

SIX

The gly Duckling

By JAMES SPRAGUE

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There was a decided tendency among the scholars of the summer school to overlook little Miss Snell. But pretty Miss Blacoe defended her.

"She may be frumpy," she declared, "and I never saw such clothes. But she is nice when you know her."

Most of the scholars at the summer school were teachers, who were making up in the six weeks' course the deficiencies of early education, or preparing for higher grades.

In winter little Miss Snell taught in a district school. Her summer school experiences marked the first milestone of her life. Never before had she been out of her native township. Never before had she met such wonderful girls as these who came from the big cities, with all the daintiness of city grooming and city grooming.

At home Miss Snell had considered her one thick suit and to learn dress as a sufficient and elegant wardrobe, especially as it was supplemented by six white waists, two of which were embroidered by her own hands, one in a plain daisy pattern and one with chrysanthemums.

At the summer school, however, even the embroidered waists seemed inadequate as compared to Miss Blacoe's delicate lingerie blouses, with their short sleeves and frilly effects. Miss Snell's waists had linen collars and stiff collars, which emphasized the plainness of her little, pointed face, her straight haired hair, her spare, girlish figure.

"It's too bad," Miss Blacoe said, the night of the first reception given by the summer school scholars. "It's too bad, I don't believe she is having a good time. You go over and talk to her."

"You are trying to get rid of me," Owen Marvin complained. He was principal of a high school at home and was unmarried. He had never seen a girl quite so knowing and engaging as Miss Blacoe, and he was beginning to think seriously of asking her to marry him.

"No, I am not," Miss Blacoe's blue eyes sparkled. "But I hate to see any one look so lonely and that poor little thing. Come on." And she swept away, all her pink chiffon frills fluttering, and there was nothing for him to do but to follow.

Miss Snell brightened up as they came toward her. She thought she had never seen anything so pretty as Miss Blacoe. "You look like a pink rose," she said, as Miss Blacoe dropped into a big chair beside her and introduced Owen Marvin.

"He lives in the next town to you," Miss Blacoe explained, "and I think you ought to know each other."

"Oh," said little Miss Snell blushing, "I have heard of you so often, Mr. Marvin."

He had not heard of her, but he murmured polite acknowledgments. Miss Blacoe slipped away presently, and the rest of the evening with which this mouse of a girl accepted all his statements, Miss Blacoe had a way of making him feel uncouth and clumsy, but to Miss Snell he towered as a giant of intellect and she seemed to hang upon his words.

They ate their ice cream together, and it was not until Miss Blacoe came back, radiant and rosy, that he discovered that Miss Snell was exceedingly unattractive in appearance.

"Why don't she look better right?" he asked with a decided sense of irritation, as he took Miss Blacoe home.

"Oh, you men," Miss Blacoe said, as they came to Divinity Hall, which, in summer, served as the women's dormitory. "Oh, you men; you make us so frivolous."

"Well," he said, "why can't she have some things like this," and he touched a little awkwardly the flimsy lace of Miss Blacoe's wrap.

Miss Blacoe drew back. "Go away little boy," she said, "I'll see you in the morning." And away she ran to the moonlight.

"And he needn't think he is going to make love to me," she confided to Miss Murray, who roomed with her, "because I am engaged already."

"You're a flirt," Miss Murray told her.

"No," Miss Blacoe said, "but he thinks so much of himself and I like to tease him."

"And he will fall in love and then, what?" probed Miss Murray.

"Hum," mused Miss Blacoe, who was brushing up her hair. "I really ought to find him another girl, Clara, and switch him off, you know."

"Well, you won't," prophesied Miss Murray. "You will just lead him on."

But the next morning Miss Blacoe announced, "I thought of marrying him to you, Clara, but I know you would never give up your career for any man, and so I have decided to hand him over to little Miss Snell."

Miss Murray, who was making her morning coffee over an alcohol lamp, turned around quickly. "What?" she said, "that frumpy little thing?"

