## Versus ART

HELEN J. WOOD . Helen J. Wood

ers I have been carrying around all that it would be soon.

g for the allurements of the French | and find that her wardrobe was bare. ps, but Connie had been resolute.

passing people. What contrasts in heavy, elegantly upholstered pieces from the bride's glove.—"Finger Ring ure and costume met her eye-Eng-, Turks, Hindoos, Japanese and, re numerous than all, Americans! nie saw her compatriots with a hrill of pride, the girls so much more autiful than their foreign sisters, the so tall and broad shouldered. Oh, every time. A tender smile partlips. Her mother's voice broke

I can't believe my eyes! And she paused as if

d Mrs. Van Ingen announce ent of their daughter mes Wortman Pennington

ted in spite of herself. nd he never told me!" st what I'd like to know. ever work it up in such a y, we have been gone only and before that he was ing round after you." sputtered in her exciteglance at her daughter's her. It wore the look of

d by the shock of a sudden she went on more quiethave been going on for a Maud is not pretty," with gaze at her own daughter, kind and pleasant. He

lone worse.' d started to her feet. might have done worse," "But I shall write him a and scold him for not havbefore-me, whom he callfriend. Now, mother, if mined not to see anything you can easily find your I will follow out the pro-." And, picking up her she hurried off. rin gazed after her with a

the trim little figure was wn a long aisle. Her eyes a kaleidoscopic succession that somehow failed to impression on her brain. ion roared and flashed and in her mind one train kept repeating with a hor-

xiety. Did Connie really

ed-her Jim! Yes, he had n. she said almost savageher best friend for ever so had been coquettish and th the other boys, but he had l along, she felt sure. Had here he was, engaged to reult began once more,

Cenuine arter's

iver Pills.

He Wrapper Below.

FOR HEADACHE, DE DIZZINESS. BILIOUSHESS.

DW SKIN.

PLEXION

went off to bed like a tired child.

plexed in the days that followed! Con- ther anger, sorrow nor surprise. of your programme for today, you where Connie stayed she had to stay, cious. have to do it by yourself. I am too, until Connie wearied of this latest out. And here are these home whim. Mrs. Curwin devoutly hoped

ing without even a chance to However, there was one alleviation sinking down on one of the benches position. She spent her time invesipers, quite forgetful of foreign sur
delights of shopping, of which the good employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell throat, she looked back and saw a One glance at the daughter showed Connie might have shown a little more the celebrated Misses Gunning at a The White Arrow had gone completeacting" her meek minded mother been fond of clothes, and some day she the clergyman refused to act. a week. Mrs. Curwin was hanker- | would wake up from her art dreams

exposition first and Paris after- | her real interests" did not prevent Mrs. But today she was wise enough to her plans for the studio. If only they have been reduced to greater straits tenement where Ikey abode. She was erlook this sudden insubordination. had brought some of their home fursides, she was tired herself. So niture with them! Connie tried to exere she sat, idly watching the stream plain patiently how out of place the moment to be cut out of a piece of kid ly visit of the white, horseless buggy

more delightful it would be to pick up the necessary things one at a time in the various curio shops. This last idea was balm to her mother's ruffled feelings. It offered such infinite possibilities for shopping.

With this laudable object in view she soon became a familiar figure to all the curio dealers. Connie was usually the interpreter, but if, as often Curwin never lacked the courage to go alone. Each day she came home with some new treasure, and the girl had greatest of these is charity." not the heart to spoil her delight by re-

These were weary days for Connie, and yet she was too proud to confide good would it do anyway to disturb that serenity! And she had had no word from Jim in answer to her note.

And yet-and yet-he might have-She had been sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Tuileries, and now she your clothes before"ose with a start and tried to enjoy the

As she glanced down the path she saw a well dressed American looking from side to side as if in search of some one. Her heart gave a leap. He looked like- Nonsense! She was al- go better wiz miladi's gown." ways imagining that she saw him. The gentleman came directly toward

er. There was no mistaking him now. She gazed at him. Then the glad ight died from her face.

"You! Here!" she said slowly. the cheerful reply. "Found your mother on the Rue de Rivoli, so here I am." And he took her unresisting

"You don't say you're glad to see me. That's rough when a chap comes so nany miles to see you, dear." The "dear" acted like an electric shock. Wrenching free her hand, she

faced him with blazing eyes. "You know you ought not to be here. You cught to be at Newport with Jim seized both hands now. He had

little American girl.

ewspaper made the error. But I nev- qualifications as chauffeur. r guessed you'd care so much, dear-

Mrs. Curwin found them at the pension sitting in the dusk. As usual, her "Connie," she cried triumphantly, "I

eather cushion, and"-"Studio!" Jim interrupted. Someow Connie had forgotten to tell him bout her winter plans:

He listened to Mrs. Curwin's explana tions with a smile "I guess we'll be making use of all these things in New York, won't we,

And Connie smiled back a "Yes."

