THE BLACK POODLE

One Sunday morning two young men ast in the smoking-room of a coxy flat just off of Fifth avenue. Outside the mow was falling allently in great blue-white fakes. A wood fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, adding warmth to walls covered with colored prints, boxing gloves, foils, whips photographs of the latest footlight tavorities and all the other treasures dear to the hearts of the college-bred young man.

On the divan, his tail and legs ornamented with tuits of curly black hair, his body shaved in the approved fashion. a poodle slimbered peacefully, and Mr. Floyd Tailer, the owner of the premises, attred in a smoking jacket of a horsey plaid, was lolling in an easy chair, his slippered feet stretched toward the fire. His companion Arthur Van Stade, had been his greatest friend at college, and their first meeting in three years. Van Stade had been in India kılling big game, and had barely escaped having the tables turned, as a lurge sear across one cheek testified. Tailer had stayed at home, but to him had come the greater change. As he expressed it, he was now "a settled-down old married man with a family"—which meant that he had the sweetest little wife in the world and a tiny mite of pink-and-white humanity, known in the house as Baby.

"That's rather a fine dog you have there, Arthur," said Van Stade, turning to the

Arthur," said Van Stade, turning to the poodle and lazily looking over the sleepy animal.

"Well, I should think so," replied Tailer; "I don't suppose that you will believe me when I tell you that when he came into my possession he was worth no less than one thousand dollars.

"The spring after you went away," he went on, "having finished my college course I went on, "having finished my college course I went over to the other side for the London season. I had planned to supplement this with an extended Continental tour. It is easy enough to make plans; carrying them out is another matter.

"I went to London, and in London I stayed, long after the time I had allotted to that city had expired. It was there I met Edith. In six weeks we were engaged. The remainder of the summer I passed in Scotland with the tamily of my fiancée. They had planned to go to Nice when the cold weather came on, and of course I determined to go with them. We went as far as Paris's together, but at the last moment I was detained in that city for a tew days and was obliged to allow the rest of the party to proceed without me, promising to join them in a week at the most. "I had run short of funds, and the remittance expected from my father had not arrived. This I did not consider necessary to explain to either Edith or her family. I said vaguely that business kept me in Paris. Four days after their departure the letter from my father arrived. He had heard of my engagement and, to my satisfaction, approved of it. Besides the amount expected, he sent an additional thousand dollars with which he instructed me to buy a suitable present for Edith. As the modest diamond I had bought for her on our engagement had been my only gift, I was pleased and gratified with my lather's generous present.

"The following morning I started out in search of something for the dear girl whom

pleased and gratified with my lather's generous present.

"The following morning I started out in search of something for the dear girl whom I should be with the very next day. I visited all the leading jewelry stores on the Avenue de l'Opera, and was so contused by the glittering array of gems, spread out to lure the American dollar from wealthy travellers, that I could decide on nothing. My thousand dollars, which had seemed so much, now appeared ridiculously small, and I had almost despaired of finding anything worthy of my beloved when my eyes tell upon an extremely beautiful necklace, consisting of two rows of pearls caught together at intervals by small diamond clasps. It lay in a velvet case of azure blue, and the moment I saw it I decided it was just what I wanted. "I asked the price. 'Five thousand france, Monsieur,' replied the salesman.

"Exactly the sum I had to spend! I was so elated that I forgot to try and beat the man down—a practice I had grown to look upon as essential in all Parisian transactions—but bought it without a moment's hesitation.

"The little blue box was about to be

even glance at the woman's face, and long before I had reached the sidewalk she was forgotten.

