

CORSETS!

All the Best Qualities. All the Best Styles.

How important to every lady's looks and health is the great question of "What Corset shall I wear?" Answer this question rightly and you have comfort and beauty; answer it wrongly and you have a ruined figure and broken health. This is why our motto in Corsets is

"THE BEST ONLY."

Our stock is as complete as it can be with every fashion and make that will give satisfaction and wear to the user. All those kind which do not meet these requirements are banished forever from our store.

- A good-fitting Corset, made of Strong Jean, at 50c. A splendid fitting Corset, warranted not to break or roll up at the sides, for 85c. An extra long-waisted Corset at 75c. Extra qualities in glove-fitting Corsets at \$1 and \$1.25.

DOWLING BROS.,

95 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Jessie Penniefeather's Diplomacy.

By Mrs. Henry E. Dennes.

CHAPTER II.

Jessie Penniefeather let the newspaper fall in a crumple on the lap of her cool cotton dress and stared blankly across the room at the professor's bald head, which happened to be in a straight line with her startled eyes. Professor Penniefeather was at work, as usual, on his projected Life of Silas Bubb.

Bubb, novelist, dramatist, poet, traveler, and all-round talented individual, was the professor's hobby. Bubb had been a celebrity in his time among a certain cultured "set." But as his time had been full thirty years before the opening of our story, those who once knew him might be forgiven for having nearly forgotten him, and those who had never known him, perhaps hardly heard of him, might be forgiven for regarding his name as a name of the past.

But it would never be written now, or at least published, thought Jessie sorrowfully, with a sidelong glance at the fatal newspaper paragraph. And then, with a quick realization of the misery that hateful newspaper might cause the poor professor, his daughter started it hastily under the cushion as the evening paper came.

Jessie Penniefeather was a very pretty girl. If gray eyes, good hair, and a skin fresh and rosy as a ripe peach are constituents of beauty, she was so pretty that she absolutely glittered in the dim setting of the paneled room. They lived in Bloomsbury; the professor had the museum, and she had her own room, which Bloomsbury is thickly studded, picking up rare "Bubbles" to add to his collection, and facts to enrich his biography.

In Bloomsbury, too, but in a glorified corner, Jessie filled the post of daily governess to the two little girls of Mrs. Abrahams.

Professor Penniefeather had an income which would have kept him and his daughter comfortably in a country cottage. As it was, they barely made both ends meet. Silas Bubb, poor man, was a great expense. Hardly a day but the professor brought home in his pockets—made specially deep for the purpose—books, prints or autograph letters, picked up, as if he were a collector, for a "mere song." This might mean anything, from five cents to ten or fifteen dollars. Jessie sometimes felt a disposition to sigh over these bargains. She had a mundane preference for a full larder in place of a room overflowing with books and MS.

But when the Life of Silas Bubb was published, the professor assured her that fame would come, and with it fortune. "The bibliography alone is enough to establish my reputation," he wound up, enthusiastically. "It has taken me years to compile."

And it had. When the Life of Silas Bubb came out, the dingy Bloomsbury rooms might find another tenant; Mrs. Abrahams' little girls another governess.

It was nearly done. "Another month's hard work," said Professor Penniefeather, that very afternoon, as he gulped his tea, one eye meanwhile on some stray sheets of his beloved MS., "and the book will be ready for the publishers. Let me read you the Alpine chapter, my dear. I've a high opinion of your critical faculty."

So he read, and his daughter listened, but she replied at random when questioned on certain trenchant points. The girl's gray eyes were glittering feverishly; there was a circular crimson spot burning on either cheek. When the postman gave a loud rattle she ran herself to the door. She was startled at the wild, unusual beat of her heart. It died "down into calmer thumps as she saw the letter-box only a bookseller's catalogue. That, at least, could not carry fatal intelligence to her father. But he tore the wrapper off eagerly, ran his eye through, and started to his feet impatient as a boy.

"Dawson's got the first edition of Miss Cranbourne," he almost shouted; only five dollars!" (Miss Cranbourne was a rare novel of Silas Bubb's.) "Excuse me, my dear; I must be off to the city at once and secure it."

