

LIFE'S GRAB BAG

By KEITH GORDON

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"Life," meditated Cynthia as she tucked in the ends of her veil more neatly, "is nothing more than a grab bag on a huge scale. Day by day you put your hand in and grab something, but until you take it out and unfold it you never know whether it is a joy or a sorrow!"

With a droll smile at the idea, she picked up her gloves and card case, took a last comprehensive survey of herself in the cheval glass and then passed down the stairs and out into the street filled with the gentle exhilaration that her view of life induced.

One did not know, for instance, what charming adventure might befall, even in the pursuit of so banal a duty as a round of formal calls. Musing thus, she turned into Fifth avenue, her face alight with eager expectancy of the next thing and trying to imagine what it was going to be.

This might be the great day of her life—one couldn't tell. Perhaps before the afternoon was over she would meet the man—that godling of her dreams who moved in the time honored Olympian manner, enveloped in a mist that hid his face from view. Apparently the afternoon held nothing more than a pleasant stroll, broken by a half dozen calls, but the beauty of the thing lay in the fact that one couldn't be sure! Perhaps on that very afternoon—

These pleasant speculations suddenly came to an abrupt end. Her card case—where was it? She felt blindly in her muff, thrust her hand into one side of her coat and then the other, but in vain. It was gone—lost—just as numberless purses, opera glasses, boas, muffs and umbrellas had gone before it, until she was a byword among her friends and the gifts of her intimates were invariably accompanied by a beseeching: "Don't lose this, Cynthia. Do try to be a little bit careful."

And now her new card case, a gift on her birthday a few weeks before, had gone in the usual way, just when she was expecting the very best of life too! Her optimism disappeared like the sun behind a cloud, and, with an aggrieved sense of misplaced trust, her steps slackened and she came to a standstill, wondering if it would be worth while to go back and try to find it.

"Scarcely," she decided, as the moving crowd of pedestrians slowly filed past her, and, with a sigh, she resumed her way northward once more, a little comforted by the reflection that, after all, some honest person would probably find it and return it to her.

Meanwhile a tall, athletic young man who was swinging up the avenue in the same direction a block or so behind her, unconsciously rejoicing in his mere physical vigor and not philosophizing at all, found his attention attracted by a small, dark object ornamented with a gleaming disk of silver that was lying near the edge of the sidewalk.

Picking it up, he glanced in this way and in that, but the handsomely gowned women who were making their way in both directions gave no indication of distress, so he examined the monogram on the clasp, with a grunt of masculine disdain for such devices.

Then he bethought him that it might be a good idea to open it, and, suiting the action to the impulse, he discovered in one compartment a latchkey and in the other a bunch of cards. "Miss Williar, No. 4 West—th street," he read, taking out one of the cards. And, having thus satisfactorily established the ownership of his find, he tucked it into his pocket and strode on toward the University club, idly wondering if this Miss Williar could be related to the little Cynthia Williar he had known in his boyhood. It was this wonder that impelled him to wait to see Miss Williar personally when, just before the dinner hour, he stopped at the address given on the card.

He had not long to wait. A tall girl with a look in her eyes that said plainly that life was an interesting experience entered the room, and he found himself face to face with what seemed to him a larger, older and greatly glorified copy of the small, freckled girl upon whom in moments of rare generosity he had sometimes bestowed his boyish approval.

"Why, Jack Mayhew," she exclaimed with unfeigned gladness, extending her hand, "where have you dropped from?" while his hearty "Jupiter, Cynthia, if this isn't luck!" uttered with enthusiastic heartiness while he conscientiously wrung her hand as if it had been that of another man, placed them at once on the plane of good fellowship where they had parted ten years earlier.

In their delight and surprise at the meeting they talked volubly and sometimes both at once, asking about boy and girl friends and referring hilariously to the pranks of those dear old

days. But if their tongues were busy their minds were doubly so.

