THE CLUB CINDERELLA

Beechwod is married, intensely mar-["If to dance with a girl is to know ried. But there is an excuse for herhim. Her name is Peggy and she is about you to Peggy. Thinks you no his wife. She is perfect; or, if not end clever and all that. Perhaps I perfect, the perfection of charming im- oughtn't to mention it." perfections. It is understood, genermy life. That sort of thing makes a now. man feel older than he looks. I do not it." mind, that is to say, I should not mind if only Beechwood would let me alone ease of manner that was slightly ridic-but he does not seem to see the ulous, considering. necessity for this.

The other day, for instance, I was talking to Wickham. We were in the club. Suddenly Beechwood loomed whom I did not recollect ever to have upon us. He thrust himself into the seen before. I wondered what the conversation, and perhaps I was a bit

"Never mind, old chap," he said, quite irrelevantly, "no doubt you will find your affinity some day." And he patted me on the shoulder. Which of us do you mean?" asked Wickham, who affects misogyny, and

had not seen the caress.
"Both of you," said Beechwood, genially.
"If both of us find my affinity there will be trouble," said I.
"You take me," he said. "By the "You take me," he other day with

way, I saw you the other day with 'You don't know the lady evidently,

I said. (She really was my aunt, but I dissembled.) "I thought she was your aunt," he

aid. "She looked like an aunt."
"Her name—" said I. "But never mind. She is a rich widow. Beechwood regarded me doubtfully. Wickham, falling into my trap, winked muttered Beechwood,

looking aghast. He deliberated, "Love is the only excuse for marriage," he said, trenchantly. "But money is a justification,"

Wickham cocked a careless thumb at me. "Our friend Gill is getting to be a profound cynic, you see," he said.
"A cynic," I remarked, "is never

"Well, perhaps, you're not profound exactly," Beechwood conceded. "Still, you are a sort of cynic, aren't you?"
"My little brother is one, I believe," I replied unpleasantly. (Is anyone a cynic after twenty?)

'We won't go into that," said Beech-"I really dropped in to ask you to dine with us tomorrow, that's Peggy is dying to see you again. She hears so much about you, you see, one way and another." 'What does she hear?" I exclaimed,

rather startled. "Only what I tell her. I edit you carefully," he assured me. So I went. Beechwood called for me at the office. We journeyed up on the "Wonderful invention!" he said, puff-

ing at his cigar.
"Marriage?" I queried.
"No, no. The Tube." He laughed. "What made you think I meant marriage? You usually do mean marriage," "I wish you would settle down," he

sighed. "Look what a useless life you "It's useful to me," I pleaded.

'Always bored-"I have married friends." "Never content. Nobody to care a button about you. "You don't Come," said I. that. My landlady-

What is a landlady compared with a "My landlady is a wife." 'But not yours.

"Is that her fault?" He gazed at me, alarmed. "Surely," "she was not the lady I saw

you with the other day?"
"Do rich widows take in lodgers?" how." he admitted.

went our way toward Bedford Park. "I say, old chap," said Beechwood, "I believe I've hit on the very girl for I involved my wits in a florid compli-

you."
"Yes, you have," said I, "and stammer.
"Sit do married her.' He was grave. "Of course," he said, "there isn't Peggy's equal in the

"And yet," I reminded him, "you

fox who lost his tail in a trap and tried doorstep. to persuade the other foxes to get rid

"The girl you liked so." "No, I don't remember her," said I. "I remember-You'll meet her this evening." I flung grammar to the winds. "Meet

Which girl?'

"Miss Pyle." "Don't know her." "You danced with her three times."



asks herself when she reads of the cures of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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helps. It almost always cures.

"Three years ago," writes Mrs. John Graham, of 2018 Plumb Street, (Frankford) Philadelphia, Pa., "I had a very bad attack of dropsy which left me with heart trouble, and also a very weak back. At times I was so bad that I did not know what to do with myself. My children advised me to take your 'Favorite Prescription,' but I had been taking so much medicine from the doctor that I was discouraged with everything. I came to Philadelphia two years ago, and picking up one of your little books one day began to read what your medicine had done for others, I determined to try it myself. I took seven bottles, and to-day I am a strong, well woman, weighing 162 pounds. Have gained 29 pounds since I started to use 'Favorite Prescription.' Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the

complexion and sweeten the breath.