He started up from his half-finished

tea. Jessie brought him his slouched hat and strong stick. Professor Penniefeather's spare and shabby figure was well-known in book haunts.

She kissed him rather lingeringly, and noticed with a pang how worn the dear face was. She knew how greatly he was excited at the prospect of completing the book on which he had lavished much time and labor. She knew, too, that with completion would come reaction. How would he bear the shock of utter failure? of that most bitter failure—being forgotten!

She watched him down the street through a blur of quick rising tears. She thought—probably only fond and foolish fancy—that he leaned more on his stick than usual. Then she turned from the window, dashed away her tears rather impatiently, pulled the paper from under the sofa cushion, and read the paragraph again.

"We learn with pleasure that Mr. Reginald Halsbury, the clever and rising young journalist, has a Life of Silas Bubb ready for the press. Considering the vast talents of Bubb, it is marvelous that he has not found a biographer before. In the able hands of Mr. Reginald Halsbury he will find one not only conscientious but brilliant. We await the publication of the book with interest."

Jessie, fiercely clenched her little hands, and set her even teeth. A bitter, bitter sense of rebellion rushed over her. For the moment, being but a woman—and a fond daughter—she felt impatient anger and hatred at the thought that the man who had written this successful biography should be so completely unknown to her.

"He cannot do it one-half so well as papa," she said to herself. "He has not half the facts—it is not to be expected." She looked across at the old-fashioned open bureau strewn with papers and bulky portfolios of notes. "He will omit the bibliography, or scamp it. He will write in a dashing superficial way. His book will be well reviewed—he is well known; he will be obscure—and this," she went across and touched, almost with reverence, the professor's nearly completed Life. "It will be burned or shelved. I know papa's pride too well. He will never consent, where Bubb is concerned, to be second in the field, nor to collaboration."

Jessie went back to her chair rather hopelessly. What could she do—a mere girl, a poor little governess—to circumvent this brilliant and all-powerful young man?

"Oh, how I wish," she said, sotto voce, and in desperation, "that we had never heard of Silas Bubb—both him! I really do not know which man I dislike most, him or his new biographer."

She poured herself out another cup of tea, and drank it with a vague sense of comfort. She had drifted back, in thought, to the country home she dimly remembered as a child, before her mother died or her father became bitten with bibliomania.

Then she sharply pulled herself back to contemplation of the present crisis. "There is one thing I can do. I will myself in Reginald Halsbury's mercy; tell him all."

She blushed vividly with excitement and nervousness. There was just a chance, she thought. He might be kind-hearted, generous, this successful young man. He might, when he heard the pitiful story of the dear, patient professor's probable shipwreck, consent to withdraw his book. Surely," said the girl, strong with love, "a book more or less so successful a writer will not matter very much."

She sat until the room grew gloomy, perfecting her plan. She would call next morning on Reginald Halsbury. She knew his address—a paper which had interviewed him told her that. Fortunately for her scheme, it was August holiday time. Her pupils were with their mother Westgate. She would be able to start quite early, directly breakfast was over, and her father settled, all unsuspecting, at his biography.

It would be an ordeal. It all depended on the young man. He might be brutal and laugh in her face, with sheer contempt of her bold entreaty. He might be sarcastic, which would be harder to bear. He might absolutely refuse to listen to or even see her. Jessie's up-bringing as a young woman had been so unconventional that any idea of over-boldness never occurred to her.

It was all settled—even to which of her scanty store of frocks she would wear—before the professor came in, radiant, with Miss Cranbourne weight-

ing down his pocket.

CHAPTER II.

It was into a little room at the top of a small house in the southern part of the city that Jessie was ushered. Reginald Halsbury turned quickly round from the desk, and advanced almost nervously to meet her.

She decided, with relief, that he was not at all formidable, and she wondered, with a sore heart, if those sheets scattered over the desk were Bubb's. Reginald Halsbury, indeed, seemed disposed to be timid of her. He was a retiring, reticent young author, very plain, and very ill at ease in the presence of a pretty woman. And poor Jessie looked very pretty. She had that morning been not absolutely innocent of coquetry. She knew enough of human nature to feel sure that she had more chance of softening Mr. Halsbury's best gray cashmere and hat than when wearing the demure, if rather dowdy, black hat and jacket which was her governess' livery.

