

How Tom Won at Last

How Tom Won at Last... 'Don't say that, Mary! You know I love you, and'... 'Now, Tom Dalton, stop right where you are. I've told you often enough that I like you. You have been my friend and playmate ever since I was a little girl, and I shall always like you as a friend. No, sir; I won't listen to any love-making. I won't marry you, sir, and that's the end on't. I will marry no one but a brave man, and I don't love anybody, and'

and suddenly discovered she was out of depth and in the runway current. 'Tom!' she cried, and then all Tom saw was a pair of frightened upturned eyes and a terror-stricken face as she swept under the surface. A fine predicament for a lover who was not a brave man and who had barely learned to swim! Drawing a deep breath, blind to all danger and with no thought but to save her or die with her, Tom struck out into the current and under the surface. His heart thumped wildly as he felt a mass of that sun gold hair come into his grasp, and in a moment more they rose to the surface. Through his salt dimmed eyes Tom saw a bit of rope and grasped it. They had come up under the stern of the dory, which had swung into the current a bit of painter which hung over the stern. In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene, and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue. It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled and said, 'You needn't rub all the skin off my hands, sir.' 'Thank God! She is all right,' said Tom fervently. 'Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won't!' And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

CHARACTER IN THE WALK. One Woman's Observation Of Her Sister at a Club Reception. They were experiencing ladies' day at a men's club and after making a tour of the house they took refuge in an alcove near the dressing room. 'The peanut crowd at a circus is mild by comparison,' sighed the frivolous one of the two, setting her Gainsborough hat straight. 'The show is not the show, but they that go,' quoted her companion solemnly. 'This is the best place in the world to study character. See that woman over there in black, gliding toward the stairs? I'd never trust my reputation to her.' 'But why?' asked the frivolous girl. 'She looks pleasant.' 'She'd tear it to pieces, that's why,' answered the other. She is the kind that always pounces upon every bit of gossip at a seaside place, and passes it on a little worse than she received it. But she does it in such a gentle purring way, that you never realize what she is doing. How can you tell? demanded the frivolous girl. You don't know her. She has a feline walk, her companion answered. You can't tell character by the way people walk, said the Gainsborough girl, incredulously. But you can. It betrays them every time. It puts palmistry and astrology all in the shade. Take that lady in gray just coming through the dressing room door. I warrant you her household is well managed. No one with that erect bearing, that firm, easy, even step could fail in what she undertook. She uses enough motion and not too much. She's just and fair. How about that creature behind her? asked the other with an air of awakening interest. She indicated a girl in a brown flannel shirt waist with a walking hat tipped well over her nose, and heavy boots with half-inch soles. 'She's oh, she's an aggressive young person. See how she strides! She overdoes everything she attempts just as she overdoes her walk. Our lady in gray had just as much energy. But she could use it. This girl will never get what she wants by tact. She'll beat the world into giving her things and say please afterward.' 'Not a pleasant person to live with,' said the frivolous girl, shuddering. 'Oh, here's a perfect illustration of the hen-walk,' exclaimed the character reader, with professional enthusiasm. 'Her little, short jerky steps and her important fussy manner—haven't you seen them a hundred times in the chicken yard. I'm willing to stake my reputation that she never had a big thought in her life. Existence is a round of pretty things, and she is never contented.' 'Listen,' she whispered as the woman under discussion paused in front of them to speak to a friend. Not well at all, was her answer to the question of how things were going with her, our new cook can't make the coffee right, and Johnny has the whooping cough, or at least we are afraid he is going to, and I with all the spring sewing on my hands! Then the woman moved away. Now, what do you say? asked the character reader, triumphantly. It is really amazing. How did you learn to do it? Just practice, returned the other. Ah, here we have the deprecating walk. She indicated a tall girl with a pensive face under a brown velvet hat. Notice the little hitch in her walk. She does not step evenly, not as far with her right foot as she does with her left. You

