

**SHORT STORY.** **Her Mistake.** **COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.**

I. "Quite comfortable now?" asked Crawford, of the News, as he threw a rug across Vandeleur's feet.

"Perfectly, thanks!" The two men occupied a sheltered nook on the cliffs at Hastings, close to the Palace hotel, and Crawford, after arranging Vandeleur's rug threw himself into a grass chair and lit his pipe.

After a few puffs Crawford burst out:

"By Jove! isn't this glorious? What a difference there is between it and Omdurman!"

"Rather! All the same, I liked it. I liked the rush and whirl; ay, even the killing and the chance of being killed," added cynically. "I suppose I am ungrateful, but sometimes I wish that Arab sword had caught me a few inches lower down."

"Oh! stop that. What ails you, man? I often wonder whether it was professional enterprise made you so reckless, or—a love affair, eh? By Jove! that reminds me of something. A lady at breakfast this morning some way or other got to know that I was Crawford, the News man. She had also evidently heard that you and I had been pretty thick at the front, as she inquired if you had completely recovered; seemed quite interested in you, old chap. Her name is Sinclair."

"Sinclair?"

"Yes—heavens! what's the matter, old man? You do look queer."

"Well, old fellow, you see I know her once. Engaged, got chucked; somehow, you see, I can't—you understand."

Crawford quietly stooped down and grasped Vandeleur's hand. There was a lot of silent sympathy in that quiet handclasp.

Vandeleur was always somewhat of a mystery to Crawford. The latter could never understand why a successful novelist such as he was had given up a promising future. His hairbreadth escapes had become the talk of the army. It was at Omdurman his run of luck almost came to a close.

They had dragged him from beneath the heap of bodies, and at first everyone thought that the derisive sword had finished the "mad correspondent" of the Sentinel.

The shave was a close one, but nevertheless they had pulled him round. And now he was on the far road to recovery.

After a pause Crawford spoke.

"Forgive me, old chap. I didn't know. You see, we hadn't met till after—after that."

Don't apologize; I am so confoundingly weak. Crawford, I can't stay here; I must get away. I can't meet her again—or, at least, not just yet."

"Oh, nonsense! You can't go just when the air is pulling you round so well. Besides, there is little possibility of your meeting, as she is not even aware of your being here. Hallo! there's White calling me. Do you mind my leaving you for a few minutes?"

"Not at all. In fact—I am afraid it's not complimentary to you, old fellow, but I would rather be alone for a bit. You understand?"

Crawford comprehended, and merely said: "I understand, old man; I'll be back in half an hour," then quietly walked off.

Vandeleur sat thinking. His thoughts were bitter as they went back two years, and he recalled the heartless manner in which this woman threw him over without any perceptible reason. He could never understand it.

Are all women the same? he wondered. Does every woman play with a man merely to fool him in the end? But his cogitations abruptly ceased as his glance wandered down the path in the direction of the hotel.

He started slightly, and a flush showed itself in his thin features.

A strangely familiar figure was coming toward him, and his fingers nervously twisted and untwisted as he recognized the one woman in all the world whom he least desired to meet.

His natural impulse was to get away, but weakness rendered such a proceeding impossible.

In his weak state the sight of her conured up strange emotions. He felt more keenly his own helplessness, and then, as he watched her, there arose in his heart a passionate longing for sympathy and rest.

If only, if only—bah! what a fool he was—as big a fool as he was eighteen months ago!

Then, as she sauntered carelessly along, a dull feeling of resentment displaced his previous nervousness.

True, she did not deign to notice him, but if she did there would be no trace of the old madness to gratify her.

Meanwhile, the object of his wrath, utterly oblivious of exciting the attention of anyone, never deviated from the path that must inevitably take her past the spot where Vande-

leur was sitting, but strolled along with an open book in her hand.

II.

So immersed was Miss Sinclair with her reading that she failed to notice the man, who was rather feebly essaying to light a cigarette, until she was quite close.

