## Stories of Married Life,

By Mary Stewart Cutting. Exclusive Provincial Rights Secured by the Sun.

## The Terminal.

It was Saturday night—the married "drummer's" homesick night. Mr. Martin Prescott, walking into the long, narrow hotel bedroom, fell more than ever the wearing familiarity of the scene that met his eye. There were the same dull carpet, the Michigan pine furniture, the drab striped wallpaper, the windows shaded only by little slatted in third-rate towns. There was even the same indefinable chill, dusty smell that was associated with evenings of figuring over sales on the coverless table, under the weak, single-armed gas burner that jutted out from the wall at the side of the bureau. Yet, cheerless as it was, he preferred its on the long, "Yes, it is. I've been wanting to give it up." He hesitated, and then continued with rare expensiveness; "The fact is, there's a position open for me at home now, but I can't quite see my wife"—Prescott paused a moment awking to be taken into account, and other the way myself, Mrs. Brenner, but I don't think I would care for a woman that wasn't religious. She thinks everything is meant. And it helps her a lot."

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"He went into ceplanta

mind that companied him whether he would or no, and he was sore at having to stay over in this little town, from which there was egress once only in twenty-tour hours. He had waited for a customer who did not arrive in the place until too late for him to get out of it, and had hereby missed the letter from his wife which was waiting for him some hundred miles further westward. Prescott did not, in a way, dislike travelling as a business; his wife always comforted herself with the thought that there were other modes of earning a living more inherently disagreeable to him, yet there were days and nights of a paucity which he was glad she could not picture. Saturday night away from home in this kind of a town, without a letter—when the last one had been disquieting—reached the limit of endurance. He felt that he had travelled long enough.

He made his prepartions for the evening with the wontedness of custom. He locked the door, turned up the gas, and worked over the screw in the lukewarm radiator. Then he draw the last one had been disquieting—the last one was rather disquieting—but I'm behind my schedule."

"Well, I know what that is," said Brenner heartily. "I had a letter from Mame once after we were first married—she'd cried all over the paper in big blots; she thought she'd die before morning. Well, my train was snowed up in a South Dakota blizzard and I in ever got another letter for a week. Holy smoke! I never want to go through that kind of a racket again. Then, when I did hear, I found she'd been to a party th

tom. He locked the door, turned up the gas, and worked over the screw in the lakewarm radiator. Then he drew the cane-bottomed rocking-chair underneath the gas burner, and placed a couple of magazines on the bursau beside him, his lean, bearder face reflected in the shadowy mirror above it. He epened his valise and took from it a folding leather photograph case containing the picture of a woman and three children. Prescott gazed at it hard for a few moments before standing it up beside the magazines. He was trying to find an answer to the question he was debating: if he could manage in some way to supplement by with a netty gesture of one hand. age in some way to supplement by three hundred dollars more the income of a new position offered him, he might

his nocket-knife. He had meant to get his slippers out of the bag and make himself comfortable, but somehow, after looking at the photographs, he had forgotten about himself. He had written his daily letter to his wife before the last-going train, and he would not begin a fresh sheet now—no matter what he wrote, she would divine his mood. You have to be very careful what you write in a letter that is read some days after, lest you cloud the sunshine for another when it has brightened again for you.

"What is it?"

He sprang up as a knock came to the

He sprang up as a knock came to the oor, after first hastily sweeping the hotograph case into the valise. He oped devoutly that it was not a visitor; there was no one in this town whose presence would not be an intrusion tonight. But he gave a glad start of surprise as his eyes fell on the

a pleasant, fresh-faced, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a light mustache.
"It's ages since I set eyes on you; I
changed my route, and then, two years
ago, I married. We only moved here
last spring. Jim Halliday told me this
afternoon that you were in town. What
a soak he is! But don't let's waste time
here: I want you to come right around here; I want you to come right around and spend the evening at our house; I

and spend the evening at our house; I want you to meet my wife."

"I'll be delighted," said Prescott with alacrity. He locked the bedroom door and the two walked out together, conversing briskly as they went. He and the younger Brenner had been chance companions on several notable trips in former years, drawn together in spite of dissimilarities in taste and education by a certain clear and simple cleamness of mind which unerringly divines its kin. The air had seemed raw and chill earlier, but good fellowship had put its warmth into the winster world with Brenner's presence.

