

Enter: A Wine Colored Gown

By RITA KELLEY

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The train was thirty minutes from Padmore when Miss Rand sat up straight and began pulling the pins out of her hat, a pretty wine colored affair that exactly matched her traveling gown. Five minutes later in a tan rain coat and cap she splashed down into the pools of water on the open platform of the railway station and faced the glaring eyes of the hansom cabs, transfer wagons and a private brougham or two lined up opposite. She paused under a lamp midway of the line and looked expectant.

Only a brougham and a cab remained when Miss Rand gathered up her skirts and started down the platform. A coachman in green livery was guiding a young woman in a wine colored gown to the brougham. Miss Rand was hurrying toward the coachman when a voice drawing from the cab at her right made her stop short.

"Hello, Kate!" it said. "What in time are you doing here?"

"Well, Tommy Yates," she laughed, offering her hand, "isn't this funny?"

"Yes, isn't it?" he said, holding fast to the hand. "Don't you know enough to come in out of the rain?"

The next moment she was settling herself on the dry cushions.

"I've been standing out there hours waiting for some one to claim me," she said as the door banged shut and the cab started off. "And you sitting here all the time! Cruel! What were you doing anyway?"

"Looking for a girl very much like you," Tommy turned and gazed at her. The damp air had made little blond ringlets about her face. "You are just as pretty as ever, Kate." He leaned over and looked closer. "Yes, even prettier," he added.

"Nonsense!" she said, blushing as the cab passed under an arc light. "You are just as silly as ever, Tommy. You'll never get over that."

"What?" asked Tommy shortly. "Silliness."

"I thought I had," said Tommy shortly. "But somehow I think I never will, either." Something in his voice made her turn and look at him.

"I am going to Brettons," she said after a silence. "I think it is 538 Grant. If the coachman did get the wrong girl I couldn't stand out in the rain another minute. You see, I was to be identified by my wine colored dress, but it rained so hard I put on this coat. I wasn't going to have the gown spoiled."

"Ah-h!" Tommy actually hugged himself. He bade the cabby stop at Martin's. "How long has it been since I saw you, Kate?"

"You have forgotten?"

"No. I just wanted to see if you remembered. Four years since you jilted me."

The cab had stopped, and Tommy was out in the streaming light of the cafe, ready to assist her. She sank back on the seat.

"Oh, oh!" she protested. "I forgot. I was to be at the Brettons' for dinner. They'll be expecting me."

"Oh, pshaw! Here I was delegated to look after a girl in a wine colored frock, and now she disapproves of my scheme of entertainment!"

"Oh," said Kate, climbing out, "is that it? I thought you were simply a convenience."

"Now, see here"—Tommy tucked her under the umbrella—"I'm not a kid any more. I'm assistant cashier of the bank."

They were eating their soup, when Kate straightened back in her chair.

"Tommy Yates," she exclaimed, "it was the other girl you were looking for?"

"What other girl?"

"Why, the other girl in the wine colored dress! The coachman was taking her to the carriage when you stopped me."

"Well, let him take her. You didn't see me looking for her very hard, did you?"

"Tommy Yates!" Kate leaned over the table, chin in hand. "Do you mean to say this is one of your little games?"

"Game?" Tommy was leaning over the table too. "I never was so serious in my life."

"I'm going."

"Going? What do you mean? Please don't!"

"But, you see, it is this way," she expostulated. "I don't know the Brettons. I never saw them. They're friends of my mother's just moved here, and it was arranged by the two families that I was to visit them. It seems there is a young man in whom I'm expected to find a congenial life partner."

"He's a nice sort," commented Tommy.

"You know him, then? Why, Tommy, it isn't—it can't be you?"

Tommy smiled complacently.

"We'll go up after dinner and find out," he said.

"Why, no," she laughed embarrassedly, "of course—how silly of me! They said his name was Frank. Such an ugly name! But, Tommy"—she looked up suddenly from her salad—"who was the girl in the wine colored dress?"

"That," said Tommy, "is rather difficult to explain. Would it simplify matters any if I told you she is the one who is to carry off the friend of the Brettons?"

"And how about the friend?"

"Well"—Tommy looked at his watch—"she has an hour and a half the start of you."

"So this is your little game?" she

cried. "Do you think for a minute, Tommy Yates, that I'm going to let another girl do me out? No, sir. He's mine."

"Do you really think that much of a fellow you never have seen?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"Want him! Who said I wanted him? I wouldn't take him as a gift! But if you think I am going to let another girl take him before he's even seen me you're mistaken. She's up there now, and they think she's me—I am she."

"You are right. She's having the time of her life."

"See here, Tommy Yates, you explain this mystery. Why did you let me stand out there soaking up the rain?" Tommy's eyes blinked.

