Gloriana's Christmas Surprise

Continued from page three.

ed, rose-wreathed paper, the rose-powdered chintz on lounge and chair, the mahogany, the delicate muslins, the shining silver. She was a sybaritic little kitten at heart, despite the Bridgeport school, and she almost purred her satisfaction as she warmed her hands before the fire on her hearth. She would have her luncheon up here, she decided, not in the cavernous gloom and loneliness of the dining-room.

Removing her traveling-frock and braiding her long hair, she arrayed herself in comfort in the negligee which she had fondly hoped would meet Cousin Fanny's casual approval. It had seemed a triumphant combination of honest warmth and filminess—a truly feminine union of worth and lure. It was pink, so that the figure reflected in the long glass into which she stared with open pleasure did not clash with the rosy background. The quilted slippers into which her feet were thrust were pink, too—it had been really quite adorable as well as surprisingly perspicuous in Miss Green, the spectacled principal of girls' grammar school number six, to give her these for Christmas instead of John Fiske's "Essays, Literary and Historical," or "The Simple Life!"

II

"Aw, Miss-iss Co-bb———"

The shrill sound penetrated the closed door and broke upon Miss Cobb's vain and pleasurable musings. With it came the tardy realization that there had been a silver jangle of bells outside. She went hastily to the landing and leaned over the stair-rail, startled inquiry in her gaze. At the foot of the stairs stood Mrs. Blake and a tall, snow-powdered, masculine figure, staring upward.

"Here's another of you," announced Mrs. Blake tersely.

"What? Did you not get your telegram, either?" Gloriana was unaffectedly elated. The failure to receive her own seemed less like sheer stupidity if there were other failures, too.

The young man responded with the information that he also had failed to receive notifcation that the festivities were postponed. He was Crofton Bell, he added, a Denver friend of Derwent's. Gloriana replied with the information that she was Gloriana Cobb, Derwent's cousin; Mr. Bell's eyes seemed to commend Derwent's taste in cousins. She retreated a step or two, blusing, whereupon Mr. Bell launched into prolonged autobiography, to which she was obliged, in courtesy, to listen.

"When Derwent and the missis found that I was to be East this Christmas, they asked me to make one of the party here," he explained. "But I left Denver a week ago, and have been all over the lot since. The last place was Chicago, and that was an afterthought, so there might be considerable delay in forwarding telegrams there. And, come to think of it, I left in such a hurry I didn't give any forwarding address to the hotel office. It looks as though it were my own fault I didn't get my despatch." He paused, but as Gloriana, with an unintelligible murmur of interest or sympathy, was withdrawing toward her room, he plunged into monologue again.

"This is a sweet spot to reach on the night of a blizzard, isn't it?" he demanded. "I left the main line back at Boonton in the middle of the afternoon and have been doing cross-country stunts on stray trains and trolleys ever since. The laset ten miles I came in a sleigh.'

"To think of that, now!" observed Mrs. Blake from her stand of chorus and chaperon at his elbow. "I reckon you're feelin' peckish———"

"Peckish!" cried Mr. Bell, looking at Gloriana. "I could eat a buffalo."

"I s'pose you'll come down an' eat with him?" Mrs. Blake's remark was scarcely an inquiry.

"I—I———" began Gloriana.

"Please!" begged Mr. Bell.

"Well," Gloriana conceded.

Whereupon Mrs. Blake led the newcomer to his room. By the time they reached the top of the stairs the pink vision had discreetly disappeared.

Mrs. Jed Blake had spoken only the truth when she had announced herself "no French cook." Nevertheless the ham and eggs, the fried potatoes, the hot biscuit and coffee which she served to the two Christmas derelicts on a small table drawn up before the dining-room fire seemed rather ambrosial food and drink to them. Hunger, a sense of mold and cheerful adventure and a keen pleasure in each other's society spiced the plain viands to a flavor which Mrs. Derwent Cobb's admirable chef could not have improved.

"If you expect me to talk about the opera and bridge debts, you're going to be rarely disappointed, Miss Cobb," announced Crofton Bell after they had exhausted the conversational possibilities of their immediate plight. "But out in God's country we don't get much opera, and when we gamble we're still playing poker and faro."