"It's her clothes," Miss Blacoe explained. "You wait, Clara, I'm going to play fairly godmother. I owe her something anyway. When you were away last week and I had one of my splitting headaches she came in and was as sweet as she could be. She took care of me like a born nurse and I turned everybody else out. You know what a bear I am when I have a headache, Clara."

"Indeed I do," said Miss Murray, feelingly.

"Well, she didn't seem to mind. She hung over me, and sat up with me, and it was when I made her put on my blue silk dressing gown and she had her hair done that I discovered that she was pretty."

"I can't imagine it," said Miss Murray.

"She is. And she has such a pretty attentive way of listening. And she has been awfully let out by the other girls here, and I am going to take her in hand."

It required great tact for Miss Blacoe to introduce the subject of dress to Miss Snell. But once done, she found an adoring proselyte.

"Oh, I have always wanted to look nice," poor little Miss Snell said, "and I have lived so far away from everything and my people would insist upon dressing me as they like

things, and I know I am different, and I think it is dear of you to help me."

"Question one," said Miss Blacoe. "Can you afford to spend any money on new things?"

Then it developed that Miss Snell was not poor. She taught because life on her father's farm would have been dreadful in its monotony otherwise. But her father never limited her expenditures.

"Oh, joy," murmured Miss Blacoe. "I'll dress you up, little lady, until you won't know yourself. And our first appearance shall be the next reception." "What color shall I wear?" came the anxious question.

"Mr. Marvin likes white," was the innocent rejoinder.

The blushes flamed into Miss Snell's cheeks.

"If you look like that next Friday he will love you on the spot, my dear."

"It is you he loves," whispered little Miss Snell. "and he is charming, and I think you will be a wonderful couple."

"No, we won't," said Miss Blacoe, decidedly. "I'm going to marry a doctor who lives in New York, and he is the dearest fellow in the world."

The next Friday Owen Marvin, wearing a little disconsolate through the empty rooms of the reception hall, came upon a little figure in white. His footsteps made no sound on the thick carpet and, unobserved, he studied her. She wore a charming white net gown. Her fair, fluffy hair was twisted about her head in a shining coronet, and as she stood on the tip of her white slippers, she surveyed herself in the big mirror, she was dainty, exquisite.

"I beg pardon," Owen apologized, as she turned and caught sight of him, and then he said, quickly, "Why—It's Miss Snell."

She came forward, blushing. "Don't you think my gown is pretty?" she asked. "Miss Blacoe told me where to send for it, and she fixed my hair. Isn't she a dear?"

But he did not join in her enthusiasm.

"She's something of a coquette," he said, "and very fond of admiration."

"Every girl is fond of admiration," Miss Snell defended, all pink and white. "Don't you think so?"

He liked the deference of her manner. Miss Blacoe that afternoon had told him of her engagement, and his pride was hurt. He decided that Miss Snell appreciated him, and that she was pretty.

He walked with her through the fast-filling rooms. Admiring glances followed them. It was not easy for the teachers to understand the transformation of Miss Snell, and Miss Blacoe was glowing.

"Isn't she a success?" she said to Miss Murray. "I told you she was pretty. You can't always tell when your ugly ducklings are going to turn out to be swans, my dear. And clothes make such a difference."

"Her first name is Lily," she told Marvin, as they stood together for a moment, while Miss Snell talked to an astonished professor of English, who told her how much he admired her. "Don't you think it suits her?"

"Yes," said Marvin, and went over and took Miss Snell away from the professor of English.

"He doesn't think I am going to let you talk to him all the time, does he?" Miss Snell asked with an air of proprietorship, and she preened herself like a little white dove as she swept through the room by the side of her handsome cavalier, and out upon the moonlighted campus.

"Lily," he called to her, "as he asked, as they stood under the elms."

"Oh, who told you that my name was Lily?" she asked.

"Miss Blacoe."

"Isn't she a dear?"

"You're dearer," he said, as the moon went behind a cloud.

"Oh," palpitated the floating vision in white.

"And I love you," said Marvin, instinctively, and there, in the shadowy darkness, he bent and kissed her.