"Halsbury" only stammered confusedly at this dainty vision of girlhood. He apologized, with diffidence, for receiving her in his work-room, and asked, perhaps with a slightly eager glance at his deserted MS., what he could do for her.

She looked up in his face. Those were kind gray eyes of his behind those spectacles, and the mouth under his straggling sandy mustache was tender, being, along, she had rehearsed the pretty pleading speeches she had meant to make, the conversational artifices by which Mr. Halsbury might be turned from monopolizing Bubb and discomfiting Penniefeather.

In his presence she forgot them all, and only said, sitting in the chair he had placed opposite to his own, and resting her nervous clasped hands on the desk: "I came to ask you please—not to publish the Life of Silas Bubb."

The rising author stared; hot blood surged up his face to his hair-corns, as he turned, puzzled eyes on the fair quivering face, crimson too, so near his own.

"But I—do—do not un-d-e-r-stand," he stuttered, greatly excited, and losing fluency in consequence. "What is the biography has to do with you?"

"Just everything," said Jessie simply, and tears welled up to the depths of her eyes. She winked them vigorously away, and begged to hear the notion that Reginald Halsbury had not seen them. My father has written a Life, too. He has devoted years to it. He has it nearly ready for publication. He has hopes, and ambitions, and set on it. Oh! it is so dear, so complete—he reads me bits. I am sure, she concluded earnestly, and with unconscious disparagement, at which young Halsbury quietly smiled, "it is a far better book than yours."

"I am sure it must be," he said heartily. "If as you say, your father has devoted years to it. I have only a few months. I have only one book to withdraw my book at the request of—"

He was going to say "a comparative stranger," but broke off abruptly. "If you would put me in communication with your father, we might make some joint and satisfactory arrangement—both our names on the title-page, you understand."

Jessie shook her head, not because she was too dense to grasp his meaning, but because she was too well acquainted with the professor to derive any comfort from the prospect of a double-barreled authorship.

"Papa would never consent," she murmured. "He is so proud, he is so proud of his work. Who was this young man—almost a boy—to ride roughshod over a father whom she idolized, and of whose talents she had the highest possible opinion?"

"If you think his consent unlikely," said Mr. Halsbury, perhaps a shade hesitatingly, "he can publish his Life separately, you know. Plenty of room for two."

Jessie felt keenly his curt change of tone. She rose from her chair with a touch of girlish dignity.

And yet excuse might have been made for Reginald Halsbury. Her request was unusual, to say the least, most kindly light. To ask a man to abandon a book to which he has devoted months is a little trying—to the man—even when a pretty girl pleads.

But he had made a generous suggestion. She had rejected it. She was absolutely ignorant of the enthusiasm of an author for his work—any author, that is, save Professor Penniefeather.

"Thank you very much for your kindness—your offer of collaboration," she said timidly, "and please forgive me this intrusion. I see now that I ought not to have come—that I have asked too much of you. I acted on impulse. When I saw the announcement of your coming book, I felt that no course could be too desperate to save papa's heart from breaking."

She had taken up her umbrella, pulled down the little spotted veil over her twitching lips. Reginald Halsbury rather deprecatingly held out his hand. It is not pleasant to be told you are on the high road to breaking a heart—even though it be a stranger's.

Jessie took the hand. He pressed it sympathetically. "I am sure," he said stammeringly, "some-thing could be done, arranged, if I had an interview with your father. You—pardon me—probably exaggerate his enthusiasm."

She shook her head again. "You are very good, but I do not over-estimate. Papa would rather fling his book into the fire than play-pardon me this time—second fiddle to any man. He is working hard at it now. Of course, he does not know that I am here. He does not even know that I am waiting for him. How can I even tell him? He simply lives for Bubb. I wish, with a momentary triump of emotion over diffidence, a little stamp on the floor, and a vicious

heard his name. "We had never lived or died. He was to have made the name of Penniefeather, and now—"

"Penniefeather" Young Halsbury's great, Jessie's hand became a grip. "Are you the daughter of Professor Penniefeather?"

