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In re Estate of Reubin Tuplin, of Kensington, deceased

All persons having any demand upon the estate of the above named deceased, are hereby required to exhibit the same duly attested, as by law required, at the office of Charles R Smallwood, Solicitor, Charlottetown, within one year from the date of this advertisement.

Dated this 2nd day of September, A. D. 1899.

JAMES TUPLIN, R R FITZGERALD, S W BODD, Executors.

WHEN THE WILD GOOSE CRIES.

The north wind bends the rushes till they kiss the white capped lake, And through the brown tipped cattails, making low, weird music, sighs; The hunting jagger steals along the shore where waverlets break, And long black shadows swift are creeping, when the wild goose cries. The air is filled with snowy flakes that fly before the breeze, And low hung clouds are scurrying across the gloomy skies; The lazy mallard to some marsh's sheltering rushes flees, And early morn's chill air is stinging when the wild goose cries. The swift winged canvasback and redhead speed before the wind; The silent swimming muskrat to his reed home quickly hies; The anxious hunter crouches low within his grass fringed blind, Nor moves nor speaks—scarce breathing—when the wild goose cries. Far out across the distant hills the noble quarry wingers, While their careful flight is marked by anxious, straining eyes; Hotly coursing blood a tremor to the hunter brings; Steady now! There's need of coolness, when the wild goose cries. —Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Period of Probation.

Six Months Was Set For His Trial, but This Was Shortened a Little.

Teddie had sighed six times in five minutes, so I had to ask him what was the matter. "The fact is, Maisie," he confessed, "I'm in love." "Again?" "The other times I wasn't—not really." "Teddy Boyd," I said severely, "I have often told you that you are a silly boy!" He is my cousin and not two years older than I am, so I can speak plainly to him. "You're always down on a fellow." "If I'm down on you, why do you always come to me with your ridiculous love affairs?" "I suppose I can smoke a cigarette?" he asked. "I suppose you can. If it is a mild one, it probably won't hurt you. How many does this make in the last six months?" "Cigarettes?" "Objects of adoration." "The others weren't. I only fancied—er—" "Indeed you have a short memory. Do you remember what you told me about Katty Norrington? She was the first great passion, I believe?" "Oh, well!" "Her hair was like sunset, wasn't it? I call it red. Her eyes—" "I'm going!" he announced savagely. "Very well." I composed myself on the sofa. "Goodby!" He went out, slamming the door. "Teddie!" I called. He returned, looking rather sulky. "Would you mind giving me the book off the piano before you go?" He brought it ungraciously. "There's a good boy." He made for the door again. "And—Teddie!" "Well?" he growled. "Kindly close the door gently. There are such things as nerves." "I'd like to—shake you!" he said savagely. "You daren't." He did—not very hard. "You horrid, spiteful boy!" I cried indignantly. "You aggravate a fellow so," he explained. I turned my face away and pretended to be angry. "Please go," I said loftily. He didn't. "The truth is," he avowed. "It is very serious this time." He sat down again. He did look more solemn than usual.



Some people in the world persist in clinging to old methods. There are men who still use a forked stick in place of a modern plow. There are also men, who, when they are troubled with a disordered stomach or liver, resort to the old-fashioned violent remedies that rack and rend the whole body, and while they give temporary relief in the long run do the entire system a great amount of harm. Modern science has discovered remedies infinitely superior to these old-fashioned drugs, that do their work by promoting the natural processes of excretion and secretion and gently correcting all circulatory disturbances. When a man feels generally out of sorts, when he loses sleep at night, when he gets up headache and with a bad taste in his mouth in the morning, when he feels dull and lethargic all day, when his appetite is poor and his food distresses him, when work comes hard and recreation is an impossibility, that man, though he may not believe it, is a pretty sick man. He is on the road to consumption, nervous prostration, malaria, or some serious blood disease. In cases of this description a man should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best medicine for a weak stomach, impaired digestion and disordered liver. It is the great blood-maker and purifier, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. It is a modern, scientific medicine that aids without goading nature, and that has stood the test for thirty years. Medicine dealers sell it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

