

## The Mood Of a Maid.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Trust.

The girl leaned forward after scanning the road in both directions and touched the chauffeur's arm. The great crimson car came to a panting, meditative standstill.

The girl did not wait for the chauffeur to help her, but sprang lightly to the road and vanished into the woodland on the right. The chauffeur turned the car as if his thoughts were concentrated on the necessity of making the smallest possible turn in time of safety, in order to be prepared in time of emergency. And then the great crimson car shot back in the direction from whence it had come.

Safely screened by the underbrush, the girl found a clearing in the woodland and sat down on a moss grown log. Deftly she unwound the swathings of chiffon from her hat, baring a face delicate and sensitive as the anemones opening at her feet.

She drew off her gloves and felt of the velvety moss on the old log, then stooped to gather flowers. Finally, with the blossoms forgotten in her lap, she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin propped in the palms of her hands, watching the woodland life around her.

Chipmunks and squirrels scampered along the edge of the clearing. Where the sun shone upon a tangle of fern and jack in the pulpit two robins perched pertly on dry twigs and discussed the troubles of May moving day. From the shadows of the wood beyond came the persistent hammering of a woodpecker.

Beyond the screen of underbrush automobiles and smart turnouts spun on toward the race track, where the world of fashion was foregathering. An hour passed, and then at the distant wall of a peculiar siren whistle the girl sprang to her feet, dropped her lapful of flowers and ran to the roadside.

Bearing down upon her was a crimson car, twin of the one which had dropped her so unceremoniously an hour earlier.

But the resemblance stopped with the car. The chauffeur in the first car had worn a spick span uniform in tan color from the tips of his lightly polished boots to the crown of his heavy red cap. The man in this car wore a disreputable looking storm coat of English cloth, a shabby visor cap and a pair of goggles which had certainly seen more prosperous days.

He was scorching along at a fine pace. But the girl calmly stepped to the edge of the road and waved a detaining hand—a bare hand at that. The machine slowed down, and the man made preparations to descend, as became one hailed by a maiden in distress. But again the girl raised a detaining hand.

"My car met with an accident. I thought perhaps—I am very anxious to reach Dalton this afternoon. Perhaps you were going that way. Would you give me a lift?"

She looked up eagerly into his startled face. Then the man coughed discreetly, swallowed a smile and sprang from the machine.

"I was—or thought I was—going to the races, but I am sure it will be much more pleasant to—er—was it Dalton you said?"

The man's accent was English. The admiration in his eyes was the sort that knows no nationality. The girl flushed beneath it and sprang into the car before the astonished man could assist her.

For a few minutes the car ran on in silence. Then the girl spoke abruptly. "Let us take this crossroad. There is a mile farther we will strike the old Dalton turnpike. There we will not meet."

"I understand," he interrupted gravely. And the great car swerved into the crossroad, running through a stretch of woodland.

Again the girl seemed plunged in thought. But at last the man remarked a bit lamely:

"Perfect day, isn't it?"

The girl looked up at him shyly. Her eyes were soft and luminous.

"Oh, I have had the most beautiful hour there in the woods. I've never seen anything half so wonderful as those little creatures doing just as they pleased. Just as soon as the birds tired of one tree or bush or fern they flew off to another. They did not mind me nor each other. Just think of being like that all your life!"

The man looked at her curiously, as if she were a new specimen of the genus feminine and entirely worthy of deep study.

"It is all so different from what I've been used to. I wake up knowing that Marie will be right there with my chocolate. And then will come cards and mail and flowers and Aunt Margaret. Of course Aunt Margaret is a dear, but ten years of doing things right under Aunt Margaret's eyes are very tiresome. Don't you think so?"

"I am quite sure it must be a terrible bore," replied the man gravely.

"And then seeing the same people everywhere you go and being quite sure that you will see no one that Aunt Margaret has not seen first."

The man bit his lip at this naive confession.