"Yes"—a gleam of hope glowed on her face when she saw the change in his—"but I do not see what difference that makes."

"It makes all the difference," said Reginald Halsbury. "And you," with a sudden jerkiness and a keen glance in her wide eyes, "are Jessie?"

"I am Jessie," she returned, mystified; "but who are you?"

"Is it possible that you have clean forgotten Reggie Trimmer, your father's pupil when you lived in that dear little sleepy village of Hollow Fen?"

All his diffidence departed. Jessie scanning his pleasure-flushed face, certainly traced a strong resemblance to a big boy of fifteen, who, when she was ten, made her life by turns a torture and an ecstasy, and who had been the constant enemy of her army of governesses.

"But your name is Halsbury," she murmured.

Reggie threw back his sandy head and laughed joyously. Evidently he had recognized her. He had given him keen pleasure and great relief.

"That is explained very easily. When I adopted literature I changed my name. I fancied that as Trimmer I should never achieve success. I called myself Halsbury. It was a mistake. I did not know the present fashion—that the possession of a hideous name is a long step towards fame."

He had let go her hand, and was twisting his papers together before closing the desk.

"You will let me see you home," he pleaded; "let me pay a visit to the dear old professor. How completely you hid yourself from me, it was a mistake. I brought you here to live, and I was so anxious we should be friends. What made you live so secluded lives?"

"Put it all down to Silas Bubb," she said demurely.

Reggie sighed. "Poor Silas Bubb! I had grown quite fond of him."

"Surely you can be fond of him!" "I must be second in his affections. He smiled in her blue eyes.

Jessie gave a big sigh of great relief. Dear child! she knew the professor was saved.

"It is not likely," said Reginald Halsbury, as they went through the park on their way to Bloomsbury, "that I should be impertinent enough to compete with the professor."

He said it humbly. He had a hearty appreciation of his old tutor's high attainments.

"Your father first gave me a taste for literature. Any small success I have attained I owe greatly to his training."

"You are very good. You have made me very happy," she said gratefully; then with compunction, "It is a long while since I have spotted your morning's work."

"Not a bit too long for me. I enjoy this stroll through the park immensely. He sniffed at the flowers with keen appreciation.

"As to work," with a glib perversion of hard facts, "I was not quite in the mood for it this morning."

CHAPTER III.

Jessie came down the steps of Mrs. Abrahams' house rather despondently. The professor was putting the finishing touches on his book—a task in which he was ably and humbly seconded by Reginald Halsbury.

Reggie, as Jessie had slipped back into calling him, was now a daily visitor to the dingy Bloomsbury house, and Professor Penniefeather spoke with compliment and slight amazement of his erudition on the complicated Bubb subject. He did not know how near Reggie had forestalled him. That fatal newspaper paragraph Jessie had promptly popped into the kitchen fire.

"That afternoon—it was chill and wet—as she came up those broad steps, was rounding the corner of Keppel street. He saw the dejected little figure, mackintosh, too, descending the steps, and stopped.

"Jessie!"

"Oh, Reggie, how glad I am to meet you!" The voice was a little hysterical, the eyes behind the veil were slightly reddened.

"You've been crying," he said, with a flush and an indignant glance at the respectable "family residence" which formed the girl's background.

"Suppose I have," she returned lightly, as she crossed the street under the shelter of his umbrella, "you need not comment on it."

"Oh, nothing much, just the ordinary naughtiness of the children and fond interference of their mamma. It was the culmination made me cry. Mrs. Abrahams has been upset today; the dressmaker has spoiled a new dress and the cook broken a cheese-plate of the Derby dinner-service—and she gave me notice. The girls are going to boarding-school."

"The best plan for them," commented Reggie with rather savage stress, "is always to have the idea of your being under the thumb of any woman."

"I shall have," she said, with a tearful little laugh at his frowning face, "to look for another situation. Perhaps you know of one—of a woman whose thumb might press a little less."

"I do not—and if I did, I would not recommend you. You are too good, and sweet, and pretty."

