

SHORT STORY.

"Men Love Darkness"

COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

The fog and the night had descended together, with the abruptness that characterizes a November evening. Lord Francis, groping his way along the railings of Kensington Gardens, was aware of a cab, colliding with the pavement. There was a sound of breaking glass, and he paused. In the great wilderness of mirk that environed him, were voices, the creaking of wheels, and oburgations. The misty flare of a torch here and there, was no more than the flame of a match in the night. From the cab, emerged a cry, which sent him in its direction. A street lamp suddenly broke through the darkness, and faintly illumined the cab. A woman, in evening dress was stepping out of it, and he paused on the curb.

"Any damage?" he called to the cabman. "No, sir," sailed surlily out of the blackness. "Lady's frightened and glass's broke." Lord Francis turned his attention to the fare, who had now alighted, "Can I help?" he began, and under the light, recognized her, "Miss Chalcroft?"

"Oh, who is it?" asked the girl, gladly, and stepped closer to him. "Lord Francis! Oh, isn't this dreadful? I didn't think it was so thick, and so I started, and the cabman doesn't know where he is, and—"

"Where are you going?" he interrupted her breathless statement. "Glenhope street, I'm dining out."

"Oh, that's not far," he said, cheerfully. "But the safest place on these occasions, is to well to remember, is the hansom bus. Still, we'll manage, all right. Better let me have your arm."

Miss Chalcroft was sensibly recovering from her alarms, and they moved cautiously along the broad footway, her companion discouraging amiably.

"Let me see: we met last at the Rylstons—a small and early, wasn't it? And I remember you said that women were being unjustly attacked nowadays, and that men were no better than they should be."

"Did I?" said Miss Chalcroft, with a little laugh. "Oh, yes; I recall it so well, because I squirmed under your eloquent denunciation. I am pretty bad."

"Oh, I was only talking generally, of course," said Miss Chalcroft, mildly. "You declared that men had deteriorated far more than women, and spoke with scorn of the modern man. You sighed for the days of the knights-errant."

"I dare say there are some still—you are, now, for example," said Miss Chalcroft, lightly; and, being quite recovered, withdrew her arm. The fog was denser than ever, and insensibly she melted into the darkness. Immediately on that came a little cry. "Oh, my dear!"

"Oh!" said Miss Chalcroft. "I—I think it's a pillar post, or something. I fell over it."

"Ha led her away. "Guide yourself by the railings," he suggested. "But they will make my gloves all black, and I'm dining out," she protested.

"Take off your gloves," he said. "How foolish!" she said, laughing nervously, and added, plaintively, "I know this awful fog will spoil everything I have."

"I'll examine you for smuts before you go in," he said encouragingly. Miss Chalcroft made no answer, and he came to a pause under a lamp-post. "This is where we shall have to cross for Glenhope street," Miss Chalcroft shrank perceptibly closer to him, as if for protection.

He took her arm, without raising any remonstrance, and plunged into the roadway. "You're sure I'm not—not taking you out of your way?" she said faintly. He reassured her.

"Oh!" cried Miss Chalcroft as an omnibus lumbered up. He drew her nearer. "It's all right; there's the pavement near that conductor's torch." He pushed on and they found themselves in a maze.

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of omnibuses and carriages, and stopped perforce.

"Look alive; I'm late for Buckingham Palace as it is," screamed a wit in a motor-car.

"Gee-nor," is this Clapham Junction or "Ackney?" said a driver, solemnly, to Lord Francis.

"Oh, Lord Francis, please," pleaded Miss Chalcroft; "this 'bus-horse is eating my wrap!"

He dodged under the noses of a pair and reached the pavement in safety, where his companion uttered a sigh of relief.

"Glenhope street's the turning on the right," he explained. "Oh, I know now! I recognize it," she said, cheerfully. They resumed their careful progress, and her arm remained in his.

"Knight-errant," said Lord Francis, thoughtfully, "generally had some reward."

"Did they?" she asked negligently. "Yes, invariably their mistresses—Miss Chalcroft withdrew her arm abruptly—"proffered some token in recognition of their prowess. For example, the hero was often rewarded by his lady permitting him to—"

"It's just about here," said Miss Chalcroft, peering into the ambient gloom. "Permitting him to—" resumed her companion, and was again interrupted.

"The number is 15 please. Isn't that 15?"

It certainly was 15, Lord Francis reluctantly went up the steps of the porch and rang. A servant appeared at sight of whom Miss Chalcroft's face fell. Lord Francis could see her well under the fan-light.

Glenhope street? No; that was the next road but two.

They descended into the street again. "I was sure you were leading me wrong," said Miss Chalcroft; "we ought to have gone farther on before crossing."

"It's all my fault," agreed Lord Francis. "But we shan't be long. Let me have your—"Miss Chalcroft quickly gathered her wrap about her arms. They moved on silently and turned a corner.

