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We also have on hand some
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THE DREAM COME TRUE

(Continued.)

"But I was telling you how I found you out. I read a good bit—especially newspapers—and a year or so ago I saw your name hitched to an article about the New York parks. So when I found I was coming here I wrote to the paper, and they told me you were on The Despatch. And the folks on The Despatch gave me your home address. There it is, my boy, and I'm mighty glad to see you."

"It does a man good to pull up alongside his own flesh and blood after twenty years. You must do the honors of this village for me. Why, I haven't set foot in New York for twelve years! Think of it! Well, all the better; there's more to see. Tonight we'll go to a show somewhere, and have a good dinner before it. Tomorrow I've got to run over to Boston for two days. Then I'll come back, get business off my hands, and we'll have a good time. Now, tell me about yourself, Jack."

It was long after midnight when Jack got back to his room. The first thing to meet his eyes, after the gas was lighted, was the uncompleted story. There still remained some four thousand words to be written. He wondered whether it was worth while to finish it when, at the best, it would bring him less than twenty dollars. Things weren't the same as they had been when he had penned that last sprawling word there; then he had been a struggling space-writer—now he was heir apparent to the fortune of Mr. Richard Bowen, of Denver, Colorado.

He thrust a hand into a pocket and drew forth his wallet; ten, twenty, twenty-three cents! He laughed and seated himself at the table; even an heir apparent does not turn up his nose at twenty dollars. Besides, there was his promise to the Sunday editor.

At three o'clock the last line was written, the manuscript was thrust into an envelope and addressed, and ten minutes later Jack Curtis tumbled into bed, too weary even to dream.

III.

The next afternoon Jack saw his uncle off on the Fall River boat for Boston, and then crossed the city and embarked on one of the steamers plying between New York and the Jersey coast resorts. He was on his way to Surfcrest to spend Saturday and Sunday with the Cresswells, in accordance with an invitation extended and accepted a week before.

The occasional visits to Surfcrest were the one feature that made summer life endurable to him. The Cresswells were fast becoming old friends of his. Mr. Cresswell, a man whom Jack liked and respected from the bottom of his heart, was a member of a prominent publishing firm. They had met three years before at a literary reception given by a lady whose ambition to have a salon was more commendable than successful. Jack

had attended as a reporter for The Despatch. Misery loves company, and Mr. Cresswell and Jack, each feeling as ill at ease as a fish out of water, had dropped into conversation.

The friendship had begun there and then. Jack accepted an invitation to call at Mr. Cresswell's office, and, when summer had come, had been introduced to the family at Surfcrest. Since then the elder man's kindnesses had only been limited by Jack's disinclination to be under too heavy obligations to him.

Jack sat on the upper deck and watched the city fade away behind a gray haze. Mr. Cresswell had evidently missed the boat, and for this Jack was not sorry. He had plenty to think about. Rich uncles were quoted much lower today in Jack's estimation, and he was feeling as many another has felt when they discover that their idols are human, after all.

They had spent the morning in half-hearted sightseeing; it had been much too warm to make exertion enjoyable. After lunch they had taken a hansom and had been driven through the park and up Riverside Drive. And it was during that drive that the gilding had begun so drop from Jack's new idol.

Mr. Bowen had confided to his nephew a few of the inside facts regarding the mine sale. He had seemed elated over what he called, "the beauty of it," which beauty, so far as Jack could discern, consisted in the fact that the mine, the Golden Fortune, was practically worthless. Jack knew very little of mining matters, but it was not difficult for him to understand the swindle that was to be perpetrated.

The Golden Fortune, it seemed, was an old claim, long since worked out, which Mr. Bowen and two others had purchased at a nominal sum. They had formed a company, issued stock, and started work. A great many tons of high-grade ore had been shipped to Denver during the next few months, and the stock had jumped in to demand. Of course, his uncle acknowledged smilingly, the ore hadn't really come out of the Golden Fortune, but that mine got the credit for it. Eastern people, New York and Boston men, had entered into negotiations for its purchase, and Mr. Bowen had come East to make the formal transfer of the property in Boston.

