

SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

A QUEER BLUNDER.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The morning sun brightened the gilt letters on the sign above the entrance to the stanch old warehouse, but its radiance was lost on the young man with keen, gray eyes who stood at the office door and hesitated before he turned the knob. In that brief moment he tried to recall the directions that Emily Quaries had given him.

What else had Emily said? "Do not contradict father," he just what he tells you to do. Let him have his own way. If he blusters and fumes, wait quietly. He will soon cool down. Father's gruff manner is largely assumed. If you have tact you will discover the way to handle him. Tell him truthfully, if you have a chance, and that as soon as we were quite assured that we were all in all to each other, which, you must add, came to both of us as a complete surprise, I sent you directly to him. I will prepare him as far as I think judicious for your coming. Keep up a stout heart and guard your temper."

Spencer turned the knob and went in. There were several clerks writing in the outer office, but they did not look up as he passed along the narrow space before the high railing to the door marked "private." He knocked at this door, and a gruff voice bade him come in. Spencer summed up all his resolution and entered.

A sharp featured old man with heavy eyebrows was seated at a desk. With his bushy gray head bent above a handful of papers.

"Sit down," he said, without looking up. Spencer obeyed, and after a little the old man raised his head, glanced at the clock, and then gave the young man a long, searching glance. As he did so he drew a letter toward him and glanced at a page of it. Again he stared at Spencer abruptly, "you are exactly on time. You were to be here precisely at 10. This argues well for your early training. You have made a good impression on me to start with."

Spencer murmured his pleasure at this favorable comment, but the old man interrupted him. "Your father says here that you resemble him. He writes that the resemblance is so strong that I couldn't help but know who you were if I chanced to meet him, though there is a family resemblance. You are much better looking than he ever dreamed of being."

"Did my father say that?" inquired Spencer hastily. He knew the thing was quite impossible. Emily's father was laboring under some queer delusion. But he didn't mean to contradict him.

"Yes, he did," chuckled the old man, with a grim smile. "Fathers with but one child are apt to be asses. Then his tone changed. "What can you do? Can you write shorthand? Do you understand typewriting? Can you compose a good letter? Can you spell?"

"I think," said Spencer quietly, "that I can best answer that by saying that I have a pretty thorough business training that was picked up in four years of practical work. I've been hard at it, in fact, ever since I left college."

"Your father doesn't make any such claim," said the old man, referring again to the letter. "I've made a place for you. I am going to indulge in the luxury of a private secretary. Ha, ha, ha! Here, take these letters. See what answers they need. Answer 'em. That's your little side room there. Leave the door open—I may want to call you."

Spencer smilingly took the letters and without a trace of hesitation went into the little room assigned him. He found the conveniences he needed, and with his amused smile deepening he went at his task.

Presently he heard the outer door of the office open and shut, and a moment later the following dialogue came to him through the half closed door: "So you have come?" growled the old man.

"Yes, sir," said a mild voice with a little quaver in it. "Well," said the old man with a dangerous rising inflection, "I want to tell you that it can never be."

"Do you mean that I won't do?" inquired the mild voice. "That's just what I mean," snarled the old man. "Your comprehension does you credit."

"But how can you tell till you've tried me?" protested the mild voice. "Tried you!" roared the old man. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir," said the mild voice hurriedly, "that I hardly think it's fair to condemn me unheard and untried. I was led to think you would show me more consideration."

"And you positively refuse to give me a trial?" "Confound you, there you go again! Do you take me for an idiot?" "I-I wouldn't go as far as that, sir. You don't seem to understand that I was led to believe you would give me an opportunity to show my worth. I am really disappointed, sir."

"Heavens, man, are you going over all that again?" "Try me for a month, sir." "Not for a minute!" "For a week." "Leave the room, sir! Go, sir! Go to the idiot asylum and marry somebody in your own mental class."

"I'm going, sir. My father will be greatly surprised at your unreasonable treatment."

