

"Progress" Anatomy



Fine fabrics and trimming alone won't produce fine clothing. Fit and shapeliness, and wear, too, depend on the hidden parts—the work you don't see.

This illustration shows the anatomy of "PROGRESS" Clothing. Note the shoulder and sleeve pads—the felt, hair cloth, and pure linen canvas, thoroughly shrunk.

All these parts are modeled by hand and held in shape by thousands of tiny stitches. It is only by hand work, by expert tailors, that "PROGRESS" Clothing gains their shapeliness, and hold their perfect form.

"PROGRESS" Clothing is the finest fabrics and best trimmings, moulded by specialists into permanent shape.

This label in every genuine "PROGRESS" Coat

Sold by leading clothiers throughout Canada



Her Last Call

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1904, by Mary McKeon

"It's the last call for dinner in the dining car, my dear girl," said Jerrold, adjusting his speech to their surroundings, with a somewhat grim humor. "Will you or will you not undertake to love, honor and obey my unworthy self until one of the D's, preferably death, divides us? Because," he added thoughtfully, "it's the third time I've asked you, and I make it a point never to ask any woman more than three times."

"Any woman," she gasped, the color flaming into her cheeks and her eyes sparkling, "any woman! So I am!"

She stopped so abruptly that Jerrold was comically reminded of a fractious saddle horse he had once owned which would terminate a mad run with the same abruptness, planting his forefeet as rigidly as pokers. At last he had touched a responsive chord.

"You were about to remark?" he prompted invitingly. Ethel Pixley, her



"YOU ARE THE FOURTH," HE ANNOUNCED, face the picture of annoyance, experienced a sharp shock at her own heat.

Since she had refused him twice and had every intention of doing so again, even she realized the inconsistency of her quick resentment. She did not love him, of course not, and yet—well, one doesn't like to think of a rejected suitor as having offered himself to other girls.

"Might I ask just where I occur in the series?" she inquired at last in a tone whose exaggerated indifference was as soothing to Jerrold as the heat of a moment before had been.

He settled himself more comfortably in his chair, wheeled it about so that it commanded that view of her profile that he had come to regard as one of the solid joys of a fleeting existence and answered her with cheerful readiness.

"You are the fourth," he announced shamelessly, and at the words her eyes blazed into his again involuntarily, and he became lost in a great contentment. Usually she refused him so differently. It was: "You see, I don't love you in that way, though I want you for a friend. Somewhere there is a nice girl waiting for you, and we'll find her together." Jerrold gloated inwardly at the way in which the fables had turned and marveled at his own stupidity.

He felt a lively sense of fellowship with the worm that turned glowing in his veins. After months of abjectness he tingled with the consciousness that Richard was himself again and no longer a man made weakly indulgent by his love. In the fluttering of her nostrils he could read the anger and resentment that were

through her, and he found the sight exhilarating. She was in sad need of subjugating, this Katherine of his, and he applied himself to the task with a keener zest than he had ever before experienced. There was just a hint of mockery in his tone when next he addressed her.

"Of course," he continued, as if the ten minutes of tense silence that had elapsed since his last remark was the most natural thing in the world, "it rests entirely with you whether 'to be continued' or 'concluded' shall be written after this the fourth chapter."

The deliberation of his speech was marked, and the darkening landscape suddenly ceased to absorb all of Miss Pixley's attention. She turned toward him like a cornered creature, prepared to conceal her chagrin to the uttermost. But at the expression of his face a cold fear touched her heart. Beneath his nonchalance she had expected to discover some sign of feeling—some indication of the eagerness and pleading that had looked so plainly from his eyes on other occasions when he had spoken of his love.

What she saw was the face of a superior who looks with a certain amount of interest and indulgence upon the pranks of a willful child.

She instantly felt as if she were a small, shivering thing in the midst of a big, cold world, though she clutched frantically at her oozing dignity.

