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James S. Neill

Fredericton's Big Hardware Store

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BRITANIA POST CARD CO.

45 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

Matchmaking Billy Judson.

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1903, by Associated Literary Press.

"You see, Cora, you're my sister, and I can confide in you," announced Edith Fitch as she nestled closer in the hollow of the armchair. "Then, too, you're married and you know the signs."

Mrs. Bennington smiled at her pretty sister and made no contradictory reply.

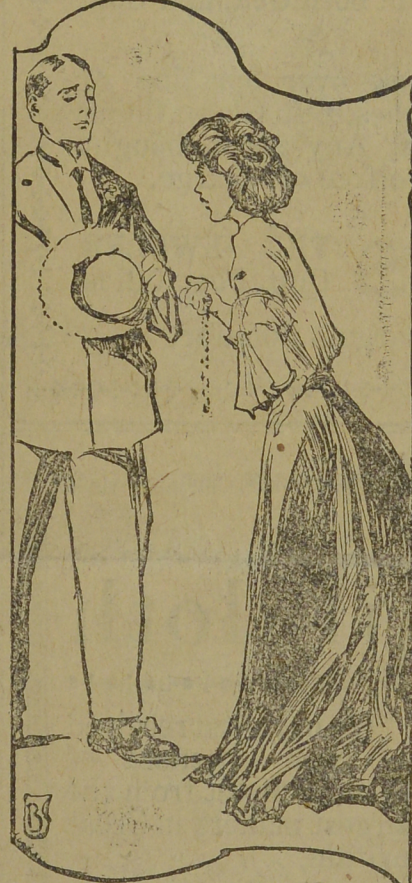
"I am sure he loves me—but, oh, dear, why doesn't he tell me so?" continued Edith petulantly. "But there's no use beating about the bush, Cora. What I want to know is how ever did you make Carl propose?"

"Make him?" echoed the justly indignant Mrs. Bennington. "My dear sis, I couldn't stop him. For two whole years when I would feel it in my bones that the proposal was on his lips I would change the subject, but finally he asked me and just kept on asking until I said 'Yes'—well—well—oh, just to get rid of him." And Mrs. Bennington blushed at her own untruthfulness.

"I might have known that I could get no consolation from you, Cora," declared Edith. "You and Carl are so beastly happy that you don't bother about rank outsiders." And she gathered up her belongings and departed.

Alone in the privacy of her own room Edith sighed and sighed as only a girl very much in love can do. She grew restless and finally wandered downstairs into the library. Looking over the shelves, she finally discovered the book for which she was searching.

Once more she returned to her room and was soon lost in the leaves of "Love Affairs of Great Men." Yet



"WHY ARE YOU SO SNAPPY TONIGHT?"

when her mother called her to luncheon she had not yet solved the problem.

"Mother," began Edith as the maid brought in the bouillon, "how did you make father propose to you?"

After all, mothers are the ones who always do solve our problems, and as Edith leaned back in her chair she somehow felt that help would be forthcoming.

Mrs. Fitch smiled softly. "Your father first asked me to marry him when I was seven and he was nine," she replied. "Of course, I accepted him then and there. The second time he asked me I was fifteen, but with age had come ambitions, and I laughed at him. And the rest of the times—"

"How many times were there?" cried Edith.

"Oh, innumerable," announced Mrs. Fitch, "and they just kept up until we were finally married."

Edith thought the lunch most unappetizing and returned to finish her book after the meal was over. That evening the Wilsons were giving a large dance, and Edith took a beauty nap to prepare for the fun. Sharply at 9 o'clock Donald Lipton drove up to the house, and together he and Edith went to the dance.

It was a happy evening, for Donald was all devotion, and Edith was radiant in her excitement. At least if Donald did not want her for his wife he gave no outward and visible signs of wanting any other girl, and that was some comfort. Once or twice it seemed as if he surely would say the words she so longed to hear.

"Edith," Donald announced as they had just finished a waltz, "you're lovelier than ever tonight. No man could resist you."

"I know one who does," boldly announced Edith.

"Name him, and I'll have his life's blood," cried Donald, with mock severity.

"Oh, you wouldn't commit suicide, would you?" demurred Edith.

"Donald Lipton," interrupted his hostess, "what do you mean by forgetting your manners? Dolly Griggs is over there waiting for you." As Donald disappeared to keep his engagement she turned to Edith. "Really, Edith, that man is so in love with you that he forgets all his bringing up."

As Edith sat toasting her tired little

feet before the radiator that night after the dance was over and she was preparing for bed she sighed again, but somehow it was a different sigh from those of the morning. It seemed to be a sigh of hope rather than despair.

Several evenings after the dance the maid announced "Mr. Lipton," and Edith kept him waiting just a minute for discipline. When she entered the parlor she could see that Donald was plainly not in good humor. His greeting held little of its customary exuberance.

"Good evening, Miss Fitch," he said rather curtly.

Edith's eyes danced. Whatever it meant to others, to her it seemed a good sign.

