

HER CHOICE.

Miss Kitty Hurst ran out with an unfinished break of 21. 'Gloves all around,' she said to the group of men who had succumbed to her prowess with the cue.

'Bravo, Kitty!' exclaimed an enthusiastic youngster.

'You have most extraordinary luck, Miss Hurst,' said Fanshawe of the Coldstreams. Fanshawe was voted a cad and frowned upon.

'Would you like me to play it over again?' asked Miss Hurst of Fanshawe of the Coldstreams. 'I'll give you more points, just to compensate for my luck, you know.'

Fanshawe pawed his mustache, and Miss Kitty smiled at him like an angel. She wore a white dress, cunningly devised from pique, and at her waist nestled three happy red roses which young Barker had picked at 6 o'clock that morning, and young Barker was always seriously indisposed by dinner time if he got up before breakfast.

'Well, what shall we do?' asked Kitty. 'No more billiards, eh? The group of men uttered an inharmonious assent.'

'You come into the orchard and flirt with me,' said the enthusiastic youngster, 'and these fellows can go into the library and improve their minds. I'll do them a lot of good, and me, too—in the orchard.'

Kitty shook her head. 'I daren't,' she said. 'You have such a fascinating way with you that I might say and do all sorts of silly things.'

'You're rather good at that,' said the boy.

Barker and the boy were Miss Hurst's most ardent admirers, and Barker considered the boy an 'impertinent young idiot,' while the boy was loud and consistent in describing Barker as a silly ass.

'Well, then, come and upset the professor's specimens,' suggested the boy. 'He's got a new lot in—bought 'em home in his pockets last night. There were three caterpillars in the bath this morning, but it didn't take long to drown them.'

'Shut up, Tommy!' said Hemming, the rising barrister. 'By the way, has any one seen the professor this morning?'

'I saw him groveling in the kitchen garden,' drawled Barker, 'and when I asked him what he was up to he muttered ghastly things about some one having seen a death's head among the potatoes.'

'He's a queer chap,' said Hemming. 'He has a nice voice,' said Kitty.

'I believe Kitty is in love with him,' said the boy. 'I saw her stroking one of his butterflies the other day. It spoiled it, didn't it, Kitty?'

'I didn't know the color came off,' protested Kitty.

'Ah, that was a female butterfly,' said the boy. 'Well, you fellows, if anybody wants to relabel portions of a small museum, they had better come with me. It's jolly slow here, and its horrible to see Barker yawning in the corner over there. I wonder why Barker looks so dreadfully unpleasant when he yawns? Never mind, you can't help it, and hitting me with a billiard cue won't improve your method of yawning.'

'You'd better leave Mr. Sinnett's specimens alone,' said Kitty.

'And so had you,' retorted the boy. 'I don't go stroking all the color off. You know you won't get him to love you that way. Entomologists are awfully touchy people. I say, Barker, don't you think you had better go to bed or cover your face with a newspaper? Hello, there is the professor. Don't look at him, Kitty. His trousers are positively indecent—Barker said so.'

Alfred Sinnett stepped lightly across the lawn. A basket, swinging from a leather strap, banged against his right hip, tin boxes bulged from his jacket, and in his left hand he carried a stick conveniently hooked to pull down the branches of trees. He was tall, dark, clean shaven and appeared about 40 years of age.

'Perhaps he has some beetles with him,' suggested Hemming, the rising barrister. Every one laughed except Fanshawe, who suppressed a shudder.

'Never mind, Fanshawe,' said the boy: 'beetles can't run as fast as guardsmen. Look out, here he is! Does anybody know a few lines of Darwin as a recitation? He might consider it a delicate compliment.'

The professor raised his straw hat in salutation. 'Any sport?' asked the boy. The professor raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

'Have you got anything to kill?' went on the boy. 'There's nothing like drowning for caterpillars.'

The professor smiled, and his smile was rather pleasant. 'No; I have brought home nothing alive this morning,' he said. 'May I see what you have collected?'

'I shall be delighted to show you.' The professor opened one of the tin boxes and extracted a small specimen of blue quartz. 'This,' he said, 'is peculiar and different from any I have hitherto seen in this neighborhood, but if you can spare me a short time after lunch I shall be able to show you my recent acquisitions with less inconvenience to your friends.' And he smiled pleasantly at Fanshawe of the Coldstreams.

'It's so good of you to take so much trouble over me,' said Miss Kitty to the professor.

'I am very glad if you find my hobby of interest,' said the man of learning.

'I always envy your scientists. Every foot of the road contains for you some object of study of which the uninitiated never dream.'

'You must come with me one morning, and I will show you how to observe all the curious minutiae which are lying around you at every step. Will you excuse me



now? I shall be rather busy till luncheon. Good morning, gentlemen.'

Barker yawned, the boy whistled, Fanshawe of the Coldstreams snorted, Hemming, the rising barrister, smiled; Kitty blushed. The boy shook his head at Kitty reproachfully.

'You might leave the poor old professor alone,' he said. 'He never did you any harm. He didn't put caterpillars in your bath, and he didn't make beetles run after you.'

'Don't be silly,' Kitty said. 'That isn't the argument,' said the boy. The next morning Barker, the boy Fanshawe and Hemming watched Miss Kitty Hurst and the professor pass through the wicket gate at the bottom of the rose garden and enter the copse a few yards beyond. The professor walked hurriedly, avoiding the patches of wet clay by instinct. Miss Kitty had more than once to request a less speedy progress, and at the stile, which they reached after a few minutes' hurried tramp, she was glad to stop and recover her breath.

