a narrow escape. And Mr. Thorne lost the race, too. It was too late to go back then.'

As Dave understood he held out his hand. 'You've won the cup,' he said, swiftly. 'Thorne, I'm mighty glad, old fellow.'

'Not I,' laughed Thorne; 'it's yours of course.'

That is why there are two names on the sloop cup, instead of one, and why it stands on the mantel in the club house; it's proudest trophy.—New York Ledger.

NO DOUBTING NOW

Mr. Frank P. Mills' Cure Was Perfect and Permanent.

Like Every Other Cure Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills—Mr. Mills is now hale and hearty and vigorous. Thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

ZEALAND, N. B., Nov. 28.—Sometime ago this town was startled by the news of the wonderful and unexpected recovery of Mr. Frank P. Mills, who had been afflicted with a severe Kidney Disease.

At the time the cure was reported, there were those who expressed their doubts of its permanence. They could not realize that a man who had been so seriously ill, and whose case had baffled the most skillful physicians, could be permanently and thoroughly cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Even the most sceptical must now acknowledge that Mr. Mills was cured—absolutely and perfectly cured. He was not relieved of his agony merely; the disease was utterly rooted out of his system, the diseased kidneys were healed, toned and stimulated, and health, strength and vigorous manhood were given back to him, in place of the pain, the weakness and the misery of former years.

Anyone who saw Mr. Mills during his illness, and again since his recovery, must acknowledge that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the medical wonder of the age. Hale and hearty, robust and vigorous, the personification of health and manly strength, Mr. Mills is a living proof of the power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and every other form of Kidney Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50; or sent on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

[A Dangerous Man.]

Busting: 'Why are you fellows always dodging Bloombumper?'

Larkins: 'His first baby has just commenced to talk.'

Light or dark blue cottons or silks can be dyed black. Magnetic dye black, gives a handsome, permanent color. Price 10 cents.

First Lieutenant: 'By Jove, as we were going over the river on the plank bridge it gave way, and the men fell in.'

Second Lieutenant: 'What did you do?'

'I ordered them to fall out, of course.'

'Was there much damage done to the library by fire?'

'Well, all the rare books are well done now.'



BORN.

Sp'inghill, Nov. 12, to the wife of Geo. Berry a son.

Parrsboro, Nov. 4, to the wife of Egbert Wotton, a son.

Pictou, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. John Munro, a son.

Fredericton, Nov. 24, to the wife of Thos. Peters, a son.

Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of Mr. L. W. Lester, a son.

St. John, Nov. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Donovan, a son.

Riversdale, Oct. 8, to the wife of Kenneth McLean, a son.

Westport, Nov. 18 to Mr. and Mrs. George Gower a son.

Cumberland, Nov. 10, to the wife of Everett Brown a son.

Liverpool, Nov. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. I. V. Dexter, a son.

Sheet Harbor, Oct. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Bronell, a daughter.

Diligent River, to Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Smith, a daughter.

Moncton, Nov. 18, to the wife of O. J. McCully, a daughter.

Salmon River, Nov. 20, to the wife of David Cox, a son.

Windsor, Nov. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith, a daughter.

Truro, Nov. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller, a daughter.

Westport, Nov. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Denton a son.

Lake George, Nov. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Croker, a son.

Richibucto, Nov. 22, to the wife of Wm. McKinnon a daughter.

Tiverton, Nov. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. William Berry a daughter.

Parrsboro, Nov. 18, to the wife of Rev. R. Johnston a daughter.

St. John, Nov. 17, to the wife of Frank H. Whetsel a daughter.

Sydney, Albert Co., Nov. 21, to the wife of Geo. C. Lyons, a son.

Lyons Brook, Nov. 14, to the wife of Wm. A. Bickers, a son.

Lower Stewiacke, Nov. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mosher, a son.

Alma, N. B., Nov. 15, to the wife of Rev. M. Addison, a son.

Hantsport, Nov. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell a son.

Bridgeton, Nov. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie R. Fair, a daughter.

Lockhartville, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sweet, a daughter.

Little Glace Bay, Nov. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. S. N. McKinnon, a son.

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 10, to the wife of Clarence D. Harris, a daughter.

Doctor's Cove, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nickerson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Parrsboro, Nov. 4, by Rev. W. C. Wilson, Frank Lewis to Nettie York.

St. John, Nov. 25, by Rev. G. M. Carey, Jacob C. Jones to Bertha Taylor.

Malden, Mass., Nov. 2, by Rev. Mr. Huse, Wm. H. Smith to Annie E. King.

Bass River, Oct. 26, by Rev. J. Clark, Wm. Taylor to Cordelia E. Hendley.

Westport, Nov. 4, by Rev. C. E. Pines, Arthur W. Porter to Milha B. Titus.

Hillsboro, Nov. 19, by Rev. Thos. Allen, Mr. Geo. Joyce to Mrs. E. A. Ayer.

St. Stephen, N. B., by Rev. W. C. Goucher, James Linton to Agnes Erskine.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, C. A. Ross to Janet Henderson.

Oak Point, N. B., Nov. 24, by Rev. E. Bell, Charles R. Young to Fannie Nason.

Sanford, Nov. 24, by Rev. Mr. Teale, George Thurston to Louise Crosby.

Halifax, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Arthur B. Gurney to Anna M. Sutherland.

St. John, Nov. 23, by Rev. D. A. Steele, John M. Lusby to Mary H. Howard.

