

HER MOMENT OF WEAKNESS

By CECILY ALLEN.

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She had always been distressingly capable and competent.

"I don't believe Beatrice ever had a headache or a nervous spell like you girls have," Harry Dalton had remarked one day to his two sisters, absorbed by bonbons and new novels, and wrapped in indifference and silk negligee.

And the tone in which she spoke was not entirely complimentary. In fact a distinct note of personal injury rang through it. For how can a man assume an attitude of protective civility toward a girl entirely capable of doing for herself.

Beatrice never dropped her fan or her handkerchief, nor came into the drawing room with her gloves buttoned, nor gave opportunity for the little services which other women to have demanded of Henry Dalton since he had risen to the dignity of knickerbockers.

Yet without, Beatrice Craig was no think if not feminine. She wore the softest and most clinging of fabrics, she played golf, but did not court bare arms and tan. She wore tailored suits but softened them with delicious frou-frou bows of lace at her throat. She was ruffy and fluffy—but she never tore her ruffles and then asked for a pin to make repairs.

And if all these things she was before her father's failure and death, she was doubly inaccessible and impressive after reverse overtook her. Before that she had simply fenced with Dalton. Now she donned an armor that seemed well nigh invulnerable.

Directly the estate was settled up and the smallness of her inheritance was made known to her, Beatrice Craig had turned breadwinner, investing the pitiful little heritage in a smart shop where layettes of the most superlative fineness and beauty were sold.

In the front room with its exquisite fittings and scented presses, she exhibited wares selected to suit the macons among whom she had grown from girlhood to womanhood. In the rear room, she gathered the most expert needlewomen her purse could command, and all work was done under her direct supervision.

Her delighted clientele said that her success was founded on this personal oversight. Her doctor said that nervous prostration would inevitably result from her persistent, close confinement to business; her mother wept in sheer loneliness at first, and later drifted from their tiny apartment back to the old bridge-playing, novel-reading circle of gray-haired friends. And when Henry Dalton said he was not for repetition here. For having no niece or nephews, how could he offer a decent excuse for hunting a layette shop?

And now today, with Henry Dalton thrust into the dim background of the life when her father made all things lovely for her well-shod feet to walk upon, she was standing before her cheval mirror, preparing for a return just a brief return glimpse—to the old life.

Her mother had wept to some purpose. The doctor had said certain sharp things that were more effective than maternal tears—and so Beatrice had accepted the De Haven Smith warm invitation to spend the week end and perhaps a few days more at their lodge in the Catskills.

Beatrice surveyed with critical eye her smartly tailored traveling suit and then cast a smiling glance at the suit case where rested a delightful matinee, product of her own workroom. It would be good to lie abed mornings and drink her chocolate and wear the white crepe de chine, newly made over for the trip, to dinner. Old times—yes, she was strong enough now to stand an occasional dip back into old times.

"Beatrice, here's a C. O. D. parcel from Mason's—picked up a love of a waist for \$175. Have you any money?"

Beatrice readjusted her veil to a more fetching angle, and murmured, as well as the pins in her mouth would permit: "Yes, mother, there's a roll of bills in my bag, the large pocket. Take what you think will last you until I come back."

An hour later Beatrice leaned back luxuriously in the parlor car, her unpeering eyes fixed on the Hudson panorama. It was good—just to do nothing. And when the call for luncheon came she felt hungry—and smiled. The doctor had said a change was all she needed, and here she was hungry already for the first time in weeks.

The obsequious dandy in charge of her table gave her the perfection of service, with one eye perhaps on the beautiful pigskin hand bag that rested against the window. That bag had been one of Dalton's gifts, and at that very moment the giver himself was sitting at a table behind Beatrice, watching her every move with hungry eyes. He knew that she was going to the De Haven Smith lodge. Mrs. Smith had boldly held this out as a bait in his invitation, but somehow he felt that the psychological moment for making his presence known had not yet arrived. He noted sometimes a new droop in her shoulders. Occasionally, too, she leaned her head on her hand between courses. This was the reaction which the doctor had predicted—but Henry Dalton did not know this. He thought only that she was slowly but surely killing herself by reason of her pride—and he must stand idle, dumbly, simply because he was so disgustingly rich that she would not listen.