Miss Cobb, conventionally clad and coifed again, smiled demurely.

Iln the Bridgeport grammar-school?" she replied, "we aren't strong on the topics you mention."

"The Bridgeport grammar-school?"

"Yes. I teach there.'

Mr. Bell stared at her for a second. "I hate to think of a girl's working," he told her, old-fashionedly. "And you———you don't look strong enough."

"It isn't hauling bricks, you known," laughed Gloriana.

No-o," admitted Mr. Bell unwillingly. Then he brightened. "I'm glad to hear it for one reason, though. They've been saying out our way that Derwent and the missis had gone a little daffy on the social game, and, upon my word. I've been dreading this affair. But if you're just plain folks, we'll have a good time together. Won't we?" he added with sudden pleading.

"The first train tomorrow morning leaves at seven-something," replied Gloriana concisely.

"Oh hang the first train," said Mr. Crofton Bell. "May I smoke?"

"I wonder,' thought Gloriana that night as she softly closed the dressing-room door upon Mrs. Blake's deep breathings, "if any of the others would have been so nice, so comfortable, so ——so homey?"

She sighed a little as she knelt to her prayers. Rising she listened to the gathering of winds in the hills. Their sweep seemed to shut her in to comfort, security, and the pleasure of the chance companionship. She sighed again, more deeply.

"Of course, one couldn't stay any longer than one had to," she told her pillow later. "And of course, he wouldn't want to. He probably knows piles of people in the city—it's only a sort of gay politeness." Then, with a blush the pillow hid and a laugh it smothered, she said: "Oh, hang the first train!"

III

Mr. Bell was already down-stairs when she made her apearance the next morning. He was staring joyously out upon a world of blinding whiteness.

"See that!" he cried happily. "It's a blizzard—a blessed blizzard! Talk of trains———"

The slow, half-decided flakes of the evening before had evidently become a genuine, working snow-storm later in the night. Gloriana, peering out through the thick, steady downsifting of white powder, measured the night's work by the hedges and the bushes on the lawn. It seemed almost impossible that a few hours could have made such drifts and barriers. Her heart and her eyes danced at the sight. Somehow, the thoughts of that day's return to Bridgeport had been very dreary.

While they breakfasted to the time of Mrs. Blake's reminiscences on former blizzards, the telephone-bell in the hall rang sharply. Miss Gloriana Cobb was desired at the instrument. (Was that Miss Cobb? Yes? Well, the telegrahp-operator at Kenousa wished to transmit a telegram repeated from Bridgeport.

"Yes," breathed Gloriana.

"New York, December 23. Miss Gloriana Cobb, 3578 Dwight Avenue, Bridgeport. Horrified to discover today that I sent telegram yesterday to Bridgeport, New York, instead Connecticut. But was distracted. Twins have diphtheria. Light attack so far. Doctor hopeful. Antitoxin used. Hillcrest party off. Heartbroken. Letter following. If only this reaches you in time. (Signed) Frances Cobb."

"Yes, I have it," said Gloriana. "But wait. What time was it sent from New York to Bridgeport? Two-thirteen? What time was it repeated from Bridgeport? Oh! You close at eight———yes. I see. Goo———"

"Hold the line a minute, please," interrupted Mr. Bell. "I'll wire Chicago to forward telegrams to me."

"You'd better ask about trains, too," suggested Gloriana, handing him the receiver. "I suppose we could get down to Kenousa in a sleigh if we took plenty of time."

"If you're so awfully anxious to get away," remarked Mr. Bell in an aggrieved manner. But after hearing the operator he brightened.

"No train has gone through on the Forest Lake branch yet," he announced victoriously. "And nothing is possible until the snow-plow gets to work. But the snow-plow is only one—and it's busy on the main line. Hurrah! I shall offer prayer and sacrifice, Miss Cobb, to the gods of snow and wind to keep this up. Why, you can't have any engagement any more than I have. Why should you be so keen on leaving this place?"

Gloriana glanced sharply at him to discover marks of satire on his face, but it was fortunately guiltless of any, expression beyond boyish joy.