"Your father! Who cares for your father? Why don't you keep his weak-minded children at home?" "Good day, sir."

The door closed with a sharp bang, and there was a brief silence. "I wonder what the deuce he meant by saying he'd tell his father?" Spencer heard the old man mutter. "Who's his father? Well, whoever he is, his son shall never marry my daughter. What in the world could she have seen in such an unbalanced fellow?"

His heavy step sounded on the floor, and when Spencer looked up the old man was gazing down at him from the doorway. His face was very red and his white hair still bristled with indignation.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, "how are you coming on?" "Very well, sir," replied Spencer. "I'll lay these replies upon your desk in a few moments."

"By the way," said Spencer, "what do you want me to say to Van Annam & Co.? They make an offer for your stock of cochineal, you know."

"Accept it and tell them we'll ship the stuff tomorrow."

"I wouldn't do that," said the secretary. "Eh?" cried the astonished old man. "You don't seem to know that there is a corner forming in dyestuffs," said Spencer, with a slight smile. "Wait a minute, and I will telephone for the latest quotations."

He arose as he spoke and stepped into the outer office and entered the telephone box. "It is just as I supposed," he said as he rejoined the old man. "Cochineal jumped 24 per cent. at the opening of the market this morning."

The old man turned and went back to his desk without a word. A moment later he looked in again. "That means \$2,735 to the good," he said. "Guess you'll earn your salary all right." Then he slowly added, "And I guess I'm getting old."

The sound of an opening door drew his attention. A radiant vision appeared in the doorway. It was Emily. "Well, papa?" she cried as she stepped forward.

The old man's lips tightened. "I sent him packing," he said rapidly. "A most reprehensible young fellow. You didn't know him, my dear."

Before she could indignantly reply an astonishing apparition appeared in the doorway of the inner room. It was Spencer—it was Spencer, bareheaded, with a pen in one hand and a bundle of letters in the other. As he caught her eye he put his finger to his lips, shook his head at her over the old man's shoulder, and drew back.

AT TEMISCOUATA LAKE.

ANDOVER, N. B., July 30th.—The Rev. J. R. Hopkins, of Birch Ridge, Tobique River, lately entertained a few of his friends at Temiscouata Lake. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Heddell and Miss Baxter of this place; Mrs. D. B. Hopkins and Mr. Charles Hopkins, of Aroostook Jct.; the Misses Magill, Miss Thurlough, Miss Harvey and C. C. Harvey, of Fort Fairfield, Me.; Miss Hammond, of Houlton, Me.; and H. C. Henderson, B. A., of Fredericton. Among those who were prevented from joining the party were: Miss Mattie Hopkins and Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Fort Fairfield, and Rev. Arthur Ross, of Andover.

The monotony of the ride to Edmundston in the train was relieved by the transfer at Grand Falls. But the passengers received a fine view of the falls, which are now magnificent on account of the large body of water, caused by the recent heavy rains.

At Edmundston the party was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Medley Richards in their lovely home, from the veranda of which a fine view of the confluence of the Madawaska with the St. John is obtained. Edmundston is a busy little place, arranged in picturesque disorder among many little hills and hollows. There are a number of fine churches, a cathedral, a pretty little Episcopal church, an unpretentious little Presbyterian church, and a large brick school house, which does credit to the town. There are two railway stations, the C. P. R. and the Temiscouata. These are near each other, and not far from the city. The houses of the homes of their employes. There are also many fine stores, the largest of which is that owned by Medley Richards. The town can also boast of one of the finest trotting parks there is in this section of the country.

In the morning, before starting for the Temiscouata Railway station, the party enjoyed a call from Mr. LaForest, M. P. P. The Temiscouata Railway station presents a busy scene, for the traffic of the road is considerable. It is here that one begins to realize that they are nearing a country different from their own. The language of the French-Canadian, and as one continues their journey this feeling increases.

