

Finding Out

By MELVILLE TRAFONT

"It's young Ned who is troubling my mind," spoke Abner Mills, with something of an anxious sigh.

"Oh, 'dear?'" rejoined Moses Parr, crony and familiar of half a century standing. "What's he up to, Abner?"

"He's in love," enlightened the other. "You know what marriage means—misery, if there's a mismatching."

"Why should there be that?" prodded Ned Moses. "You and I have each a son and our lives have just about centered about them since we became lonely old widowers. Well, when my lad got moonstruck two years ago I just let him have his swing. But I watched and looked up the girl—oh, you bet I did! I hired an investigator and he made me a report. All through one month. There wasn't much that I didn't know about Mina Blake and her forerunners. Bless her dear heart! It was almost cruel to think of looking her up, as if she was some common criminal, but I wanted to be sure everything was all right."

"H'm! you give me an idea," muttered old Abner, "only I'll be my own detective. Here's the facts: Ned was away for two months with a chum who lives down country. While there it seems he met a Miss Eva Dodson vacationing with an old aunt. From what I gather the girl is poor, modest, respectable. Ned hasn't said a word about it, but I ran across a letter he had written and it revealed the whole layout. I see what's coming—engagement, marriage. I shan't try to hinder it, if they are likely to be happy, but I'm bound to be dead, certain about just that."

So, unconscious of the fact that the cherished secret of his soul had been discovered, Ned Mills went on loving Eva Dodson and writing to her. She was surely his ideal! She wore no engagement ring, for she had insisted that Ned inform his family of his decision and try the test of a two months' separation. But Ned had procrastinated the making of a confidant of his father, for he knew his ways, and that his approval of the prospective match might be a slow-moving operation.

"I am going to spend a few days on business in the city, Ned," spoke his father one day. "You look after things around the store till I come back, will you?"

"Sure enough and glad enough," acquiesced Ned in his usual hearty, accommodating way. Ned Mills departed, proceeded, indeed, to the city, but began a mysterious series of actions which, had the same been followed by a stranger, would have puzzled and startled him. Always precise and careful as to his attire, Mr. Mills spent an hour in the shop of a second-hand clothing man. When he emerged there was little left of the prosperous, well-dressed merchant. A faultless suit had been exchanged for one coarse of fabric, shabby and threadbare.

It was to Ferndale that Mr. Mills proceeded, and that was the place he had learned Miss Dodson was living temporarily. When he located the home of her aunt, old Abner approached it in a labored, limping way that at once excited the sympathy of the loveliest young lady that he had ever met. She came to the kitchen door attired in a neat enveloping apron, beflowered to the elbows, as dainty and fresh looking as the pies and cookies she had just made.

The sad tale of the aged archer, posing as an indigent wanderer, won him a meal, then work, which he did manfully. All he was after was to have an opportunity to study a possible prospective daughter-in-law. Fortune favored him. He was given a room over the kitchen, he was engaged to do odd jobs about the place. He found Eva the idol of all the little ones in the neighborhood, and dutiful to her aged aunt, in fact a model girl in every way. He wrote in his memorandum book the sentiment one day: "Eva Dodson is poor and humble, but she is well worthy my son, and I shall tell Ned so!"

That memorandum book the old man lost one day, and it was returned to him by Eva. Then upon another day he was confronted by a startler. He was just outside the kitchen when the aunt entered bearing a small metal box.

"Eva," she spoke, "how careless you are, leaving all this money and bonds on your bureau. Is it the \$10,000 the lawyer brought you?"

"Yes, aunty," responded Eva, "I suppose I had better send them to the bank for safe keeping," and Abner Mills pricked up his ears mightily at this extraordinary revelation. The following morning he announced to his kind-hearted hostess that he must be on his way. Eva accompanied him to the gate.

"Good-by, Mr. Mills," she spoke, a gleam of mingled merriment and mischief in her eyes.

"Oh, how's that?" exclaimed the astonished Abner. "You knew all along?"

"No, Mr. Mills, not until the day you lost your memorandum book, and I ask forgiveness for my stray glance at it, and will you please tell Ned that his humble country girl has become a real heiress?"

"You have turned the tables on me pretty cleverly," admitted Abner Mills, "and if you are willing to take an old tramp for a father-in-law, I am most agreeable to the relationship."

TOO MUCH COLOR

"Your narrative is too highly colored," remarked the editor, returning the bulky manuscript.

"In what way?" inquired the disappointed author.

"Why," replied the editor, "in the very first chapter you make the old man turn purple with rage, the villain turn green with envy, the hero turn white with anger, the heroine turn red with confusion, and the coachman turn blue with the cold."—London Tit-Bits

Still Hopeful

"My boy," said Mr. Grabcom, "going to pay your poker debts, but this is positively the last time."

"Thank you, dad. Something tells me I won't have to trouble you that way any more."

"Good! Then you are going to quit gambling?"

"Well, not exactly, dad. I have a hunch that my luck is going to change."