"I believe it's the next street," he volunteered cheerfully. A succession of noise assailed their ears, and then there came a loud crash. Miss Chalcroft cried "Oh!" and seized his arm.

"It's probably a van knocked into something," he explained, and pulled her aside for security into a doorway. The loom of a van was in the fog close by and Miss Chalcroft said tremulously, "This must be a stable or something. They're coming in here."

"It's a house," he said, "but they seem to have taken a fancy to it, and so we'll surrender." He took her dexterously down the pavement, and they came to a crossing. "Next street but two. This is it," he declared, and assisted her across. They walked on blankly, but the pavement seemed to have ended.

"We haven't got into Kensington Gardens, have we?" she asked, nervously. "Oh, dear no!" he said confidently. "We're in Glen—" They came abruptly against a wall.

"Oh, I know we were in a stable," she said, tearfully, as the undoubted smell of a news rose about them, "and my dress—"

"I believe we are now," he said, remorsefully. "It's quite absurd your pretending to know your way!" said Miss Chalcroft, indignantly. "I could have done better myself!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, I'll leave you," he said, humbly. "Not—not just yet," she said, timidly. "Oh, do get me out of this hateful place!"

Lord Francis called out, and a man approached out of the gloom, into which he vanished when he had said, "Just around the corner."

Miss Chalcroft's courage revived, and her spirits. "You see, you lost me," she remarked. "Yes, we're both of us lost now," he admitted. "I wasn't before, but now—"

"Oh, isn't that like a man, and generous?" she said, with disdain, and trudged on in an ostentatious silence. They emerged from the news and turned a corner. As they did so a cart blundered toward them and he hailed it:

"Where's Glenhope street?" "Round the corner," came the answer. "D—confound these corners!" muttered Lord Francis. "I'm going there," suggested the driver, "if you'll follow."

"We certainly will," said Lord Francis, with decision, and he seized his companion's arm once more. At No. 15, they stopped and both ascended into the porch.

Miss Chalcroft withdrew her arm. "Thank you very much," said she, politely, putting out a hand. "But those knights-errant—were rewarded?" he protested.

"Oh, how absurd!" she said, and rang the bell hastily. "I'd better see if there are any smuts," he suggested, humbly, and bent forward to scrutinize her face. It emerged prettily in the gloom. "There's one, I think," he pulled out a handkerchief. "They used to be permitted sometimes to—"

"I'm sure there's none," said Miss Chalcroft, and instantly afterwards, "Lord Francis, how dare you!"

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MORNING NEWS IN BRIEF.

Local.

Miss Olive read a paper yesterday afternoon, before the Natural History Society on "The Land of Kiaora." Miss Olive sketched the history of "Kiaora" (New Zealand), and told in a most interesting way of the principal features of the beautiful country and its natural products.

Rev. C. W. Hamilton left this morning by the 7 o'clock express for Halifax, where he will preach on missions, in Brunswick street church in the morning, temperance in the same church in the afternoon, and occupy the pulpit of Traitor street church in the evening. He will return Monday.

No. 8 Bearer Corps met last evening in the armory in annual session. General business, was transacted, and company affairs were found to be very satisfactory. The strength of the corps has increased from thirty-five to forty-eight all told. The annual drill will be held at Camp Sussex beginning June 27. There are several vacancies, and suitable recruits will be received.

Sheriff Gates, of Annapolis Royal, arrived here last evening in the steamer Yarmouth with Harry Beales prisoner whom he is taking to Dorchester for a two years' term. Beales was convicted of stealing a horse and rig near Bridgetown and was sentenced by Judge Savory. Sheriff Gates placed his man in the jail here for the night and took him to Dorchester this morning.

A very interesting and successful meeting was held last night in the Seamen's Institute, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. J. Seymour occupied the chair. J. E. Irvine's address to the men was much appreciated. At the close fifteen signed the pledge. E. Elze, of the Manchester Trader, sang a solo, E. Clarke playing the accompaniment on the piano; J. Bridges also of the Manchester Trader, played a piano solo.

Provincial.

At the close of the Supreme Criminal Court at Sydney yesterday Justice Townshend imposed the following sentences: Edward Proctor, for using counterfeit money, five years; John Boucher, endangering the safety of passengers, two years; Frederick Fisher, indecent assault, two years. The prisoners will be taken to Dorchester today.

Richard A. Estey has returned to Fredericton from the Tobique, where he was for the winter, superintending the operations of the Miller concern of St. John. Mr. Estey says that, with the exception of the Murchie concern, the operators on the Tobique have finished their work. The Murchie concern will be finished up about the latter part of next week.

THAT DISMISSAL.

Odbur White's Case Discussed in Parliament Yesterday.

