

SIX

"SWEET."

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

I had just returned from Africa—a place, by the way, not half so desirable to return from as of old. In the glorious old days the man from Africa was really a lion. In a sense, the African lions made him one, for he carried about him an impression of narrow escapes with big game; also a sort of mysterious mingling of jungles, and cannibals. But the Boer War made Africa vulgar, reduced it more to the dead level of other commonplace countries. What a pity, indeed, that the unknown places on the globe are so rapidly becoming extinct! They afforded such a help to the imagination.

She was to me a wonderfully pretty girl, not because I had just returned from Africa, but because she was really intrinsically pretty. That is, I sternly separated that word of honor, "intrinsically," that warped, prejudiced craving for almost anything human and native that a man has who has been isolated long from his own kind, and judged her from the purely critical standpoint.

She was, even from this standpoint, the kind of a pretty girl known as "the no." Doubtless you have dreamed of that kind before—those that if you had lived in bygone days you would have loved to capture from some lonely rock-bound island, and with female solitude, journeyed with through unfeeling harshness until you had with faintly glowing brought her back to the ivy-covered baronial castle. Or possibly once in your lifetime you may have actually known such one, and if you have, you will realize how hard it has been not to take her in your arms, not to forget yourself utterly, and completely, disregarding everything else.

Perhaps I felt a touch of this at once, for I hastened away with her to a corner of the ballroom, as far as possible removed from the music, while certain other young men hovered in the distance. Even Africa, however, as shop-worn and public as it has become, is not so much a fit her, and it seemed to keep them sufficiently remote.

"I don't dance," I said, not apologetically nor defiantly, but quite historically—and so, if you—

"Oh, no," she protested, "I would rather sit it out, I'm so tired already. I sometimes wish I had never learned to dance. I always feel conspicuous."

"I thought I detected traces of a distant taint in her voice. I was all sympathy at once. How easy to be sympathetic with a girl like that!"

"I was about to say, 'What, and you so young!' when it occurred to me that she was really too young, and to imply that she was young. It would have been quite proper and diplomatic, possibly, but I have inferred at a low tone, 'It makes me feel fearfully awkward at times—when I'm here. Then I wish I had learned. I'm quite ashamed of myself. I have that horrible feeling that nobody likes—that I am out of it.'"

"Do you really feel that way?" she asked, looking at me with wide-open eyes. I was just beginning to realize—and to appreciate—how young she was. It gave me a cue.

"Oh, yes, indeed," I replied warmly; "don't suppose you understand it, because you've never been out of it a moment, I fancy, but I assure you I've never confessed this to anyone before—I've suffered agonies of mind over my awkwardness. It pursues me everywhere. I don't suppose I'll ever get over it."

"Do you really mean that?" she said. There seemed to be a trace of anxiety in her voice.

"Yes, indeed—that, and all it implies." I said this with a note of appeal—"someone you, for example—could only feel sorry for me."

"I do, I do."

myself calculating her age—wondering if the time of coming out differed in different States. Then I figured roughly that she must be eighteen. Well, I wasn't so much older. The discrepancy between our ages indeed appeared to me to be mathematically and conspicuously correct. I began to hear distant wedding-bells. I could see orange-blossoms floating around in the air. For here indeed was the one girl with whom there had been immediately set up a mutual confidence—on the basis of our shortcomings.

"How grand!" I whispered. "Tell me about it."

"But it wasn't. It was awful!" "Were you—?" I felt around in my mind for the one word that would convey the exact condition of our confidence. She but it's the state of that would, so to speak, bind the unconscious bargain between us—"nervous."

"Terribly!" "Perhaps—I had a younger sister and felt on comparatively safe ground when you were here. Do you know, I feel as if I had known you forever."

"Oh, dear," she murmured, "we were having such a delightful time. And here comes Jack for the next dance."

"Can't you put him off?" I murmured.