SCOTT EMERGES MORE TRIUMPHANT THAN EVER

REGINA, Sask., Aug. 16.—The smoke of the battle has now cleared from the recent election and the voters have endorsed the progressive policy of the Scott administration in most emphatic terms. Indeed the magnificent victory of the Liberals over a solid and aggressive Conservative organization of the entire Dominion who made a set on Saskatchewan as a stepping stone to success, hoped for in the federal elections is one of the greatest tributes to Premier Scott and his policy ever given by a Canadian province to its government. Mr. Scott comes back triumphant with a greatly increased majority as an answer to the campaign of personalities, abuse and charges of malfeasance in office waged by his opponents. The standing of the parties tonight is twenty-five government to fifteen opposition.

Is Atoned For

The defeat of Ministers Calder in Milestone and Motherwell in Qu'Appelle is atoned for by the splendid Liberal victories in Saskatoon and Regina cities. Besides there are excellent reasons underlying these defeats. In Milestone the majority of electors are farmers from the States and are on lands colonized by the Hudson Land Co., the president of which is a prominent Conservative, who has great influence with the farmers and whom he succeeded in arraying against Calder.

In North Qu'Appelle, Motherwell was opposed by every device the Conservative organization could suggest. His opponent had a personal grudge against the minister and set out to defeat him at any cost, and being immensely wealthy he took any part in political matters on pain of dismissal.

HOST OF MANITOBA HEPHELEERS.

"On the other hand, there never has been any government in Canada which had such a host of political hangers on as the Liberal government of Mr. Scott. He has a host of political hangers on, and they were moved up wholesale to the assistance of Mr. Haultain in Saskatchewan. That is the explanation of the hot fight. Otherwise there would have been no fight at all."

It is eminently in the public interest that Mr. Scott's government should have been sustained. Mr. Scott is unquestionably the ablest young man in public life in Canada. He has many years of valuable public service ahead of him. His government is clean and progressive, and the great responsibility of laying on a sound foundation the institutions of a province like Saskatchewan has been borne by him and his government with conspicuous ability and success.

The legislation of Mr. Scott and his government shows the highest conception of their responsibilities in providing for all the requirements of the future people of Saskatchewan. They have provided for a sound and liberal system of education, embracing common schools, a normal school and a university. The municipal system has been placed on a sound foundation. Abuses of various kinds have been checked, a progressive policy has been followed with regard to public improvements, and generally almost everything has been done that could be suggested as being desired in the public interest.

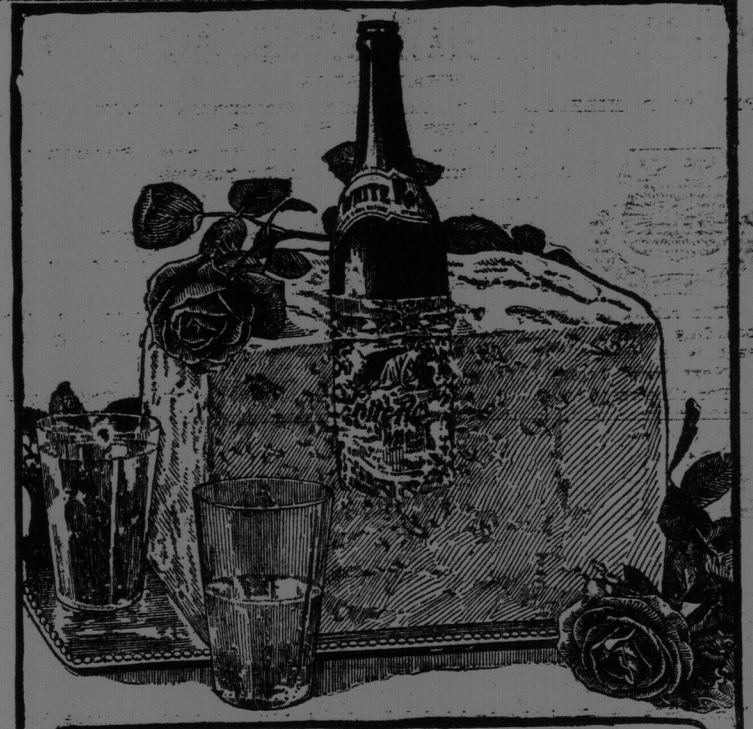
"It is true that Mr. Scott has some enemies. While he was in the House of Commons he conceived it to be his duty to attack the C. P. R. and some of the leading men connected with that corporation. Speaking generally he has been against corporations when the latter were in the line of public improvements, and generally almost everything has been done that could be suggested as being desired in the public interest."