Plainly a Personage

"I don't know who that solemn guy over there is, but I'll bet he's some body important," whispered Heloise of the rapid-fire restaurant.

"What makes you think so?" returned Claudine of the same establishment. "He never says anything about it, does he?"

"No; but, my gosh, he can actually look dignified while eating spaghetti!"



ONWARD AND UPWARDES

"What has become of the man who used to rock the boat?"

"He has progressed with the times. He is not satisfied now unless he is teetering on the equilibrium of an aeroplane."

Eating or Sleeping

A man is often like a horse. We've heard some people say: But surely both are happy when it's time to hit the hay.

Considerateness Considered

"Have I not been a considerate wife?" she asked, reproachfully.

"Considerate!" he exclaimed bitterly. "In what way?"

"Has there ever been a night when you were out late that I haven't left the light burning for you?"

"And you call that being considerate? You have—but who pays the bills?"

Class Association

"The prima donna has decided to divorce her latest husband."

"On what grounds?"

"She says he insists on sitting in the same box every night when she sings. As a result they have been thrown together so much that he has gotten on her nerves."

Painful Topic

"I'm afraid Miss Sereleaf did not enjoy the party."

"Indeed?"

"An old friend of hers was among the guests, a lady who has three grown children. She kept referring to the time when she and Miss Sereleaf were girls together."

Flying High

"You know we promised a golden apple to the most beautiful girl at the ball."

"Indeed?"

"An old friend of hers was among the guests, a lady who has three grown children. She kept referring to the time when she and Miss Sereleaf were girls together."

"Well?"

"The jeweler hasn't finished it. What shall we do?"

"What do we care for expense? Award her a real apple."

Its Style

"Somebody says a baby in the house is a wellspring of joy."

"Don't you believe it. From the amusement standpoint, a baby in the house is a screaming farce."

Wanted to Know

"Excellent floor this," said the chimney dancer.

"Then why dance on my feet?" asked his monkey.



A VERY PARENTS' HELP

"It's when a man is in trouble that he realizes the value of a wife."

"Sure! He can put all his property in her name."

Something Cheap

The price of everything's so dear—It makes one almost weep.

But one thing still remains the same—That's talk about a weep!

Playing to a Crowd

"Two is company, three is a crowd."

"I like that adage," chuckled Yerk Ham. "It has frequently made me feel better when estimating the size of an audience out front."

Unprepared

"Weren't you taken by surprise when he proposed to you, dear?"

"Goodness, yes. Why, I hadn't even looked up his financial standing."

PRODIGES PROVE A PUZZLE

Psychological Experts Unable to Account for Their Amazing Progress in England.

Infant prodigies are being discovered in England almost daily. Some connect this with the psychology of war. One of the youthful marvels is Pamela Bianco, a thirteen-year-old girl artist, whose drawings were given the place of honor in an exhibition at one of the principal London galleries.

Critics dealt with them quite seriously and said that the work was no copy of Botticelli and some of the other old masters. Pamela is an Italian girl who was born in England and never had taken any drawing lessons.

Ronnie Routledge, four, little more than a baby, whose parents know nothing of music, has enjoyed six months of tuition on the violin. At the Grimsby College of Violinists recently he outscored 43 competitors, most of them in the twenties, and scored 115 points in a possible 120. Professor Dutton describes him as a miracle.

Little Robbie Day, aged seven, of Brighton, son of a motor mechanic, has wonderful powers of calculation, according to the Weekly Dispatch. Mischievous, he described a number of articles. These included a treasury note (giving its color, numbers and writing on the back), the color and texture of a piece of fabric he had never seen, the correct answer to a complicated sum in mental arithmetic and figures written down at random.

After five minutes' rest he complained of feeling icy cold. "I just saw little pictures and I just say them," is Robbie's explanation.

AMERICANS WILL BE THERE

Opportunities Offered in Abyssinia Are by No Means Likely to Be Long Overlooked.

After his visit to the United States one of the Abyssinian rulers admitted that he knew now why there were so many Americans in Abyssinia. As he had seen him at home, the American, so the stranger from Abyssinia declared, is not given to slow and tedious reasoning. He wants to get about quickly, and Abyssinia, with nothing faster than a pack mule, offers no inducements of rapid transportation. "That, it seems," said the Abyssinian, "is why the American men out of our country. It is too bad. We need better roads, and we need men like yours to direct the building of them."

Commercially and industrially, however, the truth probably is that Abyssinia has not been "discovered," and when that happens the American man will come and build his own rapid transportation.

The more statements of this kind, added to the fact that a city of some 50,000 inhabitants and no railway connection with the outside world is a temptation—Christian Science Monitor.

Birds Have Right of Way

Fowl have the right of way in air, warns the director of military aeronautics. This is justice indeed, since birds flew first.

But this is not all. Recently many towns along the Atlantic coast have been visited with food bird showers. Visitors flying by a town would see a flock of wild fowl coming their way. They would set their machine guns and let the bullets fly.

