

The Daily Short Story

HIS IMPULSIVE NOTE

By Walter J. DeFaney

THE young lawyer paused in his restless walk, and looked irritably at the office door as there was a low, hesitating knock. It might be a client. Clyde Bissell had found only three within the two weeks since he had hung out his shingle. A few days previous he would have hailed the approach of a prosperous litigator with eagerness. Now he shrugged his shoulders and looked annoyed.

He had inherited a fortune, but he was ambitious. The one thought, when he proudly received his diploma, was that he would win a high name by championing ever the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed, but now—life had suddenly become dull and sere, and he had lost interest in everything. There was in the Fairview a certain lovely witch of seventeen, namely, Miss Viola Duncombe. For over a month Clyde had paid her marked attentions. Only four evenings since he had very nearly told her the state of his distracted feelings. They were interrupted, but surely her heightened color evidenced that she understood him. The next day Clyde learned that Viola was about to depart on a long visit to a relative. He impulsively sent her a little note, and it said: "May I hope to call upon you to tell you something you must surmise I left unfinished the other evening?" No response came, and the days grew dreary and the nights sleepless.

"Come in!" ordered the young lawyer sharply. The door moved, opened a crack, was closed to again, and Clyde fancied he caught a vague sniffing sound. He pulled the door open wrathfully, and confronted a small boy with traces of tears in his eyes.

"Well, what do you want?" rather ungraciously demanded the disturbed young man.

"Please, sir, are you Mr. Bissell, the lawyer?" faltered the little fellow.

"Yes—who are you?" demanded Clyde.

"I'm Mrs. Wood's boy," explained the urchin, and he began to cry. "My ma said I'd got to see you—that is, look for the letter first and then come and tell you if I found it, and if I didn't find it to tell you all about it."

"See here," spoke Clyde impatiently, "how am I interested?"

"Why, some one gave me a nickel to fetch a letter to you. As I was crossing the school lot Billy Norton chased me. I got away from him, but then I found I'd lost the letter. Then I made up my mind not to say anything about it. Miss Duncombe came over to the house to-day to bid me good-by, and they got asking me about the letter, and I told. I went up to the big lot to look for it again, but Billy was there, and I was scared, and so—so I came to you," and Mrs. Wood's boy broke down with a wail.

"A letter? Miss Duncombe?" exclaimed Clyde, mightily aroused. "What did Miss Duncombe have to do with it all?"

"Why, she sent it, don't you see—it was her letter that I lost."

Clyde was dazzled, then confused, then roused to intense excitement. He made a grab for the terrified visitor and rushed him to the street. "Young man," he ordered sternly and breathlessly. "You lead me quick as you can to where you lost that letter." Viola answered my note! he told himself raptly—"three days ago. I must find that letter if it costs me a thousand dollars!"

"There's the place where I lost the letter," announced Clyde's guide, finally, pausing at the edge of the school lot. Immediately a lad with the face of a bully made a dash for them, leaving a crowd flying a kite. Then he halted, observing the Wood boy's companion.

"See here," spoke the young lawyer, "have you or your crowd seen anything of a letter around here? One was lost. I'll give five dollars to whoever finds it."

"You will!" cried Billy Norton, excitedly. "Say, mister, was it a flat little envelope? Smelled of musk?"

"I don't know. I shouldn't wonder," said Clyde vaguely.

"I just found one," explained Billy. We were looking for a piece of paper to make a 'messenger' of, so send up on the kite. See, there it goes whizzing up the string."

It had been several years since Clyde had sailed a kite. He knew what a "messenger" was, though, all right. Many a card had he punctured, run the string through it and watched it gyrate like a top up hundreds of yards of string.

Billy gaped at the young man as he made a dash for the group nearby. Clyde seized the string to pull in the kite. It dived.

"Mister, mister, it'll break loose if you do that!" shouted half a dozen voices.

Twang! With a snap the frail cable parted.

"Broke loose! Whoop! after it!" arose tumultuous voices. Dashing away, the young lawyer cut a strange figure leading a mob of flying boys.