"Do you know," said the girl, waxing confidential as the car lazied along over the tree hung road, "I've always dreamed of having a man come to my rescue just like this—a man I had never known—a man quite different

from any of the men I have ever met."

She paused, and the man at her side studied her with grave eyes.

"Now, there was Bessie Stewart—she married Jack Coghlan. They'd gone to kindergarten and dancing school together. And then she'd gone to all his college 'proms' and the same cotillions. Why, it was just like marrying some one who had lived in your own family always."

"And now they're bored to death with each other. They had a honeymoon at Monte Carlo, where they had been the year before on the Borden-Jones yacht, and they came back to the same old round of teas and dinners and dances. There was no romance in that."

The man shook his head.

"But Harriet, one of our parlor maids, married a miner way out west. She met him by answering an advertisement in a matrimonial paper. He came east after her, and she wrote Marie that they were awfully happy. He had never beaten her once."

The man flung back his head and laughed, and the girl laughed with him. Then suddenly she clutched his sleeve.

"You've passed the Dalton turnpike, and I must be at Stoneyfold for lunch."

"We are not going to Dalton," said the man calmly. "I've been out this way before. Just two miles beyond we will cross the state line."

"But why? Oh, I must go on to Stoneyfold."

The man ignored the remark.

"And across the state line, I understand, there is no need of a license."

"Oh!" said the girl very softly, and the great car stopped beneath the arch of freshly leaved trees.

He flung aside his heavy driving gloves and took the delicate, sensitive face of the girl between his two hands.

"Will you, dearest?"

Her eyes stopped dancing and turned wondrous tender.

"Oh, I hoped you'd understand, but I did not dream."

"Will you, dearest?" persisted the man.

She lowered her long lashes over the eyes into which he tried so hard to gaze. Later she murmured from the shelter of his arms: "But I want to tell you the truth, Lester. I never loved you till just this minute. And I had made up my mind that if you did not understand I would just—"

He threw on the power.

"Let us get across the line quick before you change your mind again."

He ran Manning, justice of the peace in the —th district, plucked at his beard and regarded the couple doubtfully.

"I'd like to oblige you, but this ain't no Gretz Green, an'—well, I don't mind tellin' you that the girl looks under age."

"But I am not," protested the girl.

"I am twenty."

"Not castin' no reflections, ma'am, but I'd like some proof."

The girl and the man looked at each other; then the girl's troubled glance traveled to the table, and a smile brightened her face.

"Isn't that proof enough that my family are willing?"

She held the paper toward the justice with the face of a girl peering straight from the printed page.

The justice looked from the picture to the girl, and his face alternately flushed and paled.

"Gosh all hemlocks, you're Banker Clafin's girl, and he—he's—"

"Yes," said the girl, her eyes dancing. "He is Lord Grammont. But, indeed, he's very nice in spite of the fact," she added as Justice of the Peace Manning continued to stare incredulously at the man's slim figure in its disreputable motoring apparel.

"You wait a bit. I'll be right back," said the justice, with sudden accession of spirit, and he started for the door.

The girl and man sprang after him.

"You are not going to telephone—to town—to the wretched reporters. Please, please, set us be married, please alone, with just some of your family for witnesses," cried the girl.

"Yes," added the man nervously. "We've just run away from all that sort of thing—please, don't you know. Please let us get away quietly. Don't telephone, I beg of you."

"Telephone nothing!" exclaimed the justice heartily. "I'm just going to put on my Sunday suit. Never expect to marry a millionaire's girl and a lord again in my time."

Captivating a Queen.

It was by his graceful execution of a dance that young Hutton first captivated the heart of Queen Elizabeth, says Edward Scott in his book on "Dancing in All Ages." He had been brought up to the law and entered court, as his enemy, Sir John Perrot, used to say, "by the galliards," as his first appearance there was on the occasion of a mask ball, and her majesty was so struck by his good looks and activity that she made him one of her band of pensioners, who were considered the handsomest men in England. It is said that the favors which the virgin monarch extended to her new favorite excited the jealousy of the Earl of Leicester, who, thinking to depreciate the accomplishments of the young lawyer, offered to introduce to Elizabeth's notice a professional dancer whose satirical performances were considered far more wonderful than Hutton's. To this suggestion, however, the royal lady, with more vehemence than elegance, exclaimed: "Pish! I will not see your man. It is his trade."