And upon these bitter thoughts rushed the psychological moment. Miss Beatrice Craig, the independent and competent, opened her hand bag, the dark keenly observant, and slipped her hand into the large pocket. Her finger tips touched naught but polished leather. She tried the small pocket and drew forth some cards. She sat up very straight and dipped into her change purse, to find a dime, a quarter, and an old German coin, souvenir of Henry Dalton's student days in Berlin.

Her face turned scarlet, then white. A horrible nervous tremor swept over her. Frantically she turned everything out of the bag—to find almost anything a business-like, yet distinctly feminine person might own—except money. Like a flash she remembered her mother's request. She had kept it all—every penny of the flatly folded bill. "Take what you think will last you until I come back."

Painful words! Beatrice sent for the dining car conductor and explained the situation. He was polite, but behind the mask of courtesy she read amusement, or was it distrust?

She became haughty. "My host will meet me at the depot—until then—well, here are my rings—or my watch—"

The dainties had gathered at the table opposite Henry Dalton with heads together, lips parted in ironical smiles. He summoned his waiter sharply. "Anything happened to the lady?"

"Seems like she ain't got the price of her lunch."

Just at the instant Henry Dalton rose precipitately. Beatrice came down the aisle, her head high but her face ghastly. It was not the attitude of the conductor nor the grinning dainties, but a sudden faintness, a realization that for once her business shrewdness and supreme tact, her resourcefulness had failed her. She did not read this as a physical exhaustion. Her one grim thought was that she had lost her grip on herself.

And then came Henry Dalton with a hand outstretched, and the love of her shining in his eyes. "Beatrice, I am the most fortunate of men—"

"Oh, Henry," she said with a quaver break in her clear voice, "will you please—"

Henry Dalton carried her back to the stateroom in the parlor car. Henry Dalton took firm possession of her luggage and firm control of the situation. Henry Dalton all but lifted her into the De Haven Smith wagonette when they left the train. And Henry Dalton read the telegram, for which he paid, though it was sent C. O. D. to Beatrice Craig, and taking care of Beatrice and always shall."

And that was why the smartest layette shop in all New York passed to a new owner and Love came into its own.

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FRIDAY

Bargain Day This Week

—AT—

Strain & Co's

You Will Find Some Rare Snaps. Don't Miss Them.

- No. 1—A lot of Dress Goods, all this season's goods, in Mixed Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, Fancy Stripes, Plain Vicunas, etc., from 30 to 50c. yd. Friday your choice. 25c yd
- No. 2—54 inch Homespuns, in plain grey, hair stripes and plaids, reg. price \$1.10, Friday. 75c
- No. 3—A very Special Snap on Panama Cloth, 52 in. wide, reg. \$1.20, Friday at 85c, in Navy and Copenhagen Blue, Tan and Brown.
- No. 4—Lot of Ladies' Street or House Skirts in Lustre, Vicuna, Mixed Tweeds, Plaids and Fancy Checks, prices \$3.00 to \$5.25—all marked in plain figures, Friday. \$2.38
- No. 5—32 inch wide English Prints and Cambrics, reg. price 15c, Friday at. 12c
- No. 6—Lace Curtains from 1.00 to 1.35, for Friday all at. \$1.00 pair
- No. 7—Two patterns special 3 yd Curtains at 85c per yd.
- No. 8—Boys Heavy Rook Ribbed Hose, reg. price 25c, Friday. 20c, all sizes
- No. 9—Few Dress Muslins left from last week, 14 to 20c, all. 10c. Friday
- Ladies Underverts, 2 for 25c. Corset Covers, 30c quality, Friday 23c. Clarke's Reels, 5c, Friday only.

Friday is Our Special Bargain Day. Many other lines of goods reduced. We have not space to mention.

Robert Strain & Co., 27 & 29 Charlotte St.