At the first glance, however, she recognized him, and the sudden shock was almost painful, but, recovering herself in a moment, walked straight up to Vandeleur and held out her hand, saying gently:

"I am so glad, Mr. Vandeleur, that you are better—so very glad."

Although Vandeleur's heart beat quickly, he was outwardly calm and cool as he replied nonchalantly:

"Thank you. Except for the fact of feeling rather weak now and then, I am comparatively well. I trust you are quite well, Miss Sinclair?"

"Yes, I am very well, thank you. But—but Mr. Crawford told me you had by no means recovered yet."

Vandeleur mentally anathematized Crawford as he said, with a bad imitation of a laugh:

"Bah! Crawford is an awfully good fellow; but, you know, he occasionally constructs a mountain out of a molehill."

Pointing to the seat which Crawford had vacated a few minutes previously, he continued:

"Won't you please sit down, Miss Sinclair? I long to have a chat with an old friend."

His own desire now was to keep her, and an unnatural elevation pervaded him as he hailed with almost hysterical delight the prospect of showing this woman how utterly different he was to her.

She hesitated a moment, then quietly sat down.

"By, surely, Mr. Vandeleur," she said, "your wound cannot be of so trivial a nature as you would have one believe? You were reported killed at first; all the papers said so, and I—everyone was so dreadfully sorry."

"Were they?" said Vandeleur, ironically. "Sorry to say their feelings must pass unappreciated. Enough of myself, however. I presume you are staving down here for some time?"

He added, as he threw his cigarette away:

"Please don't!" cried Miss Sinclair. "You know I have no objection; my tastes have not changed even in eighteen months."

"Excuse me," said Vandeleur, coldly. "I thought they had. However, it is of no consequence, as I smoke very little now; tobacco doesn't commend itself to invalids, you know."

During the conversation Miss Sinclair has been surreptitiously observing Vandeleur.

With a dull pain at her heart she noted the unmistakable evidence of suffering in his look.

A strong desire to tend and nurse this man, whom she loved as a woman only loves once, overmastered her, and she experienced a mad impulse to cast all conventionalities aside, and throw herself at his feet and cry: "Oh, my love, my love, I wronged you innocently! It is all a hideous mistake! Won't you forgive—only forgive?"

The impulse died away, however, as she glanced at Vandeleur, and saw the hard lines of his mouth.

He will never forgive, she thought.

Neither spoke for some minutes, and the pause was becoming awkward, when a puff of wind disarranged Vandeleur's rug. He feebly essayed to reach for it; but Miss Sinclair forestalled him, and with a "Please allow me," arranged it.

While doing so her hand slightly touched that of Vandeleur, causing the blood to jump madly through his veins, while the color flooded her own face.

Presently Miss Sinclair said hesitatingly: "I have been trying for the last few minutes to say something. Will you listen? I want to ask your pardon. Some time ago we—I quarrelled with you, apparently without any ostensible cause whatever. Three months ago I discovered the fact that I had done you a grievous wrong."

"Took you some time, didn't it?" sarcastically interjected Vandeleur. "I was acquainted with the fact exactly eighteen months ago."

The venom of his remark almost scorched the words on her lips, but she quietly proceeded:

"Please reserve your sarcasm until you have heard me. Not even the fear of your misunderstanding shall deter me from performing what I consider to be right, and my duty to do. It is right you should know that I have some excuse for my apparent wanton capriciousness."

She paused a moment, resting her chin on her hand, and Vandeleur stole a glance at her.

She had changed somewhat, he thought—grown gentler and more subdued; and the passionate desire grew on him to open his arms and say:

"I forgive all, I forgive all! Only love me!"

"Please go on," he said.

"Thank you," she replied quietly, "I will. The 'Story of a Man and a Woman' is an old title, and has been used many times, yet I purpose using it once again as a heading for my narrative."

She paused a moment to collect her thoughts, and glanced at Vandeleur, who continued to gaze sternerly seaward. Then she continued:

"The man in this particular case appeared to love the woman very dearly, and she—well, she requited his affection."

Vandeleur started and shifted his position slightly.

