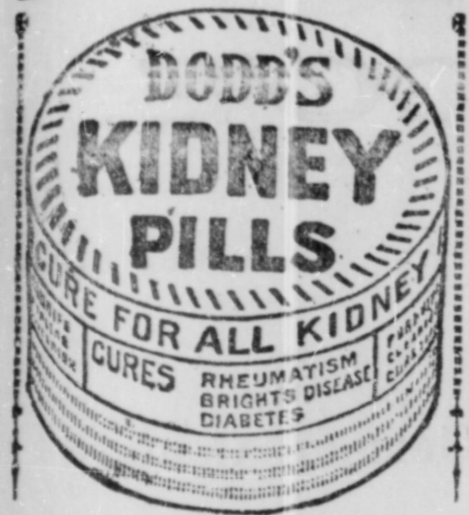


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RATES

St. John Exhibition

In connection with the above the P E Island Railway will sell tickets as follows from all stations on the 9th September to 19th, good to return on the 25th at one first class fare—
On Thursday 14th Sept., good to return on the 16th, at \$3.50 from all stations west of Port Hill and east of Emerald. From Summerside at \$2.50, and from all stations between Port Hill and Emerald \$2.50 and one first class fare.
On Monday, 18th September, tickets at same rate as on 14th., will be sold good to return on 20th.
Tuesday, 19th September is P E Island day, when Governor McIntyre is expected to be present at St. John Exhibition.
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N. RATTENBURY



He asked where I lived, as he had done more than once before, and what rent I paid, and what kind of a doctor I had, and then he said inconsequently, with his own odd compound of humor, suspicion, scorn and simple human interest: "You'll be getting married some of these days, just like any other fool. They say that ass Bentley is in love up there," pointing with a rough, fat thumb to the ceiling.

"I knew he'd turned almighty no account lately," he went on. "So, when I got hold of this, I sent for him and gave him some good advice. But he told me he wanted to marry the girl. I had a notion to dismiss him on the spot."

He drew down his overhanging brows and looked at me as piercingly as if he were moved by some weightier motive than a simple elephantine, unscrupulous desire to betray me into an amusing burst of sentiment.

I only said how justifiable such a step would be and how right he was in publishing Mr. Bentley's unworthy sentiments. His temper ruffled a little.

"A good deal more justifiable than you'd think," he asserted aggressively. "I wish I'd never knocked under to hire women."

"Oh, well," I replied soothingly "you can comfort yourself with the reflection that you did it only to save money."

He shot another scowling, scrutinizing glance at me.

"Do you know the girl?" he asked. No, I said; I had never spoken to her. "She must be a queer fool," went on the man of reason. "Why don't she haul him in and get the thing over with? She can't expect to do any better."

I said that perhaps she did not want to marry him. My employer snorted with genuine irritation.

"Want! What else are you women always wanting?" and then he added, after obviously swallowing an oath, a special courtesy I much appreciated. "Unless there is every reason why you should want it, unless you'd be some good to somebody married, then it's a fact there is no telling what fine scruples you'll set. There's no counting!" Then, interrupting himself, he said, with a change of tone and a return to his habitual grim rudeness of manner, a rudeness differing from that he had previously shown in this conversation, inasmuch as it put an end to interchange, "I don't like loitering around the shop; I ain't going to stand much of it," and with that he began to shuffle the papers on his desk in aggressive unconsciousness of my existence.

I got some pleasure out of the familiar comedy of this dismissal and my own manner of exit, but still it gave now, as always, a little special emphasis to the distaste I felt for the down town world, and I found myself hurrying through my battle of business in the counting room, which was complicated



"During the fall and winter of 1894, I was engaged in teaching at Public School No. 31, in Smith Co., near Tyler, Texas," writes Mr. J. E. Freed, of Omen, Texas. "During this time my wife was badly afflicted with female weakness. We tried three of the best physicians in the county without benefit to my wife's health, but at great expense. My wife grew worse and we gave up in despair. She could not get in and out of doors without help. She was not able to stand on her feet long at a time, and complained of dragging down pains in the abdomen. Nothing but an untimely death seemed awaiting her. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for his advice. My wife took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and in six months was completely cured. At a cost of less than one month's treatment by the last physician we employed before consulting Dr. Pierce."

by a frank established system of small thefts from employees, that I might the sooner get home, out of this wilderness of primitive savagery modernly disguised, into a world where civilization has made a little progress. I was so glad to be in my own flat that not till after dinner did I let my mind turn back to the afternoon's incidents and inspect certain reflections which I was half-conscious I had made. I now discovered that I thought Bentley's courtship might cost more than it would come to.