"So you're married," said Prescott presently. "I remember that I heard of it. I've wondered at not meeting you anywhere; I didn't know you'd given up the road."

the wall at the side of the bureau. Yet, cheerless as it was, he preferred its seclusion just now to the more convivial barroom, where the liquor and the jokes and the conversation of "the boys" had all the same jading flavor, and he felt unequal to bracing his spirit sufficiently to receiving the Saturday confidences of the garrulous or the weary. Reticent both by habit and principle as to his intimate affairs, he was no stranger to his kind, and in the top strata of his mind were embedded many curious evidences of other men's lives.

But tonight he had a matter on his mind that companied him whether he would or no, and he was sore at having to stay over in this little town, from which where the second sec

with a pretty gesture of one hand, while she extended the other to Prescott. He felt an instant sensation of comfort, increased when he found himself finally settled in an armchair in a room that reflected the mistress of it in a sort of warm, attractive disorder-liness. A work-basket, with the sewing half out of it, occupied a footstool; the table lighted by a large with a nictor-

Brenner serenely. "Oh, she's up to tricks! She sent me for you tonight. Do you remember the evening I spent at your house five years ago? The night I had the cold, and your wife put the mustard plaster on me?"
"Why so she did," said Prescott de-

"Why so she did," said Prescott delightedly. "I'd forgotten you'd seen my wife and the children, Let me seethere were only two of them—Margaret's four years old."

"It was the hottest mustard plaster I ever felt," said Brenner reminiscently. "I went to sleep with it on. When I woke up—I guess I was sort of dazed—I thought the house was on fire, and started to run downstairs, but Mrs. Prescott caught on in some way, and sent you to head me off. Hottest mustard plaster I ever felt. Well, your wife was mighty good to me. Not so very rugged-looking though herself, as I remember."

It's never happened before, but the neighbors we used to have moved

neighbors we used to have moved away."

"Oh, you mind it more than she would," said Mrs. Brenner encouragingly. Her soft eyes made a temporary home for him.

"Things seem to tell on her more than they used, though she tries hard not to let me see it. She's always worrying about me, in this kind of weather, for fear I'll come down with something alone in a hotel. But my wife"—Prescott paused a moment awkwardly—"my wife's awfully good; I'm not that way myself, Mrs. Brenner, but I don't think I would care for a woman that wasn't religious. She thinks everything is meant. And it helps her a lot."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Brenner. She added after a little silence: "Was your boy very ill?"

day. But she caught cold; she doesn't think enough of herself; she's that kind, you know. It's clear foolishness! Last time I was home I found that when the girl left—we had one for six years and have been changing hood-lums every fifteen minutes since she married—well, when the last one left I found she'd been carrying up the coal for the fires because the boy got tired, and she was afraid it would hurt him. Husky little beggar, I'd tire him all right! He's just getting to the age when he's too much for his mother— nothing wrong about him, but he wor-ries her. He slings his books at the the train and gets complained of- and he smokes cigarettes around the corner and the neighbors come and tell her, and it breaks her all up."

"He needs a man," said Mrs. Brendom she can't bear to have me down on the children the only time I'm with them. You see, a man doesn't think much whether he likes to travel or not—it's just something that's got to be done, if you're in the business—but it's hard on a woman. Some women seem to get used to it, though."

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Brenner, "when we married I said to my husband: 'When I get over caring for you, then I'll get over minding your leaving me—and not before." Why, that's what my wife says!"

huskily. His hand wrenched hers in its farewell, before he put on the overcoat

with the eye of the man who, whatever his abilities, has come to learn that, either from early training, or environment, or the iron bands of need, more than a careful living can never be his. He could have enjoyed riches as well he could have enjoyed riches as well more than many another man, but "No; I'm not going so early tomory Hark, is that somebody coming." and more than many another man, but they were so out of all calculation that what they could buy no longer aroused in him any particular interest. He "No; I'm not going so early tomertow. Hark, is that somebody coming up our steps?"