"I don't see how you dare talk to me in such a manner," she began, with a look that was meant to crush him. But the rest of the sentence was lost for, instead of returning to the worn state again—as by every token he should have done—he simply burst into an amused laugh.

"I didn't know that it was bad form to keep from trying," he explained, with assumed contrition.

"Surely, now, if you would be cruel and foolish enough to disregard the last call you wouldn't expect me never to look at another girl? To me at present you seem the one woman in the world. If you elect to remain so, I shall indeed be honored. If not?"

An expressive shrug, a glance at once tender and mocking, finished the sentence, and Ethel felt as if something that she had never appreciated was slipping away from her just as she was learning to value it.

The rhythmic rumbling of the wheels, the whirling lights outside where the dusk had deepened into velvety blackness, the cheerful brightness of the car, all seemed unreal.

She had boarded the train at Jersey City like a queen with a faithful, humble servant in tow, a servant whom in her heart of hearts she valued, but of whose devotion she was so sure that her estimate of him was disparaging for that very reason. And now—two hours later—everything had changed!

Even now, out of the tail of his eye, she could see that he was regarding the handsome, well set head of a girl who occupied a chair a few rows ahead of them with the interest of a man who realizes that you never know when or how you may meet—Her!

For the time being he actually seemed to have forgotten her royal self completely. It was all very well to pretend to give her the choice—allowing her to abdicate, as it were. In reality, she was convinced that she was dethroned!

"Handsome girl up there, isn't she?" he observed with enthusiasm, turning toward her at last with the furtively apologetic air of a man who has momentarily forgotten himself. "So well set up! Look at those shoulders and the poise of that head! Regular Juno!"

Ethel Pixley assented stily. "You have not always admired that type though," she added defiantly. "You used to say you thought girls like that masculine."

"What a blind idiot I must have been," was the placid rejoinder, "and how one's standard of feminine beauty changes!"

"From chapter to chapter!" she finished sarcastically, and at the look of hot scorn that accompanied the words he had a gloating idea that the day was won.

At this juncture a picturesque figure appeared at the end of the car, above

whose snowy garments a head that looked as if it were finely turned bronze rose superbly.

"Last call for dinner in the dining car!" called a musical voice as he lounged down the aisle with the gait of a man who has his sea legs on. "Dinner now ready in the dining car!"

There was a brief pause when he passed them and disappeared at the other end of the car, but his voice floated back to them, barely audible above the rumble of the wheels and freighted with a lingering ominous warning.

"Last call!"

A strange thrill ran through Ethel Pixley, and she turned toward the man beside her. It was only by an effort that she kept from holding out her hands to him. His face was grave almost to sternness, and under his masterful glance her own eyes fell, and she wondered in a sort of desperation whether her lips were quivering.

"As he says, Ethel, it's the last call, and I'm waiting for your answer."

Her only reply was a swift uplifting of the eyes that he remembered for years afterward as the sweetest thing he had ever witnessed in the way of April showers, and later on, when they had responded to the last call for dinner, the waiter wondered and chuckled, too, as he tucked into his pocket the crisp two dollar bill that he received as his share of the spoils.

Disraeli and Gladstone.

A short time before his death Disraeli sat for his portrait to Millais. In his studio hung a proof engraving of Gladstone, with his hands hanging down before him lightly clasped and an almost beatific expression on his face. Millais observed that Disraeli's eyes were frequently bent upon the portrait. At length he asked him if he would accept a copy. "I was rather shy of offering it to you," he apologetically added. "I should be delighted to have it," said Disraeli, with what for him was an almost eager manner. "People think that more or less through our political lives I have disliked Mr. Gladstone. To tell the truth, my only difficulty in respect to him has been that studying him from day to day and year to year I could never understand him."

Made Him Low Spirited.

Near to where we live in Scotland there is a farmer who has had considerable experience in wives. He has married and buried four. After the death of the last wife a friend of ours walked over one Sunday afternoon to see and condole with the poor man, who, report said, had been an exceedingly kind and indulgent husband to all his wives. He found the farmer walking listlessly about his deserted garden, and, sympathy having unchained his tongue, he exclaimed: "Aye, aye! What with bringing the wives home and pitting them awa I am sair hadden doon' (low spirited).—London Gentlewoman.