The gods of snow and wind were kind to their supplicant from the West. The storm continued steadily all of Christmas Eve. The two young persons made such strides toward intimacy as would have amazed them had they been willing to devote five minutes of heir time to sober contemplation of their situation. But that they disdained.

They made a mad, artic journey down to the Blakes' cottage, the barns, and the henneries, a quarter of a mile behind the house. They took an hour's windy constitutional on the piazza in the afternoon. They became intoxicated, boisterous, with air and cold and snow. They laughed a great deal, though no judicious listener could have detected any unusual wit in the remarks that provoked their mirth. They shoveled paths. They ate dinner with extravagant appetite that night. They caused Mrs. Blake, whose demands in humor were not the most exacting, "nearly to bust her sides with laughin'." In great merriment they hung their stockings from the sitting-room mantel-shelf and insisted that the Blakes produce blue-yarn hose to keep theirs company. (Gloriana thanked her destiny particularly because she had a new pair of silk ones, extravagantly purchased to dance holes through at Cousin Fanny's Christmas ball!)

When a quiet mood had come with the late evening, Gloriana, "by general request," sat at the piano and touched the keys with soft fingers, and sang with true, gentle voice an old carol and a new hymn, all about the quiet stars of Bethlehem and the large-eyed cattle and marveling shepherds. Then it was that Crofton Bell looked at her with the adorning reverence which man, the sentimentalist, bestows upon woman singing sacred songs, and the Blakes, playing propriety stiffly upon a brocaded davenport, whispered to each other that she was certainly a nice, unaffected little thing, mighty different from some of last summer's guests!

Christmas, and the gods were still good! The snow ceased to fall before morning, and they day came up, a great, shining, white jewel set in splendid blue and gold. But the wind still blew, and the obliging station-agent could only "hope" that the two-tighteen might go down some time in the afernoon.

"We'd be unqualified fools to go down there on any such slim chance as that," observed Mr. Bell with deep satisfaction, putting up the receiver. "It would probably mean dinner and lodgings in the Ont-rio Ho-el."

"I really think that it might," Gloriana earnestly persuaded herself. She was wearing the gold-and-tortoise-shell comb she had found in her stocking.

"It was meant for Mrs. Derwent," the donor declared. "I can give her things like that. I've known her so long and we're such good friends. And I can give you things like that because I've known you so well and we're such ——such———" He paused, looking at her strangely. "Can't I?" he finished.

"Only for today," Gloriana replied a little unsteadily.

"Well, if you expect me to give up Derwent's cigar-cutter at the end of the day, you're going to be disappointed, mademoiselle. I shall keep it always—your first present to me."

His laughing look challenged her, and she blushed. Mr. Bell, watching the color mount, grew more soberly admiring.

"Do you known," he said, "that you're the nicest girl I ever knew? Don't frown. Don't look shocked, please. I known I'm crude and—wooly—in my ways. It comes from living where there's plenty of room to escape the people you don't like; that, you see, obviates the necessity of ever being tactful, and so one becomes blatantly, foolishly, and unnecessarily truthful. How would an Easterner have told you it? For he would surely have to admit that you were the nicest girl he had ever known."

"I'm the only one here," replied Miss Cobb with considerable astuteness. But her unemotional manner covered a somewhat tempestuous heart. Ah, how could she bear Bridgeport and the superintendent of schools, the minister, the two teachers, the three clerks at the boarding-house, and then seven fathers of pupils who constituted her entire circle of masculine acquaintance?

IV

Another forenoon of glorious outdoor buffeting with winds and weather, of reading before the fire, of fighting over favorite passages and favorite authors, or ecalling childish Chistmases, of getting deeper and deeper into intimacy; and after luncheon came the inspiration—it was Gloriana's to build a snow-man.

Hooded and mittened, with Mrs. Blake's arctic overshoes on her feet, she was an amusing little figure as she wrought at the youthful task. The big Westerner looked at her admiringly, and was eventually moved to repeat, with new emphasis, that she really was the nicest girl he had ever known. Again she blushed. But finding verbal repartee beyond her at the moment, she rolled a soft snowball and aimed it at her companion with great deliberation. It struck his chest, which was straining a sweater of Jed Blake's to its utmost capacity.