"Oh, I hope it's no one to call. It m him any particular interest. He would never even be able to indulge in that pathetically ludicrops dream of the business man of retiring to a green and placid land and raising catalogue produce from theory. He would be able to save little, after educating his children, but the money to pay the insurance that would keep his wife from penury when he died. For all his days that telegram—"

Heatherle of with e must work in harness, and take no oliday but that which Death gives to

the great rank and file. Yet, in spite of these limitations, for all that he tacitly renounced, he had good measure. He had the freedom of spirit which belongs to him who, given a competence, envies not any man his wealth or his opportunity. He had gained a competence of the spirit which had gained a competence of the spirit was the spirit which had gained a competence of the spirit was t exquisite little joys of life. If he had a little of the inner sadness that comes of foregoing the ambitions natural to a man, it was not the sadness of defeat, but rather the thoughtful weighing of the loss as the least—all things considered—that he could have had. In the silent times of those long journeyings by day and night over the earth, the

brave, so helpful, but she was not so strong as she had been, and the boy was too much for her. If he could but see his way a little clearer! He had the caullousness of methods new to him that comes of the inexperience of manhood, far more frustrating than the inexperience of the hor.

hood, far more frustrating than the inexperience of the boy.

Brenner came around the next day
just before train time.

"Mame sent me," he explained. "She's
been talking to me ever since you left.
She's got a brother in New York who's
in the line you're tooking up, and she
has an ides you can fix up somethins
with him in connection with the position you were telling me of. If you can
carry some of his business with you
I don't see but it would help you out
mighty well. He's a good man—and
he'll do anything for Mame, if he can
do it. She's written him a letter, and
here's one for you."

"You are going to travel any more,
Annie, ever. You were all wrong; I've
taken the offer. I went to see Mrs.
Brenner's brother in town. I tell you
taken the changes. I've figured it all
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"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said

Prescott politely. He did not speak
with enthusiasm; he had a rooted distaste for a woman's intervention in taste for a woman's intervention in fall above and then there was only

"A telegram for you, sir," said a boy, coming up.

Prescott took it and opened it me-

"Not your wife, man!"
"No," said Prescott thickly. "It's "No," said Prescott thickly. It is little Margaret." He consulted the paper, "She's not dead—yet. She's been run over. She may not be so badly the steps. Thrice he halted, and then hurt as they fear. My God! I can't get there for two days!" train's on time," said Brenner devout-ly, and went home to be cheered by

"Papa is to carry little Margaret upstairs—think of it!—dear papa to carry "Mamma jiggles," said the child ro-gulshly looking backward from the shelter of her father's arms to the slender figure toiling up laboriously with shawis and pillows, "Mamma carries Marget all slippy."
"Poor mamma," said the father;

"she has to do everything when I'm not here." He pressed his lips to the why, that's what my wife says!" not here." He pressed his his said Prescott. He laughed, with a rising color, and shook his head. "You was getting well, but his thought was women—you're all alike. You don't know what lots of good it's done me to be here and talk to you tonight; it's anne? Didn't I tell you to call Martin to be here and talk to you tonight; it's ough."

NEARLY A THOUSAND WANT

"Can't you stop travelling?" said
Mrs. Brenner, going with penetrative
Instinct to the thought she felt She
added, after a pause: "Are you sure
you can't?"

He looked at her uncertainly. "How
did you know that? No I'm not said."

Worn out."
"He's reading, and I thought I
wouldn't disturb him."
"Where's that magazine I had?
There you go again! Why don't you let
the children wait on you?"

"I knew just where it was," said the

as the light is snuffed out in a candle.

That evening, as they sat alone together in the cozy library after the D. Le Babbitt will act as manager. children were in bed, she broke into the convensation with a tone that showed shade I thinking over things. It all depended on that few hundred dollars extra, so absolutely necessary that, without it, he could not provide a shelter for his family. More than a living he no longer planned for. He looked at the future eat anything, no matter what I get for with the eye of the man who whatever.

evening together. No, thank good-"When I've been home five whole days that you didn't count on, you oughtn't to stand out for such a little thing as the last evening. It was well I would come—wasn't it? When I got Graduating 'Class Numbers Fifteen-

He broke off with a shudder, and their hands clasped. Their minds tra-versed the past week with its terror and anxiety, and its later joy—the great happiness which comes from no new phase, but from the blessed continuance of the unnoticed daily good.
"You have been in town so much of

"You haven't told me yet what time you want your breakfast." "Oh, any old time. I don't think I'll go in the morning."

"Why didn't you say so before?" She looked at him reproachfully. "Then I would have hired Maria for

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said has it been as bad as that?"

He sat there by the table for a few minutes with a book before him. as

you," but there was no response.