BOUGHT HONESTLY.

"At the late session it was found necessary to curtail the sale of liquor in a very material degree, owing to the fact that drinking clubs were being established in the small towns throughout the province where there was practically no restriction of any kind. These places were abolished by legislation."

"As a result of the attitude of Mr. Scott he has made some enemies, and they do not hesitate to use strong measures in endeavoring to defeat him. He has, however, been taken in the interest of the people whom he represents and it will be found that the people of the province will appreciate his services."

"As far as the rest of Canada is concerned," continued Mr. Scott, "those who take a patriotic interest in the affairs of the great province of Saskatchewan are satisfied that his public business is in safe hands as long as the Hon. Walter Scott remains in power."



Ice has never cooled a beverage so deliciously and healthful in its absolute purity as the one effervescent mineral water combining every essential of perfection. The ideal summer drink which imparts the final touch of refinement to any social event.

White Rock

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The case was thereupon adjourned until tomorrow and Captain Hains and his brother were once more handcuffed and taken into the Queen's county jail where they were given a large and comfortable room on the second floor. Among the new developments in the case was the discovery made today that Annie had received several threatening letters within the past few days.

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CHARLOTTE AFTER

HON. DR. PUGSLEY

It is Rumored That He Will
Be Asked to Contest
Constituency

LIBERAL CONVENTION

ST. STEPHEN, Aug. 14.—Senator Gilmore has been visiting various sections of the county this week and was in town this morning, going to St. Andrews on the Aurora after dinner. It is rumored here that an early call will be issued for a Liberal convention and that Hon. Mr. Pugsley will be asked to contest this constituency.

YACHT CLUB THE SCENE OF A TERRIBLE MURDER

BAYSIDE, L. I., Aug. 15.—With the first resolve to avenge himself upon the man who he held responsible for the wrecking of his home, Captain Peter Hains, my dear, Ar. And clothes make such a difference.

"Her first name is Lily," she told Marvin, as they stood together for a moment, while Miss Snell talked to an astonished professor of English, who told her how much he admired her. "Don't you think it suits her?"

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Just Stepped from Yacht

Annie, who was about to take his wife and a party of friends sailing, had just stepped from his yacht Pam when he was met by Captain Hains, accompanied by his brother, Thornton, on the club's landing boat. Before the two men had had a chance even to exchange a word, the captain pulled out a 46-calibre automatic Colt revolver and opened fire on Annie. The first shot went wild and Annie tried to take shelter behind a fellow club member, Lewis Harway, who had come with him from the Pam. With great deliberation, the captain thrust his arm under the Harway's coat and fired five more shots at Annie, all of them taking effect.

With the firing of the first shot, Mrs. Annie, who had watched the meeting of the two men from the club veranda, set up a series of piercing shrieks. A dozen club members rushed to the boat to the rescue of Annie. Before they had gone a dozen shots were fired at her by Thornton Hains, the captain's brother, who threatened to shoot the first man who interfered. "This affair," he said coolly, "is between these two and I'll shoot the first man who attempts to interfere."

At the same time Mr. Hains displayed a belt full of cartridges to show that he was prepared against any emergency.

Annie, shot twice in the abdomen and such a rash thing as that," Mrs.

Regained Consciousness

Upon arriving there he regained consciousness sufficiently to speak a few words to the captain. According to the hospital authorities, were to the effect that he preferred to say nothing in explanation of the assault upon him by Captain Hains. The latter and his brother, who had calmly awaited arrest on the club float, were less reticent.

To Police Captain Ruthenberg, who questioned him as to his motive, Captain Hains told of Annie having broken up his home and that the course he had taken to punish him was the only one he considered open to him.