"He was a writer of books," she continued, "and on her twenty-third birthday, he presented her with the 'first-proof' of the book that had made his name. It was a unique present, and she appreciated it accordingly, until on turning over the leaves she found between the pages, a letter."

"It was a love-letter, written in the man's handwriting, on a large sheet of paper, and signed with his

Christian name, but not meant for her; the name of the woman for whom it was designated was Gladys."

"Heavens," cried Vandeleur, hoarsely, "The Hand on the Wheel—it was the page of manuscript that I could never find!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "it was a page of manuscript that you had lost. She, however, did not discover this until later; but, in her misery at what she imagined to be the man's falseness, never answered his demands for an explanation—never spoke to him again."

She paused for a moment, overcome with emotion. Vandeleur gazed at her dumbly.

"Some time later," she proceeded with difficulty, "a book was published by a man, entitled 'The Hand on the Wheel.' His heroine was called Gladys, and the love letter that had destroyed the woman's happiness, was reproduced almost word for word in its pages."

Although Vandeleur understood, and for the first time, discovered the awful mistake she had made. It was too late, however, to repair the error. He had gone abroad.

"Then, at last, one day, the news came that he had been killed, and it nearly broke her heart."

Vandeleur could not speak; the joy in his heart was supreme enough to preclude all utterance. He merely held her hand as if he could never let it go.

Presently, he drew her gently toward him, and rested his cheek against hers.

"You forgive?" she whispered.

"My dear! My darling!" was all he said.

**DR. BATES IN CENTENARY.**

The first service held in Centenary church yesterday by Rev. Dr. Bates of Boston, was largely attended. The service opened at 3 o'clock, when Rev. G. M. Campbell introduced the speaker, Rev. W. H. Marr and Rev. C. W. Hamilton occupied seats on the platform. Excellent music was rendered by a large choir composed of all the Methodist choirs in the city.

Rev. Dr. Bates took up the two great characters in sacred history—Moses, the legislator, and Paul, the consecrating man. His sermon was founded on Exodus XXXII. and Roman IX. and X. He showed that Moses was the legislator of the world. The constitutions of England, Germany and the United States were all patterned after his law. He described Paul as the leader of the reform hope in all reformation giving hope to the hopeless of every class.

At the evening service the church was filled to the doors. Besides Dr. Bates and the pastor of the church, there were on the platform Rev. Dr. Sprague and Rev. Geo. M. Young.

Dr. Bates chose as his theme for the evening sermon, "Where will the revival begin?" the text being Luke 24th chapter and 47th verse.

**A SPRING DANGER.**

Many People Weaken Their System by the Use of Purgative Medicines.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system, and cannot possibly cure disease. Thousands of people take purgative medicines in the spring, and make a most serious mistake in doing so. People who feel tired, and depressed, who find their appetite variable, who have occasional headaches and backaches, or whose blood shows impurities through pimples need a spring medicine. But they should not dose themselves with harsh gripping purgatives that gallop through the bowels, tearing the tissues and weakening the system. A tonic medicine is what is needed in the spring, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best tonic that science has yet discovered. They are quietly absorbed into the system filling the veins with pure, rich, red blood that carries health and strength to every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin eruptions, indigestion, headaches, nervousness, rheumatism and all blood troubles. They improve the appetite, and make depressed, easily tired men and women cheerful, active and strong. Mr. James McDougall, Little Shippegan, N. B., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a tonic and blood purifier and have found them superior to all other medicines."

If you need a medicine this spring—and you would not be the better of a tonic after the long dreary in-door months—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. They will send rich, red blood coursing through your veins and give you the buoyancy of perfect health. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. All dealers in medicine sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**GRIEF KILLED HER.**

Windsor, Ont., March 21.—(Special)—Ethel Bell, fifteen years old, swallowed carbolic acid, and, although everything possible is being done for her, her death is only a question of a few hours. Grief and loneliness for her dead mother caused her to swallow poison.

