

ANTHONY

By TEMPLE BAILEY

The Misses Hildreth never spoke of Anthony's pedigree. There was a certain flavor of the stables about the word which offended their nice taste.

"His ancestor was Antonio L., Miss Anne would say proudly. 'The blue ribbon winner at the bench shows.'"

Anthony had never won a blue ribbon. In fact, he had not been entered. Charles, the butler, had advised against it.

"He'd never stand it, ma'am, his nerves are that shaky," he had said to Miss Angeline.

But when he took Anthony for a walk he met Tam the trainer. "What could he get with that nose?" he had asked disdainfully, and Tam had nodded slyly.

"There, I wouldn't tell the old man there wasn't any chance," said Charles.

One of the Misses Hildreth had said to Anthony, and they looked at their gray devotion to the banded hair.

When they reached the drawing room, however, and the vulgar awfulness of the person was revealed, they stiffened again.

But the red faced lady swept forward and put both of her fat hands on Miss Anne's protesting, patrician shoulders.

"I've found your darlin' dog," she said.

What was a thumb ring or distinction of caste at such a moment? The frail blue veined hands of the little woman clasped the pudgy digits of the red faced lady, and their well bred voices were almost shrill as they asked their breathless questions.

Presently Charles was sent across the street to meet half-way the cockaded footman, and between them they brought in a perfumed and prodigious cause, who barked excitedly and licked the face of the old ladies as they hung over him.

At last Miss Anne sank down on a sofa, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, her gray hair flying about her ears.

"Get him a chop, Charles," she commanded.

The red faced lady interposed. "He's stuffed already," she said inelegantly. The little ladies shuddered.

"He ought to get out more," advised the person. "You let me take him. I'm that lonesome sometimes that it seems as if I couldn't stand it." In her voice was all the wistful longing of the once busy woman to whom wealth has brought unwelcome leisure.

Before the eyes of the little ladies flashed a vision of Anthony in the victor's vest and the vulgar, red faced lady. But with their other fine qualities they possessed the gentle one of gratitude, and without apparent hesitation Miss Anne responded:

"We shall be glad if you will take him."

Then Miss Angeline made another effort. "My sister and I will give ourselves the pleasure of calling on you soon," she said.

The face of the person shone with delight, for a calling acquaintance with the Hildreths was a consummation to be desired.

went hungry, and his round sides became more hollow, but in his eyes was the sparkle of a care free spirit. Back of him was the dim room with its condoning white covered table, ahead of him sunshine and freedom. But dark days came when he was driven, lame and thirsty, from place to place, and one morning the light went out of his eyes, and he lay on a path in the park, his ears alert for the sound of menacing footsteps.

"All at once there came down the road a victor. In it was the lady with the red face, who motioned the driver to stop.

"There's that darlin' dog!" She held out an open box of biscuits, "come, doggie," she pleaded. And the prodigious, tired at least of the busks, trotted forward. The footman lifted him in, and he sat with his dirty paws on the fawn cushions and ate of the fattest calf.

When the carriage reached the familiar street the footman was ordered to hold Anthony tightly.

"It would kill them sweet old darlins' to see him so dirty," said the kind hearted person. So the small dog was carried into the gorgeous apartment and scrubbed and perfumed and decorated with a distracting pink bow. Then the red faced lady hid herself to the brownstone front.

Charles took her card up. "The person from over there," he said discreetly.

The backs of the two little ladies stiffened.

Charles hesitated. "She said she had some news."

The eyes of the old ladies centered with one accord on a black draped basket on a white draped table.

"Anthony?" they exclaimed and fluttered downstairs.

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PLUCKING SHEEP.

Shearing Process Not Used in Shetland on Pure Bred Animals.

The pure bred sheep in Shetland are not shorn, but plucked. The process takes place generally in June, when the fleece is "ripe" and the silky wool can be pulled off without pain.