"Hello, Donald," Edith answered. "Do take the cozy chair that you like so well."

"I'm only going to stay a minute," announced Donald.

"You don't mean to say you came way uptown this rainy night just to stay a minute. Why didn't you telephone if you only wanted to give me a message?" suggested Edith.

"I wanted to return something," answered Donald. "Do you happen to have missed anything lately?"

"Nothing except that locket I lost the night of the Wilson dance," Edith informed him. "And I've given up all hopes of ever seeing that again."

"Well, here is your locket," said Donald as he handed the trinket to her. "And I must tell you that when it was returned to me it was open, and I saw the picture inside."

Edith ignored this bit of information and seemed lost in the joy of having the locket back once more.

"Wherever did you find it?" she cried as she opened it and looked at the handsome youth inside.

The cabman found it when he was brushing out his cab and was only able to trace me today. I must be going now. I have a date at the club."

"But, Donald," demurred Edith in a temptingly sweet tone, "why are you so snappy tonight?"

"Edith, do you know what the finding of that locket means to me?"

"Why, no, of course not," declared Edith. "Surely you have no sentiment for the locket?"

"No, but I did have for you," murmured Donald, "and finding the locket that you wear about your neck with the face of another man in it means that every hope I ever had is blasted. Every dream is false, every incentive in life is worthless, every—"

"Why, Don, you don't mean that!"

"That I love you," finished Lipton. "Why look surprised, Edith? You know it as well as I do. A man doesn't follow in a girl's trail as I have in yours for two years for nothing. You know that I love you better than anything—yes, everything in life."

"But you never told me so," whispered Edith.

Donald had her tightly in his arms.

"Never told you so!" he echoed.

"Why, I thought the whole world knew it!" Then, looking down at her closely, he asked, "Who's the man in the locket?"

"Let me go and I'll fess up," begged Edith; but, being a good business man, Lipton argued that possession was nine points of the law.

"Well, I was reading the 'Love Affairs of Great Men' the other day, and the Princess Something-or-other was in love with the king of some place, and she wanted to find out if he loved her. So she put the picture of the Prince of Some-other-place in her locket and dropped it where the king would find it. That made him jealous, and then she knew that he loved her. So I took a picture of my cousin, Billy Judson, out of the family album and cut it to fit my locket—and—that's all," finished Edith lamely.

"Well, Billy Judson should be rewarded," said Lipton between the hearty laughs that followed this explanation. "We'll have him for best man and give him a standing invitation for dinner every Saturday night."

Diplomacy.

The two were dining with an exquisite who was deep in the occult, according to his own idea. When he had discussed things past, present and future in the occult line he paused impressively and said with a frown:

"Now, think of a color, one of you, and I will call its name. I'm pretty good at that."

The first of the women thought deeply while he imbedded his finger in his brow and also thought. Presently he said aloud:

"Red!"

She shook her head. "No," she said, "it wasn't. It was blue."

He appealed to the second, with a disappointed air, but not wholly crestfallen.

"You think of a color," said he.

Again he dug a hole in his forehead. She thought. Then he said forcibly so that all the other people could hear him:

"Green!"

She smiled and nodded so that all the other people could see her.

"That's right," said she quite loud, at which the occultist smiled, well pleased.

By and by he excused himself for a moment and went across the garden to speak with a friend.

"How strange it was," mused the first woman, "that he should have guessed your color and not mine."

The second quietly munched an olive. "He never guessed mine," said she, "but, my goodness, isn't he paying for our dinner?"—New York Press.

The Wrong Key.

Mrs. O'Rourke (at 4 a. m. out of window)—Shure, an' why don't yez come in? Haven't yez got a key? Mr. O'Rourke (loaded)—I know that, but it's a night key. Yez'll have to throw me down a day key.

SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS.

Provincial Committee Recommend Some Important Changes.

The provincial text books committee met in the office of the school trustees, St. John, Tuesday afternoon to go over the list of text book used in the public schools and recommend any changes that might seem desirable. A number of recommendations were made and will be submitted to the board of education for approval. Until the board has considered the recommendations the changes will not be made public. Dr. J. R. Inch presided and the other members of the committee present were Chancellor Jones of the U. N. B., H. V. Bridges, principal of the Normal school, Fredericton; Dr. H. S. Bridges, St. John; B. C. Foster, principal of the Grammar school Fredericton; S. W. Irons, principal of the Victoria school, Moncton; F. O. Sullivan, of St. Stephen; Inspector W. S. Carter, St. John, and Miss Harvey of the Model school, Fredericton.

When asked last evening as to the work accomplished Dr. Inch said the books had been taken up in detail and it has been agreed to supersede certain text books by others. A report would be made to the board of education, with which body a final decision rested, and notice of any changes would be made through

the press within the next two or three weeks. The decision to change any of the books would not go into effect until the close of the school year, to give the dealers an opportunity to get rid of their present stock.

It was the policy of the board of education, Dr. Inch continued, to place as many of the books as possible on the list, for distribution by vendors at reduced prices. It was probable that a number of the books would be reduced in price as, he said, was the case with the readers.

