

Her Little Ruse

Billy Brass, office boy, stood with his back to the office fire, his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, and regarded the clerks with a patronizing air.

"Have you heard the latest?" he asked, in the tone of one who is in possession of a secret and longs to have the pleasure of sharing it with some one.

"Ethel has given notice!" he announced. The effect was immediate and pronounced.

Twelve heads were raised simultaneously and twenty-three eyes—Capper had a glass one—looked inquiringly at Billy.

Perhaps the flush that mounted to the cheeks of Harry Wilmore, a blonde good-looking young giant, was more pronounced than any of the others, but in the general consternation no one noticed that.

Ethel, it should be explained, was Miss Anson, the pretty typewriter, who had condescended to brighten the dull city warehouse with her charming presence during the past three months.

"Ah!" said Billy, with a grin, "I thought that would make you sit up. Look at Capper; he's going to faint. The news has been too much for him. Capper was well in with Ethel till I cut him out."

"Barnes," said Capper, in quiet, earnest tones, "will you kindly hand me that ruler? I've got writer's cramp and I understand exercise is good for it."

By a strategic movement Billy got between Capper and the door, where he stood grinning.

"I'll kill that boy some day," said Capper, resuming his seat.

"He needs a good thrashing," said Barnes. "There's been no holding him since he got into long trousers."

"Oh, hasn't there?" explained Billy. "Look here, Barnes, you needn't put your ear in. Everyone knows you tried to court Ethel, but she told me she declined having anything to do with a fellow who parted his hair as you do."

"This allusion to Barnes' scanty locks raised a laugh and had also the effect of putting that gentleman into a rage."

He made a rush at Billy and caught him just as he reached the door. Lifting the boy, he flung him on the counter, face down, heels up.

"Hold his feet, Gregson," yelled Barnes. Gregson, an alert, bright-eyed youth, complied.

"Now, hand me that ruler, Capper!" cried Barnes. "I've got writer's cramp, too."

Capper did as requested, and Barnes applied the ruler in orthodox fashion.

"How do you feel, now?" inquired Barnes, when the operation was over.

"It's a capital joke, ain't it?" Billy glared at his chastiser, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"You coward!" he said. "Three of you to one!"

"Why don't you sit down, Billy?" said Gregson, winking at the others.

"There's a cool seat over there," indicated Capper.

Billy walked to his desk, remarking that they would one day find them selves in a place where cool seats are at a premium.

Just then Watson, who had gone on with his work as if nothing unusual had taken place looked up from his desk.

"Now that we've got all the preliminaries over," he said, "perhaps Billy will tell us how, or where, he got his information about Miss Anson?"

"Billy will see you, youth."

"Oh, come now," said Gregson, "he doesn't know any more than we do."

"Oh, doesn't he, though?" said Billy scornfully.

"He'll be telling us next," went on Watson, "that the governor consulted him about the matter."

"The boss might do worse than that," said Billy. "But I didn't get any news from him."

"Who told you?" asked Barnes.

"The dear, adorable Ethel herself," said Billy, now feeling himself again.

"She goes on the end of the month."

"Why is she leaving?" said Capper, unable to conceal his curiosity.

Billy looked across at him and grinned. Then in a stage whisper he said:

"She's getting married! Don't faint, Capper! added he in a louder tone.

Capper laid his hand on the ruler, and Billy thought his glass eye looked fiercer than the other one.

"I'm awfully sorry for you fellows," said the boy, quite seriously.

"That's very kind of you," returned Watson. "Look out! Here's the Governor!"

A moment later every unit in the small army of clerks was industry personified, but it was with sad hearts that they applied themselves to the columns of figures, for their minds were otherwise engaged.

When first Miss Anson had presented her dainty self at the door of the counting house all observed with joy that the girl's left hand was unadorned with jewelry of any description, and the general jealousy that arose in the matter of paying her attentions must have been highly gratifying to the lady's vanity.

She accepted them all, but appeared to favor no one in particular.

For reasons of his own, however, Harry Wilmore cherished a secret hope—in finisfinitesimal, perhaps, but still a hope. He had gone on cherishing it until the moment when Billy condescended to detail but now it was nailed down.

Next morning Miss Anson walked through the counting house unblushing, and holding her left hand in a manner calculated to display to its best advantage an engagement ring, which glittered and twinkled cheerfully on the correct finger.

Wilmore gazed at it, first, sorrowfully, then resentfully, and finally in a fit of desperation, came to the decision that, ring or no ring, he would ask Miss Anson to meet him that evening after office hours.

Somewhat to his surprise, she consented. They met, and, having cleared the outskirts of the town, the attractiveness of a seat beneath some trees suggested itself to them.

They sat, and thereafter for some moments there was silence.

Wilmore fidgeted uneasily on his end of the seat, and pulled out his handkerchief.

