

THE PASSING OF THE SHIPS.

The captain of the ship, as the bark
In the harbor at anchor lay,
Saw the vessel to be sailing back and forth
With the wind and the flood of the tide,
The vessel that had made many a trip
To the harbor for every man's hand;
The vessel that had come as smooth as glass
And had not a hair on its beam,
But now, she lay a hulk of iron,
Like everything else out of date;
There was nothing to do but swing back and forth
At anchor, for all in vain.
The captain of the vessel has cast them aside
For a newer and better scheme
Of sailing the sea, for don't you know
That this is the age of steam?
So Mistress Progress said to the ship:
"I'm sorry, but what can I do?
For each vessel grayhound has taken the place
Of every such hulk as you."
So, while the grayhounds plow the sea,
The ships at anchor ride,
With nothing to do but swing back and forth
With the ebb and flood of the tide.
—Theodore L. Spelling in Boston Transcript.

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The "Albert"
Baby's Own Soap
Is specially recommended by many family physicians for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.



Gradually but surely the
"CRESCENT"
STEEL AGATE WARE
is supplanting the old heavy, cumbersome, rough crockery for toilet purposes. It is handier, cleaner and vastly more economical. Each piece bears our label.
MADE BY THE THOS. DAVIDSON MFG CO., Montreal.



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Our Customers
and the General
Buying Public**

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Reddin Bros.,

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F. J. HORNSBY
Book & Stationery Store,
Ch'town.

**THE RIGHT THING
—AT—
THE WRONG TIME**

Mrs. Otway sighed. Good heavens! How weary she was of the four walls of her drawing room! A small house, even though in Mayfair, was but a restricted area. Why had she married Jim? He was a dear, good fellow, of course, but so monotonous in his limitations. Why hadn't she married Jack Dalrymple instead of allowing Sophie to appropriate his £7,000 a year? She could so easily have done it. What lovely things would have been hers now! What would she have chosen for her birthday present tomorrow? Jim, very likely, wouldn't even remember that she had a birthday, or, if he did, he would give her something useful. How she hated useful things!

Perhaps she could cajole him out of a check? Then she could pay Cerise something off her bill and order that new tea gown that was so adorable. The one she had on was getting passe, and no self-respecting woman could afford to be ill-dressed, especially a pretty one. Mrs. Otway walked across the room and inspected her face in the glass. It was worth inspection, in spite of its discontented expression. It was a very pretty face. The sleek head and big brown eyes were indeed curiously attractive. As she looked the eyes changed their sulky look to one of interest. For the door opened to admit Captain Dalrymple. Lalage Otway turned to greet him and then sank into a chair—her own special chair in front of the fire.

"To think of the devil seems to have the same power as to speak of him," she said. "For my thoughts appear to have conjured you here."

"But surely you expected me?"

"I never expected anything good, therefore I'm not as surprised to see you as I otherwise should have been," she returned.

He laughed. "Frankness is veracity's vice."

"I don't pose as veracity. I'm in no need for anything so effective. I was ralling at fate when you came in."

"Were you? What has she been doing?" he asked.

"Emmeshing me in her web, and, alas!" (shrugging her pretty shoulders), "it isn't even spun of silk!"

"I think, Lalage, that I would have spun it of silk had you let me."

"And I think, Captain Dalrymple, that you are using my Christian name without my permission."

"Christian name! Why, it is as deliciously pagan as you are yourself and as beautiful," he said.

"Then it serves its purpose, for beautiful things are useful, even though useful things are not necessarily beautiful," she said, as she poured out tea and handed the cup across to him. "Sugar?" she said.

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"What is it, Mallory?" she asked.

"If you please, mum, Captain Dalrymple's man has come, and will Captain Dalrymple go at once, as he is wanted most particularly," and with that Mallory closed the door discreetly behind him.

"It must be a message from the barracks," Captain Dalrymple explained in answer to Mrs. Otway's look of inquiry. "It can't be from home, for, as you know, Sophie is in Loamshire hunting and supposes me in Hounslow. And," he added, with a happy laugh at his recovered bachelorhood, "I'm entirely my own master. If I go now, may I come back presently?"

"No, no! Not tonight," shaking her head. "Jim is coming home to dinner, and, although a duet is sometimes melodious, I have never heard harmony in a trio," she said.

"But I must see you again," he said, with insistence.

