

SHORT STORY. Two Bundles of Letters. COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

"Of course, you have some letters to burn." Jill said it with an insidious conviction that made Jack stammer, yes, before he realized what he was saying.

"Now, Jack, I have the nicest plan. You have some letters and I have some. Let's exchange and each read the other's, and then burn them together. Will you? You can bring them up tomorrow night, you know." Jill had her arms around Jack's neck and she rubbed her cheek against his in her favorite caress while she waited for an answer. Now, if Jack and Jill had been sober old Darby and Joan sitting by their own fireside with all the romance worn away, those clinging arms about his neck and the feel of a soft cheek against his own would have had small influence on Jack's answer. As it was, they exerted a great deal of influence.

"But, Jill," said Jack meekly, "I don't think that would be exactly honorable. You see, you know some of those girls and—"

"Well, and—" mocked Jill, getting a strangle hold on Jack's collar button. "Don't you see that both of us reading them evens things up? Of course, if just one of us read the other's letters it would be dishonorable, but when both of us read the other's letters—"

"That'll do," broke in Jack. "You're getting all mixed up yourself, and you're getting me worse mixed up than you are."

"Say you will," begged Jill, her lips temptingly close to Jack's, and Jack said he would.

He brought the letters up next evening, a fat bundle of envelopes cream and white, pale blue and demure gray, most of them addressed in the Leaning Tower of Pisa style of chirography, which the modern girls affect. Jill produced a much fatter bundle of letters of all shapes, sizes and conditions, some of them written on precise and proper stationery, some hurriedly scribbled on loose sheets of paper, some written on office letter heads. The packet was tied with blue ribbon, and Jill relinquished it grudgingly. She would not have yielded it at all had not the other bundle of letters been temptingly outspread upon the table. She was going to read them.

"Let's begin," said Jill. With a monumental sigh, Jack dragged his chair nearer the grate. "Now, we'll each read a letter and throw it into the fire," he said. "And, remember, Jill, you are not to get angry and jealous, you know."

Jill drew her chair nearer the table with some display of temper. "Anxious?" she said. "At these?" The word expressed scorn unlimited.

Jack slipped a letter from the ribbon-bound heap. He opened it slowly. Jill turned over Jack's letters until she found the one for which she was searching. At sight of the handwriting she opened it eagerly and she and Jack began to read.

Presently Jack looked out of the corner of his eye at Jill. She was reading with a pink spot on either cheek. He looked back at the letter he held. Then he ran his fingers through his hair. "Well, I'll be—that is, blessed," he finished, as Jill turned a disapproving countenance upon him.

"What's the matter?" said Jill. Her tones were tart. "Do you mean to say that monkey, Keene, wrote you letters like this?"

"Well, perhaps you'll explain why that Julia Allison, writes such a letter as this to the man to whom I am engaged." Jack glanced hurriedly at the letter in Jill's hands, before he made an ineffectual grab for it. "I—O—oh, say, give it to me, Jill," he protested. "I didn't know that was in there!"

"Oh, you didn't?" said Jill. "And here Julia Allison has been calling herself my friend. I suspected this. Nasty, sly, deceitful thing! I'll show her."

"Now, look here, Jill," Jack put in hastily. "You're not going to say anything to Julia about reading these letters. I won't have it."

"Indeed," said Jill, scornfully. "You seem to have forgotten that our wedding-day is a week in the distance. You are not an autocrat yet, please remember." She picked the letter up again. "Find more pleasure in your society than that of any other man I know," she read. "Oh, she does," vindictively. "Dear laddie," she calls you. Do you mean

to tell me that any man would permit himself to be called by such a sickening nickname? 'Laddie.' It's a fit name for a nice, faithful collie dog."

"Jill," said Jack. "I'll vow I didn't know you possessed such a temper. I told you you'd get mad."

"I am not in the least angry," said Jill, coldly. "Now, see here," said Jack, "while we're getting mad, we'll do it in company. Just look at this letter. Here's this fellow, Keene, writing to you as though he thought you were the whole show. Now, I'd like to know what that means. Darned if I like to think that my future wife ever received such execratingly friendly letters from another man."

"Mr. Keene was simply a friend of mine," with dignity.

"Oh, yes—friend," said Jack, perceiving that he was beginning to get the best of the argument. "He was always an insolent puppy. I'll soon teach him his place. I'll hunt him up to-morrow and face him with this letter." He shook the cogsetle in question before the eyes of an imaginary foe.

"It's mine," interposed Jill hurriedly. "You are not going to throw my correspondence to the four winds. I won't have it. I have some rights left." She began to whimper.