Not being quite sure what he wanted to do, he put it back and coughed apologetically.

"Thank goodness," said Miss Anson, fervently.

"I beg your pardon."

where he sat the offending ring was plainly visible.

He glanced at it furtively.

"I do wish you'd say something," she observed, plaintively. "If I'd thought you were going to be as moody and sulky as this I'm sure I'd never have consented to favor you with my company to-night."

"You look upon it as a favor," hinted Wilmore.

"Of course," she said. "Wouldn't any of the others have jumped at the chance, don't you think? You ought to feel flattered instead of moping there like an owl."

"Yes," answered Wilmore, listlessly.

"Then, why do you do it?" she demanded. "Why don't you say something pleasant?"

Wilmore was silent.

He wanted to say something very badly, but the ring kept it back.

Miss Anson grew desperate.

"Do you know," Mr. Wilmore," she cried, "I am dreadfully tired of office life."

"Are you, Miss Anson?"

"Yes, and I sha'n't be a bit sorry when my month is up."

Wilmore winced, then braced himself for the ordeal.

"That, I suppose, is only natural," he said. "Er—I hope he is in a—er—good position, Miss Anson?"

"Yes," she said, slowly, "he's in a good position—good enough for me; but he's awfully dense."

"Dense?" echoed Wilmore.

"Yes," she replied, "wofully dense and stupid. Considering the encouragement I've asked me weeks ago."

"Some fellows don't know when they're lucky," assented Wilmore. "Er—do I know the chap?"

"Why, yes."

"He's employed in the counting house with you."

"Wilmore's face expressed amazement first and then disgust.

"What's his name?" he demanded.

"Really, I don't feel at liberty to disclose that," she answered, naively.

"But I must know," he burst out. "I have a right to."

He stopped abruptly and felt utterly disgusted as she burst into a musical peal of laughter.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped, "this is killing me!"

"It will be in the end," said Wilmore, mournfully, looking at her joyous features, and thinking of his own sad fate.

His doleful countenance, however, only seemed to stimulate Miss Anson's laughter, and her pretty shoulders heaved convulsively, and her cheeks dimpled.

"I never saw anybody look so sorrowful as you," she jerked out. "Your face is funny!"

Miss Anson nodded feebly, and her laughter increased.

"Yes," she said, weakly. "Your face is funny—awfully funny!"

"I shall hate you soon," he observed, vindictively, "if you don't stop that sniggering."

"You could never do that," she said, nodding her pretty head confidently toward him.

"A man never hates a pretty girl. He thinks he does—that's all."

"Who told you that you were pretty?" he asked. "I didn't."

"No, but lots of other fellows have," she asserted warmly. "But that's enough about it," she added. "When I met you to-night, Mr. Wilmore, I had no idea that we should quarrel. I always thought you a nice fellow, but now I firmly believe that you are a nasty tempered."

"And you're nothing better than a heartless flirt!" he burst out angrily.

"You, being engaged to another fellow, have deliberately encouraged me to love you, and when I am idiot enough to show it you—you simply laugh in my face."

"Laugh! Oh, dear me! You—you're too ridiculous!" and after one or two gasps she once more gave way to uncontrollable mirth.

Wilmore rose to his feet and stood looking down at her wrathfully.

"I leave you finish your laughter in solitude," he remarked, with angry sarcasm. "And—and—I'm hanged if I won't find out the chap that you are engaged to and get him the sack."

This awful threat, far from subduing Miss Anson, made her laugh more than ever.

Wilmore seized her left hand almost roughly.

"Who put that ring on there?" he demanded. "I'm going to know before we part to-night."

Miss Anson struggled with her mirth and became suddenly serious.

"If you'll promise not to fulfill your threat of getting the person dismissed I—I'll tell you."

"I promise. I didn't mean it," he pleaded anxiously. "I wouldn't play such a trick."

"Then," she said, slowly, "the person who put the ring on my finger was—"

"Yes!" he queried eagerly, as she paused and seemed on the point of laughing again.

"My—oh, dear—myself," she gasped. "You—you put it on yourself?"

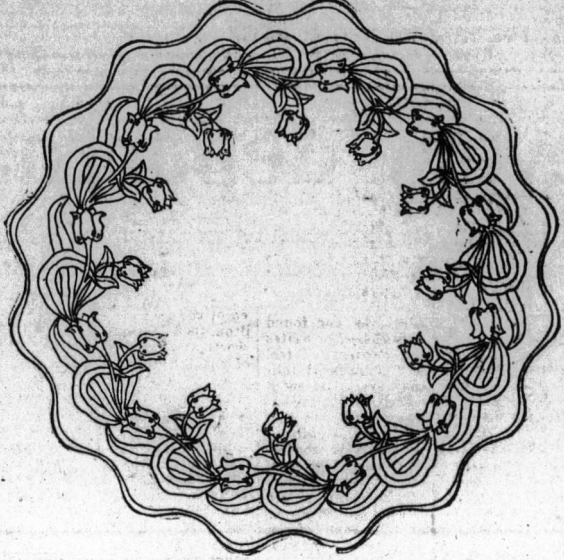
"Do you insist on knowing?"

