



While initiation may be the sincerest form of flattery, there is one lady in St. John who expresses herself as disgusted with flattery when she is the victim. It was all about a very simple matter, too. The lady had been dining out at a friend's house, and after the usual conversation had been over, her host invited her to partake of some almonds. As she was very fond of nuts, she helped herself liberally. Breaking the first "almond" she noticed the kernel was dark, and as it was evidently bad, she laid it on one side of her plate, much to her host's amusement. He remarked "the almonds were very nice." The lady replied courteously that she thought they were, but she had been unfortunate in finding one with a dark kernel. "Oh, I like them best when they are that way," blantly rejoined her host. She said nothing but thought he had a peculiar taste. One after another she broke the "almonds" open only to discover they were all discolored, some one color and some another, but none of that clear whiteness which betokens a fresh nut. With a sigh she relinquished the attempt to find a good one. Her host had been enjoying her evident disgust, but his feelings of hospitality gave way before her warm hospitality and he explained that these "almonds" were a new variety cultivated by a noted English concern. Only initiation almonds suggested he had now this particular lady is bidding her time to work the joke off on some of her intimate friends. And she will succeed if they are not put on their guard by this little story.

This is a story of a Christiana bag, a lady, her husband and a lost ad. It was a story of a bag. It had been lost on a boat, that it was a standing joke between husband and wife, but especially on the husband's side for women are like men—they don't thoroughly enjoy a joke at their own expense. However it was only a joke for the bag invariably came back. Lost in all sorts of places from the country market on a Saturday morning, to Bink Rock and a day's peddling by a chartered fish boat, always found its way back to its rightful owner. But there came a pleasant afternoon's outing at St. John's new beach, Rockaway, and the day's enjoyment was marred by the loss of the chateleine. The lady was discreet and pledging the household to silence she avoided the return of the bag without divulging to her husband the fact that once again it had been lost. As it happened the finder of the bag returned it to the husband and he determined to have some fun. He had returned a lost ad in the paper and the ad of the bag convinced him that his wife was trying to work the joke off on him and that she could have some fun with her in return. That evening, after supper, he carefully picked up the

Story of a Real Boy.

Mrs. Drake doesn't interfere with my stories. She does not think that she can write, and she is perfectly content to run the house and keep the children away from my study and allow me to write my articles as I see fit. But when she learned that I was going to tell about the boy I met on the train coming out of Chicago she begged to be allowed to dictate an introduction to me. "I read them," she said, "that when you announced that you were going to Chicago Frank (Frank is my son, 12 years of age) begged to go with you because he had never been 90 miles from New York. Tell them," she said, "that you refused to take him because he would be an unmitigated nuisance and would make you so nervous that the boat would not go more than a few miles. Tell them," she continued, "that you said you knew just how he would act; that he would insist upon eating candy and fruit on the train and would get himself all stained up and cindery, and would probably put his head out of the window and get you into such a nervous state that you would feel like sending him back alone. Don't forget to tell them," continued Mrs. Drake, "that you said you would have such a feeling of responsibility if he went along that your mind would not be free to absorb material for future stories. In short, be sure to tell them that you acted like a very selfish, nervous father and doomed poor little Frank to a disappointment that he will never forget. When he is an old man he will tell his grandchildren that the trip that made the most impression upon him was the one he didn't take to Chicago with his father when he was 12 years old."



"Lots of them," murmured he of the hair oil, "I shaved one not more than half an hour ago."

"What do you mean by that?" said I, amazed indeed.

"Well, I don't," said he frankly. "Two hours is about all I want. Goll! A fellow can't do anything on a train."

"I had a high price on the rod and said, 'My lack of candor was well repaid, for Master Bob—that was his name—only a man with a very superior air, 'Nope, only a fellow, you don't know much about prices.'"

that I had given him to look at, but Bob was not quiet a moment. When he had finished trying to catch telegraph poles he hailed the train boy who was passing through with papers and called for the Chicago Tribune with the air of a 60-year-old. Two minutes sufficed to possess him of all its contents, and then his generous instincts asserted themselves once more, and he turned to me with "Want to look at it? Not much in it. Never is on Monday."