"The insolent scoundrel," stormed Jack. He snatched up the ribbon-bound packet. "Here are more letters from him, and notes! And telegrams! You told me you loved no one but me!" He struck a savage attitude. Jill ceased to dab her eyes with her handkerchief, and burying her face in her hands, began to cry in good earnest. "No one but me," repeated Jack effectively.

"I don't," wailed Jill. "I never did. I didn't love him, and you know it."

Jack paced the room with frantic tread. Jill wept until, woman-like, she could endure the strain no longer. "Jack," she said timidly at last.

"What," said Jack, ungraciously. "I'm sorry," said the faint little voice. No reply. "Jack," presently, "please love me again. I don't want to read the old letters."

Jack swept past the table. He gathered the blue-ribboned packet in one hand and tossed it into the fire. He did likewise with the miscellaneous array of letters in the other heap on the table. Then he swept Jill into his arms and comforted her.

Three hours later Jack stood before a picture on the mantel in his bachelor rooms. "Lord," he said, mopping his brow feverishly, "that was a close call. How in thunder did I ever happen to leave that letter in the bundle, anyway? Jill, old girl, if there had been another of those missives in that heap, you'd have finished me. But I worked Jill all right. Girls are easy."

And meanwhile Jill sat on the floor beside her little white bed and unlaced her small shoes. "Goodness me," said she reflectively. "I thought I had left out all of Joe Keene's letters except the ones that he wrote at first. Oh, Mister Jack, you thought that one too affectionate! You just ought to see the ones I will never show you!" She held one shoe upon her palm and cocked her head deviously to look at it. "My, but men are easy," said she.

ARTILLERY PRIZES.

Reports received here from the examinations held here last fall, in connection with the artillery camp at Fort Dufferin, show that the following prizes were won by the 3rd Regiment:

Six-pounder, Q. F. series—No. 1 company, first prize, \$80. Twelve-pounder—No. 2 company, 4th prize, \$20. Discipline and administration—No. 4 company, 2nd prize, \$15.

Gunnery prize—No. 1 company, 1st, badge and \$5, Corp. Whitebone; 2nd, badge and \$3, Gunner Allan. No. 2 company—1st, badge and \$5, Sergt. Lanyon; 2nd, badge and \$3, Bomb Pike.

No. 3 company—1st, badge and \$5, Sergt. Simmons; 2nd, badge and \$3, Sergt. Wigmore. No. 4 company—1st, badge and \$5, Gunner McIntosh; 2nd, badge and \$3, Sergt. Herder.

General efficiency (lower establishment)—No. 1 company, third place; No. 4 company, sixth place.

S. S. ASSOCIATION.

The executive of the city Sunday school association was held last evening in Portland Methodist church hall. This was the first meeting of the new executive. A large number were present. President R. T. Hays was in the chair. He said he had called the meeting to see what could be done to help along the work throughout the various provinces. An informal talk on all branches of Sunday school work followed, all taking part. The treasurer said that this county had pledged \$200 to the Provincial Sunday School Association from the schools.

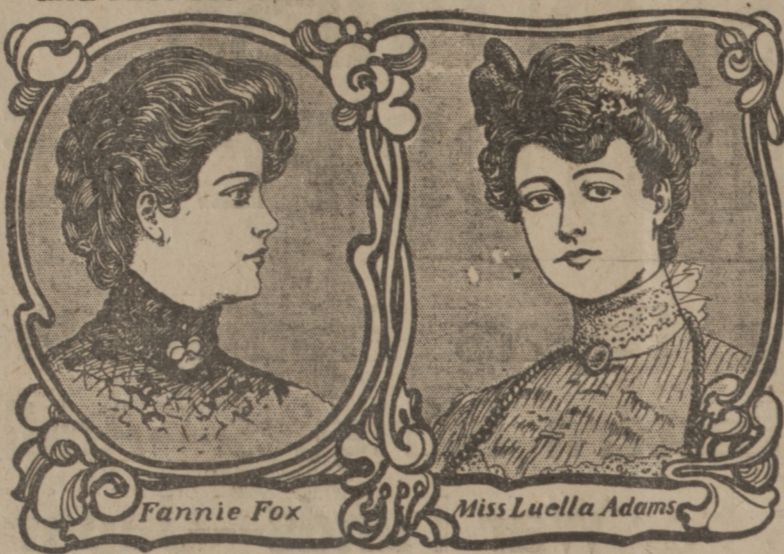
Last year \$170 was raised. A letter would soon be sent to each school for the usual grant to this fund which he hoped would be in before the middle of May.

OUT WEST ON A BRONCHO.