"Well, then," she said, moving back along the seat and looking at him roughly, "I will tell you. When I first came to the office I thought they were such a nice lot of fellows, and I didn't really know that I liked one more than the others. Consequently, I tried them all, and managed to make them all so fond of me that I saw I was going to get into hot water. Then I found out that I liked one better than all the rest, but he was so dense and bashful that I was afraid that I should receive the proposals of all the others before him, and—and I didn't want them. So, to make a long story short, I gave out that I was going to be married, and put on the ring in self-defence—to keep them at their proper distance. I knew the one I liked was safe enough, and that I could draw him out whenever I wished, but I thought he deserved to be tested a little longer for being so stupid, and—well I believe that's all."

"Except his name," said Wilmore tensely. "You haven't told me yet who he is."

HOME NEEDLEWORK PATTERN SERVICE.

Patterns are being sent from Montreal.



No. 637—It is not to be denied that a prettily embroidered set of four different and useful sizes, worked on white or tan heavy linen, in colored mercerized cottons, is one of woman's conceits of the day. When time and hand-work play so large a part in the completion of an article of any kind, it is absolutely imperative that the materials used be of the most reliable quality; and with dependable goods, an attractive pattern in four useful sizes, and reasonable cost for all, we commend this design for complete satisfaction. It may be had already stamped on either white or tan heavy linen with plain or colored materials to work or in a perforated pattern which is simple to use and includes complete materials and full directions for stamping.

The prices are:—24 x 24 Centrepiece—Perforation, 25c; stamped on heavy linen, 75c; on tan linen, 85c; material, white or colored, 55c. 32 x 32 Centrepiece—Perforation, 1/2 size, 25c; on linen, 80c, on tan linen, 90c; material to work, white or colored, 85c. 14 x 26 Tray Cloth—Perforation, 25c; on linen, 50c; on tan linen, 55c; materials, white or colored, 45c. 20 x 60 Scarf for Bureau or Piano—Perforation, 50c; on linen, \$1; on tan linen, \$1.10; material, white or colored, \$1.10.

To the Home Needlework Pattern Department D.,
Daily Times,
Hamilton, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Please send me Home Needlework Pattern No. —, as above. Enclosed please find —, also material to work.

"Well, what did you see?" growled Barnes who had been at a "smoker" the previous evening and was rather sleepy.

"I saw Ethel and Wilmore walking arm-in-arm!"

"Not!" said Gregson.

"Ye said the boy."

"Where did you see them?" asked Watson.

"Under the trees near the park. They were walking like lovers."

"How do lovers walk?" queried Capper innocently.

"Do you see any green in my eye?" was Billy's irrelevant reply.

"No; but there will soon be an assortment of colors round it if you are not more civil!" said Capper.

"And the way they looked at each other!" continued Billy ignoring Capper's terrible threat.

"How did they look?" inquired Barnes. Billy edged near the door, pausing at last when he was on the threshold and in safety.

"Just the way Capper used to look at Ethel!" he said.

At the same instant that Billy's head appeared from the opening Capper's inkpot smashed to fragments on the jamb of the door.

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NEWS IN BRIEF

The steamer Montreal ran aground in Lake St. Peter.

The steamship Collingwood was launched at Collingwood.

Duties collected at the port of Toronto for October were \$926,632.26.

Hon. A. G. MacKay says Ontario Liberals are in good fighting trim.

Eight Toronto bakers have been summoned for working on the Lord's day.

The steamer City of Grand Rapids was burned near Tobermory.

Three Indians were killed in South Utah in a fight with United States troops.

Fireman Robertson died at London from injuries received in the explosion at Newbury.

James Heron, who was injured during a fire at Brantford about a week ago, is dead from his injuries.

The two-year-old daughter of Rev. T. A. Rodger, of Drillia, is in a critical condition from drinking poison.

N. J. Robinson, express messenger, and Charles Brit, fireman, were killed in a collision near Regina.

Bank robbers at Pskoff, Russia, yesterday killed a cashier and seven men who were acting as his escort.

Mr. Harvey Graham, assistant manager of the Nova Scotia Steel Company, died at New Glasgow, N. S.

Five new wireless stations will be opened on the Pacific coast in January. Victoria station is ready to work now.

Mr. Bourassa's resignation of the seat for Labelle has been received by the Speaker, and a writ for a new election issued.

Owing to the students' disturbance Professor John King refused to go on with his lecture before the Toronto Law School.