"Come tomorrow, then."

"Tomorrow is your birthday. You didn't think I'd forgotten it, dearest, did you?" he said tenderly.

"I expect that you have a convenient memory," she said, with a little sneer which was yet unable to destroy the beauty of the face.

Jack Dalrymple came up to the girl.

"Lalage," he said, "you are unfair, for you know that I do nothing else but think of you—morning, noon and night." He took her hand. It lay unresistingly in his, the pretty pink palm uppermost. He bent down and imprinted a burning kiss in it, shutting the fingers that they might hold this record of his infatuation.

"My darling," he went on, speaking hurriedly, "you mustn't mind, but I've sent you a present. I came up from Hounslow today purposely to buy it. You'll wear it, won't you? I didn't ask your permission!"

The ubiquitous Mallory again appeared. "If you please, sir, they have sent for you again," he said reproachfully.

Lalage laughed as the sound of the door shutting upon the captain came to her. It was a pity he had been sent for. It had been an amusing scene, and it might have developed into an exciting one. He was so very easy to play upon. Now, heigh-ho!—and Mrs. Otway gave a yawn of prospective boredom—there was nothing before her but a dull tete-a-tete dinner with Jim, who would probably tell her little trivialities about the law courts and with pride would retail his dull remarks—remarks which it required an expert in legal wit to comprehend were intended to be an amusing repartee.

But Jim was distraught tonight. His usual bright happiness was clouded. He had no stories to recount, and he seemed generally parsimonious of ideas. It was absurd. Yet Lalage almost thought that once or twice she encountered a critical look in his eyes which was strange to her. It was imagination, of course, for she could always manage Jim—Jim, whose loyal blindness was proverbial. With an effort she forced the conversation during soup, fish and entree, which were in turn marshaled by Mallory. Even the complacency which had been left from her interview with Captain Dalrymple—the aftermath of flattered vanity—had deserted her; courtesy, the fruit of cultivation from the seed policy, alone supported the place of the usual dinner discourtesiveness. A feeling of tension was in the air, the atmospheric heaviness which precedes a thunderstorm. When the servants had left the room and coffee was upon the table, Jim passed Lalage a cigarette in silence. He watched her light it; then he said sternly:

"Lalage, as I came in tonight the postman gave me a registered letter. As it is directed to you in Captain Dalrymple's writing I felt it would be better for me to see you open it now."

"A thousand thanks, Jim, for your consideration," she said in sarcasm. Then, with that self-love which sharpens people's wits and induces spurious cleverness, she calmly put out her hand for the package. She almost overreached her object by showing too great an indifference, but Jim couldn't see the terror of exposure which clutched at her heart and drove the color from her face, and the electric light was too becomingly shaded for her to dread its betrayal.

"You silly Jim!" she said, with a nervous laugh. "I believe you're jealous." Her mind was weaving impossible schemes of escape. The parcel was a small, square box, well wrapped in brown paper, with seals so carefully and admirably formed that the Dalrymple crest was impossible to mistake. With reluctant fingers she broke the seals. The brown paper gave place to a wooden box, which, upon being opened, revealed a small velvet case holding a half hoop diamond ring. Thank God, no letter was there! She gave a sob of thankfulness. The rest was now easy. Light flashed upon her as upon the diamonds.

"How absolutely delightful of Sophie!" she said, calmly putting the ring upon her finger.

"Of Sophie?" said Jim incredulously.

"Of course!" (with a hysterical laugh). "Sophie Dalrymple has often given me birthday presents. Weren't we school fellows?"

"But surely not such presents as this?"

"How like a man to appraise the value!"

"Are you going to accept it? It must have cost about £200."

pick up a piece and offering it to him with her fingers.

"He'll be glad to take it and drop her," she said.

How nice he was! It was delightful to have such influence over him. What a fool she would be to relinquish it! Jim need never know. Besides, a little comedy scene like this appealed to her artistic taste.

"What a naughty girl you are," he said.

She made a grimace and enunciated a truism: "But for our failings our virtues would have no background against which to be shown up."

The solemn manservant opened the door suddenly as she spoke. Captain Dalrymple pushed back his chair from its close proximity to Mrs. Otway. She looked at the man carelessly—perhaps the cavalierous was a little overdone—a little too obvious.

