

AT THE EDGE OF NIGHT.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

The gray day was darkening down to a cheerless night. Davidson of the firm of Davidson & Howard would have escaped from the office for the man who was coming in was a man without understanding. But he could not escape, for a hand was already on the knob of the door, so he sat still and looked intently at the papers on his desk. The man who came in was tall and thin and withal looking.

"Hello, Howard," said Davidson, still busy with his papers. "Hello," said Howard, dropping into a chair and leaning his elbows on the arms, so that he could clasp his hands and rest his chin on them. "Sorry you're busy. Wanted to drop in and talk a while, you know." Not professional business—just plain talk.

Davidson still considered the papers, which he had gathered, steadfastly, into his hands. "It's about Dolly," said the man without understanding, raising troubled eyes to the back of the other's head. There might have been the slightest pause, before the other rejoined in the friendliest manner:

"See what it is to be married! You're always worrying about Dolly." "Yes, but you don't know," said Howard, humbly, trying to make it plain to the other man's limited comprehension. "I thought if I would bring her back here—among old friends, you know—she would be happier, some way. It didn't matter to me, you know—I could be happy anywhere—with her—but maybe it's different with a girl. And she did seem better for a while—just after she came back, you know—but now she's going back again."

Davidson looked at the papers in his hands as though he really could not spare a minute from his work. "How do you mean, going back?" he asked. "Oh, well, getting pale and still, as she was before. She always says there's nothing the matter—always has said it—but anybody can see there is."

"The chin, resting on the clasped hands, trembled weakly to a moment. The man at the desk seemed somehow conscious of that trembling, and was vaguely disquieted by it. "You're nervous, old man," he said, quietly. "Why don't you see a doctor, Dolly—if you see a doctor, instead of a lawyer?"

"Flirt's foolishness," retorted Howard, a little wistfully. "You have known Dolly longer than I have—all her life, just about. I thought you were a friend of hers—though I did have to almost pull you around in the house after we came back here. I've had a kind of grudge against you the way you kept putting me off and pretending you had so many engagements you couldn't come—and then you never came back. I thought you'd see Dolly needed to be cheered—but you don't. Nobody sees like a husband, I suppose. Talk about doctors—I've had doctors—and what do they know about something that doesn't show itself in fevers, or something like that? Sometimes I think maybe it was a mistake for Dolly to marry me."

"Ah, but you know one woman," this said Howard, eagerly. "You have known her all your life—and if you would but take a little interest—for my sake—if you would just try to be friendly enough to help me a little—"

"In heaven's name, what do you want me to do?" cried the other. He tried to laugh as he said it. It was not a very cheerful laugh. "If you will only come around the house a little," petitioned the man devoid of understanding. "Perhaps an outsider, one who is not specially interested, might be able to find out what the trouble was, or at least to direct, her mind. You see, I love her too much, and am too deadly anxious—but you would be cool and collected. You know you might do it, Davidson. It wouldn't take much of your time—would it, now?—and think of the good you might do. Maybe she's lonely—maybe she misses the friends she used to have—she was a gay little thing once. I don't know what the trouble is—I would give the world to know. Won't you help me to find out?"

There was another silence. After a while Davidson stirred a little. "So you wish to use me in making an experiment?" he said, at last, with an unexpected bitterness in his voice. "Not so much that—you have always been friends with Dolly," said the other. "You have really expected her since she came back here—it was not friendly at all—and if you were just to show—that you had some slight interest in her—for the sake of the old days—why, she used to think of you as a kind of big brother, I have no doubt—and it might make her feel that she wasn't quite alone—"

The voice trailed off, haggard with anxiety. The man at the desk sat still. He was reading over, with frowning intention, for the hundredth time, the title of a legal document neatly indorsed on the back of it in his own unshaken handwriting. "You'll come up, won't you?" he heard a voice saying, after a long silence, and roused himself, and saw the man without understanding.

"Let it go now," he gasped, waving his visitor away. "I will do what I can—yes—surely—never mind, right now, Howard—well talk of it again." It was the edge of the night. The gray dawn had slipped over the rim of the world, and a colorless light was about to come, pierced through with arc lights like so many flaming swords. Davidson sat looking out at the nearest one, white-faced, his lips colorless.

"Why shouldn't I go?" he asked himself, clutching at his heart, where a dull pain throbbed. "Why shouldn't I go? See how I am dragged and driven to here—why shouldn't I go, and let the world go hang?" His arms were on the desk, and he dropped his face upon them, shaken by the sob which came at a man's life. "The fates have called me—I will go to her," he whispered.

Then, even in the moment of self-surrender, he saw the man without understanding sitting there, and heard him saying: "I love her too much—I am too deadly anxious—"

MATTERS OF INTEREST AT LOCAL CAPITAL.

Fires, Police Court Matters, Good Lumber News, Property Purchase.

Fredericton, July 6.—(Special)—At the police court, this morning, Magistrate Marshall sentenced James Crossin, convicted of stealing a bicycle and clothes from an up-town hotel. He got seven months for stealing the clothes. The case of Kennedy and Appleby, of Millville, charged with intimidating men who were appointed by the C. P. R. to replace the strikers, was adjourned until Tuesday morning.