An Inspiration.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an inspiration? Pa—An inspiration, my son, is the sudden recollection of some one who will probably stand for a touch—Kansas City Newsbook.

### AN IDEAL NEW

#### ENGLAND PLAY.

When "Miss Petticoats" was first written the charm of its scenes, laid in a quaint whaling port, and parts of Paris made the success of the book and its admirers have been anxious since then to see the wholesome, generous-hearted folk of New Bedford with their spicy wit move upon the stage and "have their being" among us. The play was first produced at the Boston Theatre and received enthusiastic praise from the large audiences that crowded the immense house. The pet name of "Miss Petticoats" was given the heroine by her devoted grandfather who brought her up in an old-fashioned manner on board of an ancient whaler that was tied up to the wharf as a sort of house boat; and from the unique little house Agatha graduated to the "smart society" set as the companion of a rich old lady, and how she finally came into her own estates as the Countess Fumery, is a most charming and realistic tale. Old friends follow her fortunes and the four-in-hand dance of a quartette of merry old sea-dogs in the ball room of the Countess, is one of the laughable scenes that highly amuse the audience. The quick turn from pathos to comedy is one of the laughable features of "Miss Petticoats." The whole play is novel, humorous, clean and always entertaining and the fortunes of "Miss Petticoats" and her scarlet cloak are followed with keen interest. The scenic effects are very elaborate and carry out the idea of the story in a most realistic manner. The company has been most carefully selected and the "Miss Petticoats" which will be seen at the Opera House, Newcastle, on Friday, August 7th, for one night only.

#### No Tears Nor Hills.

In the days when Rowley Hill was bishop of the Isle of Man one of his clerical men hearing the name of Tears came to say adieu to his bishop on getting preferment. The parson said: "Goodby, my lord. I hope we may meet again, but if not here in some better place."

The bishop replied, "I fear the latter is unlikely, as there are no Tears in heaven."

"No doubt," wittily answered the parson, "you are right that our chance of meeting is small, as one reads of the plains of paradise, but never of any Hills there."—London Queen.

#### Australian Bushmen.

Although the bushmen of Australia are the very lowest in the scale of ignorance, they possess a rare instinct that equals that of many animals and is in its way as wonderful as man's reason. It is almost impossible for them to be lost. Even if they be led away from their home blindfolded for miles, when released they will unerringly turn in the right direction and make their way to their nest homes, and though these are all very similar, they never make a mistake.

#### Fool and Sage.

The fool and his money are parted, not long did they stay in cahoots, but the fool is the cheeriest hearted and gladdest of human galeots. His neighbor, however, a wise, six figures fellow tell what he's worth, but, oh, how folks wish the old miser would fall off the edge of the earth—Emporia Gazette.

#### And That's All.

"Mr. Jingle's writings show a great deal of imagination, don't you think?" "Yes; they show that he imagines he can write poetry."

#### Susy.

Susy Ethel Jenkins, she lives across 'n' street from me. I've 'er scared to go to bed. Sends 'n' shivers down your back.

Susy, she knows lots of things—Bears 'n' ghosts 'n' pirate kings; Rings 'n' 't' w'en you only rub Brings a smile 'n' a chub!

W'en I think of things she's said I'm 'er scared to go to bed. Seems like some of Susy's bears Was a growlin' on 'n' stairs.

#### Value of Statistics.

"So you think it is a good idea to give your audience much in the way of statistics?" asked one campaign orator.

"Not too much; just enough to let him rest up and get a little hungry for another anecdote."

#### For the Umbrella Stand.

The rain it raineth every day. Upon the just and unjust falls, But chiefly on the just, because The unjust has the just's umbrella. —Bishop Creighton, Quoted in Public Opinion.