'Isn't it lovely?' gasped Kitty. 'This meadow and this copse are worth the whole of London season.' Two months hence Kitty would be dying for a dance.

The professor looked at the flowers and dissected them with his eye, looked at the butterflies and classified them at a glance. 'Yes,' he said; 'it is very lovely.'

'They walked on until the basket and the tin boxes were almost full, and Kitty heard about many things which she tried vainly to remember. Kitty Hurst felt happier than she had been for a very long while. There was something instinct with pleasure in thus wandering through peaceful meadows, beside hedgerows, finding wonderful things in the least considered places and feeling your step spring upon the turf with continually renewed vigor.'

On the following morning Kitty and the professor again set forth with basket and boxes, and on several successive mornings, until the young men who assembled in the billiard room began to detest the professor most cordially.

'Miss Hurst,' said the professor, staring curiously at the twisted trunk of a massive oak tree, 'do you intend to undertake a serious study of botany?'

'Oh, it's very interesting,' said Kitty, 'and it's very nice to be among these delightful green fields and copses, but as to becoming a really serious botanist, I am afraid I am not built that way.'

'Yes, it's very pleasant,' said the professor, 'and your presence seems to make it even more pleasant.'

'It's very good of you to say that, but I thought that you scientific men always spoke the truth as far as your knowledge allowed. In fact, I thought that that was the basis of the scientific spirit and what made it so objectionable to the imaginative creature.'

'As far as my knowledge admitted I spoke the truth,' said the professor.

'As that's because you haven't the artistic instinct! If you had, you would see that my person in its present relations to those trees is abominable and that my frock is simply revolting beside those purple flowers.'

The professor smiled and walked on. Blue shadows dappled the old grass, a soft breeze shook the boughs overhead; the morning was perfect. Miss Hurst and the professor stopped suddenly in their walk as if by instinctive sympathy and gazed at the soft line of the downs which stretched far on their left hand.

'What a paradise, this pastoral England!' said the professor. His glance had synthesized, not analyzed.

Kitty nodded. There is an element in such a scene that hushes the human voice. 'For this,' went on the professor, 'would you care to give up a great deal of the pleasures which are in your London life—the dances, theaters and concerts—to take nature as your sole entertainer, to watch her in her passive and dramatic moods in her minute and her mighty effects?'

To such an appeal as the sunlight offered who could say 'no'? Kitty knew that dances and theaters must be loathsome and wondered how she could have considered them satisfactory.

'Yes,' she said, 'I could live like that with thorough happiness. I am sure that one is very foolish to consider so many trivial and artificial pleasures.'

'And would you care to live that life with me, if I tried to do all that might lie in my power to increase your happiness? I love you. I am not an old man, but not young enough to get bitten by a passing fancy. I know that you have scarcely known me long enough to be able to say whether you would be happy as my wife or not. My manner of living has been entirely different from yours, but I could make some concessions to your habits, and that need not be a barrier.'

Miss Kitty Hurst suddenly discovered why she had been so contented during the past few days.

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RASILY ACCOUNTED FOR.

How a Resident of Marseilles Accounted for the Hurricane.

The local spirit is perhaps nowhere stronger than with the citizens of the charming old city of Marseilles, France, which seems to have been absent of every one of the twenty-four centuries through which it has existed. An instance of the Marseillais and a northerner were travelling in southern France, somewhere to the northward of Marseilles, when they encountered the mistral, or terrible 'norther' which sometimes makes life in southern France a burden. The man from the north was out of patience with this biting and dusty wind, and shivered and grumbled. The Marseillais, on the contrary, was placid and apparently not displeased.

'Why is it,' finally exclaimed the man of the north, 'that you don't appear to be fighting angry with this wind?'

'This mistral?' said the other, with wide open eyes, 'why, how can you blame it? Just put yourself in its place; it is simply in a natural hurry to get to Marseilles!'

The Hand.

Montaigne gives a curious and interesting account of the intellectual uses to which the hand is put. He says: 'With the hand we threaten, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confound, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, write, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, delude, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, sflout, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.'

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Bridgewater, May 29, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Hall, a son.

Brookfield, May 24, to the wife of Samuel Graham, a son.

Hillsboro, May 30, to the wife of Charles Steeves, a son.

Hantsport, May 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davison, a son.

Shediac, May 25, to the wife of Rev. Edwin Smith, a daughter.

Springhill, May 28, to the wife of John Armishaw, a daughter.

Kenville, May 17, to the wife of Mr. C. S. Nixon, a daughter.

Falmouth, May 27, to the wife of Henry Manning, a son.

Horton, May 16, to the wife of Mr. William Patterson, a son.

Middleton, June 1, to the wife of Mr. C. A. Young, a daughter.

Halifax, May 27, to the wife of Mr. A. H. Blakeney, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 24, to the wife of Dr. G. D. Turnbull, a son.

Kingston Village, May 18, to the wife of Avard Banks, a son.

Hartville, May 14, to the wife of Mr. T. R. McMullen, a son.

Dilligent River, May 23, to the wife of Stephen Warren, a son.

North Brookfield, May 26, to the wife of Elmer Trimmer, a son.

Dilligent River, May 27, to the wife of Henry Cannon, a son.

South Boston, May 21, to the wife of Mr. Judson Huribart, a son.

South Unalaska, May 18, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Doolson, a son.

South Unalaska, May 23, to the wife of Mr. Jas. Taylor, a daughter.

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Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local).

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

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On and after Wednesday, 1st June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

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