"You don't know Jack," she said. "The room she had out a hand in her eyes. I bowed stiffly, while they based on the music. If I had been a woman, of course I should have noticed that wedding-ring at once. After all, what had Africa, in the way of sharpening my eyesight, done for me? Then I turned to the hostess. I gabbled her with my usual awkwardness, by the arm.

"Look here," I said, "that young thing—Mrs. Dilber—please tell me what did she mean by saying that she had just come out?"

"The hostess laughed, a short, dry laugh.

"Oh," she said, "I forgot you'd been in Africa. Fascinating, isn't she? That innocent-looking kind always is, you know. Why, she meant coming out after her last divorce. That's a phrase they use now, I believe, when they emerge again after another marriage."

"I took a long breath. I could feel my heart begin to throb.

"Oh, by the way," she said, "this, then, is her second husband?"

"Or third," replied the hostess joyfully.



Anty Drudge Helps the Drama. Theatrical Manager—"Your costume bill is appalling! Three \$400 gowns in two weeks!" Star—"Well, they got grease paint on them, and you can't expect Juliet to appear in a white tunic that's spotted."

Moral stains are the only kind Fels-Naptha won't take out. Coffee stains, fruit stains, ink stains, blood stains and grease spots are easy for it. While the soaped clothes are soaking in cold or lukewarm water, Fels-Naptha dissolves the matter that makes the stains into tiny particles. A light rub in rinsing sends them flying, leaving the clothes white and pure. All this without boiling or hard rubbing.

Follow directions on the red and green wrapper.

310 TEACHERS ADDED TO LIST IN PROVINCE Result of Normal School Exams. GOOD SHOWING List Includes Five for Grammar School and 99 for First Class

FREDERICTON, Aug. 5.—The result of the Normal School closing examinations was given out at the education office this afternoon. The number of candidates who were presented for examination in June, 1908, was 210, classified as follows:

For grammar school (partial and complete), 19; for first class, 109; for second class, 122; making a total of 210.

The result of the examination is as follows: Grammar school (partial), 11; grammar school (complete), 5; first class, 9; second class, 19; third class, 5; fallen to classify, 6; total, 51.

Of those who gained class one, seven were also classified as superior.

CLASS I. Following are the names of candidates who made 70 per cent and upwards on second class papers. (Arranged in order of the highest marks):

Grammar school (partial), 11: Arthur H. Mitchell, Wilsons Beach, Charlotte county; Nora S. Fairweather, Hampton, Kings county; Marguerite M. Smith, Woodstock; Edith B. Mc-

WILSON'S FLY PADS. Every packet will kill more flies than 800 sheets of sticky paper. SOLD BY FRUITCUTS, ORDERS AND GENERAL STORES 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, marked on the envelope 'Tender for Construction,' will be received at the office of the Commissioners of the Transcontinental Railway, at Ottawa, until twelve o'clock noon of Thursday, the 20th day of August, 1908, for the work required for the construction, in accordance with the plans, profiles and specifications of the Commissioners, of the following sections of the Transcontinental Railway, viz—

SWALLOWS HIS FALSE TEETH; PANIC; WOW! Hundreds Pursue Puddler Who Quits Job at Mill in Hurry.

DANVILLE, Pa., Aug. 5.—Michael Kelly, a puddler, caused a small panic last night when he swallowed his teeth. When Kelly's teeth became lodged in his throat, he dropped his puddling bar astir, without a word dashed from the mill. Workmen standing nearby, not knowing what had occurred, and fearing Kelly was seeking safety from an accident in the mill, joined in the flight. The fleeing men were joined by the whole mill force.

IT'S UP TO ADMIRAL GLASGOW TO PLACE THE RESPONSIBILITY

It is now up to Admiral Glasgow to decide on whom rests the responsibility for the Ludlow's skittishness on July 21st, when she smashed her starboard side ramming the East Side floats. The ferry committee after holding an investigation last night decided that Superintendent Glasgow settles the trouble.

FAT BABIES HAVE NO CHANGE AT SHOW

LONDON, Aug. 5.—The fat baby is a discount. He is no longer the admiration of his fond mother and the envy of other babies' mothers.