A very interesting lecture was delivered in the Methodist church, Carleton, last evening, by Rev. John McLean. The title of the lecture was "Out West on a Broncho." He described Western Canada as it was twenty-five years ago, and told of his own exploits among the Indians there. He described the life of a cowboy at that time, and described the small trading posts at Fort McLeod. He then contrasted it with the present time since the C. P. R. and other railway lines have been built. He told of the greatness of the soil, and the fertility of the soil, and of the great openings for young men from the east, if they would only take advantage of them.

Tumors Conquered Without Operations

Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in Cases of Mrs. Fox and Miss Adams.



One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be manifest by excessive menstruation accompanied by unusual pain extending from the ovaries down the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation; secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use and write Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Read these strong letters from grateful women who have been cured: Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (First Letter.) "In looking over your book I see that your medicine cures Tumor of the Uterus. I have been to a doctor and he tells me I have a tumor. I will be more than grateful if you can help me, as I do so dread an operation."

—Fannie D. Fox, 7 Chestnut St., Bradford, Pa. Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— (Second Letter.) "I take the liberty to congratulate you on the success I have had with your wonderful medicine. Eighteen months ago my monthlies stopped. Shortly after I felt so badly I submitted to a thorough examination by a physician, and was told that I had a tumor on the uterus and would have to undergo an operation."

"I soon after read one of your advertisements and decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. After taking a bottle as directed, the tumor is entirely gone. I have again been examined Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

by the physician and he says I have no signs of a tumor now. It has also brought my monthlies around once more; and I am entirely well. I shall never be without a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the house."—Fannie D. Fox, Bradford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "About three years ago I had intense pain in my stomach, with cramps and raging headaches. The doctor prescribed for me, but finding that I did not get any better he examined me and, to my surprise, declared I had a tumor in the uterus."

"I felt sure that it meant my death warrant, and was very disheartened. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring, but the tumor kept growing, till the doctor said that nothing but an operation would save me. Fortunately I corresponded with my aunt in the New England States, who advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before submitting to an operation, and I at once started taking a regular treatment, finding to my great relief that my general health began to improve, and after three months I noticed that the tumor had reduced in size. I kept on taking the Compound, and in ten months it had entirely disappeared without an operation, and using no medicine but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and words fail to express how grateful I am for the good it has done me."—Miss Luella Adams, Colorado Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

Such unquestionable testimony proves the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and should give confidence and hope to every sick woman.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all ailing women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice.

WEIRD STORY OF THE BACKWOODS.

Dan Worrell Heard a Voice and Half Dazed Battled His Way Home Through a Blizzard.

Lachine, Que., March 18.—Daniel Worrell, a struggling settler of Ottawa county, hoped to make enough money by teaming in the woods with his colts to clear himself of indebtedness. But disaster came to him as he was on his way through the severity of the season.

When he reached the Central depot, to which his entry load was consigned, he was assigned to conveying provisions to the groups of shanties dependent upon that office. Owing to confusion in the directions given him, and in part to a terrible driving snowstorm, he got on the wrong track.

At the edge of Lac Desir he followed what looked like a track, which turned off almost at a right angle. After half a mile of tedious progress he pulled up at the stump of a big pine, where his road ended. His horses snarled and sank down. Their master did all he could to trample down the snow and to release the poor brutes from their helplessness. In despair he wandered off looking for a lumber shanty where he might obtain assistance.

Late at night, thirty hours afterward, he staggered into a large shanty, dazed by misery and cold. The seventy or eighty good-hearted fellows there warmed and fed him and put him to bed without bethering him with questions. Next morning he arose in a half-demented condition.

He could give no account of himself and did not even know his name. For a day or two he moped about the shanty, overwhelmed with trouble, a puzzle to the shantymen. Then he offered to work, and being a good sized man, went to roughing with the gang that was cutting a way into where the logs were chopped. He worked diligently and silently, as one in a maze, until the present month. Then he got up in the middle of the night, dressed himself and disappeared again.

Meanwhile, the shanty to which his first load was sent became hard up for want of provisions. Thinking that some misunderstanding had prevented the De-member load from being dispatched they sent a man down to the nearest shanty, twenty-eight miles away, a shanty which represented the interests of a rival firm, and borrowed a bag of beans and a barrel of pork. As it chanced, this was the very shanty where Dan had found refuge, but as the messengers could not find the unfortunate one, whom they would have recognized.

As supplies threatened to run out again a runner was sent down to the depot to report the state of affairs. There had already been surmising here about Dan, but it was commonly thought that the heavy snow had prevented his return and that the shanty boss had found something for him to do.