will always find her halting between two opinions. She is the type that gives milliners brain fever. She spends an hour trying on every hat in stock and finally by a process of elimination narrows the desirable ones down to two. I am sure you've marked her when you wanted to look at hats yourself. The frivolous girl under her Gainsborough hat nodded feelingly. I see you are a character reader, she said. Princeton in 1770. When Philip Vickers Fithian was admitted to Nassau Hall, Princeton, in 1770, he found some regulations which would doubtless seem stern to the collegiate of today. This young Jerseyman, however, commended them in a letter to his father, which is frank and pleasing, and which gives a good idea of college life and character in colonial times. 'The rules by which the scholars and students are directed, are, in my opinion, exceedingly well formed to check and restrain the vicious and to assist the studious and to countenance and encourage the virtuous. Every student must rise in the morning, at least by half an hour after five; the grammar scholars being most of them small and lodging also in town at some distance from the college, are, in winter, excused from attending morning prayers. 'The bell rings at five, after which there is an intermission of half an hour, that everyone may have time to dress, at the end of which it rings again, and prayers begin; and lest any should plead that he did not hear the bell, the servant who rings goes to every door and beats till he wakens the boys, which leaves them without an excuse. No student is allowed, on any pretence, sickness excepted, to be absent on Sunday from public worship. We have two sermons every sabbath—One at eleven in the morning, in the church and the other at three in the afternoon, in College hall. I am indeed much pleased with Dr. Witherspoon and think his sermons almost inimitable. But in spite of Doctor Witherspoon's sermons, some scapegraces were sheltered at Nassau, for Fithian writes: 'I am sorry that I may inform you, that two of our members were expelled from the college yesterday; not for drunkenness, nor fighting nor swearing, nor Sabbath breaking; but they were sent from this seminary, where the greatest pains and care are taken to cultivate and encourage decency and honesty and honour for stealing here! Shameful, mean, unmanly conduct! Stealing of turkeys, also, was too much practised' that winter, and by persons who were 'hopelessly converted;' but with these exceptions we may be sure that the rest of the boys were as good as young Fithian, whose earnestness is as evident as his capital letters. A Peculiar Adventure. A small boy in Reading, Pennsylvania, according to a Philadelphia newspaper, had a peculiar adventure recently. An animal show, comprising ponies, dogs and monkeys, came to town, and Eddie, eight years old, was among the boys employed to lead the ponies in the street parade. He also appeared on the stage with the animals. After the performance he went with the animals to their car, and by some means, as yet unexplained, was shut into the cage with the monkeys. No one knew he was there until the train reached Pottsville. The boy will never forget that ride, in which he learned that monkeys on the stage and in private behave differently. The monkeys had a lot of full with Eddie, and the fun that he had expected to have with them did not "materialize," as the slang expression is. However, he suffered no serious harm and reached home safely, and since then has been something like a hero in the eyes of his young companions. Japanese Contempt of Pain. A resident of Philadelphia, who took into his house as a vallet a Japanese boy, was somewhat startled the other day by the frank remark of his servant. The gentleman was walking about the room in his bare feet when he stubbed his toe and tore the nail. While the vallet was putting on his master's stockings he happened to touch the injured toe, whereupon the gentleman uttered a sharp cry of pain and told him to be more careful. The boy smiled, looked up into his master's face, and said: 'You great big baby.' 'What's that?' asked the astonished gentleman. 'when baby hurt himself, baby cry. But after he five years, boy or man hurt himself he say, 'It make no matter.' The gentleman admitted the wisdom of the argument, but pleaded that he was too old to attempt to acquire Japanese stoicism. A Negro Boy's Prospects. The Emperor of Austria at a recent aud-

ience received a negro boy, only fourteen years of age, who had been born in slavery freed, and converted to Christianity in the Portuguese mission of Zambezi. He was brought to the Austrian court by a priest in the Zimbezi mission. The emperor, noting the intelligent appearance of the boy, was attracted to him at once, and graciously made inquiries. 'What languages do you understand?' 'I can speak, besides my own dialect and that of Bantu,' replied the boy, 'some Spanish, Portuguese, German and Italian.' Until he was twelve years old he had been in the possession of slave-traders. Then he was ransomed by the Portuguese mission for a sum equivalent in our money to a little more than eight dollars. The emperor's interest was excited, and through his means the lad has been sent to Portugal to be instructed in theology. Thence he will go to Africa as a missionary to his people.