"At six o'clock I returned, and true to his promise, the man had the necklace ready for me. Placing it in the inside pocket of my coat, I left the store and had just time to complete a few remaining arrangements before going to the station. I bought a first-class ticket and tipped the guard, after giving him to understand in my very best French that I did not wanthim to put other passengers in my compartment. I tucked my travelling rug around my knees, opened a French novel, and was congratulating myself that my liberal tip had produced the desired result when the door was opened and a woman hurriedly entered the compartment and took the seat next the window on the other side of the car. The door was shut with a slam, the engine gave a shrill whistle and the train started. To say that I was annoyed would be to put it mildly. The solitude I had hoped to enjoy was now impossible, and I must give up the smoke that I was at that moment contemplating. I glanced at my unwelcome companion; she was dressed in mourning of the richest material and in perfect taste. As I was noticing these details omething by her side that I had at first taken for a fur cape, moved. It proved to be a black. French poodle, and as he say up and turned his head toward me I waw that around his neck he wore a broad silver collar from which depended a peculiar heart-shaped padlock.

"Turning to my novel I soon forget the intraders, nor did I again think of the statill perhaps half an hour later, when I was starded by feeling counciting cold and we record against my hand. It was the poodle's sone. He had crawled across of the half of the poodle's sone. He had crawled across of making my acquaintance.

"A "Chico, come here,' exclaimed a singularly familiar voice.

"The deg paid no attention to his mistress, but waged his tail contentedly as I treated his carly head.

"I protested that he my dog, sir,' said my common. 'He is a great per a strength of the protested that he would not, and a farial be will amony our.'

"I protested that he would not, and in part, to the fact that the woman was added that I was fond of dogs, poodles and added that I was fond of dogs, poodles and in part, to the fact that the woman was and added that I was fond of dogs, poodles was sure that somewher I had heard in the stoom of the was sure that somewher I had heard in the stoom to be the me see her face. Her voice, too affected was sure that somewher I had heard in the singularly; it was low and sweet and I was sure that somewher I had heard in the singularly; it was low and sweet and I was sure that somewher I had heard in the singularly; it was low and sweet and I was used that my companion was without books or poless accumed the task."

"I stream my achel I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a through search of my begage and person shall be made, that my companion was without books or profess accumed the task of the stream my achel I offered it to her. She hanked on all the had been obliged to a stream that the stream of the str

"I drained the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She seemed to read my thoughts. You are a judge of good liquor. That is Otard of 1870."

1870. Taking the glass from my hand she poured a little of the liquor into it and barely touched it with her lips. "You must not judge of my good wishes by the amount I take. I wish you all the happiness that life can give, but I cannot drink as you men do; to me it is simply a medicine."

upon as essential in all Parisian transactions—but bought it without a moment's besistation.

"The little blue box was about to takk made myself as combortable as profuse in the clasp. He say that I noticed a was a word of the wife of and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps it would have been better if I had consulted some woman of taste before buying it. A brilliant idea struck me—my companion was just the one to decide! I would ask her opinion. It was not too late to change the necklace for something else if she thought it not suitable. I was sure she would tell me candidly just what she thought

Unbuttoning my coat, I drew the package from my pocket and laid it on my lap. Removing the wrappings, I opened the little blue case. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty l

Removing the wrappings, I opened the little blue case. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty!

I turned quickly to my companion; she was leaning forward motionless, breathless; her face pale and in her eyes a look that I shall never forget. One hand was pressed convulsively over her heart. She had removed the gloves worn the night before, and on one finger blazed a diamond—the one I had seen the previous day at the one I had seen the previous day at the one I had seen the previous day at the one I had seen the previous day at the one I had seen the previous day at the one I had seen the previous day at the one I had seen the previous day at the foreward and grasped her wrist—roughly, I am afraid.

'Give me back the necklace, you thief' I cried. 'I know you. You stood by my side yesterday in the jeweler's shop on the Avenue de l'Opera. I remember that ring and your voice. You heard me say I was going to Nice by this train. The liquor you gave me was drugged and you thought to escape before your theft was discovered. It was a very clever scheme but it has

enter mine. She was sorry to intrude, but train was about to start and the guard had told her all the other seats were taken. I hastened to assure her that I was glad of the lucky chance that had given me a companion. She smiled and asked me if I was gloing to be long in Nice. She chatted on about the place, mentioning the names of many well known people who, she said, were her friends and whom I should, no doubt, meet.