Mr. A. Graham Thompson has been appointed Assistant Post Office Inspector for the division between Toronto and Port Arthur.

The French treaty will be submitted to the Parliament of France on November 28, the day for opening the Dominion Parliament.

The Board of Directors of the Ontario Educational Association have arranged the programme for the association's next annual meeting.

Three Indians, a man, a woman and a child, were found murdered 15 miles south of Lethbridge yesterday. They had all been shot.

Horace Leadley was killed and Burton Dvaz seriously hurt by the fall of a brick stack on the Newville, N. S., Lumber Company's mills.

Three United States railroads have temporarily discontinued making contracts for the shipment of grain from Buffalo to the seaboard.

The Canadian Mining Institute will memorialize the Provincial Government for changes in the mining act regarding the payment of royalties.

Concerted action for social reform was agreed upon at an interdenominational conference held in St. James' Square Church, Toronto, on Thanksgiving Day.

A coroner's jury at Pottstown, Pa., has censured the chief Burgess and corporation of the borough for allowing trains to run at fast rates over unprotected grade crossings.

It was announced at the annual meeting of the Toronto Home for Incurables that a grant of \$50,000 had been recommended by the Board of Control to be given to the institution.

The Presbyterian General Assembly's Committee on Moral and Social Reform recommended public ownership of the traffic in liquor in places where there is no prospect of carrying prohibition.

President Hutchins, of the Detroit United Railway, has sent money to Montreal to pay the expense of an investigator to come to Detroit in the interests of Montreal shareholders.

British newspapers in China are trying to force the British Government to interfere in the Chinese customs department, the management of which was recently relinquished by Sir Robert Hart.

Two British officers and a civilian have been arrested for desecrating the grave of President Kruger in the cemetery at Pretoria some days ago. It is alleged that their action was a drunken freak.

Capt. Dennis Sullivan, of the United States steamer John Lambert, was arrested at Lachine on a charge of violating the rules of navigation and nearly colliding with the steamer Cassandra in Montreal harbor.

A resolution was passed by the Guelph Co-operative Association in favor of a Provincial law providing for a one-half pound loaf, and that all bread except be weighed in a lump, and not the separate loaves. This resolution will be forwarded to Mr. J. P. Downey, M. P. P.

The annual convention of the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance has been postponed until Thursday, Nov. 28, and the triennial convention of the Lord's Day Alliance of Canada is to be held on Friday, Nov. 29.

Barbara Laponkhin, daughter of ex-Governor Laponkhin, of Reval, Russia, who mysteriously disappeared after leaving the Aldwych Theatre at London on October 24, returned yesterday to the house where she had been staying previously to leaving her friends outside the theatre.

The Doughboys are at Fort William. Chanting their quaint dirge, the first party, numbering eleven, entered West Fort about noon and had their mid-day meal opposite the fire hall. A large crowd of the west end citizens were attracted by the band, but they were not interfered with.

According to the story told by Night Operator Cooper, at the C. P. R. station at Milton, two masked men on Tuesday night lurked a large stone through the window facing which he was sitting, and knocked him unconscious.

Then bound him, took his watch, and ring and some money, and then cleaned out the till of \$10 and some loose silver.

There is not much probability that the Sunday playing of lacrosse, baseball and other professional games at which admission is charged will be stopped in Montreal within the near future, if

Supreme Court Justice Dowling said New York yesterday granted a certificate of reasonable doubt in the case of Dr. Walter R. Gillette, former Vice-President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, who was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for perjury. Bail was fixed at \$15,000 and Dr. Gillette was released.

Charles H. Rogers, convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Fred E. Olney, near Middletown, N. Y., was sentenced yesterday to be electrocuted at Sing Sing prison during the week commencing December 8. Rogers received his sentence calmly.

It is better to be born and have a chance to fight than never to come into the arena at all.

COURTS MAY BE GOOD,

But an Old Fashioned Faction Fight is Better.

Brampton, Oct. 31.—In the Police Court here yesterday Neil McCallum, a well-known farmer and dealer in horses, was committed to stand his trial for alleged fraud in connection with a note given in a horse deal. The complainants were John McBride, Belfountain, and his son, Deputy Reeve McBride, well-known farmers of Calodet township. The latter with friends were at the C. P. R. station waiting for the 6.30 p. m. train to go home when McCallum and his two sons, young men, made their appearance.

A hot dispute arose, followed by blows, and the waiting-room of the station became the scene of the worst row seen in that town for years. When the battle was over the elder McCallum was unconscious, and remained so for half an hour. Reports came down town that he was dead, but an hour and a half later he had recovered sufficiently to admit of his being driven home.

The Caledon party took the train for the north, some of them bearing wounds received in the encounter. The row is the talk of the town.

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