"Ah, you will, will you?" he cried, bounding toward her. "You'll get your face washed for that, Miss Gloriana Cobb!"

Gloriana laughed and threw another snowball as she stumbled retreatingly. She evaded him for a while, keeping the grostesque structure they had begun between them, but finally a drift brought her to her knees. Then the enemy was upon her and her rosy face was very uncompromisingly and thoroughly washed with snow.

She gasped, sputtered, and struggled for a second. Then she felt the arm that had clasped her shoulder in mere boyish, romping zest suddenly tighten upon it. Her head was drawn back. Crofton Bell was looking at her with a new light in his eyes. A kiss stung the cheek that the snow had stung a moment before. "You darling!" was smothered against her ear.

It was all a second's work. Released, she blundered to her feet, her hurt, angry eyes gave him one look, and she marched into the house. He stood where she had left him, evidently a little dazed with his presumption. His voice, calling to her, "Miss Cobb—Gloriana," as the voice of one stupefied, scarcely aroused from a dream. She did not answer, and he heard the door slam behind her.

"What must she think of me?" he demanded of the snowman. "Up here with not a soul—and so generous and gay—— She'll never forgive me— never."

"It serves me quite right," said Gloriana, in her own room. "Why should he show any deference, and civility, to a girl who had revealed so shameless.ly, so indecently, that she was glad—glad— to be snow-bound alone with him. Ah, there he comes into the house now!" She heard the door close upon his entrance. Her chilled fingers bungled with her wraps, but finally she emerged from them. Shew went to the water-basin and washed her face with brutal thoroughness. But hard as she rubbed her cheek, it tingled still with his kiss.

The telephone rang sharply. She went to the door. No—he hal not come back; Mrs. Blake was down at the cottage. She must answer the call. She went heavily down the stairs.

"Yes this was Hillcrest. Yes, Mr. Bell was staying there. No, he was not in the house at present. A telegram for him repeated from Chicago? Very well, she would take it down." She drew that pad forward on the table and prepared to write.

"Denver, December 25, 19—: C. E. Bell, Aulitorium Hotel, Chicago, Ill. Dearest — Christmas — greetings — May — we — not — have — to — spend another — apart — thanks — for — my exquisite— pendant — your — devoted (signed) Emma."

Yes, Miss Cobb assurred the operator, she had the message correctly. What? Oh, would she please read it to him? Very well.

She real it woodenly. Then she improvel her handwriting a little so that every letter stood out clearly. Then she walked into dining-room, laid the scrap of paper at Crofton Bell's place and returned to her room. She locked the door carefully after her. Her pulse hal ceased to throb at last, her cheek to feel the warmth of his kiss. A great, dull, miserable shame engulfed her. By the dreary misery of her present condition she knew how hopeful, how almost happy, that previous mood of anger, expectation, excitment, had been. Ah, it was horrible! His kiss had not only been an insult to her, but disloyalty to another woman as well.

When she threw herself upon the couch at the foot of her bed and contemplated the ceiling with dry, burning eyes, she thought of the indignity, the debasement, of her position. But when she turned her face into the pillow and began to weep, it was because the man had been guilty, not merely of lightness, of flippancy, in his behavior, but of dishonor as well.

An hour later an imperative knocking aroused her. She startled up and listened. It was repeated, more imperatively.

"Who is it?" she demanded icily but shakingly.

It is I—Crofton. Open the door, please. I want to speak to you."

"I do not wish to hear anything you have to say." Her voice was steady enough now.

"You'll have to hear it whether you want to or not," declared the gentleman firmly. "Oh, Gloriana, don't play the haughty lady Imogene now! Open the door, please."

"Don't call me Gloriana," flamed the young woman. And then, "You will find a message for you on the dining-room table."

"I have found it," said Mr. Bell with considerable vindictiveness of tone. "Please open the door, Gloriana."

"I have told you not to call me by my first name." Gloriana pullel the door wide open to make this indignant protest. She showed a tear-stained face, heavy eyes, and tremulous lips.