CURIOUS HEALTH CURES

We of the twentieth century are given to being greatly amused and to feeling highly superior on reading of some of the ancient methods of combating disease. Such superstitions as that which led Aristotle to rub bears' fat on his temples to improve his memory special occasions which he wished this faculty to be particularly acute, fill us with a pleasurable feeling of superiority.

We are apt to say that science has entirely done away with all such foolish superstitions. It would be surprising to know what Aristotle and other wise men of his time would say to some of the many peculiar treatments which are receiving the sanction of thousands of thoughtful people today.

The great French savant Metchnikoff recently started the world by advocating a diet of sour milk. In defiance of the professor's warning, who is one of the professors of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, is reported to have said that the antidote to the poisons which accumulate in our bodies and cause the hardening of the arteries, is a queerly met with in old age, is sour milk. Milk turns sour by the action of certain bacteria which cause the formation of lactic acid. These bacteria, when sour milk is taken as a diet, are said to attack and conquer the germs which at present infest our digestive tracts, carried thither in the meat we eat.

Whether this treatment would cause the average mortal to live to 120 years—as the professor is commonly reported to have stated—will naturally have to remain unproven until years after most of us are dead and buried, but the fact that so learned a scientist has expressed such belief in the sour milk diet puts it in a very different class from some of the other freak treatments and cures which nowadays have made their appearance.

FIVE OUNCES OF SAND.

Why men should pick out grapes as an article of diet which will satisfy all their wants and keep them in perfect health is doubtless well known and fully capable of explanation by the adherents to this cause, who now make up quite a considerable sect. Grapes, of course, is a most nutritious and valuable article of diet, and water is so necessary in its use, when people as a rule drink altogether too little of it, that any food which contains a large proportion of this is to be commended. On the other hand, how the other constituents of a full diet are to be obtained in the grape seems to be known only by the enthusiastic supporters of this cause.

One of the most curious of all dietary reforms comes from a man who has discovered that his health is never so perfect as when he is eating five ounces of sand daily. The medical properties of sand have evidently not been sufficiently studied.

The presumption is that in this medical pioneer's case he does not look for his substances and nutriment in the sand, but eats it as a savory at the end of his meal, relying on the power which any inert power, like bismuth, has in warding off indigestion.

In Germany there are several institutions where the patients seek health by exposing themselves quite unclad to the action of the air and the sun's rays for hours at a time. Presumably this exposure of the body-skin to the elements was man's custom in the first days of our race. But whether or after all these centuries of wearing clothes, this peculiar throwback to first principles can have any beneficial effect on the health, remains to be proved. Certain cases have undoubtedly been benefited by this peculiar regime, but they have been largely menial cases, where suggestion must have had a great deal to do with the cure. A treatment which has much of common sense principles to recommend it is that of the great diet sect.

FRUIT CURISTS.

Although the cow is a fairly healthy animal, and will under natural conditions, remain healthy waking about all day long on its four legs and eating the fruit before going to bed, are loud in their praise of the apple.

Oranges for influenza have formed the subject for many a newspaper paragraph in the last few months. Nor are bananas forgotten, a believer in this fruit having written recently a long letter in one of the papers proving conclusively that an exclusive banana diet would do away with most of the ills of mankind. Pioneers in any line are always scoffed at, and it may be that the followers of some of these peculiar treatments have found the secret of long life and health.

The only difficulty to the unprejudiced and open-minded observer is that since they are so widely opposite in their rules it is impossible to follow more than one at a time, and, as far as such things as these sand and grape cures are not spreading, there is no doubt that the present time enthusiasts who pin their faith on the health-giving properties of individual fruits are becoming more numerous. The apple curists, who not only eat apples religiously with every meal, but (quite contrary to all the recognized tenets of home medicine) partake of the fruit before going to bed, are loud in their praise of the apple.

THE WAY THE "BOOSTER" COMMITTEE OF THE BOARD OF TRADE IS WORKING IS A CAUTION.

Not content with adding sixty-five names to the board's membership list in a week the members of the committee are continuing to hustle in the hope that the five hundred mark will ultimately be reached.

The committee have decided to assign two members to each business street in the city, so that a thorough canvass for members may be made.