In parliament yesterday, when the house went into committee of supply on railway estimates, Mr. Crockett, of York (N. B.), made a strong complaint over the dismissal of Mr. White, station agent at Fredericton, who had filled the position for about fifteen years, and who has been twenty-three years in the railway service. He maintained that the dismissal was on the grounds of politics, and was brought about by Alex. Gibson, who was the Liberal candidate in York, although the correspondence showed that the initiation lay with the minister of railways.

Mr. White was agent on the Canada Eastern, and when the road was transferred to the I. C. R. he became an official of the government line. Mr. White was kept in his position until after the general election, and then he was dismissed. There were no complaints made against him in the performance of his duties, and the understanding was that he should be retained in his position along with the other employees. He got only two weeks' notice, while a domestic servant was entitled to a month. Mr. Crockett complained severely of the treatment given to Mr. White, against whom there was no real complaint.

Mr. Emmerson denied that there was any political animus against Mr. White, who was not removed because of any complaint from Mr. Gibson, or from any other political organization or politician. His dismissal was not inspired by any politician. If Mr. Crockett would look at Mr. White's letter he would see that he was a Liberal. Mr. Emmerson went on to show how the traffic from Fredericton was being diverted to the C. P. R., and how he had the matter under discussion with Mr. Tiffin, when the question arose as to the officials at Fredericton. The minister said that if the officials were not up to the mark, then the management should get others. He did not know Mr. White from Adam. The whole matter was a parochial one, which Mr. Crockett got hold of.

Mr. Crockett read a statement from the Fredericton Gleaner, which he said was a Liberal paper, stating that Mr. Emmerson had said that no one who voted against Sir Wilfrid Laurier was worthy of Canadian citizenship.

Mr. Emmerson—"The honorable gentleman knows that the Gleaner is not a Liberal paper, and that it is edited by his brother. But I never made any such statement as he has read. I have already denied it."

At the evening session Dr. Stockton and Dr. Daniel renewed the attack on Hon. Mr. Emmerson, and Mr. Ingram charged that White's successor gets twenty dollars per month more than White received. Dr. Daniel referred to some dismissals at St. John after a by-election.

Finnigan Philosophy—"Kape yer eye on phivat a moan turns up's nose at, an' ye'll know what he's been raised on."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c CATARRH CURE... 25c. It is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

THE LEGISLATURE. Summary of the Proceedings in the House Yesterday Afternoon.

The speech from the throne yesterday indicated that the following government bills will be submitted: Bills, to amend the liquor license act, the probate act, the game law, for the licensing and regulating of the speed of automobiles, relating to life and accident insurance, to amend the supreme court act, and other measures of importance.

The Hon. Mr. Tweedie submitted election returns for the counties of Westmorland, Carleton, St. John, and for the city of St. John. The Hon. Mr. Tweedie submitted returns of the votes polled for the City and County of St. John.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley introduced a bill respecting life and accident insurance companies. In his address in moving the reply to the speech, Mr. Carpenter stated that some 7,000 tons of coal had been raised in Queens, Sunbury and Kent last year.

Mr. Lowell, in seconding the address, referred in the course of his speech to the million dollar company which proposes to establish a mining industry at Lepreaux.

Mr. Hazen, criticizing the speech and the government's policy, found fault with the highway act; complained that there was no reference to agriculture in the speech; claimed that the report on the provincial hospital justified the course of the opposition; declared that the reference to mining was very modest, compared with government predictions; asked where the railway from Chipman to Fredericton was, and the \$250,000 to be devoted to that work; declared that the attorney general had been defeated in his effort to prevent reduction of representation of the province at Ottawa; declared also that we could not hope to have the fisheries matter settled in our favor; urged the need of a better immigration policy for the province; endorsed school consolidation and urged an extension of agricultural education; claimed that the road expenditure should be handed over to the municipalities; and that forestry legislation should be adopted. Mr. Hazen further claimed that there should be an enquiry into the recent by-election in Carleton county.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie moved the adjournment of the debate, which was made the order of the day for tomorrow.

On motion of Hon. Mr. Tweedie, Rev. Mr. Street, was made the chaplain of the house.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie read the contract of the official reporter, and explained that the report this year, would include the report of the committees.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie presented the report of the physicians, appointed to report on the state of the provincial hospital, and the report of the provincial board of health.

Hon. Mr. Tweedie presented a number of municipal returns, and the return of the Salvation Army Home.

On motion of Hon. Mr. Tweedie, Messrs. Tweedie, Pugsley, Labllois, Hazen and Flemming, were appointed a committee to nominate the committees of the house.

The house adjourned at 6 o'clock until today.

"She, 'I tell you I won't agree to any such thing! My mind is made up.'"

"He, 'Your stories don't hang together, Clara; it was only yesterday you informed me that your mind was your own.'"

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Miss Nellie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and brick-dust deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I sleep well, and an effectually cured. I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

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