Captain Bunn

opened the cabin windows wide to the fresh breeze blowing across the bay. hustled the coffeepot on to the little stove in the spotless galley, planted the frying pan beside it and then went and sat on the bowsprit and waited for the baker's boy to bring the break-

The Lovely Eva lay in wooden cradles just above high water mark. Salt grass and the white sandy beach formed her garden plot. Beach plum trees, pungent bayberry bushes and, in season, the tall pink marshmallow clustered about her black hull.

Above deck all was shipshape. In summer comfortable chairs and a table inder a sail awning made an open air lounging place for Captain Bunn and ed about a glowing stove in the cozy

While the coffee frothed in the pot and the bacon sizzled crisply in the pan in the galley, wheels crunched down the beach road, and the baker's wagon rolled down on the sand, turned and went helter skelter back again under the bow of the Lovely Eva.

Several hours passed in this con-renial labor, while the sun mounted higher and the beach became a blazing white stretch. A woman stepped slowly along the sand bolding her lilac skirts primly above her neat tops. She wore a wide lilac sunmet, and her bright brown hair and fresh, youthfully pretty face were framed in it like a pleasant picture. Her brown eyes changed expression as she came upon the busy captain in the lee of the sailboat.

"Howdy-howdy, Miss Willie?" chir. Little River." ruped the captain delightedly. "Tell me how she looks—fine as silk, eh?" shines like a frosted cake. What have

gilt letters under the bow. "So long as

Eva? And the skill you can call i.it-tie Eva. Then the whole three would

De satistie	in that's my suggestion
The car	main stared dazedly. "
you believe	a amed the big bost
bne of t	women?" he demand
"1	hought much abox
Bled	tie carelessly. "The
301	Name 'em to mil
sel."	
•)	tles Wille. Thes
cal	boat Wilhelmb
30	ou know. Mis-
wa	nak you to-

blissfully happy existence would be hers in the snug shelter of the sloop, with its perfect arrangements for housekeeping, the indulgent captain for a husband! And—here Miss Wil-

Then he flew down to the sailboat the how she looks—fine as silk, eh?"
"It looks beautiful, captain," said of "Wilhelmina B." on stem and stern.
The had long finished his work and was charity. fresh and clean in a suit of white drill when a man came along the beach

Mr. Brown turned and looked at the sloop. He squinted long at her and then went up closer. "What's the then went up closer. "What's the matter with her name, captain? I thought"— He turned a puzzled look

Why, I thought her name was Love-

painted back again till awhile You see, that's her real name." "Now that is quite a joke," mused

ject to my writing that up for the pa-per. I never heard the sloop called anything except Lovely, although I guess it's been mighty lonely some-times." He laughed at his own joke. "Write her up; write her up!" agreed he captain heartily, with a wave of

ed his side.

"I expect I'm acting like a fool over the name of that boat," she began hurriedly, when Captain Bunn's pointing finger brought her to an abrapt pause.

"Do you think any woman il ever lay claim to having that sloop named after her. Willie? Any woman in Little River going to acknowledge her name to be Lonely Eva? Not on your life!"

Miss Willie saw and blushed and then laughed merrily. Then her face sobered, "I suppose it might seem an awful mean thing if you had ever been—had ever shown them any attention," she hesitated.

"I never did," asserted he captain

"I never did." asserted ae captain outly. "Why, Willie, I never even died to see one of 'em. It lets every dy out of it very neatly, I think she looked at it in sileur en bappy tenes and be

CHURCH ADVERTISING.

bless in the snug shelter of the sloop, with its perfect arrangements for housekeeping, the indulgent captain for a husband! And—here Miss Wille's carefully guarded secret, that and her jeal-ousy of the three Evas of Little River village. Her face grew quite pale again as she shook off Captain Bunn's hand.

"I couldn't live in a house or a boat that was named after another woman. You can see how they'd all talk, especially if they didn't marry you themselves," she said resolutely.

"Marry me themselves!" roared the captain. "You don't mean them three women wanted to marry me?"
Miss Willie nodded proudly. "Every one of 'em has laid claim to you ever since you sailed into harbor with Lovely Eva' painted on the sloop."

"She had that name when I bought her down to Rockport. What can I do? It's bad luck to change a boat's name," said the captain Bunn did not detain her.

He watched her with grave blue eyes from which all the happiness had field around a pile of great bowlders, and then, with a long sigh, he picked up his painting materials and trudged up to the sloop.

The result of a long meditation was visible the next morning when Captain Bunn rigged a small scanfolding and swung himself to a seat under the bow of the Lovely Eva. Cheerfuly he worked, and he sang lustily the chorus of "Be Bowline." It was a short job, but one requiring delicacy and skill. When it was finished he performed a similar operation on the part bow and then hurried to the stern, where he stood on a barrel and carefully repainted the worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

The he field her worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

The he field worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

The he field worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

The he field worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

The he field worn letters that announced the name of "Lovely Eva, Little River."

The he field worn letters that

most regular attendants at divine service. Every year several pounds are divided among the inhabitants who are eligible to benefit by the A Terrible Discovery!

when a man came along the beach from Little Village. He was the editor of the weekly newspaper.

"What are you going to name her?" insisted Miss Willie.

"I haven't thought of a name. I've been trying to think of something pretty."

I'must say I'm interested in what you're going to call your new boat," said Miss Willie. The captain's blue wee hers in puzzled inquiry. "I think she's pretty fine, Mr. Brown. Fil take you out tomorrow. Perhaps we can get a few blues outside, eh?" The captain beamed happily. Everything away from the illac sunbonnet. "I never was good at naming a boat, Miss Willie!"

Miss Willie turned slightly and surveyed the nautical bôme of Captain Bunn with a quizzleal eye that lingered on the name painted in small

t the fire bri

The Advocate Offers the Best DOLLARS WORTH READING

MATTER

NEW BRUNIWCK

SEND

in your Dollar and we will put you on the paid up list.

RATES FOR Advertising

ARE VERY LOW

Try us and see the good that will result

Let Us Furnish You with Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Note Heads,

> Draft Forms, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, Posters, Dodgers.

OR IN FACT

ANYTHING INSTHE

Printing Line.

end, or Bring your orders and we will do the rest.

We Supply and Print

ADVOCATE PUBLISHING CO., LTD.