At the Edmonton Baby Show yesterday afternoon the mother and the child health Dr. Lawrence, refused to have the babies weighed. The fat, pasty babies himself mortality.

Several lots of twins were to be seen, and a pretty little couple dressed in pink were certainly the most complexions if one had been offered.

MIDNIGHT VIGIL OF LOVING GIRL. LONDON, Aug. 5.—A young woman described at an inquest at Barnet yesterday as a terrible ordeal as ever a girl had to undergo.

Every woman is interested and should know MARVEL Whirling Spray. It is the only remedy for all the ills that afflict women.

terms in Canada as elsewhere, having regard to quality and price. The contractor shall conform to the fire regulations adopted by the Commissioners and also to the laws and regulations respecting fire in the different provinces wherein the work is being performed.

SUFFRAGE ADVANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN. The vigorous campaign waged by the British Suffragists against the Liberal party has compelled Prime Minister Asquith to surrender. Thirteen defeats in recent by-elections have convinced him that the women have awakened sufficient public sympathy to wreck the administration at the next general election, and that at any cost of personal feeling or political expediency, the suffragists must be conciliated.

"Few people have realized the daring plan of campaign of which the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, promises votes for women is a hint. The whole policy of the government is now directed toward winning the next general election and remaining in office another six years. They can do little in their present term of office beyond the scheme of revolutionary reform, and all their plan and energies are now to be turned toward the attainment of the object.

"The fact that Mr. Asquith has become convinced of the desirability of promising votes to women shows the strength of the propaganda going on behind the scenes. The Lords will oppose the extension of the vote for women or a wider franchise for men. The government is aware of this, but it counts on such a rejection being of great assistance to the Liberal candidates at the next general election.

"If the bill goes through the government believes that its strength will be greatly increased, that in either contingency Mr. Asquith hopes to carry favor with the electorate by his last move in the game before the September election.

"No doubt the Liberals have suffered a great deal from the present position in the country. A majority of the Cabinet are well known to be in favor of giving women the vote, and the suffragist campaign is so well organized and so well directed that it would not do to encounter their hostility at the general election, but the country has yet to understand that it is now being run by a small but very active, powerful and far-reaching group of ambitious politicians whose ideas may carry it no one can tell where.

"Mr. Lloyd-George is the man to keep one's eyes upon. He is really the one man of significance in the Cabinet, and he thinks too far. He is likely to do tomorrow what Mr. Lloyd-George has in his mind is a vast scheme for the social reform of the country that will go to the country at the next general election.

"Mr. Asquith has promised an electoral reform bill which will give manhood suffrage, one man one vote, and votes for women.

"This and the promise of an increase in the amount of old age pensions will be a bait for the masses. Women will be charmed with the promise of a vote if the House of Lords does not let the reform bill through and their gratitude will be looked for if the Lords do. The mid-grade class will be soothed with a tax being levied on all incomes over £15,000 or £20,000, and the moderate class will be brought with a promise of nationalization of the railways and canals."

"A special despatch to the New York Sun, Aug. 25, comments as follows: 'LONDON, May 23.—Prime Minister Asquith's surrender to the suffragettes in the paramount topic of the week in British politics. The militant branch of the suffragist, a force of professional disaffection with the terms of the concession and a suspicion of its bona fides.

"They are strong in their doubts. A definite deal has been made between the Liberal leaders and the moderate suffragists whereby the government will endeavor to make votes for women the principal issue of the next general election.

"This move which is intensely repugnant to Mr. Asquith personally has been forced upon him by the political exigencies of the situation. The by-elections have demonstrated pretty clearly that the Liberals cannot hope to carry the country on the free trade issue alone or even principally. The suffragist movement has gained such strength among the Liberal masses that the Liberal party is doomed to defeat unless it can gain the co-operation of the women, who even without votes are a greater political force in England than in any country in the world.

SUFFRAGE. Every woman is interested and should know MARVEL Whirling Spray. It is the only remedy for all the ills that afflict women.