"You are too complimentary. Even if I were all you say, it would not help me to get a better position. I would not help seriously, Reggie, help me if you can.

I must earn some money, or who will dress me and meet threesome little household exigencies?"

"But surely the professor has an income?" he said, feeling the first faint stir of rebellion against the dear old man, whose head was a trifle too much in the clouds.

"But he has a hobby," Jessie reminded him sweetly. "He does not know how fast the money goes. I will never forgive you, sir, if you tell hiral editions, since its publication, there has been an added run on Bubb books, and the professor's collection is, he declares, invaluable. When he dies—let us hope a long day hence—my father will bequeath it to me, and I will, proportionately grateful nation."

It was the happiest moment of Jessie's life, not excepting that momentous moment under the umbrella, when the professor came up from his study into the fire-room, where she and Reggie sat, with his work, in all the story of three volumes, in his hand.

"I pleased the dear old scholar, in the fullness of his laboriously won triumph, to thank Reggie with dignified grateful patronage, for the help he had given, the valuable matter with which he had enabled his author to swell the biography."

That young man swallowed his flattery very modestly.

To Jessie were accorded no special prizes. The professor had been so kind in his knowledge of the heroic part she had played.

And if his daughter had ever felt compunction for the first and last letter which she had written to her father, these qualms died down as she kissed his lined face, and saw a glow, almost of youth, but born of success, in his kind eyes.

ORCHARDS ON CHEAP GROUND.

What to do with the land that will not bring more than from \$5 to \$10 per acre has been a problem with many farmers, for generally such land is almost worthless for most crops. Located upon hillside, or in exposed places where the soil is poor, there seems to be no use or demand for it. But in the last quarter of a century a great deal of this land in the northern belt of states has been turned into apple orchards, which have been paying from \$15 to \$25 per acre annually, a profit that would be considered satisfactory by any farmer. The orchards have been well taken care of, and have demonstrated what can be done. Instead of allowing the land to remain idle the owners planted the orchards of trees on it, and then carefully cultivated them. Today the land is worth considerably more than at the beginning.

The trees on poor soil need more training than those on rich. Enrich earth around the trees, and they will get established. Barnyard manure is undoubtedly the best for this and where it is abundant do not be deceived into buying any prepared mixture. Allow poultry, sheep and swine to utilize the orchards by roaming at large in them. They open the soil, let in the air and sunlight, fertilize the trees, and destroy the insects. By turning the orchards into poultry ranges you will add quite a little to the income from the egg and fresh chickens supplied for the table or market.

Trim the young tree. The best authorities say that only the pocket-knife should be used for training and pruning apple trees. This is only another way of saying that the pruning should be done early, before the branches have attained any great growth. Discover whether the limbs need to be cut off before they have reached the size of the arm. Prune the young trees so that they will form an even "tree," giving the heaviest amount of shade on the south side, to shield from the hot sun. Use a colored glass with a magnifying power to discover the insects on the limbs in broad daylight, and then chip off the twigs with the eggs or nests on them to burn.—Germantown, Pa., Telegraph.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

The Krupp gun works claims to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Cholera, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all loosened the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 50c.

A NEW MAILING ENVELOPE. The proper enclosure, insuring the safe transmission of all letters, is now to be had only at J. H. Connelley's Modern Studio, 75 Charlotte street, over Warlock's.

THE RIFLEMEN.

Kings County Wins the Elder Cup With the St. John Team Second.

Col. Sergt. Henderson and Corp. Sullivan Win First and Second Places in the Grand Aggregate.

(See page three for additional news.)

Sussex, Aug. 23.—The weather this morning was all that could be desired for good shooting. Firing for the Elder challenge cup and 38, open to teams from each county association affiliating with the P. R. A., commenced at 8.30. The highest score in the winning team holds the cup for the year. The team from Kings county won the first prize, cup and \$40. The score was:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Capt. Kinbarth... 53, Sgt. Langstroth... 39, Lt. Langstroth... 39, Sgt. Campbell... 39, Capt. Langstroth... 31, Pte. Langstroth... 28, Pte. Skinner... 21.