50 p. c. 50 p. c.

Half Price Sale!

Of Seasonable Clothing for Ladies, Gents and Children; also Dry Goods, at J. ASHKIN'S, 655 Main Street.

SALE STARTS FRIDAY, MAY 15th.

You can very seldom buy seasonable goods for seasonable prices, but here is your chance to take advantage of, and every wise person ought to attend our great Half-Price Sale while it means dollars in your pocket. We don't want you to believe, all we want you to do is to come over and be convinced. Read some of our price list and realize the balance you can have left in your pocket after attending this sale.

READ THE PRICE LIST:

- | | |
|---|--|
| Men's Suits in different tweeds, \$3.98 to \$9.98 | Ladies Suits, different styles \$6.98 to \$14.88 |
| Men's Pants in different tweeds 79c. to \$1.08 | Ladies Covert Cloth, different styles \$4.48 to \$7.98 |
| Men's Overalls in different tweeds 39c. to 65c | Ladies acordion pleated Skirts, all colors, \$3.25 |
| Men's Underwear 19c. to 43c | Ladies black and blue Skirts, \$1.98 to \$3.98 |
| Men's Working Top Shirts 23c. to 63c | Ladies Lawn Waists 29c. up |
| Men's Regular Top Shirts 39c. to 63c | Ladies Sateen and Fast black, 39c. up |
| Men's Braces 19c. up | Ladies Sateen Skirts, black Sateen 59c. up |
| Men's Ties 15c., 2 for 25c | Ladies Sateen Skirts, white 39c. up |
| Men's Sox, 4 pair for 25c | Ladies Nightdresses 39c. up |
| Men's Collars, 6 for 25c | Ladies Cotton Drawers 23c. up |
| Men's Handkerchiefs 4 for 10c | Ladies Corset Covers 17c. up |
| | Ladies W. Wear, 8c. up |
| | Ladies Cashmere Hose, 2 pairs for 25c |

SPECIALS:

Shaker Blankets, grey and white, 89c. a Pair. Curtain Samples and Carpet Ends cut to a 1-4. A lot of other bargains too numerous to mention.

REMEMBER--This Sale means Dollars in your pocket. Come early and get your choice at

J. ASHKIN'S, 655 MAIN STREET.

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE
GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR.

When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, STOP HIM. That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substituter realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

STOP HIM!

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.

PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

WINSTON WON AGAIN

Reported That He Will Wed Lady Dorothy Howard

NEW YORK, May 13—A cable despatch to The American from London

Following hard on the heels of Winston Churchill's political victory at Dundee comes the report that he has been victorious in love, and that the announcement may soon be expected that the young Cabinet Minister and Lady Dorothy Howard, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, are engaged to be married.

Now that this news has slipped out it is revealed that wherever Mr. Churchill has been lately Lady Dorothy has not been far away. At the Peckham bye-election, when Mr. Churchill spoke on behalf of the defeated Radical candidate, she was at his side. At Manchester, where Mr. Churchill was defeated, she again was always in his train, and at Dundee she was his fair supporter.

Lady Dorothy is the keenest politician in a very enthusiastic political family. She is a handsome girl and a very plucky one, and at Peckham she spoke very well at street corner meetings on behalf of the Liberal licensing bill.

Her father, the Earl, is a Unionist, her mother a Radical and a great temperance reformer, and of her brothers, one, Viscount Morpeth, is a Radical and the other is a Unionist.

You have never tasted real Corn Flakes if you never ate KORN-KINKS

The food that is all food. Made of the choicest white corn. Steam cooked, malted, flaked and toasted. Supplies the energy needed to begin the day's work. Crisp and delicious with milk or cream. Your grocer sells it. Ask him.

5¢

The only Malted Corn Flakes.

THE MONTCALM FLOATED

QUEBEC, May 12—The government steamer Montcalm was successfully floated this afternoon by Messrs. Davis, whose divers succeeded at low tide in blocking all the holes in the steamer. The steamer was moved back so as to prevent the bow sinking again.

NOT IN THAT MOOD.

It isn't when a fellow is broke that he bursts into song.