The firemen were called out twice this morning. The first shortly after 7 o'clock for a fire at the electric station. The fire caught from some coal close to the boiler in the engine room and spread through the engine room, where considerable damage was done. The firemen soon had the fire under control, but before it had burned several hours in the roof, the damage was \$200. About 11 o'clock an alarm was sounded from box 37 for a fire in the George Doherty house, George street. A large hole was burned in the roof. The loss covered by insurance in the Union and National Companies.

News from over states that it was reported at Edmundston yesterday that James Kilburn had received the corporation limits with his drive. The corporation limits with his drive. The corporation limits with his drive. The corporation limits with his drive.

James MacIsaac, of St. John, has purchased the interest of the George Baird estate in the Star Lane wharf for \$2,000. A. S. Randall, postmaster of Lakeville, New Brunswick, has been appointed postmaster at Anson, N. B. It is understood James Jewett has been appointed postmaster.

NEWS OF ST. STEPHEN. K. of P. Decoration Day Observed in the Border City—Driving Accidents. St. Stephen, July 7.—(Special)—While the Grimmer surveyor for Murdoch & Sons, and another man were driving to work yesterday a car ran across the street and frightened the horse. Both men were thrown from the wagon. The horse was hurt quite severely on the head and his companion on one leg.

Today Frederick, K. of P. Uniform Rank met at their hall and members of the Rural cemetery and performed their annual duty of decorating the graves of deceased members. The procession was headed by the band led by Mr. Grimmer. The funeral was held at the Grimmer lodge was commanded by Capt. J. P. Wry, and by the Rev. Mr. McGreggor.

THE NEWS OF BAYSWATER. A large number of tourists visited this favorite resort during the past week, and the feeling of satisfaction and enjoyment was noticeably apparent, and all expressed themselves as delighted with the accommodations and facilities which make Bayswater an ideal summer resort.

ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRIES.

Window Glass and Bituminous Coal Industries in Fine Condition.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 27.—The window glass and bituminous coal industries in Western Pennsylvania are never before in such an attractive condition from the workers' and employers' viewpoints: to the workers, because wages are high and the employment continuous; to the employer because he has no strikes and can get good rates for his products.

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Violent Storm for Three Days. Port Ance, July 8.—(Via Haytian cable)—A violent storm has been raging for three days past over the southern part of Hayti and San Domingo. Several sailing vessels have been wrecked. The region between Otili and Vega in the district of Santa Domingo has been inundated. Several lives have been lost.

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MEN'S ENGLISH-MADE

Striped Flannel Coats and Trousers.

Of Medium and Dark Grey Flannel, with black stripes, for outing, bicycling and summer wear. Single Breasted Sac Coats, striped flannel, \$3.50, 4-75. Trousers to match, \$3.75. Double Breasted Sac Coats, striped flannel, \$5.50. Trousers to match, \$3.75.

M. R. & A'S UNRIVALLED \$10.00 SUITS FOR MEN.

Manchester Robertson & Caulson

FOR PURE WATER. BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND THE TRANSVAAL. BROTHERHOOD WORK.

New York Man Will Consult With the City on a Filtration System. Mr. Wilson, of the New York Filtration Company, is here. Escorted by the mayor, Superintendent of the city dock, and the city clerk, he visited the pumping station, where a preliminary inspection of the plant and surroundings was made by Mr. Wilson.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND THE TRANSVAAL. Position Relative to Mining and Other Concessions Disclosed in Blue Book. Washington, July 8.—The position of the British government relative to the various mining, railroad and other concessions in the Transvaal is fully disclosed in a blue book covering this subject, which has just reached Washington. The subject is of the very first importance to the state and war departments, as some of the most troublesome and weighty problems now confronting them arise from claims of various concessionaires in the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba.

IN THE PHILIPPINES. Governor Whitmarsh Ordered For Investigation Into His Conduct. Manila, July 8.—The United States Philippine commission has ordered H. Phelps Whitmarsh, the governor of Benguet province, to come to Manila and submit to an investigation, owing to the allegation that he has been using his position to his personal advantage in acquiring land and mining rights from the natives. He is at present charged with indiscretion and violation of his instructions.

THE MATCH BUSINESS. Bryant & May to Acquire Diamond Company's Business. London, July 8.—A circular issued by Bryant & May announces that an agreement has been made to acquire the business of the Diamond Match Company of Liverpool for £400,000, to be provided by a new issue of Bryant & May shares. The Liverpool company is one of the subsidiaries started by the American company and, by the purchase, Bryant & May presumably acquire a free field here as the agreement between the American and Liverpool companies provides that the former shall not compete for the match trade of the United Kingdom.

Promises Exceptionally Well. An entertainment which has been greeted with unusual enthusiasm by Halifaxians will be in St. John next week. It is a series of moving pictures, called West's Exposition of Life in Our Navy. Those who have seen it advise others to follow their example. The Halifax Herald devotes nearly a column to glowing descriptions of the pictures.

THE MAIDEN OF THE SMILE. In that fair land where slope and plain shine back to sun and sky. And olive shield the sprouting grain. When wintry arrows fly. Where snowed streams seek sun-warmed vale. Through the vineyard-crumpled dells. The world we enter with a wall. She greeted with a smile.

Cool the Blood. In all Cases of Itching Burning Humours with Cuticura Resolvent. While Cleansing the Skin and Scap with hot baths of CUTICURA SOAP and healing the Raw, Inflamed Surface with CUTICURA OINTMENT.