"Thank Heaven, you've been crying!" he said inhumanly. "You would only have been enraged if—if you had not cared a little! Now, will you please read these?" Now, will taol please read these?" He thrust a bundle of letters toward her. They are, as you will observe, from my brother Charles Edward. There is a great deal in them which you will not understand"—magnificently he swept aside the possible reaches of the feminine intellect—"about the traction company business. But you will be able to make out that he has been traveling in the Northwest while I have been traveling in the Southwest on the business, and that he fears he will have to spend Christmas in Chicago, which he regrets, like a thoroughly good and domesticated husband, on account of Emma and the baby. Your own intelligence will probably supply you with the rest of the situation."

"Oh!" said Gloriana. Then she recovered herself and waved the letters aside.

"I have no interest in your business, or in your home affairs," she remarked.

"Oh, haven't you? Well, I was determined you should know that though I may be a miserable cad, I'm not a damned villain. I had hoped you'd care to know even that. Moreover, you owe me more of an apology for thinking that I could have married a woman capable of a rotten telegram like that than I owe you for—for kissing you. For I kissed you, Gloriana, because—because—I couldn't help it," he ended somewhat lamely.

Gloriana tried to be indifferent and disdainel for a second or two longer. But her face was not made for the expression of these emotions. She was very happy—she was relieved—she wondered did he care—could he—it was so short a time—but, anyway—the hateful tlegram—— Her lip began to quiver.

"Dear heart," cried Mr. Crofton Bell, abandoning his pose of indignant honor and finding the language of consolation with instinctive ease, "don't—don't—cry! I can't bear you to be unhappy. I couldn't bear it when you known I kissed you because I had fallen heels over head in love with you—though if it hadn't been for Emma's fool message I shouldn't have dared to tell you so for a week or two yet. Gloriana—please come outside———". for Gloriana had retrated from these incoherent remarks and the looks that accompanied them. "Please, please." But he heard the inexorable bolt slide.

When she came down to dinner, clad in the red crepe— "because it's Christmas," she said—he met her at the foot of the stairs.

"I want you to see if this is a sufficiently unsentimental message to send to Derwent and the missis," he said handing her a slip of paper.

Merry Christmas! Hope twins are improving. Can never repay your hospitality at Hillcrest. Am madly and irrevocably in love with Gloriana, and intend to make her marry me whether she wants to or not.

Crofton Bell.

"Dignified, terse, and, above all, truthful," Mr. Bell commended his work. Isn't it, Gloriana?"

"It is not dignified, it's not terse," said Gloriana judicially, "and as for the truth, you convey on utterly false impression. You convey the impression that you expect to have difficulty in persuading me to marry you and you know—know perfectly well———"

She turned slowly toward him, smiling, radiant, butw ith the soft hint of tears back of her brightness.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

EVERY WOMAN
is interested and should know about the wonderful
Marvel Whirling Spray Douche
Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at the office of any Local Agent of Dominion Lands (not sub-agent) on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required in every case, except when residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3 per acre Duties—Six months residence in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and 50 acres extra cultivation. The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land after report by Homestead Inspector on application for patent.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

W. W. COREY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL.—Coal mining rights may be leased for twenty-one years, renewable at an annual rental of $1 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres can be leased to one applicant. Royalty, five cents per ton. In unsurveyed territory the tract must be staked out by the applicant in person, and personal application to the Agent or sub-Agent of Dominion Lands for the district, must in all cases be made and the rental for the first year must be paid to the agent within thirty days after filing application.

QUARTZ.—A person eighteen years of age and over, having made a discovery may locate a claim 1,500 feet by 1,500. Fee $5. At least $100 must be expended on the claim each year, or paid to the Mining Recorder. When $500.00 has been expended or paid and other requirements complied with the claim may be purchased at $1 an acre.

PLACER MINING CLAIMS are 500 feet long and from 1,000 to 2,000 feet wide. Entry fee, $5 Not less than $100 must be expended in development work each year.

DREDGING.—Two leases of five miles each of a river may be issued to one applicant for a term of 20 years. Rental, $10 a mile per annum. Royalty, 2½ per cent. after the output exceeds $10,000.