Leaving Edmundston the track keeps near to the Madawaska, and gives to the traveler many charming views. A few miles up the lake Temiscouata comes into view. Here the track still keeps close to the water. There are several deep rock cuttings, which show upon how solid a foundation the road-bed is laid, and which also add to the attractiveness of the route. Five miles up the lake a small island comes into view—the only island the lake can boast of. On this island Mr. Ballock, of Fredericton, has a small summer cottage. He also owns a steam launch for use on the lake.

Both the cottage and the launch belong to Mr. Ballock, who is a son of Mr. Ballock, manager of the railway, the party were put off opposite the island. Here the steam launch was in waiting; it was run by Frank McAllister, of Edmundston, a good and trusty engineer, who soon landed the party on their "island home."

The island seems to be a hill of rock, covered with trees, in which the birds hold undisputed sway, and which completely hide from view the cottage with its wide veranda. Near the engine, a semi-circle of stone, in which the camp fire was made. In this quiet, cozy place the evenings and the nights were spent. The day time was spent in steaming up and down the lake, and in visiting the mainland, and in fishing. The lake is twenty-eight miles long and varies in width from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half. The shores are very rocky. There is no sandy beach, but coarse gravel is found in a few places. On all sides the hills are popping down to the water, and ending either in a long curve or a rocky point, so that in sailing along the shore no sooner is one point rounded but another comes in view. At Pine Point a solitary pine looms up above its relations, the spruce, the fir, and the club house, owned by some gentlemen from Baltimore and Philadelphia, makes a pretty picture. On a side hill that slopes gently down to the lake lies the pretty little village of Notre Dame du Lac (Our Lady of the Lake). There are nice homes, some of them built of brick and enhanced by a pretty flower garden in front. Two good hotels—the Stonehouse and Cloutier's Hotel offer accommodation to fishermen and hunters. Just below Notre Dame du Lac is a smaller village and post office, called Tivy. At either of these places good eggs, milk, butter and baker's bread can be had at very reasonable prices. In these French-Canadian villages everything is different from what we are used to in New Brunswick. Many of them having roofs which flare at the eaves, instead of coming down straight. Whether this is done for any purpose, or only for a graceful effect is hard to tell. The most common vehicle one sees is a buckboard, with a buggy arranged over the seat. The horse corresponds with the vehicle.

Temiscouata Lake is of a very uneven disposition. It can be perfectly calm and placid—but the wind she blow a hurricane, bin-by she blow the hills in the middle distance take on a warm purple hue, seldom seen in this part of the country. The quiet lake catches the orange and yellow of the clouds, and one is held spell-bound by the glory of it all. Then the brilliant colors gradually fade from hill and sky and water, a star shines forth and sends its light deep, deep down in the lake; then another and another follows, and so the night comes on.

Temiscouata Lake and vicinity are noted for fish, and though the season for fishing was nearly over, and there had been heavy rains, still the party had good luck fishing, both by trolling and with the fly. One day an excursion was made to the Toulouat stream, which empties into the lake about ten miles up. There is always plenty of trout in this stream. From here can be seen Cablino, where Fraser Bros. have their mills, and where, within two years, a thriving little village has sprung up. Another day Grand Bay was visited. This is a part of the lake which runs inland and receives the waters of a small stream noted for its trout.

Among the visitors who come to the "Island Home" were Mr. and Mrs. Medley Richards, Mrs. Henry Phillips, Miss Mable Phillips and Master Brewer Phillips of Edmundston. Mr. Richards brought his canoe with him, also his guide, Jack Lorton. To those who were green hands at camping out, it was very interesting to watch the way in which Jack got supper over a camp fire. Even Mrs. Rorer, had she been there would have envied the way in which the trout was fried and the toast made.