"He's magnificent," Cynthia was saying over and over to herself, with a thrill of delight, though ostensibly she was listening with rapt attention to his account of himself since he left Elmwood and had grown up, while he, filled with admiring wonder at this new Cynthia, suddenly lost the thread of his story and floundered helplessly, after the manner of persons who try to think about one thing and talk about another.

"As I was saying," he observed impressively, making a frantic but ineffectual attempt to recall what he had been saying, "as I was saying—that is—oh, hang it all, Cynthia, I was so busy looking at you that I forgot what I was saying. Don't know where I'm at."

At this plain avowal they both laughed, and he went on with masculine frankness:

"I say, you've done yourself proud. You're ripping, you know!" And he gazed at her with so much of the old boyishness in his face that the reproof that rose to her lips was suppressed. Then a black thought suddenly clutched at her.

"You aren't married, are you?" she demanded so abruptly and intensely that she winced the moment the words were out, while his prompt negative was tempered with a certain shame as he recalled some events of the previous year. Cynthia was so direct that she inspired him with a desire to meet her on her own ground.

"No, I'm not married, but I am afraid that I should have been except for the firmness of the young lady's mother," he acknowledged honestly. "She had other views for her daughter. You see, I wasn't rich enough, and I'm mighty glad I wasn't—now," he added with a fervor that was beyond suspicion.

Still, Cynthia's manner seemed to take on a slight coating of ice. "So you're a blighted being!" she said thoughtfully, her chin resting on the back of her hand and her eyes fixed upon his face speculatively.

They parted a few minutes later, reluctantly, it is true, yet with the feeling that the fine glow of the meeting had suddenly faded.

"He's mourning for that horrid little thing with the mercenary mother," reflected Cynthia scornfully and without any compunction whatever anent the injustice of calling an unknown damsel "a horrid little thing," while Jack Mayhew, his eyes dazzled by the fine, open face of his old playmate, wondered how he could ever have fancied pretty little pink and white Dorothy.

As he remembered Cynthia's mouth, with the little curls at the corner that looked like baby smiles, his face grew gloomy.

"Depend upon it, old fellow, you'll find there is some man in the background," he confided to himself darkly on the way homeward. "Don't get the idea that there's any chance for you. A girl like that!" Here he gave up at loss for words to express his convictions on the subject.

But in spite of this mutual cynicism Miss Williar and Jack Mayhew were seen together very frequently during the next three months. They affected palm rooms and art galleries and such places where a certain soft splendor and quiet made for sentiment and low toned conversation.

It was upon one such occasion that a patron of art who had closed the book of romance before the young people in this story were born overheard the following extraordinary bit of conversation. He was sitting with one eye screwed up critically in the effort to form a judgment of a Claude Monet on the wall before him when he heard the young man murmur anxiously:

"You don't suppose your mother will say that I'm not rich enough, do you?" "Indeed, no!" replied the girl at his side confidently. "My mother is not that kind. Besides, didn't our mothers know each other before we were born?"

The patron of art looked slightly puzzled. From the tail of his cool, estimating eye he sent furtive glances at the pair, vainly endeavoring to follow the young lady's reasoning.

There was an ecstatic silence for a second, during which the patron of art found the two decidedly interesting from an artistic standpoint. It was an eloquent moment—and paintable. It was really a pity. Then the girl's face dimpled and she began to speak.

"Oh, Jack," she said, and her tone was a caress, "isn't it lucky that I got you out of the grab bag after all?"

The patron of art moved away, shaking his head as if the times were getting beyond him. "Got him out of the grab bag," he murmured, just to see how it would sound—"got him out of the grab bag!"

Their Climate.

"Your climate can't possibly be as damp as ours."

"Think not?"

"No, indeed. Why, our climate is so damp we never raise anything but umbrellas."

"But ours is so damp we never think of raising umbrellas. They're always up."—Philadelphia Press.



The burnished plumage of the peacock owes its brilliancy and splendor to a healthful condition. Let the bird be sickly, and the plumage droops and grows dull. There is no exception in nature to the rule that beauty depends on health.