This is called "roeing" and is much less damaging to the young fiber than clipping with shears. The wool when thus handled retains its peculiar softness, so that any one of experience can tell whether the material of a limited article has been plucked or shorn.

It begins first upon the neck and shoulders, and then sheep half plucked resemble in some sort a porcupine that is clipped.

We must suppose that harsher handling prevailed at one time, for we read that in 1638 the Scottish privy council spoke of the custom as still kept up "in some remote and uncivil places," and James I. wrote to tell them that it had been put down in Ireland under penalty of a fine.

Upon this they passed an act on March 17, 1639, deploring the destruction of sheep, it thus necessary and imposing similar fines on those who should persist in the practice.

The Tropic Home. White men's homes in India, the West Indies, west Africa and other parts of the tropics to which civilization has penetrated are usually run on the principle of having as much air and as little furniture as possible.

Carpets, rugs, cushions, hangings and portieres are banished. Tables and chairs are made of light wickerwork, bamboo or cane. The floors are polished with coccoanut husks until they become as slippery as a good dancing floor.

Indeed, they are used for that purpose nearly every evening in any settlement where there is society. A ball in the tropics requires no preparation. After dinner it is only necessary to move the light furniture to one corner of the spacious room, send somebody to the piano and start dancing.

The ballroom is practically in the open air, for wooden "jalousies" form most of the wall space and are opened like Venetian blinds to let in the cool night breezes.

The "Just Alike." Few people perhaps notice that all omnibus wheels are painted yellow, says the London Chronicle, so that any wheel may be worn with any bus color.

Exactly alike the ring in the world is of precisely the same diameter, whatever the size of the auditorium, so that the rider knows the angle at which he must lean in San Francisco is the angle of safety in St. Petersburg. Even the ladder is "standardized." Every bodman in England knows what he has to step when toiling up the builder's ladder, though he may not know it is seven inches. The sailor who runs up the ratlines has twelve inches as a step, and that makes a run possible, and the fireman's ladder is crossed with exact equivalence to the ratlines.

Death From Electric Shock. The ultimate cause of death, when due primarily to electric shock, is generally considered to be stoppage of the action of the heart or of the respiratory organs. That the latter may be affected is shown by the fact that victims of electric shock are sometimes brought to life by practice of some of the well known methods of artificial respiration. The cessation of the heart's action may be due to stimulation of the nerves which control the beating of the heart. These, when stimulated to excess, may cause the heart to stop altogether.—Archibald Wilson in Cassier's Magazine.

The Consulting Caddie. There is one personage who of late years has rather disappeared from the golfing world, but used to be greatly in evidence in it—the advisory caddie. Many of the caddies of the old Scotch school used to treat their masters (so called) much in the manner that a good old nurse treats a baby when she is beginning to teach it how to walk. In those days there was not a stroke played without the most careful consultation with these sapient mentors.—Westminster Gazette.

Placing the Blame. Caller—So the doctor brought you a little sister the other night, eh? Tommy—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway I heard him tellin' pa some time ago 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

Giving an Opinion. Taddles—I used to think a good deal of Straddles, but— Waddles—You don't say so? What has he done? "The other day I asked him to call round and give me his opinion of an article of mine on 'The Impending Crisis.' Well, he came all right; but he brought a little thing of his own for me to hear, and, confound him, he wasted all the evening with his egotistical trash."

In Many Places. vs. McCall—I see you've got a new Has she had much experience as Hiram Offen—Apparently not 't ma'y, and I propose to give her hunt up another expert—her week's up.

Familiar. I think I can cure your I am sure of it. re—y familiar with of I've had it nee. ting the t; ho

THE FIRST STOVES.

They superseded the Roman Stuba in the Eighteenth Century.

A heating apparatus called a "stuba" (stove) was widely used among the higher class of Romans before the beginning of the Christian era. This class of heaters was fixed and immovable, besides being in several other respects wholly different from the modern stove. In Germany and Scandinavia they were used in both rooms and bathhouses during the middle ages.