**LEASED AN ISLAND.**

Messrs. Black Bros. & Co., Limited, Halifax, N. S., have leased from the Quebec Government the Island of Great Mekattina on the Quebec-Labrador coast, and will conduct there an extensive fishing and general store business during the summer season. This island was formerly leased by the late Captain A. L. Howard, inventor of the famous Gatling gun, who had established fishing houses on the island and did a thriving business.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE.**

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dripping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, Blower, Trade Mark, Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

**Nervous Women**

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected

**A MEDICINE THAT CURES**



Can we dispute the well-known fact that Canadian women are nervous?

How often do we hear the expression, "I am so nervous, it seems as if I should fly;" or, "Don't speak to me." Little things annoy you and make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children.

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.

Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Lelah Stowell, of 177 Wellington St., Kingston, Ont., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Your medicine is indeed a Godsend to suffering women, and I only wish that they all knew what it can do for them and there would be no need of their dragging out miserable lives in agony. I suffered for years with bearing-down pains, extreme nervousness and excruciating headaches, but a few bottles of your Vegetable Compound made life look new and promising to me. I am light and happy and I do not know what sickness is, and I have enjoyed the best of health now for over four years. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has sent sunshine into the clouds of homes and hearts.

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured as other women.

**THEY HAVE LONG RUNS.**

I. C. R. Engine and Trainmen Many Hours Without Sleep.

**Shorter Runs and More Rest**

The Necessity—The Humphrey Mills Co. --- Baseball Prospects in Moncton.

**Moncton, Mar. 22.**

A good deal of complaint has been heard of late in reference to trainmen on the I. C. R. being left so long on duty. In some cases recently it is said, men have been known to be on from 25 to 40 hours, which of necessity greatly taxes their endurance. The men are naturally anxious to make time, but there is a limit to the length of time an engine man, for instance, can stand being out without rest. It is said that freight crews have been known to be out 25 and 30 hours between Moncton and Truro, which is altogether longer than there is any need of. What the men want is quicker runs and less time spent on the road.

Among the new brakemen recently appointed on the I. C. R. is Arthur Way, the well-known hockey player of the Moncton Victorias. During the past month between fifteen and twenty new brakemen have been taken on the road, and quite a number of new firemen have also been sent out. The rush of traffic, has created a demand for trainmen and in some cases very young men are being employed.

Old 239 locomotive, which was given the name of the "Hoodoo engine" on account of the numerous accidents in which she was concerned, continues to do splendid work on the Maritime express between Newcastle and Moncton. She is the one engine that can nearly always be relied upon to do better than make her running time.

The Maritime Engineering Co., is constructing a large boiler for the Humphrey Co., clothing factory, at the head of Church street. The work at this factory has been somewhat hampered on account of insufficient power. The annual meeting of the Humphrey Co., Ltd. will be held on the 28th of March, when officers and directors will be elected for the ensuing year.

Base ball prospects in Moncton, the coming summer, are already beginning to be discussed. It is altogether probable that another amateur league will be formed, and there is no reason why last year's successful work should not be repeated. Nearly all the material in last season's team is said to be available, and some of the teams have their eye on a few new players. The bankers talk of organizing a team for the league. They claim to have material that has played with the crack teams at St. John and Fredericton, and think they would be able to compete with the best of the local clubs.

The annual meeting of the Moncton A. A. A. will take place about the first of April.

Greene—"I hear Mosman has brought a suit for libel against the Aurora; what is it all about?"

Brown—"The Aurora printed the speech Mosman made at the revival meeting the night before last, which Mosman claimed to be a private matter."

**ABBEY'S**

Recommended by the FACULTY

Used by the masses, who, unsolicited, certify to its worth.

Tones the Stomach and Stirs the Liver to healthy action.

**Effervescent**

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.**

To Rise Every Morning Fit to Face the World One Needs All One's

**VITALITY**

A Cold or a Cough is a severe handicap and it spells

**DANGER**

To Avoid, or Cure, Seek the Best Remedy

**George Philps**

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.

"King Baby Reigns" **Baby's Own Soap**  
A Soap worthy of Baby—therefore good enough for any skin.  
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing  
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.  
MONTREAL. 210  
No other soap has all its qualities.