His Lady's Tresses. Sarah, the first duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best-her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the biographer of the duchess, incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively, but

On the death of the duke the duchess found, in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued, a mass of her hair. Years before when he had thwarted her in something she resolved to mortify him, and, knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room Karl's Clover ! through which the duke must pass and

white and weary that her mother was in a place where he must see them, for armed, but she pleaded fatigue and whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, Poor Mrs. Curwin was much per- saw and spoke to her and showed nei-

nie seemed the usual Connie, but what | When he next quitted the house, she had inspired the girl with this insane ran to see her tresses, but they had notion of staying in Paris to study art? disappeared, and on consulting her She argued and scolded, but all in vain. looking glass she saw how foolish a Connie was a young person of a deter- thing she had done. But she said nothmined mind, and on this subject she ing about her shorn locks, nor did the was more than usually determined. duke. She never knew what had be-Her mother finally resigned herself to come of them until, after the death of the prospect of being an exile from her the duke, she found them among those beloved native land, for of course things which he had held most pre-

woman did not soon tire. To be sure, so violently in love with the younger of sprawling infant in her wake.

But her daughter's indifference "to last they were married with a ring of raisins.

DAN CUPID.

By Lilian C. Paschal

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"Society, frivolity, charity, and the Anice covered a rosebud mouth, half minding her that they already had blown into a yawn, with a gloved hand enough traps to fill two ordinary as she stood in argumentative attitude before the flickering gas log.

"I'm sick of the first two, lady mothher sufferings to her mother. What er. Therefore will I practice charity." taking up a novel, "do be careful with that automobile. Don't let it run away Small wonder, for what could he say? with you. You'll get smallpox or something down in that awful ghetto, as you call it. And be sure to change

But her tall, willful daughter was alountains splashing and glittering under the July sun and the pretty French in the hall and thrusting her hands inchildren with their bonnes in peasant to the sleeves of her long ragian, she

"Go back to my room, Celeste, and bring me the violets to wear." "Oui, mamselle, but ze violets have faded since yesterday. Ze pink roses

Miss Anice repeated her order more imperatively. She would have told His elbow struck the controller hanyou that she detested dictation and dle. There was new food for investigapink teas.

first in an eminent degree. In consequence he was carrying round a re-"Just got in from New York," was turned diamond ring in close profimity to a very heavy heart, which had also been declined with thanks, as though it were an unavailable manuscript.

Charity covers a multitude of heartaches. Therefore was Miss Anice speeding on errands of mercy this clear December day. And the fateful Juggernaut car

which had ridden ruthlessly over two fond hearts and brought about this ed boy clinging to the seat and screamstate of affairs was no other than the little white electric runabout which was now carrying her ghettoward. "Harvey was always so superior!" she thought scornfully as she pressed A burly policeman joined in the chase,

hing but the white, tense face of the down on the accelerator and shot and recruits swarmed up, seemingly around Deadman's curve, narrowly "Connie, dear, it's all a dreadful mis- grazing a policeman and scattering his ake, and I came over just as soon as convoy of pedestrians, "I can run the ulster appeared around the corner could arrange it to tell you the truth. White Arrow as well as he can." For It's Cousin James from Colorado who their quarrel had been brought about is engaged to Maud, and the stupid by a difference of opinion as to her

To be sure, the little Jewish newsboy to whom she was playing Lady Bountiful was laid up with a pair of smashed toes as a result of a contested right of way. In the encounter her automobile had come out on top in every sense of the word and had been since have found the greatest bargains for gallantly carrying supplies to a deour studio-a pair of bellows and a feated foe whose wounds the farseeing parents did not allow to heal too

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"But of course everybody mas to learn to be anything," she comforted AT McLEOD'S herself, not choosing to remember that Harvey had counseled her to wait till she did learn before venturing out of