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The American working man, while he works shorter hours, works harder than the working man of any other nation. He works not only with his hands but with his head. He is an intelligent worker and produces more in a given length of time than the worker of any other nation. He not only exhausts himself physically, but mentally; not only muscularly, but nervously. The consequence is that while he is better fed and better housed, he is not, as a rule, as healthy a man as his brother working-man of European countries. Moreover, like all Americans, the American working-man is prone to disregard his health and frequently even takes pride in abusing it. It rests with American wives to protect their husbands in this respect. A little watchfulness on the part of the wife will frequently save her husband from a long spell of ill-health and possibly from some fatal illness. When a man feels "out of sorts" it is because his digestion is disordered or his liver is torpid. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will promptly correct these disorders. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the appetite, makes digestion perfect and tones the nerves. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, lingering cough, spitting of blood and disease of the throat and nasal cavities. Thousands have told the story of its wonderful merits in letters to Dr. Pierce. It may be had at any medicine dealer's.

Your "Golden Medical Discovery" cured me a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Sella Ricca, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."

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certainty," she said indignantly, now secure in her position.

"Will you write and thank her?"

"Of course!"

"It would please me if you wrote at once. I will get your pen and ink," said Jim, still anxiously watching his wife. How pretty she was as she sat and wrote! How pleased with the new toy! What a fool he had been to doubt her!

"Don't go out, dear boy; Mallory can post this," she said. "I will give it to him," going to the door.

"No, Lalage, I would rather take it myself. I shall feel happier in knowing it has gone," he said, taking the letter.

Lalage was a gambler, as are most women. The deed was done. The "if I perish, I perish," feeling was not strong enough to disturb her further. When Jim returned from the errand to the pillar box, he found his wife in an entrancing mood, and Mme. Cerise by the next morning's post received a very fair sized check, with an order for the cream tea gown.

The sun was shining into the breakfast room. Jim was immersed in The Morning Post, while Lalage was deep in her letters.

She glanced at him. Surely he was very ill or the glare was curiously unbecoming, for he appeared positively ashen. He looked up. His eyes met those of his wife.

"What a magnificent actress the stage has lost in you!" he said bitterly. "This should interest you" (reading from the paper):

"We regret to announce the death through an accident in the hunting field which occurred yesterday morning of the Hon. Mrs. Dalrymple."

"So Sophie died yesterday morning, yet posted you a ring in the afternoon. There's nothing you need trouble to say," Lalage watched him leave the room. Some time after she heard the front door slam. Then she went unsteadily to the place he had vacated. She picked up the newspaper. As she did so the sunshine sent across it a shower of living sparks from the ring upon her finger. What was it Jim had said about Sophie? That she was dead?

She laughed hysterically. "Sophie could always be relied upon to do the right thing, only sometimes at the wrong time."—Exchange.

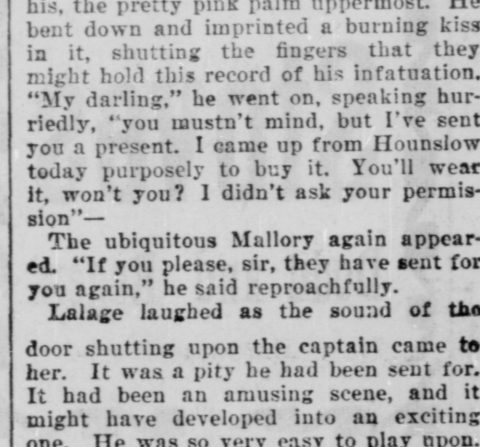
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Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food creates new brain and nerve cells, and makes the blood pure and rich. It restores to the exhausted nerves the vigor of perfect health. 50c. a large box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



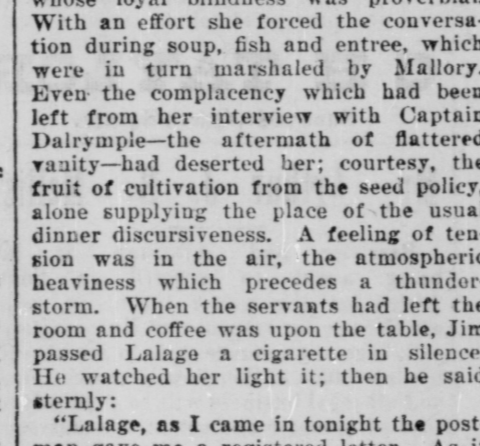
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