The principal objection to the present text books which it was deemed well to change, Dr. Inch said, was that they had been in use too long and the progress of events had made portions of them obsolete. It was also very desirable to obtain the books at the cheapest rate possible. It was against the policy of the board to make frequent changes and no change would be made unless for a sufficient reason having to do with the usefulness of the books.

As soon as the board of education has decided what changes shall be made the matter will be referred to the Fredericton members of the text of education, with which body a book committee with Mr. Sullivan, the secretary, to make arrangements for the substitution.

QUESTIONS FOR EVERY READER

If you could find a simple vegetable remedy for keeping all organs healthy and strong—wouldn't you use it? Most pills are harsh, cause pain, and sick stomach. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are different—they regulate and system so gently, act so silently you scarcely realize you've taken medicine. You are cleansed—appetite improves, color clears, sleep is restored. Every man, woman and child is helped by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Try a 25c. box.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

Nashwaakisis Sunday School Children Kindly Treated.

The children of the Church of England Sunday school had their annual Christmas tree in the hall at Nashwaakisis, on Monday evening, Dec. 28th. The chair being taken by the Rector, Rev. C. Matthews.

Several parents and friends attended and much enjoyed the carols, recitations, and dialogues of the scholars which were well rendered. At the close of the entertainment each scholar was presented with a prize from the tree by "Old Santa Claus" according to merit. The special prize for best attendance being gained by Dora Staples.

After the presentation of prizes Mr. Bowder, on behalf of the young people who were responsible for the entertainment given on the 9th inst., in a short address presented the Rector, Rev. Clarence Matthews with a fur coat and pair of driving mitts, and Mrs. Matthews a pair of lined gloves, expressing the satisfaction of all the church members on his appointment after so long being without a rector, and wishing Mr. Matthews might long be spared to wear the same and remain to minister amongst them. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews duly acknowledged the kind thoughtfulness of the members and expressed their grateful thanks for the unexpected gifts. After singing the national anthem the meeting dispersed.

CATARRH CURED OR MONEY BACK.

The cause of Catarrh is a germ. It multiplies in the lining of the nose and throat, spreads to the bronchial tubes and finally reaches the lungs—it goes to the stomach—and fails to cure—Catarrh is inhaled. It goes everywhere—gets right after the germs—kills them—heals the soreness—stops discharge and hacking—cures every trace of Catarrh. You're absolutely certain of cure for Catarrh, throat irritation, colds or bronchitis, if you use Catarrhizer. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes sold everywhere.

BEAR ISLAND AND VICINITY.

Dec. 29.—We are having fine sleighing in this part of the country for Xmas times, and by the number of sleighs out the inhabitants are taking advantage of it.

About all the men who are working in the lumber woods that could reach home to spend Xmas, did so, weather being fine and roads excellent. They seem to be enjoying their visit.

Farmers came back from the Fredericton markets last week well

pleased with the prices received for their produce there, and say that Fredericton is one of the best markets in Canada.

The residents of Lower Queensbury got up a concert and Xmas tree in their church on Xmas eve. There was a large gathering and all were well pleased with the entertainment, especially the little folks who, after their recitations and dialogues were invited by Santa Clause to step up to the tree along with the old folks and see what he could find on the tree for them. His appearance and rollicking remarks in hunting through the tree and handing them what he found for them seemed to please him immensely.

There was another similar performance on Xmas night at Councilor Chesley Hallett's of this place. They too had a full house, and luckily their home is large, or they would not have been able to entertain the large party that gathered there to spend the evening. They were so pleasantly entertained they did not think of leaving until the hands of the clock pointed to the small figures on its dial, the time had passed all too quickly for them. They left expressing their gratitude to their entertainers for the very pleasant evening they had provided for them. Last night on Xmas night, the death of a young man, Mr. Charles A. Gunter, is very low. No hopes of his recovery are entertained.

WHISKY MEDICINES

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whisky or alcohol. In this respect as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and bowel derangements, and "Favorite Prescription" for women's derangements and weaknesses, contain no alcohol. Their full ingredients are printed on the bottle wrappers, therefore they are not secret or patent medicines. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet giving list of medicinal roots from which these remedies are extracted by the use of triple-refined glycerine; also the eminent medical writers who recommend their ingredients for the cure of the diseases for which these medicines are advised.

Tommy—Ma, I met the minister on my way to Sunday school, and he asked me if I ever went fishing on Sunday.

Mater—And what did you say, darling?

Tommy—I said, Get thee behind me, Satan, and ran right away from him.

TO CURE TOOTHACHE.

Search over the whole globe and you'll not find the equal of Nerviline. An aching tooth it relieves at once. Fill the cavity with bating dipped in Nerviline and rub the gums with Nerviline also. If the face is swollen and sore, bathe with Nerviline. Then bind on a hot flannel. This can't fail because Nerviline kills the pain outright. Just as good for earache, neuralgia or stiff neck. A 5c. bottle of Nerviline cures the aches of the whole family. Try it.