

r a heavy pen-

being carried

ng relatives

and famil ts of Mr. and

he week as the s. Emery Mat-

the week-end

returned hom

brother. Capt

is just completelling house.

e-in-traini ys at her home

rove

John, N. B., direct com-her voice by

new art by T YOUR n, N. B.

> 7 . - 2.7

nitary,

more g day o care

this

ine

reat

an-

on't

ou'll

me!

riday. St John, wa

a certain class of instrument that is splen-didly adapted to a green of medium pace is not so well adapted to a fast one; or to another of the slow and heavy variety.— New York Evening Post. "What time did my wife say she would be here?" "An hour ago, sir." "Dear me! I'm early!"—Life. "Wife—"Can you let me have a little money, John?" Hub—"Certainly, my is dear. About how little?"—Boston Trans-crift ing is al on with different putt science, and one the proper study of which t intensely interesting and fascinat- didly adapted to a green of medium pace Those who who ignore the necessity is not so well adapted to a fast one; or to this study and do not make it-are another of the slow and heavy variety.-new York Evening Post. whole game of golf, and the average player does not get a quarter of the are out of his putting that he ought. He regards it as an irksome business that may very likely through a freak of forune discount the value of all his fine play with me! I'm early !"—Life.

to confess something. When you first

ame I had lots of fun about you. You

know your clothes aren't quite the

hing, and I thought your manner was

den and iron clubs up to the hole. 'Many people have the wrong idea con- money, John ?" Hub-" Certainly, my ceraing luck in putting. If the green is true there is no luck, save in the matter

Many people have the wrong due con-cerning luck in putting. If the green is true there is no luck, save in the matter of stymies. One is in the habit of regard-ing it as being a lucky accident for a man if his long putts go down. It is said that the man who gets a certain number of **KENNEDY'S HOTEL** dear. About how little?"—Boston Trans-oript. "Why don't you get an alienist to ex-amine your son?" "No, sir! An Ameri-can doctor is good enough for me."— Baltimore American. **KENNEDY'S HOTEL**



She began to abuse the writer. seamstress, for a delay in the finishing of an altar cloth and then tran ferred the blame to her children. It was a painful test for Orde. He final-

was a paint test for order. It has by rose. "I must be going," said be. "Well," Carroll conceded. "I suppose I'd better see if I can't help mother out. But you'll come in again. Come and dine with as this evening. Moth-

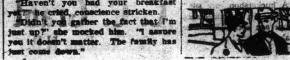
er will be delighted." Gerald's langor vanished. "Put on Mrs. Bishop departed from the room. the gloves with Murphy," he suggestat it." Orde was ima ediately joined on the just as soon try."

"Going anywhere in particular?" he inquired. "Let's go up the avenue, them. Everybody will be out." They walked for some distance. "Your father was in the Mexican war?" said Orde. "He was a most distinguished offi-cer." announced him at all. Then, breaking the stillness with al-"What command had he in the civil war? I fooled around that a little myst startling abruptness, he heard a clear, high voice saying something at the top of the stairs outside. A rhythself." "My father resigned from the army" the light pat-pat of a girl tripping downstairs, brought him to his feet. A moment later the curtains parted. "Army life was incompatible with my mother's temperament," stated and she entered, holding out her hand. He stood holding her hand, sudden-Gerald. "You are from Redding, of course. My sister is very enthusiastic about the place. You are in business ly unable to say a word, looking at her hungrily. A flood of emotion, of which

he had had no prevision, swelled up there?" Orde gave the latter a succinct idea of the sort of operations in which he within him to fill his throat. "It was good of you to come so promptly," said she. "I'm so anxious to hear all about the dear people at was interested. "And you," he said at last-"1 sup-pose you're either a broker or lawyer." "1 am neither." stated Gerald. "I Redding." The sounds in the next room increas

The sounds in the next room increased in volume, as though several people an moment or so the curtains to the hall parted to frame the servant. "Mrs. Sishop wishes to know, miss," said that functionary, "If you're bot corring to breakfast." "Won't you conie in with me? 1 am

Orde sprang to his feet. due now for my practice." "Haven't you had your breakfast



who answered he said.

"Sure!" said the handler.

a cowboy as he watches the tenderfo

The first round was sharp. Orde had stood like a rock, his feel

planted to the floor, while Murphy

had circled around him, hitting at will Orde hft back, but without landing

about to climb the broncho.

t didn't seem to jar him."

the trainer

pered.

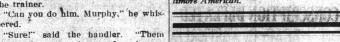
queer. I want to apologize. You're a man, and I like you better than an fellow I've met for a long time. And She played dreamily for half an hou ty heavy, and I suppose the work on if there's any trouble-in the futurekeeps a man in pretty good I'm on your side. You know what I the river shape:' mean." Gerald's langor vanished. "Put on

"Bishop," was Orde's reply, "you're not near so much of a dandy as you Orde bowed to the other occupants of ed. "will you? I'd like to see you two think you are."

> "Surely," agreed Orde good naturedly. "I'm not much good at it, but I'd Gerald rang a bell, and to the boy



"Run over to the club and find Mr. Winslow, Mr. Clark and whoever else He-"In these times men will not subis in the smoking room and tell them mit to live under an autocratic rule." from me to come over to the gymnasi-She-"Good heavens ! Henry, you are not um. Tell them there's some fun on." thinking of discharging the cook?"-Bal Gerald managed a word apart with timore American.



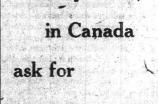
kind's always as slow as dray horses. They gets muscle bound." "Give it to him," said Gerald, "but don't kill him, He's a friend of mine." Always, Then he stepped back, the same joy in his soul that inspires a riverman when he encounters high banker of

Everywhere,

Nevertheless Murphy when questioned apart did not seem satisfied. "The man's pig iron," said he. nuched him plenty hard enough, and

The gallery at one end of the running track had by now half filled with interested spectators. "Time!" called Gerald for round 2. Murphy went in more viciously, aim

ing and measuring his blows accurate ly. Orde stood as before, hitting back the elusive Murphy, but without much effect, his feet never stirring



Eddy's Matches