He lingered a moment hesitatingly went on again into the room where she was a kneeling figure by the bed, her arms spread out upon it, and her hair falling over her shoulders. She raised her head momentarily with a backward glance of rapt joy at him before burying it again in the cover-let, and as his footfalls stopped on the threshold, she held out one arm appealingly as if to encircle him be-

"No-no!" he said painfully. "No, Annie! I—I can't—it wouldn't be right. Annie, you don't want me, dear; you don't want— No!"

Her white hands still mutely pleaded. Even at the very gate of heaven she could not be satisfied without him. He drew nearer, and a little nearer. Then, somehow, he had stumbled down awkwardly into the warm enclosure of her arm, and hid his face within her bosom.

## TO ENTER NORMAL SCHOOL

There you go again! Why don't you let the children wait on you?"

He looked at her uncertainly. "How did you know that? No, I'm not sure I can. And I'm not so young as I was."

"Think of it." Her hand gave his a warm clasp; through her eyes he saw his wife. "Think of it."

"God knows I do?" and I'm on the control of the laborers engaged in the sewerage excavation work went out on strike this morning.

"Well, it's their business to know where things are," said Prescott severely; "they don't help you half enough. When I go away tomorrow."

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INVISIBLE TO SOME.

"No. I suppose not, my dear," replied Mr. Meeker, "neither does the

# up our steps?" "Oh, I hope it's no one to call. It would be dreadful when it's our last

Connell Medal Awarded to

closing exercises of the Carleton county Grammar School took place this after-noon in the Opera House. Acting chairman of the school board, W. B. Belyes, presided. Seated upon the platform were Trustee Balmain, Arch-deacon Neales, Father McMurray, W. M. Connell. Principal Richards form-M. Connell, Principal Richards, former Principal Harrison and others. The "The bediefletd," said Prescrit with discrity, He locked the bedroom door walked out together, considerable the proposed programment of the two walked out together, considerable the proposed programment of the proposed programment of the programment of the proposed programment of the programment o er Principal Harrison and others. The graduating class numbered fifteen, as follows: Aurilla Boyer, May Gillin, Marguerite Lamb, Bessie McKibby, Mary McKeen, Mary McManus, Jean, McLarky, Sarah Nicholson, Amy Sharp, Marguerite Smith, Bliss Britton, Willie Brittain, Clifford Rogers, Eugene McKeen and Hugh Stairs. The Connell medal was awarded to Miss



#### NEW ERA FOR THE

of four years ago—to be now regaining its lost ground fast. Real estate has

the problem of the successfut mining of the low grade ores of Rossland camp, not by concentration, but by cheap smelting.

INCREASED CAPACITY.

furnaces. On the completion of the fifth the five will have a gross capacity of over 1,800 tons daily. Formerly there was a scanty and intermittent supply of copper ore, Now the supply is large, steady and increasing in volume. In the Boundary the smallness of the sulphur percentage permits of the treating of the raw ore by one process, the more especially as the ore is more nearly self-fluxing. In Trail fluxes forming with the majority of the ores about 30 per cent. of the total charge have to be procured, and for this reason the company is examining and buying properties which have the necessary lime, copper and iron for mixing with the highly siliceous ores of Rossland with diminishing copper values, although steadily maintaining their gold contents. The ore has to be put through one furnace and a matte of nine per cent. grade is made. This is taken away and has to be briquetted and burned a second time. This makes the cost heavy. In consequence a large supply is wanted so that it will be profitable to introduce machinery for the conveying of the ore to the furnaces, to the briquetting machine and beck to the second burning, till the matte of four per cent., which is then shipped to the Tacoma smelter, is arrived at.

FOR THE EXHIBITION

The exhibition committee have started sending out their advertising hangers, the first being completed this week. This is an exceptionally appropriate one. At the top of it—is "St. John Exhibition," and the date in large type. Then comes a large shield at the top of which is the Canadian Coat of Arms, while the remainder of the shield is taken up with a picture of the exhibition buildings, grounds, and harbor.

Around the top of the shield pictures of fruit are arranged, while at the bottom corners pictures of horses and steers' heads are placed.

The prize list is also a very prettily arranged. It deals minutely with the prizes and regulations in all classes, it also gives information as to the different hotels throughout the city. These page lists are now being sent to eve

MATERIAL DEDUCTION IN COST.