W. W. COREY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

WARNING is hereby given that Sand Point Wharf Crib, number ten, which went adrift during the storm of the night of the 8th. instant, is now moored on the flat south of Navy Island, its position being as follows:—

South end bears North twenty degrees East, 900 fet from West Side Ferry landing,, the crib itself lying in a line from North West to South East. At the Southern end are three mooring lines of galvanized wire, one leading South ten degrees East, one South, and one South fifteen degrees West, each with a scope of about sixty fathoms. There are three moorings on the Northern end, one leading South twenty degrees West, one West, and one North sixty degrees West, each with a scope of sixty fathoms, approximately.

At night a white light will be displayed at each end of this crib.

GEORGE H. FLOOD,
Agent, Dept. Marine and Fisheries
St. John, N. B.,
Dec. 19th, 1913.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been appointed by the Common Council of the City of Saint John a committee of the said Council for conducting the sale of the Fisheries for the ensuing year, pursuant to law, hereby give notice that certain Fishery Lots along the east side of the Bay, River and Harbor, heretofore enjoyed and possessed by the inhabitants on the East side of the Harbor, with those in and surrounding Navy Island, and also certain Fishery Lots on the Western side of the Harbor, will be sold at Public Auction on TUESDAY, the SIXTH DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, in the City of Saint John, for the fishing season of the ensuing year, to end on the 15th day of December, 1914.

Dated the 18th day of December, 1913.

JAMES H. FRINK,
HARRY R. McLELLAN,
RUPERT W. WIGMORE,
MILES E. AGAR.

TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received until Monday, 29th December, inst. until noon in the office of the Common Clerk, addressed to him, City Hall, Prince William street, for 300 ft. of fire hose with couplings and branch pipe to be delivered in No. 4 shed, Sand Point.

Hose to be cut in fifty (50) feet lengths and connected with couplings according to St. John Fire Department standard. The couplings to be secured to the hose with expansion rings, and jet of branch pipe to be of one inch bore.

Samples of hose to accompany each tender.

H. B. SCHOFIELD,
Commissioner of Harbours, Ferries, Public Lands.
ADAM P. MACINTYRE,
Comptroller.
St. John, N. B., December 19th, 1913.

A Pure Hard Soap
Peculiar and Remarkable Qualities for Washing Clothes
SURPRISE
Good for all Uses
Makes "Child's Play of Wash Day"

Classified Advertising

One cent per word each insertion. Discount of 33 1-3 per cent on advertisements running one week or longer if paid in advance. :: :: Minimum charge 25 cents.

WANTED.

WANTED—Agents to sell foxes for immediate delivery and 1914 delivery. Fundy Fox Co., 96 Princess street, St. John, N. B.

HELP WANTED—First class man wanted for magazine subscription work. Apply box.

TIMBER WANTED

Wanted a quantity of ten inch and seven inch timber for Little Dipper Harbor Breakwater. Apply Frederick Thompson, Chance Harbor.

WANTED—Female teacher for school district No. 4, Parish of Lepreau. Apply, stating salary, to Ray Sunders, secretary New River Sta Charlotte county, N. B.

MONOLINE OPERATOR WANTED—Man who can keep two machines in order, operating one himself. Good wages and steady job to right man. Write stating particulars. The Maritime Publishing Co. Ltd., Sussex, N. B.

AGENTS—Salary and commission, to sell Red Tag Stock. Complete exclusive lines. Specially hardy. Grown only by us—sold only by our agents. Elegant free samples. Write now to Dominion Nurseries. Montreal.

WANTED—At once, first class machinist, to be first repair man in factory, situated in town of about 5,000. Must be first class on steam and belt pumps, piping and all classes of heavy factory machinery. Steady employment, good salary. Splendid place to bring up a family. Good moral surroundings, good schools. Positively no "boosers" need apply. References required. Address A. B. C., Standard office.

WANTED—By district No. 5, Parish of Kars, a second class teacher for term beginning January 1914. Apply, stating salary, to Alvin Morrell, Hatfield's Point, R. R. and I., Kings county, N. B.