"Go on," said I, forcing an appearperfections. It is understood, generating ance of interest.

ally, that this marriage has blighted "No," said he perversely. "I see

I ought not to have mentioned We arrived at his house. Mrs.

"She remembers you. Often talks

Beechwood greeted me with a matronly she cooed. "Ah, how stupid of me! I forgot you were quite old friends."

I bowed to a girl with fluffy hair, Beechwoods meant by it. Then I felt that I knew very well. Still, one is always a gentleman. "It was rather a jolly function, wasn't it?" said I.

"Function?" Her eyebrows climbed her forehead "That last Club Cinderella." "You were there?"

I stared at her. "I danced with you three times, you know," said I. "Did you?" she said. "One forgets." I glared across at Beechwood sav-agely. If this were his notion of

We sat down to dinner. There were just we four. The Beechwoods did of the talking. When the two ladies had withdrawn I asked Beechwood plainly what the devil he meant

"Have a cigar," he said. "I'm sorry. 'So you ought to be," I breathed. "I don't mean I'm sorry about you," he said coolly. "I'm sorry about her." 'Confound her," I cried.

"You see," he went on, "I'm afraid was a little indiscreet before dinner.' "It might have been worse. It might have been after dinner. "As a matter of fact, old chap," said

Beechwood, betraying embarrassment, "Miss Pyle is-hang it all-one can't say it. You understand!" "You are always so lucid. I understand that she thinks me an impertinent ass. I don't believe I danced with her

at all at that Cinderella. Anyhow, she'd clean forgotten me," "Did she say so?" He reflected. "Of course she would say so."
"She was rude about it. Almost

snubbed me.' Beechwood looked puzzled. your vices, I know," he said; I never numbered modesty have "but among them before. Man, are you blind?" He rose hurriedly and paced the floor. "Gill, old chap," he said, "you really ought not to, you know It isn't fair. "What isn't fair?"

"That trick of yours. That way you have of looking at a woman as if she were the only one of her sex in the world." He rumpled his hair. I've been and done it! For the Lord's sake don't let Peggy know I've given her away. "Do you mean that Miss Pyle is in

love with me?" I asked him. "I don't wonder you are surprised," said he. "All I can say is, she has an odd way

of showing it. "That's not her way of showing it. That's her way of concealing it. Women are like that.'

was a good deal astonished, but Of course, it not displeased. rough on Miss Pyle. I should have to disabuse her mind, somehow. "Shall we join the ladies?" said I. Mrs. Beechwood was playing the piano. Beechwood crossed the room

and trifled with the music. There was nothing for me to do but talk to Miss Pyle. "Mr. Gill," said she, "I hope you didn't think me rude. I did remember you, really.'

She was flushed and eager. How "N-no. Not paying lodgers, anyew," he admitted.

We alighted at Shepherd's Bush and

You see," said I, "I remembered
you so well." "But why should you?" That was an embarrassing question.

ment that ended in a long-drawn "Sit down," she said, nervously.
"Let us talk." We talked. She was rather a bright

girl; despite the state of agitation into which my proximity naturally threw are always advising me to marry a girl her we got on very well together after a while. Toward midnight we broke up. Miss

"I mean well," he protested.
"Yes," said I. "You mean well; but I haven't forgotten the fable of the shook hands with Beechwood on the "See you at the next Cinderella?" said he. I nodded. "She'll be there,"

"After all, it is a fable," he laughed.
Presently he said: "You remember that girl at the last Club Cinderella?"

"Ah," said I, "it will be a nuisance."
"Rather pretty, don't you think?" 'Not quite my style," said I. "Bless your sweet complacency!" ful that we ever got your valuable id he. "There — I mean well." And remedy. We keep Ozone in the house with that cryptic remark we parted.

The cruel work of disabusing Miss Pyle's mind could not begin too soon. Accordingly I went. I stood in the doorway and looked about me. Instantly I espied Miss Pyle, waltzing with a fellow who obviously could never make any woman Toronto, Sept. 10, 1902. happy. The stewards marked me down,

nodded, and were fairly humble. The waltz came to an end. Miss Pyle promenaded the room with her partner. I carefully avoided her gaze. "Here you are then!" said Mrs. Beechwood's voice in my ear. "Agatha -Miss Pyle-here?"