"As the evening wore on, she opened a basket containing a dainty lunch. "Would I share it with her? The cook evidently had a ridiculous idea of her appetite. Why, there was enough for six!" This seemed to be the case; so, as we were by this time very well acquainted, I accepted her invitation and we were soon doing justice to a really excellent lunch.

What a charming creature she is," I thought. 'How Edith will like her.' Growing confidential, I spoke of my errand to Nice and of the dear girl who was awaiting me there. She seemed interested, and listened patiently to, the recital of my fair one's many charms.

"You will meet her and can see for yourself if all I say of her is not true," I exclaimed. 'She will be very grateful to you for having made this stupid journey so pleasant for me.'

"We will drink to her health!" cried my companion gaily, drawing a small silver flask of exquisite workmanship from the depths of her basket. 'I always carry a little cognac with me in case of sickness,' she explained. Opening the flask and filling a dainty glass with the amber liquid, she handed it to me with a radiant smile. "To Edith's health,' she said.

"I drained the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She mand do flast and the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She more than the said of the collar form and the said of the collar form on thought and dollars. And now," in a tone of newly acquired importance, "Collar her problem," and the said of the collar her of

A Louisville lady gives this interesting

mother's grave : "Mother Goose was a Miss Elizabeth
Tester before she married Mr. Goose.
As far as I could learn she was a widow
Nor perish all unblest.

Farmer Blake was one of the good old sort. Whenever he killed a pig, it was his custom to give the head and other parts away to

One autumn he had a splendid fat pig killed, and thought he should like the head for himself. Not wishing, however, to be thought greedy, he determined to pretend that the head was stolen.

When the butcher came to kill piggy the farmer told his plan to him, and the butcher agreed to back up the deception.

But at night Mr. Butcher went silently to the shed and ap, ropriated the pig's head for himself.

In the morning the farmer went to the

ing," persis "Ah lah! Keep it up! keep it u laughed the knowing butcher, while farmer walked away, muttering somet about the thick skulls of some peo and of butchers in particular.

he is going to pay for. anything, he takes out a handful, and picks out the amount he requires. He seems to have no fear of robbery, for he is of a trustful disposition, and, being perfectly honest himself, thinks most others are like him. Of course, he is often cheated and imposed upon, and yet he never entirely loses his faith in his fellow-creatures. A fine nature is his; in fact, too fine to cope with the many greedy, grasping mortals that flood the world.

The man who, if he has to pay a few perice, won't even take the trouble of counting out the amount in coppers, but throws down a piece of silver to be changed—and, by-the-bye, he rarely counts his change—if £ lype of **a fool and his money are soon parted." Perhaps a love of display, alaoet inseparable from such a character, has something to do with this. Such a man goes beyond being generous; he is a downright spendthrift, who usually does his level best to "go to the dogs," and, as a rule, is promptly landed at his canine goal.

The careful man always carries a purse,

his level best to "go to the dogs," and, as a rule, is promptly landed at his canine goal.

The careful man always carries a purse, and keeps the gold, silver, and copper in different compartments. A man like this never wastes his money; he values it as it ought to be valued, and, though not mggardly, is determined to have his money's worth. He quite believes that "any tool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it," and he is right.

The mean man never lets you see what money he has; when he is going to pay for anything he turns his back to you, clutches his money tight, and, so to say, draws it out of his hand, placing the coins down one by one, for he is loath to part with them, even for the necessaries. Such a man is not far removed from a miser, who rarely carries money about his person at all, unless it be sewn up in his clothes. By-the-bye, the mean man will grow dismally eloquent over his losses, but you never hear of his gains.

Remember, the man who jingles his money, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, hasn't got much. A bunch of keys and a few coppers make a good deal of noise!

There are various finer shades of charac-

noise!
There are various finer shades of character to be discerned from closely observing the way in which men handle their money.

The bark, through rapids piloted with care, Sails a smooth course, forgetting dangers gone, But strikes the hidden reef-edge unaware— Sinks!—and the stream flows on.