Westport, Nov. 13, by Rev. C. E. Pines, Orlan A. Welch to Bertha L. Gower.

Petite Riviere Nov. 19, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, Jas. J. Wiles to Clara E. Feener.

Shelburne, Oct. 18, by Rev. Douglas Hemeon, John A. Hawley to J. net S. Shindif.

Fredericton, Nov. 24, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Howard True to Lillian Patterson.

Westport, Nov. 12, by Rev. C. E. Pines, Amos O. Welsh to George W. T. Urber.

Yarmouth, Nov. 12, by Rev. N. B. Duan, Bernard A. Crosby to Mary E. Crosby.

East Leicesters, Nov. 9, by Rev. L. Daniel, Arthur M. Farley to Maud M. Fricke.

Lawrenceville, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. Astbury, David C. Layton to Agnes Trimmer.

Woolville, Nov. 16, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Joseph E. Atwell to May R. Schofield.

Halifax, N. v. 22, by Rev. Mr. Dobson, Edmund Belbin to Anna M. Sutherland.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. T. D. Stewart, Wm. Lorimer to Mary E. McKenzie.

Bale Verte, Nov. 10, by Rev. S. James, James D. Steele to Almira M. Ehrenholm.

Port Egin, N. B. Nov. 16, by Rev. W. A. Gardner, Charles Riley to Martha Allen.

New Glasgow, Nov. 17, by Rev. A. Bowman, Evan McDonald to Jessie K. Cameron.

Baddeck, Nov. 22, by Rev. D. McDougall, John Campbell to Margaret McDonald.

Jordan River, Nov. 15, by Rev. G. I. Foster, Robt. W. Freeman to Cassie DeMott.

Bear River, Nov. 16, by Rev. G. F. Johnson, J. F. McClelland to Lena B. McFadden.

Digby, Nov. 23, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, George W. Wright to Bertha M. Haight.

Eastport, Nov. 8, by Rev. S. R. Byram, William H. Laskey to Amanda C. McNichol.

St. David Hill, Nov. 10, by Rev. E. Pell, Harrison D. Morrison to Beatrice A. Smith.

Berwick, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. M. Wade, J. E. Woodworth to Alice Huntington.

Middlesex, A. Co. Nov. 18, by Rev. Mr. Tiner, Walter Gladstone to Carrie Murray.

Port Egin, N. B. Nov. 16, by Rev. W. A. Gardner, Alexander Oulton to Myrtle Allen.

North River, Nov. 16, by Rev. J. D. Spidell, Nathan F. Eldridge to Annie M. Lynds.

Oromocto, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, William N. Farley to Lizzie M. Hughes.

Milltown, N. B. Nov. 9, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Lyma F. Palmer to Addie M. Barter.

New Glasgow, Nov. 23, by Rev. W. McC. Thompson John K. Stewart to Mary McNeil.

Port Mouton, Nov. 16, by Rev. W. H. Edyeau, Wm. E. Harding to Margaret L. Griffin.

Mill Creek, Kent Co., Nov. 14, by Rev. D. Fraser, Samuel S. Munro to Mary M. Thompson.

New Glasgow, Nov. 19, by Rev. Arch Bowman, Daniel Fraser to Margaret H. McParson.

Piermont, Queens, Nov. 7, by Rev. Mr. Shaddock, Jason McParson, to Cynthia M. Waterman.

Milltown, Nov. 16, by Rev. F. W. Murray, Margaret L. McDonald to Horatio D. Morrison.

North Tyron, P. E. I., Nov. 17, by Rev. Thomas Hicks, James R. Douglas to Charlotte Morrison.

Salisbury, Kings Co., Nov. 22, by Rev. E. A. Warneford, Samuel L. Fletcher to Alice J. Ireland.

DIED.

Halifax, Nov. 16, David S. Horne.

Amherst, Nov. 23, Mr. J. E. Page.

Milltown, Nov. 22, Joe Lemont, 80.

Canning, Nov. 18, Samuel Meek, 81.

Halifax, Nov. 2, James Cochrane, 93.

Halifax, Nov. 26, Charles C. Covey, 85.

St. John, Nov. 27, G. Nelson Smith, 85.

St. John, Nov. 22, Miss Tillie Kennedy.

Little Brook, Nov. 11, Ernest Clark, 29.

Fisher's Grant, Nov. 15, Paul Foster, 80.

New Glasgow, Nov. 20, Alex. Fraser, 70.

Joggins Mines, Nov. 20, Amos Mills, 79.

St. George, Nov. 22, James Anderson, 78.

Middleton, Nov. 21, Francis Burbridge, 84.

Moncton, Nov. 20, Mrs. Mary Fontain, 46.

Maccan Nov. 4, Mrs. David Harrison, 62.

Truro, Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Leathy, 66.

Port William, Nov. 15, Halliburton Barnes.

Medford, Nov. 13, Viola Evelyn Parker, 21.

Dorchester, Nov. 27, George H. Burnett, 96.

Windsor, Nov. 24, Mrs. Ernestina Puttner, 79.

Gay's River, Nov. 14, William McElroy, 74.

West Hantsford, Nov. 13, Wm. Sutherland, 73.

Central Cariboo, Nov. 20, Dunsmuir Fraser, 70.

Salem, Albert Co., Nov. 19, Mrs. Jane Trites.

Kandy, Ceylon, Oct. 17, Edward Mottmer, 76.

West Somerville, Mass., Nov. 20, John Stone, 75.