"I don't want to know anything about it," I said snappishly. "Don't be disagreeable." "I'm not." I was rather. You see, Teddie is very useful to take me out and execute commissions, and so on. If he fell properly in love, he would be no use at all. "I don't believe you." "Honor bright." I compressed my lips and set bolt upright. From the time when he was in knickerbockers you could always trust him when he made that affirmation. "What is she like?" "I'll tell you presently." "I'll tell you presently." Beautiful, or course?" "I call her awfully pretty." "No doubt. Dark or fair?" "Dark—as you." "Tall or short?" "Oh—about medium." "Moderation is excellent in all things," I agreed. I am "medium" myself. "What color are her eyes?" "Well—er—I don't know what color you'd call them—hazel or brown or—what color do you call yours?" "I call them brown. You told me they were 'nondescript' a few weeks ago, but—" "I didn't mean it," he hastened to disclaim. "They are very charming eyes really, hers—and yours." "I am delighted to meet with your approval. I hope she has also a pretty mouth like mine." "If you refer to what I said last Christmas?" "When you were old enough to know better," I remarked severely. It was in connection with the mistletoe. He insinuated that my mouth was large. I did not agree with him. "I was only joking, of course," he explained. "I don't like a woman's mouth to be too small." "She has not a rosebud mouth, then?" "Oh—er—medium, you know. I don't dissect her. Taking her altogether, she's the prettiest girl I've ever seen." "So," I said, "were the others." "The others," he vowed, "were not worth mentioning in comparison with her. This time I'm in earnest, Maisie—dreadfully in earnest." "I'm rather sorry, Teddie," I confessed somewhat woefully. "It's very selfish of me, but you've made yourself so useful lately—" "Have I really? I'm awfully glad. I was afraid perhaps I'd been rather a nuisance, coming here so much." "Of course you have!" "Then how—I don't see"—he began. "You are a silly boy!" I said. He is. We were silent for a few minutes. Then I thought I'd been rather disagreeable. So, I smiled pleasantly. "You are a good boy all the same," I said. "Now tell me her name." He caught hold of my wrists so suddenly that I jumped. "Do you mean to say that you don't know?" he blurted out. "Three times a day? Don't I do everything you tell me to? Don't I—" "Oh, Teddie," I cried, "How can you be so foolish! I've a great mind to be very angry." "Angry, Maisie?" "What business have you to speak to me like this when you don't know your own mind for five minutes? The other girls—" "They weren't half as nice as you, Maisie." "You thought so then." "No, I didn't. Why, I often told you that I should never get a sweetheart half so nice as my 'little sister.' Now didn't I?" I nodded slowly. "Only it never occurred to me that I was in love with you." "It doesn't occur to me that I am in love with you." "Oh, Maisie, try!" I shook my head. "You are too changeable. I should be afraid." "I'll wait a week"—I laughed—"9 months." "A year?" He looked very miserable. "If you won't let me off with less. You won't flirt with other fellows, will you, Maisie?" "I never flirt," I stated, with surprise. "Oh, look here—" "Well, nothing to speak of," I said hastily. "And if I choose, why shouldn't I?" "Because—you know!" He looked at me as if he was really in earnest. I think I rather hoped that he was upon the whole. "Don't you promise?" he pleaded. "I like you a great deal, Teddie. No, no! You mustn't—I won't have it, Teddie—I mean it!" I pushed him away and stood up. "But if you like me—" "As a big brother?" "Nothing more?" He put his great hand on my shoulder and looked down at me. He is rather good looking. "I'm afraid, Teddie," I said, "we've been brother and sister so long. Besides, you'd get tired of me in a fortnight." "You are not the sort of girl to let a fellow get tired of you." "Possibly," I said. "I might prefer not to have to keep a lover by my own exertions." He was silent for a long time. He looked so miserable that I was quite sorry for him. "Don't you think it possible for a fellow to have been in love with a girl whom he met constantly without knowing it?" he asked. "Yes—yes," I admitted. "I suppose it is. But—Teddie!" I laid my hand on his arm. "Yes, Maisie?" "It is also possible for him to fancy that he is in love with her when he isn't." "I'm as sure as"— "You were about the other girls!" He hung his head. "Dear old boy, you've been the best of fellows to me always; but don't you think you ought to go away for a time and see if you do not change your mind, before you speak to me like this? Wouldn't it be fairer to me?" "I'll go to Uncle Jack's tonight," he said, impulsively. "He's been expecting me for a long time. And I'll stay as long as you like." I smiled a little. "Six months?" He pulled his mustache. "It's an age, but"—He waited for me