WANTED—Two first-class harness makers. Apply Edward Hogan, 47 Waterloo street.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—One of finest residential properties in Woodstock; large house, beautifully finished and with modern conveniences, in perfect repair; spacious grounds, central location; also commodious two-story warehouse, adjoining main line C. P. R. with additional ground belonging to building; both freehold properties. In event of sale, one-half purchase price may remain on mortgage. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Dalling, Woodstock.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES

All kinds, half dozen 17C by mail; New Home machines twenty per cent. discount during the holidays; Wilcox & Gibbs machine $15; W. & W. manufacturing machin $10; White machine $7; Domestic and all machines repaired—William Crawford, 105 Princess street, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—At Woodstock, one of finest residential properties in New Brunswick; large house, beautifully finished and with modern conveniences; spacious grounds, central location, in perfect repair; also commodious two-story warehouse adjoining main line C.P.R. with additional storage accommodation on grounds surrounding the building. Properties sold separately or together. In event of sale one-half purchase price may remain on mortgage. Apply to Mrs. J. W. Dalling, Woodstock.

FOR SALE—Fifty ash sleighs for sale at Edgecombe's. Send for prices and catalogue. Edgecombe's, 115 City Road.

FOR SALE.

Two splendid West Side properties at moderate prices. For application to Messrs. Fairweather and Porter, No. 67 Prince William street.

HORSES AND BOB SLEDS FOR SALE—A team of heavy horses, great workers, a set of bobsleds and double harness. Apply to John O'Regan, 1, Mill street.

FOR SALE—Tugboat, 65 ft. over all, 14 ft., 3 in. beam, 8 ft. deep, fully equipped with winches, 10 and 20 compound engines, surface condenser and pumps. All connections and pipes brass and copper. Address T. N. McGrath, Tusket, N. S.

TO LET.

ROOMS TO LET—Nice pleasant rooms, newly furnished, heated, and electric light. Gentleman preferred. 168 King Street East. Can be seen forenoon or evening.

TO LET.—Shed at Indiantown formerly occupied by Tapley Bros., as a coal shed. Apply to William E. Golding, Royal Bank Building, city.

OFFICE TO LET.—Nice large office in the Dearborn Building, 93 Prince William St.

LOST.

LOST—In ladies' cabin of ferry steamer last evening, a pocketbook containing sum of money. Reward if left at this office.

On Mill street or Haymarket Square, $66, (sixty-six dollars.) Finder please leave at The Standard office.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

LEARN BARBER TRADE.—Few weeks required; tools free; positions secured; Moler System; twenty-two years established; modern method of teaching; write for particulars—MOLAR BARBER COLLEGE, 62F. St. Lawrence Blvrd., Montreal.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents $5 a day selling Mendets, which mends Graniteware, Hot Water Bags, Rubber Boots, Reservoirs, Boilers, Metal Tubs and Tinware without cement or solder. Sample ten cents. Collette M'f'g Company, Collingwood, Ontario.

TENDER FOR GOAL SUPPLIES

TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED at the Sheriff's Office, Court House, in the City of Saint John up to twelve o'clock noon the 26th day of December inst., for supplying the goal with the following articles for the year commencing the 1st day of January A. D. 1914:

Good Molasses, per gallon.
" Rice, per pound.
" Barley, per pound.
" Tea, per pound.
" Yellow Soap, per pound.
" Brooms, per dozen.
" Soap Beef, free from bone, per pound.
" Roast Beef, free from bone, per pound.
" Corn Beef, free from bone, per pound.
" Bakers' Flour, per barrel, suitable for making the best of bread, bakers to give number of two pound loaves of bread furnished to each barrel of flour supplied.

All supplies delivered at the Gaol to be subject from time to time to the approval of the Sheriff.

The lowest tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated the 19th day of December A. D. 1913.

S. S. deFOREST,
Sheriff.

DR STEWART'S
Guaranteed Veterinery Remedies
KICKHAM & CURRIE
Corner Waterloo and UnionStreets

PIANOS TUNED.

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING and repairing; out of town orders promptly attended to. Try a bottle of my piano polish. K. McKinnon, 206 Paradise Row.

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45-49 King Square, St. John, N. B.
American Plan. Electric Elevators. Street cars stop at door to and from all trains and boats.

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St. John's Leading Hotel.
RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., LTD.
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ST. JOHN, N. B.
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F. C. GATES.. .. ..Manager.

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ST. JOHN HOTEL CO., LTD.
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