Though by no means the last word has been said, yet the cost of reducing copper ore has fallen from \$13 in 1896 to 3.50 today, freight and treatment. The reduction is largely due to the steady and large supply of ore in the manner alluded to. This reduction has been made, moreover, in face of the three eight-hour shifts, instead of two twelve-hour

easily the first plant in the Dominion, important as it is in its results to Canada in general, as well as the Slocan and East Kootenay, which it serves, and Montreal, which it helps, and to the corroding works of which city it ships, the success as to a low rate of treatment, which has been reached on the copper side, has by no means been reached, although a reduction of 20 per cent., \$15 to \$12, was made early in the cent., \$15 to \$12, was made early in the yer. This is owning to several causes, perhaps the most important of which is the lack of lead ore.

LEAD INCREASING WITH DEPTH.

Years of depression, the knowledge that as depth was gained the zinc contents of the Slocan lead ore gained an ever higher percentage, has led to the neglect of development necessary in a lead mine even more than in a copper, owing to the smallness of the veins in the former as compared with the latter. When the good times came again and the price of lead and that of sliver has again soared, when the smelters at Iola were willing to take zinc ores and a new smelter is being blown in today at Frank, in the Crow districts, mine owners found that the de-

the market justify its investment. But the progress made is wonderful.
Four years ago there was neither silver nor lead exported to the Orient.
New York or London governed the whole condition. Nething could be whole condition. Nothing could be done without the co-operation of the Selby works at San Francisco. Four years ago the first shipment of silver from the Northwest was made from

of four years ago—to be now regaining its lost ground fast. Real estate has once more some value, houses are once more being rented, and, better still, much money being spent upon the mines, much ore is being extracted and dividends are being paid regularly. The Le Roi, the Le Roi No. 2 and the Cene tre Star, under its new title of the Canadian Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, have paid all dividends recently, and presumably the last named will pay another 21-2 per cent, quarterly dividend on its capital stock of \$4,700,000 at the end of June.

The Trail Smelter, a part of the Sanadian Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company, is just completing a series of improvements which have cost altogether some \$300,000, and which involve the constant employment of a minimum force of 500 employes. This is in furtherance, on the lead side, of the bold attempt, bitherto remarkably successful, of W. H. Aldridge to enter the Oriental market for both lead and silver, and, on the copper side, to solve the problem of the successful mining of the low grade ores of Rossland to the Chinese minits. The Trail smelter sends monthly 150,000 cunces of shunder to the Chinese minits. The Trail smelter sends monthly 150,000 cunces of shunder to the Chinese minits. The Trail smelter sends to the Orient to the Orient with its own brand imprinted, it deals with Japan, it has secured a large and increasi

### CLOSING OF SCHOOL

AT ST. MARTINS

ST. MARTINS. June 28. The annual cipal Barker and his pupils acquitted themselves most creditably. Beside the regular school work gone through there were a number of recitations. Speeches were made by Revs. C. W. Townsend and H. S. Savoy. A prize was also presented to Jack Marr for best work in English. George Charlton having been chosen valedictorian, delivered his address in a pleasing manner.





"Well, now, see here, Jorrier than I can tell mother and I cannot to

"But it takes money, "Mighty little, boys. day when money was p I know what I am sayl you that money canno fact, the least expensive asily the most enjoy. By this time the three ting up and listening their father's remarks anything but dispected. breath.
"What do you think



"Ah, that's the diffication of costs money."
Mr. Berry smiled.
"Why, boys, even wheave to count my peramping more than of tent." "How?" asked Frank,
"Now, see here, boys,
what I am going to do
let you solve your own
want to go camping. I
Two weeks? All right,
then. Now, first write
the things you must
camp. Then put yours

### Things

IF you go for a walk you are almost sure ants' nests. They loo of fine needles and little and twigs. On a sunny often see long columns o ing home with little piet add to the walls of Sometimes they carry I deal bigger than thems

Ants' Care of the A great number of an hest, and some of them time collecting food, look after the babies. The babies are shut white silk bags called on hot days their nurse out into the sun. If them they will very quite babies and carry their nursery, under leaves.

A Horse's To How many toes has a lead toot? You don't know you wouldn't! He has of that is the big, round which his shoe is nailed is another animal that toe on each foot; and ho keys are called odd-tows and sheep have each foot while pussyeach fore foot and four one; and if you have a find he has the same number of the same of t

#### Some

N OT long ago Polly ed several amusing have been placed

is read by every one of churchyard. It was and the village poer