#### Equipment.

Dashaway—I'm going to a house party. Wonder what I need to take along? Cleverton—About a quart of five dollar gold pieces to tip the servants with, a flannel skirt, dress suit, pajamas and a half dozen engagement rings.

#### With Apologies.

What a joy to press the pillow Of a top flat chamber oed And to listen to the yowling Of the tomcats overnail.

#### Result of Fame.

"Who is that man who struts as though he were the chief person in the universe?" "That is a medical light celebrated as a lung specialist."

"Oh, that is the reason he is so chesty!"

#### The Gentle Kine.

Now does the young man wander out With kodak in his hand And snap the stray cows roundabout While his best girl murmurs, "Grand!"

## Creaghan's Big Mid-Summer Sale Is Fast Drawing to a Close

So Come Today and Benefit in the Great Money-Saving Chance of the Year

It will be a pleasant memory to the many who profited by it—a regretful memory to those who let the chance slip by.

**Don't be one of the latter**—Don't hesitate and lose the opportunity which this sale offers you. **Come and Buy Now.**

Dress Goods, Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, Whitewear, Wrappers, Waists, Sunshades, Etc., and Men's Straw and Crash Hats, Shirts, Clothing, Neckwear Underwear, Etc., are all **marked down to the lowest possible price.**

Be prompt—Come Early. Buy while the Bargains Last. We want no one to be disappointed.

**J. D. CREAGHAN COMPANY, LIMITED.**

### LORD ROBERTS

**CANCELS DATES.**

TORONTO, Saturday.—A wire was received tonight by Mayor Olives that Lord Roberts had cancelled all his Canadian engagements and will sail almost immediately for England. A similar message was received by the Canadian club in which the date of the sailing was set for August 7th.

The announcement of the cancellation of Lord's visit to the city will cause considerable loss as well as disappointment. Several firms along the proposed route and already decorated their buildings at considerable expense with gorgeous bunting. Others had let contracts for decorations running into many dollars.

**C. P. R. MECHANICS WILL STRIKE.**

WINNIPEG, Saturday.—Present indications are that within a week there will be a general strike of the C. P. R. mechanics. They have voted to stand by the minority report of the recent conciliation board.

Bill Hardy, general chairman of the federated trades has been in Montreal for some time trying to reopen negotiations with the C. P. R. with regard to a settlement of the matters in dispute between the company of machinists and without success to date.

This means a conflict embracing C. P. R. mechanics from coast to coast unless something done within the next two or three days.

**87,404 ALIENS BECOME CITIZENS.**

Ottawa, Ont., August 2.—According to returns received at the state department, 87,404 aliens have taken out naturalization papers as British subjects in Canada since the act went into force in 1902. During the period between July 1st, 1906 and December 31st, 1907, the number naturalized was 17,714, of whom 7,279 were from the United States and 306 were Japanese.

**EMERSON.**

Emerson, Aug. 3rd.—Mrs. S. Sherman of Marysville visited friends in Emerson this week.

Mr. William Pride of Amherst was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Beers on July 31st, also visited Mr. and Mrs. Noble Beers of Harley Road.

Rev. G. S. Weaver of Grangeville held service in the Schoolhouse at Emerson on the 2nd.

Mrs. Thomas E. Ellis of Lewiston Maine, who has been spending the past few months with her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Miller of Emerson, has returned to her home on the 31st.

Miss Nancy Lyndel of Manchester, Mass., is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Chapman.

Miss Lizzie Beers who spent the past winter in Cambridge, Mass., visited friends in Yarmouthville, Maine, has returned to her home in Emerson.

Mr. Perminas Livingston who has spent the past winter in Emerson, has returned to his home in Emerson.

Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Fraser who have been the guests of Mr. John Dunn of Beersville have moved to their home in Emerson.