"Yes," said I. "I haven't spoken to her yet." "Has she seen you, do you think?"
"I'm sure she hasn't," said I. "You've been watching her pretty closely, then."

I denied this. I explained that I had purposely evaded meeting Miss Pyle's eyes. But women do not seem to understand that a man of the world can keep whom he will under close observation without betraying the fact to his quarry. Mrs. Beechwood laughed, and left me to join Miss Pyle. I turned to moot the question of a whisky and soda with Beechwood, but, he, too, had disappeared. It was a bit dull. An hour passed and still Miss Pyle had not seen me, though once or twice we were almost face to face. Or was it that she fought against fostering a hopeless passion by intercourse with its object? I would gladly have bestowed myself on another partner for the evening and kindly killed poor Miss Pyle that way; but the absurd preponderance of men

continued. At last I could stand it no longer Obeying a signal from Mrs. Beechwood, who was sitting out, I marched across the room and joined her. As I reached her side Miss Pyle appeared, emerging from the shelter of some hangings close by. She blushed at sight of me. For a brief space the very soul of the wo-man semed to look out of her eyes. Then she recovered herself.

"I'll leave you two together, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Beechwood, rising. "I can see Archie making to-wards the bar again." She turned to me. "You won't seem so dreadfully out of it now, Mr. Gill, with the prettiest girl in the room to amuse,' she said.

She tripped away with a smile and a backward glance. It seemed to me she was not acting wisely. "Please," said Miss Pyle, "don't let me keep you." She was in a flutter. Her breathing was spasmodic. Her

"Mrs. Beechwood is very managing she said, laughing almost fretfully; **Delicious Drinks** There was nothing for me to do bu and Dainty Dishes crave the favor of a dance with her.
"I haven't a waltz left," she said,

howing me her programme. But the next number was a square

apparently. "We will talk, then," said I and sat down beside her. After all,

why should I not give her a few

moments' pleasure before slaying her young hopes? I glanced at her. Her

cheek had a velvety downiness that was alluring. I had ample opportunity

to study it for she showed me only her

I inquired.

mine.

sears!

"Do you often come to these dances?"

"I shall never come to another," she said passionately. I understood.
"The people are rather nice, though.

"There are some very nice girls, certainly," she said.
"Yes?" I queried indifferently.

"But there are," she repeated, with strong, unnecessary earnestness. "Don't

you admire Miss Wickham, for in-

stance? They are very old friends of

"I know her brother," I answered.

"Isn't it true, then? Am I not to congratulate you? Mrs. Beechwood gave me to understand—" She was

confused. I bent my gaze to the floor.

It was true that the name of Wickham's

sister was sometimes coupled with

I ought to accept the way of escape

motive underlying her faltering words, and I could not do the callous thing.

"Rumor is a lying jade, Miss Pyle.

"Sometimes, surely, she speaks the

How valiantly women hide their

"There never was any foundation-

Her voice quavered. She gazed ap-

prehensively about the room. Doubt-

less the whole conversation was an in-

tolerable blend of pleasure and torment

"Some day, I suppose, there will be

a true rumor about me," I remarked.
"Yes," she said nervously. "Oh, I

hope so! When you are a little older

Some strong, helpful woman with ideals. Not a society butterfly." She smiled

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I assured her.
"I had hoped there was," said she.

"Most people admire her extremely

with admiration for her pluck.

but quite unjustifiably. I felt

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"Like me, for instance." "If she were like you-" I began and paused. won't be," said Miss Pyle, quickly. "One so seldom marries the woman

one wants to," said I, thinking of Mrs. Beechwood. "And how much better that is ne, isn't it?" The rejoinder hardly pleased me. It

as so disingenuous. "How do you mean, Miss Pyle?" "I mean that the object of our first love is so rarely the person to make us to her. My heart thrilled with pity, truly happy.' I remembered that this was her third

> "First love is the only love," said I. "No." said she nawkish scruples "Mr. Gill," she cried, "believe est for your own welfare.' I was nettled. "I think," said I, "I