The time to return home came all too soon. Instead of going by train the party went down the Madawaska to Edmundston in the steam launch, and here again plenty of fish was caught. The Madawaska seemed to be full of them. The party stopped for the night at John Griffin's, below St. Rose, and was well taken care of by his kind family. A call was also made at Michèle Levesque's. Here you find a typical French-Canadian, and the clerk came in to their best to talk English to you, and treat you politely.

The Madawaska River is twenty miles long, and throughout all its course it is a deep and smooth flowing stream. Alders and willows grow to the water's edge, behind them rise a row of trees, and back of these the forest. There is no cleared land near the stream until after the boundary line between Quebec and New Brunswick is passed. A more lovely stream for canoeing cannot be imagined.

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FRENCH-SCOTSMEN OF QUEBEC. Two Totally Dissimilar Races Have Got Mixed in Canada. A New York man who has had business relations with several concerns in the province of Quebec, had occasion to visit them recently. On his return he was recounting his experiences to a party of friends. Said he: "For several years I have been corresponding with several concerns, and I thought they were all Scotch, both from their names and their close business methods."

"When I got to Quebec I called at the office of Duncan McDonald & Co. That is not the name, but the real one is quite as Scotch. I asked a clerk for Mr. McDonald, and he replied, with a marked French accent, that M. McDonald was in an inner room. I stepped in and found a dark, middle-aged man, who looked as little like a Scotchman as any I ever saw, and I asked him if he was Mr. McDonald. 'Oul, monsieur,' he answered. Then he spoke to me in French, of which I know, imperfectly, about twenty words. I shook my head and said, 'Now, comprehend.' He laughed and called 'Donald,' and the clerk came in. He said something to him in French, and Donald turned to me and told me that M. McDonald did not speak English, and that he would act as interpreter. It took us a half day to transact business that might have been got over in half an hour if the 'Scotsman' had spoken English."

"I took the clerk up to the hotel to lunch with me, and he explained the situation. Duncan McDonald's grandfather had been a Scotsman who had after his discharge he had settled in the country and married a French-woman. His children were given Scotch names, but their mother looked after their religion and education. As a result, they all spoke French, in spite of their being Duncans and Duprites and Jamies. His own father's father, the clerk explained, had been a Scotsman, and the only reason he could speak English was because he had lived several years as a clerk in a Maine factory."

"The province of Quebec is full of Scotch-French or French-Scotchmen, whichever they may be. At Chicoutimi, at the head of the Saguenay river, I went to a hotel kept by a man named Martin. 'Here is another of those French Scotchmen,' I thought. But when I got to the hotel I found him to be a big, red-bearded, portridge and haggis Scot. But, alas! his wife and his sons and daughters were all uncompromisingly French, and not one of them could speak English. You can give a French Canadian a brew Scotch name, but you can't make him eat oatmeal or say 'Hoot, mon!' "After that whenever I heard a Scotch name I always asked, 'French-Scotch or Scotch-French?' "—New York Herald.

AGREES WITH THE GLOBE. (Montreal Gazette.) The St. John Globe thinks that Sir Richard Cartwright might be profitably engaged in endeavoring to negotiate trade treaties with the West Indies. Others will agree with the suggestion. A minister of trade and commerce that does not do anything for trade and commerce should be mended or ended. Somebody who knows where Sir Richard is should wake him up, and read the papers to him.

UNAVOIDABLE. (Chicago Times-Herald.) "That was a sad accident which happened to Biggleson, wasn't it?" "What was it? I haven't heard about it."

"He and Buckner went up north fishing, and when they were out on a lake, nearly a mile from the shore, their boat upset."

"Great Daniel Webster! How did it happen? Surely Biggleson didn't rock the boat, for I've heard him say a thousand times that a man who would do such a thing was a fool. Moreover, he has always declared that he would never go out in a boat with a fellow who was likely to monkey around in it, and I'm sure Buckner wouldn't."

"Oh, no. The accident was unavoidable. Buckner was rowing and Biggleson sat in the stern of the boat. Through some oversight the bottle was put in the bow just before they started."

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