**CASTORIA.**

Beers the Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### INTERCOLONIAL IN

**GOOD ORDER.**

Lieut. Col. Biggar Expresses Appreciation of Prompt Despatch of Soldiers to Quebec.

For the prompt despatch of troops from various points on the line, by special trains to the Quebec Tercenary, the Intercolonial Railway has been highly complimented by Lieut. Col. Biggar, who had charge of all the military transportation arrangements. In a telegram to General Traffic Manager Tiffin, Col. Biggar thus expresses his appreciation:

E. Tiffin.

Moncton, N. B.

Movement up to now most satisfactory. Allow me to thank you and the officers of your road.

COLONEL BIGGAR.

The arrangements for moving the troops were excellently planned and carried out, and a fact worthy of special mention is that in each case the special trains arrived at Levis in advance of the scheduled time. Every provision possible was made for the comfort of both officers and men and there were no needless waits or vexatious delays.

**UPPER NELSON.**

Upper Nelson, Aug. 1.—A public meeting was held at this place on the night of July 31 in the Orange Hall under the auspices of St. Andrew L. O. L. No. 147. A large number of people attended. District Department Grand Master Henry Wise and David Hipwell addressed the meeting at length on the principles of the Orange Order and Loyal True Blue Association. A True Blue Lodge will no doubt be organized at an early date.

No. 147 L. O. L. have built a fine hall worth nearly 1,800, all paid for, and it is only a little more than two years since the organization.

A fine Presbyterian Church has been built at this place.

A large number of men are building a siding here as the Canada Eastern runs through and quite a lot of produce and lumber is shipped.

**THREE MINERS SUFFOCATED.**

COBALT, Saturday.—Three miners from Cape Breton named Foley McDonald and Gillies, the latter a married man were suffocated by gas in French's mine at Elk Lake on the Montreal river today at the 45 foot level. Foley was a surface man and in an endeavor to rescue the underground workers lost his own life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

**THREE MINERS SUFFOCATED.**

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### Opera House

NEWCASTLE

Friday, August 7

A Big Production of Great Dramatic Worth

**MISS PETTICOATS**

Dramatized from the popular book of the same name.

Will be presented by a Starling Company.

Giving the breath of life and reality to all the paths and humor of this masterly play.

**DON'T MISS**

This Powerful Play—This Grand Production—This Carefully Selected Co.—This Clever Mingling of Heart Thrills and Comedy Hits.

**TEACHER WANTED!**

Second Class Female Teacher Wanted to take charge of Emerson School in District No. 20, Parish of Weldford, near Harcourt. Apply to

ROBERT McCRAE, Sec. to Trustees, 43 1st Emerson, Kent Co., N. B.

**MILLERTON.**

The sidewalks are being put into a good condition.

Rev. Mr. Sutherland has been supplying the Presbyterian pulpit for the Rev. Mr. Coughorn.

The new public school will be ready for the coming term.

Mr. T. C. Miller and family are spending their holidays near Bathurst.

The hay crop in the vicinity is fairly good though probably not up to last year's mark.

Mrs. E. I. Parker and family are visiting friends at Boistown.

Miss Lydia Bryenton has returned to Fredericton to resume her duties in the hospital.

Lieut. Governor Tweedie arrived in the city yesterday for the purpose of attaching his signature to the latest issue of provincial bonds. His honor reports that business along the North Shore is quiet, many of the manufacturers on the Miramichi having closed their plants for a time on account of poor markets. The governor reports further that crops, with the exception of hay and oats, are in excellent condition. Forest fires in the district mentioned have caused serious damage, but danger from that source still exists, as the rains have been light.

At present the Chatham exhibition looms large in the eyes of the people of Northumberland County. Lieutenant Governor Fraser of Nova Scotia, who returned yesterday from the Quebec tercentenary celebration, is to open the fair and there are hopes of having Premier Murray of the sister province also present.—St. John Sun

**CASTORIA.**

Beers the Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Beers the Kind You Have Always Bought

Beers the Kind You Have Always Bought

Beers the Kind You Have Always Bought