"That will not be yet." "I think not," I enunciated calmly. As I uttered the words I had a dread expectation of some tragic sign from her; but she was strangely calm. It almost seemed to me that a light of relief-the relief of the tortured soul at childhood and into manhood and wohearing sentence of death-leaped into manhood the better for them. She

She mused, looking at me intently.
"Mr. Gill." she said abruptly; "I "Mr. Gill," she said abruptly; "I sterilized facts from the minute they have a mind to be honest with you. are born, they are gorged with knowl-You may think all sorts of things. I can't help it. I mean that I have enough faith in your good sense to believe that you won't think me unwomanly or immodest in saying what I propose to say.' "I rose in great agitation. "Miss "Pause! Reflect! Pyle," I cried. You may save us Don't speak yet. both much pain.

"Nonsense," she said sharply. I was surpried at her tone and a little affronted. "I beg your pardon," "I'm afraid there's a little misunder-standing between us," she said. "At least, I fancy I understand. But you I stared at her.

"Mrs. Beechwod has told you something about me?"

"Mr. Beechwood, then? Somebody?"
"Yes!" told you that I am in love with you." "They were mistaken," I cried, still willing to spare her. "Of course, they were," she respond-

Then I, too, understood. A bitterness no words. I hung my head. Suddenly Miss Pyle began to laugh, not unkindly. I felt too sick even to smile. My very body was blushing. What an unspeakable ass I had made a glance at my companion. Her eyes twinkled with a whimsical light.
"Come, Mr. Gill," she said. And then my own sense of humor came gaily to

my rescue. I uttered a rueful fitter.
"Now, that's friendly," she said. think you deserve a waltz for that." "But the other man?" "I forged him. In self-defense. There is no other man. (The saying seemed to have a virtue

of prophecy when I recalled it a month two later.) We stood up to dance.

An Anti-Bellum Wedding Feast. all the time as a ready remedy for ills

A Virginia preacher who had the good fortune to be born in the good old days in the family. You are at liberty to writes to a local paper of the old-time writes to a local paper of the old-time wedding. He begins with the observation that "to get married, jump on the train and start to Kalamazoo or somewhere else, and not a mouthful to eat, is a rather dry affair to a boy, and is not very moist for anybody." He then describes an old-fashioned wedding supper in this fashion: Every Rheumatic Twinge and Pain

fashion:
"Let me tell you about it—that supper when Miss Nancy got married! The table was about twenty-five feet long; it stood in the hall of the big house,' which was about 40x60 feet. About the center of that about 40x60 feet. About the center of that table, in a large game dish, was a pig, cooked whole, with an apple in his mouth. Near each end of the table was a large turkey. You see the meat. don't you Midway between the pig and the turkey were two large pound cakes, gaudily mbossed with the name 'Nancy' on one of them and 'Ell' on the other.

bossed with the name 'Nancy' on one of them and 'Eli' on the other.

"Near the center and near each end of the table were stacks of butter eighteen inches high, curled and frizzled in the most approved style. Do you get your eyes on that butter? There were smaller cakes, fruits and confections in abundance. We do not know about boiled and and a desire to be up and doing. Ozone has done this in so many cases that we know exactly how it will act in every case. It is sold by all reliable drug-gists at 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. eyes on that butter? There were smaller cakes, fruits and confections in abundance. We do not know about boiled custard in our settlement, and over on a side table was about three gallons of syllabub. Do you see that syllabub? They said that it would keep the cake from making us sick. Perhaps it did; at least, I do not remember that any of us were sick when Miss Nancy got married." Alas for the modern Eli and Nancy! The golden event of their lives is not celebrated in this old-fashioned way. The pride and pomp and circumstances of Our free book on Rheumatism for A Twenty-five Cent Box of Pow-In order that our customers who are using Powley's Liquified Ozone may pride and pomp and circumstances of wedding is marked by music and flowers and fine clothes and a journey among more quickly become acquainted with and fine clothes and a journey among strangers, or a sojourn in unsympathetic hotels, where the cold cash voice is the only one needed. The old-time wedding supper in the fine old southern home has passed into the golden and unreturning yesterday, along with the warmth and heartiness and hospitality and fraternity and fine courtesy which characterized the old south, the memory of which lingers like a dream, and which is to those who knew it a lost Eden.—Nashville American. the merits of our new preparation, Powley's Laxatives, we will mal a regular 25 cent box of these Laxatives to any customer who will cut out and

Signs of Spring. [Mary Austin, in St. Nicholas.]