"I couldn't really believe my eyes that you were you."

"You came down to get that girl in the wine colored dress," said Kate accusingly.

"So I did." Tommy was staring hard at her wine colored blouse. "I got her."

Kate pushed back her plate, clasped her hands on the table and looked at him.

"Explain yourself," she said.

"Happy."

"Well, why don't you begin?"

"Are you going to stay until I am through?"

"Till the crack of doom."

"Very well, then. I was going to marry that girl."

"Tommy Yates!"

"Isn't it permissible to marry?"

"And you sat there, high and dry, without ever offering to get out and find her! Tommy Yates, you're a beast!"

Tommy pulled out a box of cigarettes and flourished it. "With your permission," he said. She did not deign to answer him. He lighted one regardless.

"I decided one minute after the train pulled in that I wasn't going to marry her after all."

"And you ran back and hid your head in the cab to prevent her seeing you, I suppose?"

"I didn't get out."

"Baby! You were afraid you would get your feet wet?"

Tommy blew a wreath of smoke over the carafe.

"I was trying to figure how I was to get you into the cab and keep her out."

"Tommy!" Kate's eyes had widened.

"Did you love that girl?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Then why did you ever think of marrying her?"

Tommy made an inventory of the pretty girl before him—pink and white, blue, gold—cheeks, eyes, hair.

"She looked like you," he said shortly.

"Tommy, you don't care yet?"

"Yes, I do."

"But you were so mean to the other girl."

"She won't care. She likes money. I haven't got nearly so much as that friend of the Brettons."

"I never thought, Tommy, that you'd amount to much."

"I'm assistant cashier. I guess that's something."

"Yes, something."

"And father said I'd get to be the whole works if I settled down and married. Will you?"

"What?"

"Marry me?"

"Or the money?"

"Either."

"Well, I guess I'll take you."

A "Fly" Undergraduate.

A prominent railway official tells how an undergraduate at Johns Hopkins university made a decided hit at a banquet of railway men in Baltimore, to which he had been invited because of his intimacy with the son of the president of a certain road.

As there were not many guests the toastmaster called upon all for speeches. When the older men had had their say the toastmaster, turning to the young student, smilingly suggested that he make a short talk. The guests looked sympathetically at the young fellow, but he arose with perfect self-possession and said:

"Gentlemen, my position just now reminds me of a story.

"A fly got on the ear of a bull. For some reason entirely unknown to the fly the bull suddenly began to tear down the road at a terrific rate, leaving a suffocating trail of dust. He was snorting and roaring in a most ferocious manner when the fly whispered in the bull's ear:

"Gee! Ain't we raising an awful lot of dust and noise?"

"And, gentlemen," added the undergraduate, "I must say that in the midst of all this wit and eloquence to-night I feel very much like that fly."

How It Struck Joe.

Joe was the name of a servant employed for many years by Clarence King, the eminent geologist. Joe's life was evidently in his work, and he judged of all things in the world by their relations to it. In "King's Memoirs" this anecdote of Joe's point of view is given:

At a gentleman's country seat, with good servants' accommodations, ample facilities for blacking boots and brushing clothing, well trimmed lawns and genteel society, Joe was in paradise, but experience in the muddy or dusty wilderness half paralyzed his usefulness and wholly quenched his enjoyment.

On one occasion, attended by this man only, King made his way to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and stood for a time dumb upon its brink, overwhelmed by the vastness and the glory of the scene. At last it seemed to him that he must speak, and as he turned away he said:

"Well, Joe, how does it strike you?"

"It's no place for a gentleman, sir," was the reply.



HE WAS A DEAD ONE.

How Scribner Felt After Receiving a Circular of a Cemetery.

Scribner was expecting a check. It had been promised him the week before, and by him had been promised his tailor. If he made good his promise he would have his evening clothes. If he did not get the check himself he could not go to the theater with her. Therefore he was most anxious to receive the check.

His anxiety got him out of bed when the postman first rang in the morning, though he seldom rose before 9. He toiled down the stairs and up again, disgustedly regarding a letter addressed by himself which he knew must contain a rejected manuscript.

He was in the middle of his breakfast when the bell rang again, and once more he sought the mail box, this time fishing out a circular imploring him to have his life insured before he departed this earth and left his widow homeless.

Scribner indited a scathing letter to the insurance people, suggesting that they wait until he married before sending any more circulars like that, and this set him in such good humor that he actually was whistling when he answered the third ring.

It was only a paper this time, a country paper sent to him by a man he once knew. He had been receiving the paper—the other fellow owned it—for ten years. They were handy to use when he wanted to build a fire in the grate, but he scarcely considered it worth a trip downstairs.