However, search was made for the missing man in all directions, and at last a special messenger was sent to his home. The tidings created intense trouble. Mrs. Worrell at once concluded that her husband had broken through the ice. She was in a state of delicate health and she took to her bed. It was simply a case of pining away.

On the night of February 25th, the woman suddenly set up in bed and called out, "Oh, Dan! Dan! I knew if you were not dead you would come back to me! Oh, Dan, quick!"

It was at the same hour, that same night, that Dan arose in the shanty seventy miles away, dressed himself and started out. He began to walk home. How he managed the journey he never could tell. Probably some friendly teamsters gave him an occasional shove. Possibly some one shared a meal with him. At any rate, forty-eight hours later he lifted the latch of his own door again, hung up his coat and sat on the usual bench and as his invariable custom had been in former days, stooped to the stove door to look after the fire.

Then he quietly embraced his sick wife and sat silent and in a dazed manner on the chair beside her bed. Now and then he appeared to be about to make some exhibition, but he had evidently lost all power of expression. After a long doze by the bedside, his petted child, a lad of four years, crept into his arms. Then he had a fearful fit of weeping. This was followed by a long sleep, from which he awoke to a partial understanding of the state of affairs, to the intense joy of

OBITUARY.

Capt. Elisha Perry. Captain Elisha Perry, a well-known mariner of North East Harbor, died at his home yesterday, aged 67 years.

Mrs. Eliza Greenwood. Mrs. Eliza Greenwood, relict of William Greenwood, died at her home in Port Clyde, (N. S.), on Wednesday aged ninety-three years.

Walter S. Lennox. Walter S. Lennox, an actor, who played in company with Forrest, Booth and Barrett, and who was a comedian with J. W. Lamergin in the old Dramatic Lyceum, is dead at his home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. D. Snider. Mrs. Mary Drury Snider, widow of George E. Snider, died yesterday, at the home of her son-in-law, John S. McLaren, 5 Paddock St. She was seventy-six years of age, and was the daughter of the late Hon. George Henry.

Rev. W. C. Matthews. Rev. W. C. Matthews, died at an early hour this morning, at his home on Rockland Road. Only yesterday, the body of his mother was taken to Titusville for burial.

Mr. Matthews had been in failing health for about a year and a half, and it is thought that the death of his mother, which came as a shock to him, probably hastened his death. He was around the house yesterday morning, intending to go to his mother's funeral, but the state of his health forbade the effort. Rev. Mr. Matthews was a son of the late A. C. and Mrs. Matthews of this city. He was thirty-eight years of age and leaves besides his wife, one little daughter, Dorothy, eleven years of age. His wife is a daughter of the late Hon. James McDonald, of Wolfville.

Mr. Matthews was received on trial in the Methodist ministry in 1889, and was taken into full fellowship and ordained in 1893. He had labored with great success in the following circuits—Springfield, Kings Co., Dear Island, Charlottetown, Campbellton, Petticoe, Shediac, Souris and Murray Harbor.

He occupied the pulpit of Exmouth St. church in this city, and about a year ago, was compelled to give up his charge, on account of poor health. He was beloved by all who knew him, and much sympathy will go out to Mrs. Matthews and her daughter, in their sad bereavement.

A NEW ARTILLERY COMPANY. A new company of artillery may be formed from the South African Veterans' Association.

Several members of the association feel that this would be advisable, and Colonel White commanding officer of the 3rd regiment, R. C. A., has expressed himself as heartily in accord with the proposal. The idea was proposed by a veteran of the Boer war, who was a guest at the dinner of the Penian Raid Veterans' Association, on Wednesday evening.

There will be a meeting of the association this evening in the Sutherland building, Union street, when the matter will come up for consideration.

Advertisement for ABBEY'S Effervescent. Recommended by the FACULTY. Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth. Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to healthy action. Is Nature's Remedy for Tired, Fagged-out and Run-down Men. If taken regularly contributes to the Perfect Health, Makes Life Worth Living. ALL DRUGGISTS. SALT.

Advertisement for VITALITY. To Rise Every Morning Fit to Face the World. One Needs All One's. A Cold or a Cough is a severe handicap and it spells DANGER. To Avoid, or Cure, Seek the Best Remedy.

Advertisement for George Philips. I. C. R. Ticket Agent and Exchange Broker, St. John, N. B., says: "I was completely cured of influenza cold by a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam." H. A. McKeown. Ex-M. P. P., St. John, N. B., says: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

Canadian Drug Co., Limited Sole Proprietors St. John, N. B.

SMITHS BUCHU LITHIUM PILLS. A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS. AT ALL DEALERS—25 CENTS. A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.