"Of course this last was an imitation of his father, but the generosity and good feeling were his own and I borrowed the paper although I had already read my own. When I had finished a cursory examination of the headlines I handed it back with thanks and he began to tear it up and throw it out of the window, once causing a skittish horse in a meadow to kick up his heels and canter madly away. His eyes stared at me as if I felt like stopping him."

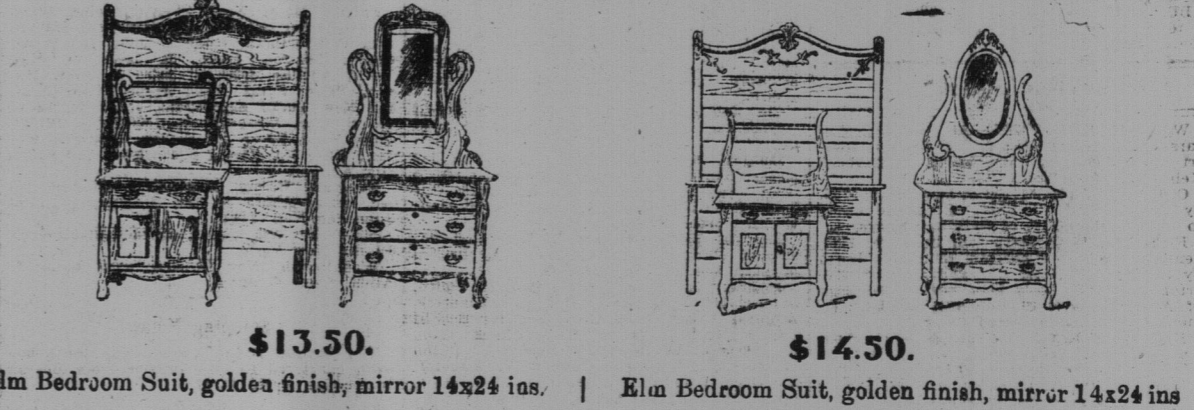
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- Heavy Black Beaver Cloth Jackets, 21 to 23 inches long. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Silk and satin linings. Worth \$10, \$12 and \$15. Now... \$3, \$4 and \$5
- Heavy Fawn Beaver Jackets, 21 to 23 inches long, sizes 32, 34 and 36. With satin and silk linings. Worth \$10, \$12 and \$15. Now... \$3, \$4 and \$5
- Heavy Black Rough Cheviot Jackets, 21 to 30 inches long. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Silk and satin linings. Worth \$7, \$10 and \$12. Now... \$2, \$3, and \$4

DOWLING BROTHERS, 95 King Street

KILLED WITH AN AXE. Husband, Aged 70, Under Arrest on Charge Murdering His Wife.

New York, Nov. 8.—Mary Anne McCusker, 80 years old, was found dead in bed at her home in this city today. She had been killed by some unknown person with a blunt instrument. Her skull was fractured. Her husband, Patrick, 70 years old, is under arrest.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis.

WANTED.

DOMESTIC WANTED—For general housework. No washing or ironing. Wages ten dollars a month. Apply with references to Mrs. M. A. Finn, 72 Union street, St. John.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Best quality Grand Lake blacksmith coal can be shipped in small quantities or in carload lots. Gibbon & Co., Smythe street, St. John, N. B. 11-15-03.

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MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN on city, farm, village or country property in amounts to suit at 6% rate of interest. H. E. TUCKER, editor of Telegraph, 210 Union St. St. John.

Shipbuilding.

Raymond's shipyard, established over 50 years ago, is open to contract for the building of wooden vessels. Estimates and specifications furnished. Correspondence solicited. CROSBY & LANDERS, Fort MacLeod, N. B.

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