The captain then asked for a telegraph blank and wrote the following despatch to his father:

"Have shot Annie. Come to Flushing police station."

The general lost no time in answering the captain's summons.

As soon as he reached the police station he was conducted to the cell to which the captain and his brother had been committed by Coroner Ambler, and the three had a long consultation together. The general then left for New York, refusing to make any statement.

Annie died at 1:15 without having regained consciousness except during a brief period when first received at the hospital. No ante-mortem statement could be obtained from him.

Divorce proceedings instituted by Captain Hains in which it was said Annie's name figured were pending at the time of the shooting.

OVERCOME WITH HORROR.

BOSTON, Aug. 15.—Mrs. Claude Libbey Hains, wife of Captain Conover Hains, Jr., who shot William E. Annie at Bayside, L. I., tonight, was overcome with horror and amazement when she saw the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Libbey of 85 Crest avenue, Winthrop, this evening. She understood that her clients were to be arranged there.

Upon concluding the reading of the charge the magistrate asked if the prisoners were represented by counsel. To this Thornton Hains replied that he had communicated with his lawyer last night and that the latter had promised to be in court at Flushing, having understood that his clients were to be arranged there.

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In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success. **PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.**

Crop Estimate

W. B. Snow, of Chicago, wheat expert, who has been travelling throughout the west, returned here today after a close study of the crop prospects. He estimates the yield at a hundred million bushels, though it may be possibly go five million more. This is a big cut from the first estimate, but Mr. Snow is positive that conditions warrant the cut. If the country could have harvested its prospects in the second week of the July crop, he believes, it would have been a hundred and thirty million bushels.

HAMPTON, Aug. 15.—Last night's concert in aid of the Masonic funds filled Agricultural Hall to its utmost capacity, and for two hours and a half the audience was regaled with a series of musical and literary numbers which kept everybody in a hilarious mood from start to finish. The minstrel circle was backed by two rows of land gentlemen vocalists, who with a fine orchestra from St. John and piano accompaniment gave the "burnt cork artists" ample assistance. There were numerous new and striking features in the set up of those composing the circle, and the jokes on local persons and passing events were pointedly pertinent and richly enjoyed. A repetition with changes in the programme is arranged for this evening, and with fine weather it is pretty certain the hall will be again crowded.

HAMPTON, Kings Co., Aug. 15.—The series of Masonic fair entertainments closed with a repetition of last night's concert, which was the culminating point of the several functions contemplated by the management, whose anticipations have been exceeded by the successful results of their labors, supplemented by the zealous co-operation of their lady friends. Of the latter, whose generous assistance has not hitherto received recognition in the press, is the committee of ladies who spent their time and energies in soliciting the food contributions and who so tastefully arranged the tables and cut out the first day's programme for feeding the crowds of people who patronized the fair. That supper in every respect was excellent and won appreciative commendation from all who partook of the varied menu these ladies prepared. Much praise is therefore due, and the thanks of the management and guests are hereby tendered to Mrs. William Langstrath, Mrs. Henry Frost, Mrs. Arline Brittain, Miss Mamie Frost, Mrs. James Blair and any and all others who so generously and efficiently took upon themselves the duties which were naturally onerous and called for much time and close attention, and this expression is intended to apply to the corps of young lady waiters, who very attentively responded to the wants of the guests.

The fair in the lodge room was attended yesterday afternoon by a large number of visitors from outlying districts, twelve carriage loads coming from Perry Point, and many others from points east and west.

The financial results are not completely known, as the return of tickets sold for the lottery prizes are not all in. One evening of next week will be given to the drawing of lots for all the prizes and a sale of all articles then remaining on hand. Sufficient, however, is known to show that the lodge will be put in funds to carry out the furnishing of the premises as contemplated and leave a comfortable balance to be applied to the building fund or other purpose as may be decided.

"I'm coming to your office today, John."

"All right," responded the man who rents in a modern skyscraper. "Telegraph me when you leave the first floor, wife, and I'll meet you at the one-hundred and sixty-sixth."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you sketch the hired man?"

"I did."

"Ah. Science kin do anything these days?"—London Globe.