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Soon will wake from sleeping;
Home along the foothills
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THE NEW CHILD'S MISFORTUNE

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Poor, Bankrupt Babyhood Robbed of Fond Fancies and Pleasing Illusions - A Pathetic Spectacle.

The general public is in the way of expending a great deal of sympathy on the children of the society woman and the new woman. People picture the society woman as gayly automobiling forth in search of pleasure, away from the touch of sticky little fingers and out of hearing of the baby's colic, while in their prophetic souls they see the new woman hurrying through dinner with her bonnet on, making a grab at her pocket to see that her latch key is safe, and going serenely out to spend an evening at her club, lecturing before an admiring audience of similar women on "A Mother's Highest Duty."

Never was pity more wasted. The child that really calls for a rising vote of sympathy is the unfortunate little prig whose conscientious mother has felt it her duty to rob him of his childhood. The society woman's and the new woman's children may be occafield that it allowed to lie fallow awhile and the one that is overcultivated the advantage is always with the one that has not known the plowshare when the reckoning of the final harvest is in. Our inordinate passion for progress and culture combined with the Ameri-"Yes," said I. It was no time for can mania for hurrying has produced some freaky conditions, but nothing else so extraordinary as our attitude ou are too young yet to know what is toward childhood. Oddly enough, too, it is the discovery of the good, domes tic, God-fearing, devoted mother. It know what is best for me. I am older took the woman who would die for than I look. When my time comes—" her children to do them a deadly her children to do them a deadly wrong. She doesn't intend it-Lord, no. She

lies awake nights planning for their good, and the result of her cogitations has been the inspired conviction that the sooner she can race them through feels being a baby is a mere waste of opportunity, and so they are fed on sterilized facts from the minute they edge as soon as they begin to walk, and the stuffing process is kept up until they are turned out of school abnormally precocious, with nervous prostration and a case of mental in- THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO. digestion from which they suffer the balance of their lives.

The result is appalling. The old fashioned child-simple, innocent, easily pleased, to be spanked when it was d and kissed when it was good-is fast disappearing, and in its place we have little manikins who are worldly

"My little boy of three has really quite an extraordinary amount of knowledge for one so young," recently remarked a complacent mother have never allowed him to waste any time hearing fairy tales or any such nonsense. It's ust as easy for a child "What have they told you? Never to learn a couplet from Browning as mind. I believe I know. They have it is from "Mother Goose." Think of it! Poor little bankrupt babyhood, with no time to hear fairy

tales, and nothing but facts to feed upon! No inconsequent dreams and imaginings, no belief in the man in the moon-robbed, robbed, most foully robof humiliation flooded my soul. I had bed of an ineffable treasure that he may never find when he is a grown man, search he ever so far. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are,'

of myself! At last I ventured to steal the child of the past used to recite when it dropped into poetry. There's an amended version for the new child, that says:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star, I know exactly what you are," and the worst part of it all is that it

illusions left. Every day you hear mothers boast that their children never spoke a word of baby talk. Good gracious! They had just as well been born grown up and voting. Was there ever any poetry sweeter than Aldrich's "Baby who said a "few sweet words whose meaning lay beyond our reach?" Alas, now Baby Bell would have addressed us in faultless English, and we should reply in the same manner, and we had just as well be at a dinner party as hanging over the cradle. When you want to hear anybody sing "Ootchy, kootchy, gooly-goo, bless him little heart ems" now you go to the vaudeville show and not to the nursery. tends

No conscientious mother who at-"mothers' classes," where old maids teach mothers how to raise their children, would dare to be guilty of such a thing. She would be afraid she was imparting inaccurate information or corrupting the child's grammar, or giving it erroneous ideas of natural history. It is really immoral, you know, to tell a child that the cow jumped over the moon. Isn't it, in all seriousness, a strange

idea that it is a desirable thing to do away with childhood? Is the burden of life so light that we should be in haste to lay it upon young shoulders not yet strong enough to bear it? Why

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