A Wrong Idea.

A certain officious person once blustered into the office of W. J. Henderson, the music critic, and began to tell him what was the matter with Jean de Reszke's interpretation of Wagner's "Tristan."

"In the first place," said the caller, in confident tones, "he's got the wrong idea."

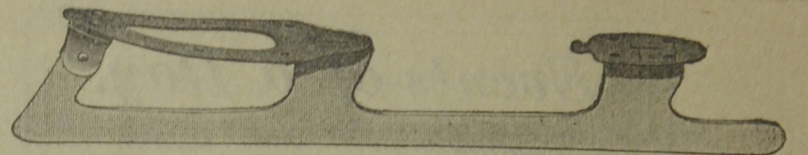
Mr. Henderson looked at him a moment. "Well," he remarked, "he got his idea from Wagner. Where did you get yours?"

Afflicted with Erysipelas For Ten Years.

Cured by Four Bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. N. Peister, of Brighton, Ont., was Cured Two Years Ago and Has Had No Return Of It Since.

Read what she says:—"It is now about two years since I was cured of a terrible attack of Erysipelas, with which I had been afflicted for about ten years. I had tried almost everything, including medicine from several doctors, but could get no relief. I had given my case up as hopeless, but I procured five bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it completely cured me. In fact, the cure has been permanent. It is now two years since I took Burdock Blood Bitters, and I have not had the slightest sign of the disease returning. I fully believe that your wonderful remedy has taken it so completely out of my system that I shall never be bothered again with it. I have the greatest of faith in Burdock Blood Bitters."



Our experience year after year leads us to believe that our Skates are as highly thought of as ever.

Acme, Hockey, Long Reach

Skate Straps, Hockey Pucks, Chin Pads and all necessary skating equipment.

JAMES S. NEILL,

Hardware Merchant, Fredericton, N. B.

FINE TAILORING

Our Stock is now complete in all the leading makes in

Overcoats, Suits and Trousers.

IMPERIAL HALL, GEO. S. STANGER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

GREAT VALUE

Is to be seen in every garment we make but it is especially noticeable in our

Fall and Winter Overcoats

MADE TO ORDER.

Why not call and have a talk about the matter. We can give you some interesting points. You may want a Suit to order. If such is the case we are ready with a splendid line of Fall and Winter Materials.

Would also like to quote you prices for a stylish Fur-lined Coat.

JAS. R. HOWIE, 150 Queen St.

Have you seen our New Grade of

Extra Strong Wrapping?

In natural color, especially suited for Dry Goods. Best wrapping for large parcels. Stocked in 3 sizes, made to order in any size.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,

Selling Agents, St John, N. B.

The E. B. EDDY CO., LTD., Hull Paper Mills.

JOIN THE CANADIAN PREFERENCE LEAGUE

100,000 MEMBERS WANTED

THE object of the League is to educate Canadians how best to apply the Canadian Preference sentiment. Members of the League are expected, when making purchases, to give preference to the products of Canada and to all articles of Canadian manufacture, when the quality is equal and the cost not in excess of that of similar foreign products or manufactured articles. Each member is also expected to give preference to Canadian labor and to this country's educational and financial institutions. A monthly journal will be published in the interests of the League and mailed to each member. The annual membership fee and subscription for the Journal is \$1.00.

CUT THIS OUT, SIGN, AND SEND TO
The Secretary, THE CANADIAN PREFERENCE LEAGUE,
Room 20, Home Life Building, Toronto

Please enroll my name as a member of the Canadian Preference League. Enclosed is \$1.00, my membership fee and subscription for one year to "CANADA FIRST," the Journal of The Canadian Preference League.

(Name) Mr., Mrs., Miss _____

P.O. Address _____

Date _____

WRITE PLAINLY