Twice he stumbled, once falling. People stared at him as he tore across the road. The kite made a final dive and landed on the roof of an old ruin of a barn.

A woman at the door of a house near by screamed hysterically as Clyde seized a ladder at the doorstep. Her husband came running out with a gun. Heedless of everything save that precious letter, Clyde placed the ladder against the eaves of the barn. Their rotted ends broke away like punk, but he ran up the ladder, crept across the mouldering shingles and reached the kite.

"Got it—at last!" he gasped joyfully, as he tore the coveted "messenger" from the string—"the mischief!"

Under his weight the flimsy roof bent in like a piece of rubber. His clothes caught on a score of nails. Rip-snip-tear! Clyde rolled a foot, a cloud of dust covering him. A big spike ripped one sleeve from end to end. Clyde dropped to the ground.

He was a doleful sight—smudged, perspiring, in tatters—but he laughed, gaily, exultantly—he had the letter!

"Why, Mr. Bissell!" exclaimed a surprised voice as he came out on the road—that of Viola herself, hailing the automobile she drove and stared, startled but amused. "What has happened?"

"This!" replied the young lawyer, promptly, desperately—a lost letter.

"Oh, dear!" and Viola flushed all over her fair face. "I—that is—shall I not take you home?"

She made room for him. But the shy miss did not start the machine villageward. She took the quiet, beautiful brookside road, canopied over with arching trees, and lined with radiant flowers, and lined with birds all about them. The auto went slower and slower and stopped in a lovely nest of greenery.

Viola regarded her prince in tatters archly as he told his story. A smile—she could not help it—mingled with the love-light in her gentle eyes.

"Shall I open the letter?" inquired Clyde.

"But it is too late to come now, as I asked you," she said, dropping her glance.

"Oh, then you asked me to come!" cried her lover, in a tone like a cheer. "It was to tell you something. Shall I tell it now, here—how much I love you?"

He took silence for assent—such sweet, modest, inviting silence, indeed! and the birds sang on, and the flowers appeared to nod blessings towards them, and all the good, happy world seemed young.

Watches, Printing Outfits, Cameras, Footballs, Fountain Pens, etc., etc., for selling 25 of our Beautiful Art Pictures, size 16x20 at 20c. each. Write for some today. Address GOLD MEDAL ART CO., P.O. Box 63, St. John's.

WE SHOULD WORRY!  
Hardly, but advertisers should worry, and that's a sure thing. Almost every newsboy in town sells *The Mail and Advocate*, as well as a large number of shop agents, in different sections of the city and outports.

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

North Sydney, Sept. 1.—The steamer *Bonaventure* which arrived from Hudson Bay on Saturday with ninety-four men who have been employed there during the past year, sailed yesterday afternoon for Halifax.

F. A. MEWS,  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR and NOTARY.  
ADDRESS: Law Chambers Building, Duckworth Street, St. John's, N.F.  
(Offices opposite Crossbie Hotel.)

Mr. Herbert W. Stirling, L.L.C.M., resumes lessons in Organ, Piano, Singing, Harmony, etc., on Monday, September 7th. STUDIO: 29 Victoria Street.

FRENCHMAN CROWN GERMAN WITH SAUCEPAN

When he Got Abusive and Insulting After Being Captured  
SPLENDID WORK OF THE TURCOS  
Who Charged the Kaiser's Troops, Using the Cold Steel on Them

Paris, Sept. 1.—To the *Matin's* correspondent at Charters, France, a colonial infantryman, wounded at Charleroi, related his experiences in the battle.

"We marched with our African comrades against the Prussian guardsmen," he said. "We advanced in bounds amidst the humming bullets, using every bit of cover we could. We felt intoxicated with the joy of battle. I could not say how long the action lasted. All I remember is that we fired our last shot within fifty yards of the enemy. Then it was the pitiless thrust of cold steel. It would have given us the victory for, however, intrepid and steady are the troops we fight against, there are no soldiers in the world able to resist the Turcos' bayonet charge."