Women who see their beauty waning rarely associate the external change with failure of the womanly health. They do not understand the close relation of the general physical health to the health of the delicate womanly organism, until after being cured of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they find the color returning to the cheek and the flesh to the body.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Several years ago I was very poorly," writes Mrs. May Kelley, of Sylva, Kans., "so weak I could hardly walk across the floor, and at times suffered severely. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and got well and hardy—gained twelve pounds in two months and was the picture of health. Your medicines have cured me. Almost every day I meet says, 'You look so much better than you have for several years; you look well now.'"

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a lady's laxative. Nothing equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

Nervous Reaction.

A Frenchman who had by chance passed over a narrow plank lying across a deep gorge in the dark, on viewing the spot the next day fell down dead while contemplating the dangers of the previous night.

FERROVIM

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It makes new blood

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BONE AND MUSCLE

Used with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Prevents fainting, makes pallid cheeks into rosy ones.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Misery in London.

Two slum officers of the Salvation Army in London recently found a girl cooking a cabbage stalk which she had picked up in the street as a meal for her father and mother, an infant and herself.

Pond's Extract

The Old Family Doctor

CURES:—Burns, scalds, bruises, cuts, sprains, wounds, lameness, soreness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sunburn, bites, stings.

STOPS:—Nose bleed, toothache, ear-ache, bleeding lungs, hemorrhages, and all pains.

Sold only in sealed bottles under buff wrapper.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

Cruel Man.

"Before marriage you always gave in to me when I cried."

"Well, I've learned to swim since then."—Toronto Moon.

A LINGERING COUGH

The cough that holds on in spite of all remedies needs energetic and above all thorough treatment. A mere cough mixture won't do. Root out the cold that causes the cough.

How? Scott's Emulsion.

Why Scott's Emulsion? Because it stops the irritation, soothes the tissues and heals the affected membranes. When? Right away. Scott's Emulsion begins to help with the first dose.

People who have used Scott's Emulsion will not be satisfied with any of the numerous substitutes that are offered in the form of wines, extracts, cordials, etc. When life and health are at stake it is unwise to experiment with unknown and untried preparations.

We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ontario.

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Are you wanting a tonic? Try our

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Sarsaparilla

The greatest blood purifier and Spring Medicine for enervating and lassitude.

Alonzo Staples

York Street Drug Store

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

TENDER FOR BUILDINGS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Building, Stellarton," will be received up to and including

MONDAY, the 31st day of OCTOBER 1904,

for the construction of a Stores and Office Building at Stellarton, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Station Master's Office at Stellarton, N. S., and at the Office of the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., October 15th, 1904 Oct. 18—d101

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I have on hand a full stock of all grades of Feed, in Chop, Cracked Corn, Linseed Meal, Cotton Seed Meal, Pressed Hay. Best grades of Barley, Feed and Feeding Flour.

A full line of Blacksmith Coal

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SOME

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SAY

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Royal

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Flour

The largest bakers in Eastern Canada, Moirs, Limited, Halifax, say:

In answer to your inquiry as to whether we could suggest any change that would be an improvement to "Royal Household," we emphatically answer "no." The great satisfaction we have had with your "Royal Household" this last nine months, using over 5,000 barrels in that time, has been an extreme pleasure to us. We are using this flour mostly for Bread, also using nothing else for our pastry, for which we have a very large sale.

(Signed)

MOIRS, LIMITED.

Halifax, Sept. 2

The oldest bakers in Dartmouth, say

"Royal Household" flour is as near to perfection in the results obtained as it is possible for any flour to be. In the history of our baking business, now established for half a century, we have never had anything to equal it.

(Signed)

JOSEPH H. GENTLES.

Dartmouth, N. S., Sept. 15th, 1904

The leading baker in Annapolis, says

This is to certify that I have used considerable quantities of "Royal Household" flour during the present year and find it to be a good article indeed, suitable for family purpose in all the requirements of bread, biscuit and pastry. I regard it as equal to any flour on the market. It is the best hard wheat flour or pastry flour I have ever used.

(Signed)

R. P. SAUNDERS.

Annapolis, N. S., Sept. 12, 1904