The prospective purchasers, Mr. Bowen explained, had had the mine examined. A Western expert had been employed, had gone over the property, and had reported favorably. Jack puzzled over this until his uncle, evidently surprised at his ignorance, explained that it was a very simple, if somewhat expensive, matter to induce the expert to alter his first impressions of the property. Mr. Bowen chuckled appreciatively, his eyes dancing merrily beneath their heavy grizzled brows, and failed to note the absence of a corresponding amusement in Jack.

(To Be Continued.)

MARYSVILLE TOPICS

Dec. 3.—Nov. 3.—A very pleasant drawing room tea was that given on Friday afternoon by Mrs. Alex. Gibson for her daughter, Miss Mary and her friend, Miss Dobson. Mrs. Charles Chisholm presided at the tea table and was assisted by the Misses Hodge Edgecombe, Chisholm and Merritt. A number of the Borden party were present and seemed to enjoy the reunion. Following are the guests: Misses Hazel, Edith and Louise Edgecombe, Nellie Williamson, Edith Davis, Edith Carter, Kathleen Hodge, Jean Wilson, Marjorie Massie, Grace Winslow, Jean Garden, Agnes Kitchen and Mrs. Stewart Neill of Fredericton, Misses Frederica Hatheway, Faith Hayward and Marjorie Knight of St. John, Mrs. E. Miles Merritt, Mrs. W. T. Day, Mrs. Charlie Chisholm, Miss Christina Chisholm and Miss Merritt. Mrs. Percy Smith and child of Fredericton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Robinson, on Thursday.

Miss Nancy Arnold, who has been in Presque Isle for the past three months is expected home on Monday.

Mrs. John Christie left on Thursday evening for Campbellton for a few days.

Miss Mary Minne is quite ill of typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bird of Gibson, intends spending the winter here with Mr. Bird's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bird.

The Gibbs family, entertainers at Orange Hall this week, are gaining in popularity and every evening the hall is crowded. The voting contest for ladies and children, for which handsome prizes are awarded, is proving a great drawing card. The result will be made known Monday evening.

The Knights of Pythias intend holding a sale in the Orange Hall on Dec. 8th, which is to be a grand affair. There are several handsome prizes offered in connection with the sale.

Miss Dobson, of St. John, who has been visiting Miss Gibson, leaves today for Fredericton to spend a few days with friends before leaving for her home.

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Furs and Muffs at Reduced Prices

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The Chocolates That Are Different.

The first enticing piece of Neilson's Chocolates you taste, will show you how different are these delicious confections.

To secure the richness of flavor and delicacy that are inseparable with Neilson's "Hard Centers", we use rich, sweet cream—and make the centers only firm enough to be easily eaten. To keep these centers just right—neither too soft, not too hard—is the perfection of candy-making—and Neilson's "Hard Centers" are as perfect as they are different.

The chocolate coating forms a thick, firm, crisp shell perfectly enveloping each wholesome centre.

All these chocolates have the "Extreme Split Dip". It's a Neilson specialty—exclusive with Neilson's Chocolates de Luxe—another touch of distinction that makes them different.

Perhaps you prefer Creams to "Hard Centers"—or "Cherries in Maraschino Chocolate Dipped" to either. You can get all three under the Neilson name—also 30 other packages of these different Chocolates.

If you cannot get Neilson's Chocolates in your neighborhood, send 80c. for a pound box of the most delicious assorted Chocolates you ever tasted.

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Stylish knitted long Coats for Children, from 2 to 5 years of age, in green, white, red, navy and brown. \$3.75 and \$3.90 coats now \$2.75. \$4.00 coats now \$2.95. \$4.50 coats now \$3.25. \$5.25 coats now \$3.75. Pony Cloth Coats for Children from 3 to 5 years of age in colors red, grey, brown and navy, at \$2.00 to \$3.00, each formerly sold from \$2.50 to \$4.50. These are all very dressy and comfortable garments and this season's importation. 1 mixed tweed coat, age 5 years, now \$2.50. 1 green cloth coat, age 12 years, now \$3.50, and many others at like reductions.

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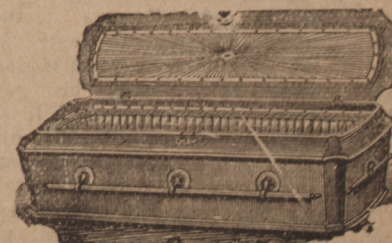
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