to offer a retraction, but I did not. "I'll go." "Thank you, Teddie." I gave him my hand to shake, and he kissed it—the silly fellow. "I shan't come back till the six months are up," he vowed, "unless you send for me." "I am not likely to do that," I said. "You'll let me write to you?" "I can't prevent you." "Do you want to?" I laughed. "No." He laughed too. "You'll write back?" "Well—once a week." "And won't flirt with any one?" "I shan't promise any such thing," I said determinedly. I didn't then, but in the evening before he went he seemed so anxious that I had to promise something of the sort. Also he persuaded me to kiss him just once—it was as a cousin. I impressed upon him. Next day he wrote to me. It was a very nice letter and a very long one. I shouldn't have thought he could write like it. He inclosed some verses. I should believe that he was in earnest when he broke out in poetry, he said. This was the "poetry."

IN LOVE. Since Maisie kissed me all the earth Has seemed a-food with laughter; The sun and moon run mad with mirth, The stars go twinkling after. The wee birds' eyes are opened wide, Because they saw her do it; The flowers smile a sly aside, "In love, of course; we knew it!" The merry wind comes whispering, The humming bees all yellow, And song birds sing and church bells ring, "Oh, lucky, lucky fellow!" Dear Maisie smiles and blushes, though She said 'twas as a cousin; If cousins kiss their cousins so, Next time I'll take a dozen. No words to say have I today, I'm thinking, thinking, thinking; Love's rosy wine last night was mine, And mem'ry still is drinking. The moon, the earth, the stars and sun Are full of life and laughter; They know, when love's first kiss is won, A thousand follow after. This is what I wrote back:

My Dear Teddie: You are wrong in saying that you cannot write a nice letter. You are wrong in supposing that your verses are "poetry." You are wrong about the sun, and the moon, and the rest of the things. You are wrong in supposing that it was as anything but a cousin. You are wrong in thinking that I blush. You are dreadfully wrong about the thousand. You are probably wrong about being in earnest. You are wrong in supposing that I shall let you come back before the time. You are wrong in saying that you don't believe that I care for you a bit. At the bottom of your conceited mind you believe that I adore you. You are wrong in that. Take care of your old self and be a good boy. Your affectionate cousin, MAISIE. P. S.—You are wrong in saying that no one misses you. I'm sure auntie does. You ought to come home every week to see your mother. Of course you must not come near me. The ridiculous fellow returned the next day and came straight to me.—Madam.

Cause of Stage Fright. An expert has written to explain that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from this fact that persons meditating public appearance should be careful of their diet and adhere to regular habits.

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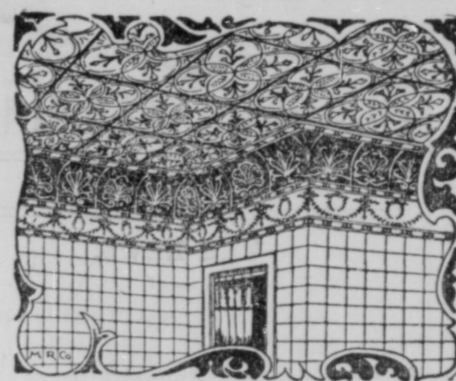
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