They were usually constructed of brick, stone or tile and were of immense size. They sometimes covered the whole side of a twenty or thirty foot room and often extended out into the room as much as ten feet, in which case the smooth, flat top was used for a bedstead, the heated surface imparting an agreeable feeling of warmth during those cold nights of long ago when such things as covers were quite rare.

Cardinal Polignone of France was perhaps the first to attempt the construction of a stove wholly of iron, this at about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first real improvement over the old Roman "stuba" was brought about by Franklin in the year 1745. One of his efforts produced a typical base burner, almost perfect and a model of workmanship. Stoves were not used in private houses to any great extent prior to the year 1850.

A Piscatorial Gunner. The jaculator fish, the piscatorial gunner of the Javan lakes, uses his mouth as a squirt gun and is a marksman of no mean ability. Go to a small lake or pond filled with specimens of jaculators, place a stake or pole in the water with the end projecting from one to three feet above the surface, place a beetle or fly on top of the pole and await developments. Soon the water will be swarming with finny gunners, each anxious for a shot at the tender morsel which the experimenter has placed in full view. Presently one comes to the surface, steadily observes his prey and measures the distance. Instantly he screws his mouth into the funnel shape imaginable, discharges a stream of water with precision equal to any sharpshooter, knocks the fly or beetle into the water, where he is instantly devoured by the successful Nimrod or some of his hungry horde. This sport may be kept up as long as the supply of beetles and flies holds out.

FOR SALE. By the Dominion Bridge Co., Ltd., Montreal, four Lighters, 80 feet long, 26 feet wide and 8 feet deep, used in floating spans on the Miramichi river.

Oysters. If you want a good cyster stew, some nicely fried oysters, or oysters on the half shell go to the CITY RESTAURANT, Allan Russell, Proprietor.

OYSTERS. Mr. Thos. Russell has added an Oyster Saloon to his otherwise first class grocery store and is serving Oysters in stews and on the half shell in the most up-to-date style. THOS. RUSSELL, Newcastle.

FOR SALE. The Wilson Mill Property, situated in the Parish of Derby, Northumberland Co., N. B. Carding Mill has two sets 24 inch cards, also a large picker. Grist Mill has three un of stones. Good dam on a never-failing stream. For particulars apply to MISS MARY WILSON, Derby N. B.

Anthracite COAL. I have in stock a large quantity of Hard Coal in Egg, Stove and Chestnut sizes, which I will deliver to parties requiring same at reasonable rates. R. R. CALL, Newcastle, Oct. 6th, 1903. 3w.

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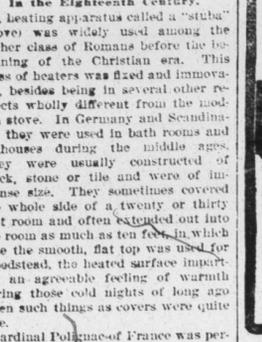
Protruding and Bleeding Piles. Are positively and permanently cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is popularly believed that nothing short of a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. This is not so has been proven again and again where Dr. Chase's Ointment has been tested.

Mr. Geo. BAKER, painter, 103 Fuller St., Parkdale, Toronto, states:—"When one has received great benefit from a remedy after being disappointed many times, it becomes a pleasure and a duty to recommend it to others. Such is my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment. For the last eight years I have been a continual sufferer from protruding and bleeding piles, which seemed worse when walking or working. In fact I was in agony with them most of the time.

"I tried every remedy I could learn of without any success whatever, until I obtained Dr. Chase's Ointment. From the first application of this preparation I felt an improvement, and on each application I experienced wonderful relief from suffering. I feel sure of a permanent cure, and shall be delighted to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment at all times."

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M. S. N. Co. FALL TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for departure and arrival times for Chatham, S. pt. 25th, 1903.

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