Total... 366. St. John county team won the second prize.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Col. Sgt. Henderson... 53, Capt. Smith... 44, Corp. Sullivan... 30, Capt. Langstroth... 30, Pte. Manning... 28, Major Hunter... 28, Sgt. Stevenson... 28.

Total... 670. Charlotte county team took third prize, \$20.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Color Sgt. Henderson... 44, Corp. Sullivan... 44, Sgt. Manning... 43, Capt. Langstroth... 43, Capt. Smith... 43, Sgt. Loggie... 41, Capt. Kinbarth... 40, Capt. Hart... 39, Sgt. Henderson... 37, Major Hunter... 37, Sgt. Stevenson... 37, Sgt. Langstroth... 37, Lt. Pickard... 37, Sgt. Wetmore... 33, Mr. Hunter... 29.

Total... 1055. York county team won fourth place.

In the match between the first twenty of the grand aggregate for the governor general's medals, Sergt. Henderson and Corp. Sullivan tied for first place. The former won the final, Capt. Smith and Sergt. Langstroth tied for third place. The former won. Following is the result:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Color Sgt. Henderson... 44, Corp. Sullivan... 44, Sgt. Manning... 43, Capt. Langstroth... 43, Capt. Smith... 43, Sgt. Loggie... 41, Capt. Kinbarth... 40, Capt. Hart... 39, Sgt. Henderson... 37, Major Hunter... 37, Sgt. Stevenson... 37, Sgt. Langstroth... 37, Lt. Pickard... 37, Sgt. Wetmore... 33, Mr. Hunter... 29.

The prizes were presented this afternoon, and nearly all the marksmen left for home by tonight's train. Col. Duvall, on behalf of the Montreal Reserve Life association, has offered a cup for competition, the conditions to be decided by the committee.

FREDERICTON.

The Fishing Officers Very Angry Over Loss of Nets They Had Captured.

Fredericton, Aug. 23.—Deputy Fishery Wardens Perley and Nason had an experience up river the other day. They had come down river past Canterbury, Prince William and Queensbury in the afternoon, and found a number of salmon nets trespassing in these waters. The nets were taken up and stored in the care of the deputies, with a view to their destruction at a convenient season. At Burgeois' ferry night overtook the river guardians, and they beached their canoes and partook of the hospitalities of the Elmwood hotel for the night. The acts of the two men all along the river had been closely watched by the net owners, but no sign of this surveillance had been given to Messrs. Perley and Nason did not dream that their trophies would be disturbed during the night. The next morning, however, when they went to the river to resume their journey, they found every captured net gone and their canoe bottoms punched full of pike holes. Their anger is said to have been great, and, somewhat crestfallen, they returned to their river home in Sunbury. In the meantime the nets are not, so it is said, resting for want of use.

P. E. ISLAND CROPS.

The crops on Prince Edward Island will be good. This is what a St. John man says who has been spending a few weeks over there. The insect, he says, did not touch the early oats, and its effect upon the late oats will not cause the crop to be short. Hay is over. The crop is ahead of last year. There is an abundance for all. The potato crop will be large, although the bug came out in force early in the season. But the farmers fought him hard with their hoes, and the bug was compelled to give ground. Other root crops are large.

The island farmers are taking a greater interest in dairying this year than ever before. For many years they have depended almost solely upon their grain and horses, and with a few exceptions paid little attention to their cows. But they have been led to take a broader look at this matter and now they are greatly enthusiastic over cheese and butter factories. Their factories have done well this summer. Lord Aberdeen's visit will have a great influence for good on the island.

New York Weekly: Husband—I really think you might have that ball dress made a little bit higher in the neck—to say nothing of the back.

Wife—I'll have it changed if you wish, but this stuff costs \$10 a yard.

Husband—Um—well, never mind.

(Cincinnati Tribune) There was once a Kain-tucky colonel, Drank whiskey he swore was infolone, But he said with a sigh, In the sweet Bourb and Rye, I'll be sure to have whiskey suppone.

Hogs carry straw in their mouths on the approach of bad weather because of a hereditary instinct. Wild hogs always make a comfortable bed when rain is coming on.