"My regiment's efforts at last were broken by quick firers skillfully hidden in the ruins of an old factory. We were obliged to fall back and we suffered heavily, but we have the consolation of saying that we made enough gaps in the Kaiser's crack regiments."

All the wounded at Charleroi agree that while the German rifle shooting was poor they used the quick firers with great intelligence. Quick firers, however, are easily unmasked and the French 75 millimetre gun puts them out of action after they are located.

One of the Turcos had the good fortune to capture single handed a German captain. He had carefully disarmed him and was conducted him with pardonable pride to the rear, where the officer in a violent rage cursed the Turco. The African made him carry his knapsack and all of his equipment and, sticking a saucepan on his head, he thus led his insult through the lines amidst roars of laughter.

ARMAGEDDON

"Armageddon" has passed into our language by a curious process as the classic name for the catastrophic world-war. The proverb dates from the time long gone by, when people studied the Apocalypse with imaginative minuteness.

Few people read the Book of Revelations nowadays, and if one goes back to it as a stranger one is disappointed, perhaps, to find that there is no lurid description of the great battle of Armageddon.

All that one reads is: "And He gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon." The verse comes in the middle of the description of the pouring out of the vials of the wrath of God.

It is only by inference that one gathers that Armageddon is the field of the last battle of the forces of good and evil.

NINETY MEN FROM THE NORTH

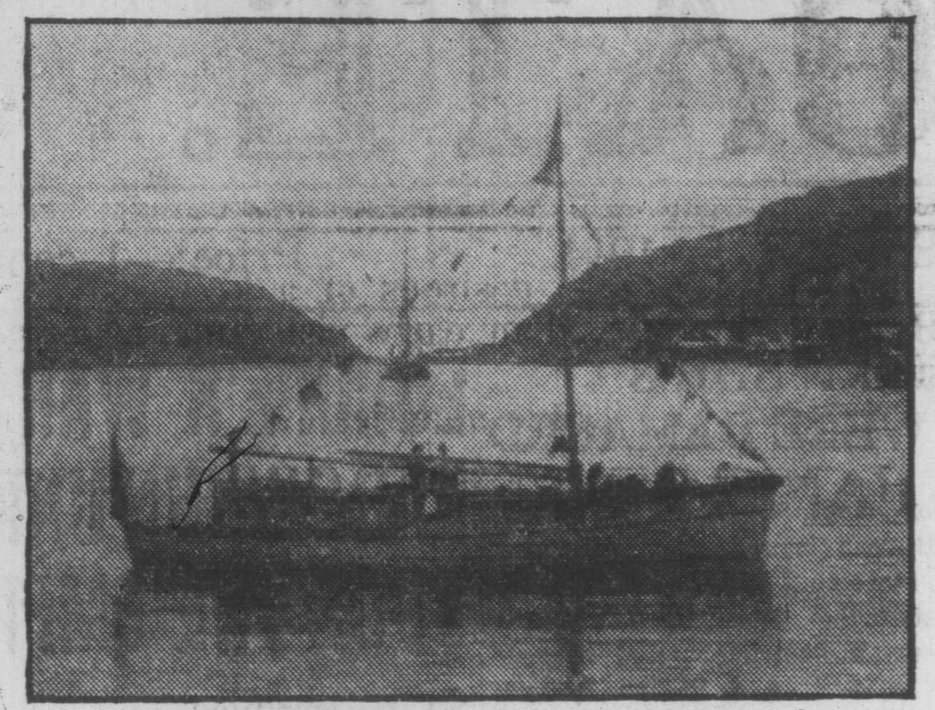
Return to North Sydney by the *Bellaventure* and Give Boost to Trade

North Sydney, Sept. 1.—The steamer *Bonaventure* which arrived from Hudson Bay on Saturday with ninety-four men who have been employed there during the past year, sailed yesterday afternoon for Halifax.