Presently a prominent citizen walking toward town would be hit with a large, heavy bird. He complained to the town, and the town complained to the department of agriculture. Then the federal migratory bird law between the United States and Great Britain was referred to, and it was found that shooting birds from airplanes is unlawful.

The Wrong Man

When I was an eighteen-year-old girl I was hanging home in my mother's absence and received word from an old friend of the family, of whom I was very fond, that he was to be gone for a day or two. I was very glad when he came back, and I told him that I was very glad to see him.

I rushed into the room which was half dark, some minutes later and found my arms around the gentleman who rose to greet me and kissed him heartily only to hear a strange voice say, "I called to see if I could interest you in a wonderful set of books I am showing today."

I backed to the light and turned it on to view a perfect stranger—a book agent. But Mr. Blank's timely arrival just then saved a hint of my embarrassing situation. —Chicago Tribune.

Triple Time Electric Bell

Three separate and distinct sounds are given by an electric bell which operates on ordinary lighting current by means of a transformer. In the head the bell can be connected with push buttons installed at three different doors—front, kitchen and side, for example. When one button is pressed a clear ring results, when the second is operated a buzz is produced, and when the third button is pushed a combination hum and ring results. In the office or shop this bell will prove most useful, since it can be used to call these different persons without necessitating them to count the number of rings, as must often be done when the customary signaling is employed. This bell has no contact points to burn out and no batteries to replace.

Battery Recharging

WE have facilities that enable us to properly recharge and care for every Automobile Battery in Carleton and Victoria. Send us yours and be assured that they will get scientific care.

RED BALL GARAGE

G. F. SEELEY, Manager

HARTLAND and AROOSTOOK JOT.

NOTICE

Arrangements have been made for the painting and storage of automobiles. People wishing to have their automobiles painted or stored are advised to act at once.

W. J. CARR

Basement of Hartland Clothing Co. and Home Address.

ANDOVER NEWS

H. F. Stewart was a business visitor at Grand Falls during the past week.

Sheriff Tibbitts was a business visitor on the Tobique last Thursday.

Bernard McKinnon spent the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nell McKinnon.

Henry Baird, who has been enjoying a month's visit with friends in Digby, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Donaldson of Port Fairbairn was a recent visitor at the home of Mrs. Justice Wright.

Miss Stella Grant spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. John Grant of Kibara. Miss Grant has a fine position as stenographer in one of the up-to-date law offices in Presque Isle and leaves Monday to resume her duties at that place.

Mrs. A. E. Kopyke continues about the same. Miss Ingeborg of Woodstock is assisting Miss Day in caring for her.

Mrs. W. H. Bates very pleasantly entertained the ladies of the Presbyterian Sewing Circle last Friday evening.

Edward Rogers spent Sunday at his home in Andover.

Mrs. S. F. Waite is receiving a warm welcome home after a three months' visit with friends in American cities.

H. Tatlock of Plaster Rock was in town Saturday.

The Women's Institute will have a dinner and supper in the Masonic Hall next Wednesday.

F. M. Howard was at Plaster Rock and Summit Stirling the latter part of the week.

Barton Kelly of Woodstock was in the two villages during the week.

Miss Janet Curry is visiting friends in St. Stephen.

A quiet though pretty wedding took place in Trinity church Tuesday, Nov. 22, at noon, when Gordon Allen Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Moore of St. John and Miss Mary Cecelia O'Brien, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Brien of Morrell, Kings Co., P. E. I., became husband and wife. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. R. Byles. Nuptial Communion was observed. The bride looked very pretty in a suit of blue with hat to match and white fur. The young couple was accompanied by Miss Lela Craig and John McQuinn. They left by afternoon train for St. John where they will make their home. The best wishes of all go with them for their future happiness.

Rev. J. R. Byles spent last week in Halifax and St. John returning home Friday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Byles and little daughter Elizabeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Pringle Kelly are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy left at their home November 20.

Miss Jennie McQuinn was in town recently.

Many friends regret to hear that Mrs. Wesley Baird of Bairdville is ill.

SYDNEY Basic Slag

We have some on hand now. It is a good time to give your new-seeded land a coat.

CLYDE E. RIDEOUT

Hartland, N. B.

TRADE WITH

George A. Clark STICKNEY

and take full advantage of the present decline of household commodities.

All Groceries in accordance

Our range and price of Men's, Women's and Children's Winter Wear will satisfy and please all.

Highest prices paid for Butter and Eggs in cash or trade. Call and give us a trial.



The Biggest sale on the St. John is now held at

KOVEN'S STORE, PERTH

Thousands of dollars worth of goods, consisting of

Clothing, Furnishings, Boots and Shoes

all being sacrificed at pre-war prices—a lot cheaper than wholesale prices today. It will pay you to travel 25 mi. less to take in this PRICE-SMASHING SALE. There are bargains that are not to be missed. Come on! Come on! and take advantage of this KOVEN'S SALE. It's your own relation.

KOVEN'S

"MY CLOTHIER"—PERTH