White Arrow only in October. I think 've done pretty well in that time." She sighed when she thought how ig it had been, because it was only week after that Harvey- Oh, mong her tiresome gifts, not one from him, not even a bunch of flowershe who had sent her violets every day! establishment. Call and see for yourself But she blushed as she glanced down at

those tucked under her coat lapel. Speaking of wedding rings, we learn | She was winking so fast to keep the that these important symbols have not | tears back that she did not see the nufor her misery. Connie seemed to have always been manufactured from the merous warning symptoms of the great Mrs. Curwin emphasized her remarks lost her enthusiasm over doing the exfront of the Pavillon des Arts Intrieux. Soon she was buried in her ing her mother to plunge into all the an instance where a curtain ring was squall stopped half way down a baby

hat she was the general of the little interest in her purchases. It was all party in Lord Chesterfield's house that ly over the child, "straddling" it neatploring party. Filled with a de- very well to say that as an art student two days after he sent for a parson to ly, so she picked him up more frightenparty. Fined with a de-very wen to say that as an art student perform the marriage ceremony, but as ed than burt. After comforting him sition, she had been "personally win knew better. Connie had always the duke had neither license nor ring with some of Ikey's confectionery supplies she rode on, leaving him with Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared | round eyes still staring tearfully and he would send for the archbishop. At rounder mouth peacefully stuffed with

the bed curtain at 12:30 at night at | Arrived at last in Hester street, she Curwin from entering eagerly into all Mayfair chapel. Forgetful bridegrooms checked brake and lever in front of the

was a great event. It is sad to relate that with all her vaunted capability as an autorist Mistress Anice forgot a small but very important matter. She went up stairs loaded with good things to gladden the heart of Ikey and his numerous relatives and forgot to take from its socket the little running plug of the White Arrow. With that tiny key safe in her chatelaine bag the capacity for mischief in the combination of small boy and automobile was reduced to a minimum. Her electric horse would be hitched fast. But with that brass plug lurking impishly in its hiding place behind the leather apron of the seat and with little Mose Rudinsky's bump of curiosity much inflated the inevitable occurred.

"Ye're afraid!" What juvenile bosom ever failed to respond to that battlecry?

Mose scrambled up the big, fat cushthird cautiously fingered the shining, unlit eye of the fore light.

Mose stood up and grasped the

comfortably on the soft leather seat, all orders to his grimy face, tousled black hair and greasy garments ludicrously out of place among the luxurious cushions. tions. Mose investigated. The White Dr. Harvey had been guilty of the Arrow started obediently down the

street. Miss Anice was descending the rickety stairs amid a shower of blessings when she heard a shout below.

"What's wrong?" she demanded of a panting child. "Yer nottymoble!" he gasped. "It's un-off-wid Mose!" When Anice reached the pavement, breathless and pale, she could see

down the narrow street a runaway automobile, with a frightened bareheading frantically

She ran blindly after him, dizzy with visions of a sickening collision on the street car line a few blocks away. from the ground.

Suddenly a tall young man in a long ahead of the flying White Arrow. "Jam your lever back!" he shouted. But poor Mose was too frightened to obey. He only clung tighter to the controller, pushing it to the third notch. The carriage shot forward. As it bowled toward the tall young man he sprang out almost directly in its

He waited till it sped alongside, then quick as a flash flung himself on the ear of the auto. Grasping the proecting axle, he swung himself up, then reached over the back of the seat and seized the controller.

"Lift your foot," he commanded. Mose, with face very white under its dirt, obeyed meekly. "Now, youngster, where did you get

The tall young man seated himself calmly, backed the runabout slowly and turned it around, following the direction of Mose's trembling finger. Miss Anice was waiting to receive them at the crossing.

'Oh, Harvey-you," she said, then very dignifiedly: "Thank you very much, Dr. Givins. I had no idea"-"I was down below here to see a patient." He bowed gravely as he de scended from the carriage. "In Hester street?" she queried. "Yes," he said, meeting her glance

inflinchingly. "I have several in this region, Ikey Meemstein among them." He did not deem it necessary to add that he also had practiced charity only since October. "Shall I assist you up, Miss-Anice?" the last as he caught sight of the

She followed the direction of his glance and blushed furiously. "There was no card with them"she excused weakly. "But you knew they were mine

tinued on page seven.)

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the park, "and papa gave me the Is where you will find all the best lines of Black and Blue Beavers, fancy suitings in all shades. Tyke and Clay Serges and fancy Trouserings. All of which we make in up-to-date styles and at as low a figure as consistant with r! And he had hinted about a first class work, good fits, always guaranteed. Parties arl necklace for her birthday! Now, purchasing Cloth from us we do the cutting free.

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ut!" warned another stolidly, while a
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