Many of the men who came up among whom were about half a dozen belonging to North Sydney, had government cheques for their year's wages, and for about an hour before closing there was a big rush at the Royal Bank, where about \$10,000 was paid out.

The business men profited by the arrival of the steamer and a number reported the best Saturday's trade since Christmas.

SEE IT RISING!  
What? Why? *The Mail and Advocate* circulation, that's what. Second to none just at present. Bear this fact in mind when advertising!



MOTOR BOAT F.P.U.  
For Sale!  
Motor Boat  
F.P.U.

Built for R. H. Silver, Esq., at their premises, Greenspond, in 1912. Used by President Coaker the last two summers during his cruises North.  
Boat is fitted with a 27 h.p. Fraser Engine, which has given splendid satisfaction. The boat is 40 feet long and 9 feet wide, and would make an ideal mission boat.  
She contains sleeping accommodation for four, and tanks for 250 gallons of fuel. Nineteen-tenths of the fuel consumed by the engine is Kero oil.  
The reason for selling is, the boat is not large enough for the purpose she is now used for. The boat cost about \$1800, and is well fitted in every respect. She is provided with sails. She would make a fine boat for collecting bait or for fishery uses. Apply to  
W. F. Coaker.

Headquarters  
—FOR—  
Motor Boat Supplies  
In Stock, a full supply of  
Batteries, Spark Plugs, Spark Coils, Magnetos, Trouble Lights, Propellers, ETC., ETC.  
Lowest Prices  
—ON—  
Gasoline, Kerosene  
—AND—  
Lubricating Oils.

AGENTS for  
New FERRO Kerosene Engines,  
The Standard of the World.  
DISTRIBUTORS for  
Imperial Oil Co., Limited, Canada.  
OUR Stock is Complete—Prices Right.  
INSPECTION INVITED.  
A. H. Murray  
Bowring's Cove.

Advertise in The Mail and Advocate



To The People of Newfoundland:

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:  
The Mother Country has been compelled to go to war to preserve, among other things, the rights and liberties which we all enjoy as citizens of the Empire.  
Newfoundland, in common with the other Oversea Dominions, has pledged itself to assist the Mother Country with material help in the present extremity.  
This is to take the form of an increase of the Naval Reserve from Six Hundred to One Thousand men and the raising of a Regiment of Five Hundred men for land service abroad, and the Colony has further undertaken to assume the full cost of this contingent of Five Hundred men during the course of the war.  
It is our duty and privilege, as loyal and patriotic citizens of the Empire, to voluntarily assist in supporting this movement, and to raise a fund for that purpose. This Patriotic Fund will be applied primarily in making provision for the dependent relatives of those who undertake to fight the battles of the country and the Empire by land and sea and afterwards to such other objects connected therewith as may be deemed desirable.  
The need is great and in the confident expectation that this appeal will evoke a prompt and generous response, we respectfully but strongly urge all who can, to give as liberally as possible towards this most deserving object.  
The undersigned, on behalf of the Patriotic Committee appointed to undertake the organization and despatch of this regiment, appeal for subscriptions toward this Fund. Contributions may be sent to the nearest magistrate, to the branches of any of the Banks doing business in the Colony, or to the Treasurer, J. S. MUNN, ESQ., and they will be gratefully acknowledged.  
W. E. DAVIDSON, Governor.  
E. P. MORRIS, Prime Minister.  
J. M. KENT, Leader of the Opposition.  
E. R. BOWRING, Chairman Finance Com.

ASPHALT FELT  
We have just received a shipment of  
1000 Rolls No. 3  
Asphalt Felt  
OUR PRICES WILL SUIT YOU.  
WHOLESALE ONLY.  
BIRD & SON, Hamilton, Manufacturers  
The Direct Agencies, Ltd.  
SOLE AGENTS.

Wall Paper and Bordering  
Arrived ex S.S. Sardinian:  
2029 Bundles, 75,000 Rolls  
Wall Paper!  
Specially selected for the Newfoundland trade.  
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE  
ROBINSON EXPORT Co.