There had been something very sinister in Higgins' manner while making his final remarks. He had disclosed then an irritation he had masked before. I knew he would not discharge Bentley. If he had been going to do that, he would never have hinted at it as a possibility, and why should he get rid of Bentley when Bentley would not care a rap and some other paper would receive the acquisition of a highly enterprising and gifted reporter? No; it was old Martin who would suffer, and to old Martin in the loss of his place would be a sadly important matter. He was past the age when men easily find new masters; he had been in The Appeal office a deal longer than the boss himself; he was just the kind of faithful old fixture that the boss had a temperamental tendency to oust, despite even the whisperings of self interest, and self interest could not be counted on for much service here—fair proofreaders are not rare.

I forgot Martin for a minute in the pleasure of contemplating the folly of the philosophers who call self interest the dominating motive of man, seeing that proposition just then in the light of the fact that self interest was the one principle that Higgins proposed to himself and that he lived in a world most cunningly calculated to stiffen his adherence to it and that yet his whims, whims for showing his authority, for humiliating those who seemed to be living independent of his permission, for expressing his inconsistent dislike of low toned temperaments, even, as I have before pointed out, for indulging occasionally in the exercise of the forbidden deencies of his nature—that yet all these caprices, and others, frequently swerved him from the straight and simple course that he proposed to himself; then I came back to the point that was making itself clear—that I could not bear to think of poor old Martin getting into trouble.

At last, not being able to rid myself of this uneasiness by the obvious consideration that it was none of my business, I sat down and wrote a succinct statement of my conversation with Higgins and of my fears to Bentley, concluding with a piece of gratuitous advice to the effect that he had better find some way of adapting his system to the exigencies of the boss' temper or abandon it for some less noticeable and generally irritating method of attack.

The next day he made a short call upon me.

His red hair was as aggressively upright as ever, his clothes as new, his silk hat as shiny, but still there was a drooping sadness about the whole figure of the man that these characteristic and contrasting details only emphasized.

He brought his hat into my little drawing room and deposited it with absentminded automatic caution well under one corner of the sofa, on which he sat.

He could hardly force himself from the contemplation of his own woes long enough to ask me mechanically:

"How's your game?—foot?" Bentley had his own ideas of the proprieties—and he did not even affect to listen to my reply. "Bet I'm dished," he said, with a tragic note in his voice. After a pause he went on, "I've got to cut loose from the system, and without that I ain't got no self confidence—I ain't got no self confidence," he repeated, with abstracted solemnity.

I looked up to catch the conscious twinkle that I involuntarily expected after this unprecedented statement, but it was not forthcoming. In the stress

of this hour Bentley felt that he had come upon a disheartening lack in his nature. "The system ain't feazed her not a nickel's worth. She's just where she was six weeks ago."

"Maybe not," I ventured. "Aw, yes, she is. She ain't a second Sarah Bernhard!" A moment's silence and then he went gloomily on: "I've out with it to old Martin, and now I'm going to out with it to her, sink or swim. I swore old Martin to secrecy, and I guess he's been all right there. He seemed too ashamed to be likely to talk about it."

"Did he, did he really?" I exclaimed, laughing with the pleasure of coming on this phase of Martin and forgetful for the moment of my sympathy with Bentley. "Tell me about it."

Bentley gave me a look in which vague reproach and vague sympathy mingled. He, too, in his way, had an artistic enjoyment of life, and before he realized that he was descending from the pedestal where he and sorrow sat he found himself telling how Martin was not up to the ancient honorable methods, and felt as shy as if some one were proposing marriage to himself. "At last," said Bentley, "she piped his eye and said he had a large family, but he never could bear to have Linnie—that's its little name—think he wanted to get rid of her. He seemed to think, if I was doing the ancient honorable so far, I'd be sure to go the whole animal and want my bride whether she wanted me or not. I told him I wasn't ancient and honorable to that extent. I drew the line at the girl. I'd court her, if he pleased, entirely for myself, and she and I would settle things between us. I was only showing him my hand, not asking any help in the game. I was glad I spoke to him, because for one thing it showed—well, for several reasons, though she couldn't ever have been spoiled and made like some, anyhow. Much good it all is to me," he went on dejectedly, "when she dissembles her love and kicks me down stairs." He looked far out of the window and over the chimney tops.

(To be Continued)

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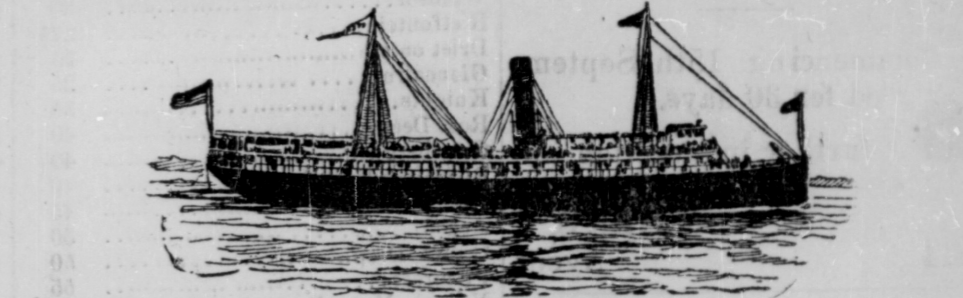
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