There were no more rings until 5 p. m., and, sure that the check must have come at last, Scribner went down the steps two at a time. He only came back long enough to get his hat and overcoat.

It was midnight when some one piloted him home. From his overcoat pocket there still stuck out the advertisement, circular of a cemetery that had driven him to seek liquid solace.

"I didn't mind the paper," he wailed into sympathetic ears, "but when you are looking for a check and get an invitation to buy a cemetery lot it's a bitter, bitter world."—New York Press.

A Pertinent Query.

One morning little Annie brought in a handful of confetti, having gathered it from the curb in front of a neighborhood house. She was delighted with the bright assortment of colors and eagerly inquired what the paper bits were. I explained that there had been a wedding the evening before and the bride's friends had thrown these over her in showers. She looked more puzzled than before the explanation, and as soon as I had finished exclaimed, "Yes, but what was the bride doing in the gutter for?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Dear Little Woman.

"Of course, George," said the young housekeeper, "I like my kitchen quite well, but I would like to get one of those new portable ranges." "But, my dear," protested her foxy husband, "we'd have to get portable cooking utensils to go with it." "That's so. I never thought of that."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Corrected.

Mr. Famley—Willie, you must go to bed at once. Little Willie—No! Mr. Famley—What? Don't you say "No" to me! Little Willie (promptly, but determinedly)—Excuse me. No, sir! Philadelphia Ledger.

Consoling.

Molly—I feel so stupid today I can never in the world entertain Charlie this evening. Dolly—Oh, well, don't let him know you feel that way, and he'll never notice the difference.—Detroit Free Press.

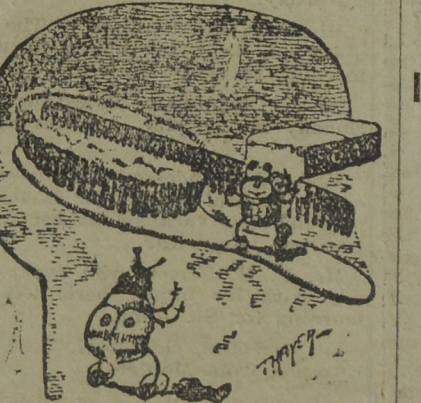
His Observation.

"Do you think that republics are ungrateful?" "Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "they may be more or less ungrateful, but they are not necessarily unremunerative."—Washington Star.

Compulsory Entertainment.

Tired Mother (to restless child)—Now, you set still. I've driven you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment, and you shall enjoy it if I have to pull every hair out of your head!—Kansas City Independent.

With the Bugs.



Elsie Bug—Oh, mamma, Mr. Silk-worm says he'll make my wedding dress for only five grass seeds.—Washington Star.

Place to Acquire Knowledge.

Greene—Would you call Briggs an educated man? White—Well, I think he knows more than he did when he first ventured into the stock market.—Boston Transcript.

'Now I Know the Joy of Health.'

I am Brimming Over With Vitality—Appetite Is Good—I Sleep Well—I Feel Happy.

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MADE ME FEEL LIKE NEW.

One of the earliest settlers in the town of Turabull, Man., is Mr. John W. McNichol. Everybody knows him; knows how poor his health was for years.

Thanks to Ferrozone, Mr. McNichol is a hearty, strong man today. Here is his statement:

"Last spring I was terribly run down.

"I was so completely fagged out I couldn't do any hard work. In the morning I was tired—my limbs ached all over.

"Appetite?—I simply didn't have any.

"Sleepless?—Yes, nervous and unhappy too.

"I braced up at once after taking Ferrozone. It put new life and vitality into my body. My nerves are strong. I eat heartily. I sleep well. Now I know the joy of health.

JOHN W. McNICHOL.

Won't you take Ferrozone too? It's really a marvellous tonic, some people say there is almost witchery in the way it builds you up. It's concentrated nourishment—that's what Ferrozone is—just one chocolate coated tablet to take three times a day. No other medicine in the world re-Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and stores so quickly. Price 50c. per box, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail, from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

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Financial Ability.

"So young Smith has come into a fortune. Do you think he has the making of a financier?"

"Undoubtedly. Several of them. And I'd like to be one of the bunch."

EVERY PHYSICIAN KNOWS

About the great merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-nut which cleanse the system, cure constipation and piles. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Bernier's Temptation.

Captain Bernier will have a Government ship in which to sail the Arctic Sea—but only to patrol the Canadian coast and put down smuggling. The captain will be under a terrible temptation to break away and make a dash for the Pole.—Hamilton Herald.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.



Nothing like solid comfort when you sit down to enjoy an evening at home. Have a PORTABLE LIGHT to read by. No danger of tipping it over and exploding. No bad smells. No work to take care of it. No danger of fire. Think it over, ask your friends about it, and then call and see us.

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The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

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