DIED. Springfield, May 1, Freda I. Salem, May 3, Eliza A. Perry. Port Medway, John Harbath, 88. Tru o, April 24, Raymond Lee, 6. Milton, April 17, James Norman, 65. Colchester, April 28, Isabel Simpson. Truro, May 1, Mrs Jessie Dawson, 90. Pictou, April 28, Donald Campbell, 92. Sackville, May 1st, W H Harbath, 88. Colchester, April 24, Mrs T L Corbett. Halifax, April 25, Thos Ritchie Allen. Springfield, April 21, Joseph McPhee, 6. Alberton, April 29, Samuel Gallant, 35. Springfield, May 2, Ellen Stevenson, 74. Charlottetown, April 20, Mary McConry, 78. Park Corner, April 27, Chester Mackay, 78. St Ann's, C B, April 25, Neil Mc Donald, 87. St Peter's Road, April 28, Kenneth Mackay. Wakefield, Mass, April 27, George H. Luke. Gratton, Kings, April 16, William Brown, 17. Cumberland, April 17, Mrs F R Campbell, 37. Yarmouth, April 6, Mrs Desille Crosby, 41. Annapolis, April 18, Walter McCormack, 41. Liverpool, April 25, Mrs Margaret J Ryan, 68. Somerset, Kings, April 23, Effie Steadman, 15. Shubenacadie, April 19, Patrick Williams, 88. New Glasgow, April 30, David Ballentyne, 84. Point de Roche, April 24, Hugh Mackinnon, 62. Summerside, April 20, Mrs James R Boyver, 64. North River, Colchester, April 29, Everett Scott, 12. San Francisco, Cal, May 2, Donald MacInyre, 80. Springfield, April 27, Elsworth McKeay, one year. Back Meadows, April 12, Mrs Christy McKay, 68. Port Greville, Kings, April 20, H Brenton Elderkin, 49. Hardwood Hill, April 15, Jane, widow of H De-noon, 72. Haverhill, Mass, April 9, Annie, w/o of Avar-d Allen, 82. North Sydney, April 27, Kathleen Mary Coughlan, 8 months. Mill Village, April 17, Infant daughter of Martin and Richard. New Glasgow, April 21, widow of Donald McDonald, 94. St Andrew's April 6, Catherine Genevieve Mac-donald, 21. RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Pan-American EXPOSITION BUFFALO, N. Y. May 1st to November 1st. One Fare for the Round Trip. Going May 1st to June 30th. Return 15 days from date of sale. All Ticket Agents in the Maritime Provinces can sell via Canadian Pacific Short Line. For rates from any station. Time Tables, Sleeping Car rates, etc., write to A. J. BEATH, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. Or apply to W. H. C. MACKAY, City Passenger Agent, C. P. R. SUBURBAN SERVICE. ST. JOHN AND WELSFORD. Commence June 16th, there will be a greatly improved train service between the above points, including an early morning train from Lingley at 6:40 a. m. due at St. John at 10 a. m. Standard. For particulars apply to A. J. BEATH, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. Intercolonial Railway On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 11:00 Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12:15 Express for Sussex..... 13:30 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17:00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22:15 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17:05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... 8:30 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12:40 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 13:30 Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 17:00 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and M... 22:15 \*Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Stand Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. FOTTINGHAM, Gen. Manager MONCTON, N. B., March 5, 1901. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

It is not W longer but Ward took place Tuesd be termed the an cial Council. This body, mee the first meeting sidered the most are elected and Warden McG years of experie civic affairs has of public safety y county. There this year who th be continued as or given a chair were persistent Stanley was appo peting for hon and sometimes t Ald. White warden. He chairman and is it any departur This is right an to make the b business like. and is now wa to the work of freely recogniz at the Council warden, especi pected visit of 'e, will no do infaction and p The jail que sion, though, the condition those who con inaction. The council has be ference to the poor unfortun institution. Many of the p ress publicat on which so two or three upon the in What is unde ren then. T the condition ed themselves pairs. After in the sanitar ed and for ing, and the cells, the ab prisoners, the cleaning the length of C dition that in wide awak Richardson. opinions an Progress this course aldermen or their comm improvement approval, I gested th a greater i than in day has rendere ted. The and Fathe efforts of F evil resorts result. T the Wiggin complain of prostitution. But this council bo and to ma of one cot did was at To the cr be said th they thou and more den Lee take a fee There denship and the a sort of any rate, city cauc Council a fair su

Among the Indians in Cahokia was a young Kadziska brave, whose love for whisky was little less than that of Fenian. Williamson invited him to drink and set the fire of appetite ablaze. One of them stuck about twenty five feet below the surface, but the fact was not known until afterward. There was a tremendous gush of oil, the with which will admit of no other means of transport. The heaviest gun for such purposes, therefore, cannot weigh, with its 'Yes, sir, and Mike would be tistytin' here now regard myself entirely cured using it for two months.