No sign fortells the near approach of sorrow, No note, no breath of warning in the air: Still on each sweetest dream the dread to-morro Has broken unaware.

MARRIED.

eswick, N. B., June 7, Rev. W. R. Reud to Laur Ebbett. Teed to Minnie Fisher. Digby, N.S. June 7, Rev. M. Harley Dr to Jessie Stewart Titus. Bridgetown, June 6, by Rev. Fish to Rachel Sinclair St. John, June 2, by Rev. C. J. Ja Patterson to Ida Pickett. Truro, N. S., June 8, by Rev. T. Cu Hill to Lizzie T. Holmes. ifax, June 12, by Rev. Fr. Foley, John A. Lightizer to Agnes Belliss. t. John, June 7, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Calkin to Florence Oulton Andrews, N. S., June 6, by Rev. A. will Douglas to Ella Lamb. getown, June 1, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, Herber Lindsay to Nettle Kimball. St. John, June 1, by Rev. W. O. Raym Morreil to Julia McKinley.

Moncton June 7, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Charles Grant to Mrs. Mary France. bristel, N. S., June S, by Rov. G. W. F. Glen. Frank Page to Mary Hicks. Whom, N. S., June S, by Rev. Mr. Parkin A. Johnston to Asiate Parkes.

Johan, N. B., June 7, by Rev. S. Jones Handon Albert Smith to Famile Smith. t. John, June 7, by Rev. F. For Cotwell to Emma Mulholland Martins, N. B., June 7, by Rev. Fr. Colle Martin Dotan to Ada Nugent.

Martin Doian to Ada Nagred.
St. John, June 7, by Rev. G. O. Gai
bour to Sessio F. McFarlane.
Halifax, June, 5, by Rev. F. H. Al
Lawrence to Emma McCartney.
Yarmouth, June 7, by Rev. E. D. Mil
Whittenore to Amne F. Davis.

Trure, June 6, by Rev. Archdracon Kaul H. McPherson to Florence Nash. Yarmouth, N.S., June. 1, by Rev. G. B. White Wm. Crowell to Maggie Rogers. Lorneville, N. S., June 7, by Rev. L. S. Jo Charles Jackson to Annie Baxter. Charles Jackson to Annie Baxter.
Digby, N. S., June 6, by Rev. R. A. Dykeman, Bet
William McGregor to May Poster.
Guysboro, June 2, by Rev. Wilhard P. Anderson
Peswick Sanester to Lucy Spanks.
St. John, North End, June 8, by Rev. W. L. Halse
William Watters to Listin Crawford.

William Watters to Lottie Crawford.
Windsor, N. S. May 29, by Rev. P. A. McEwer
George Ashton to Besse Armstrong.
St. John, June 7, by Rev. Monsignor Connolly,
Frederick Power to Margaret Cotter.
Chatham, N. B. June 2, by Rev. Jos. McCoy,
James McCosh to Catherine Jackson.
Chipman, N. B., June 7, by Rev. W. R. McIntyre,
James Thewelling to Maggie Burgee.
Mahone Bay, N. R., June 3, by Rev. John A. Crawford, George Zwicker to Ounan Lantz.
Eastville, Col. Co., N. S. by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Edward Weatherbee to Susan Hooper.
Darmouth, June 1, by Rev. Thomas Stewart,
Eagene Donaldson to Susan A. Bryson.
Pembrote, N. S., June 6, by Rev. D. Selies France,
Lilis Maggie Logan to George Archibald.
Upper Stewiacke, N. S., June 6, by Rev. D. S.
France, Feorge Archibald to Lein Logan.

Fraser, vicorge Archinan to Leta Logan. Barrington, N. S., June 6, by Rev. Cranswick Jost, Chus. Ezekiel Adams to Mrs. Ellen Adams. Cow Bay, C. B., June 2, by Rev. Wm. Grant, C. Ochiltree, Macdonald to Edith Agnes Bown. Bedford, N.S., June 7, by Rev. Dr. Temple and Rev Mr. Coffin., W. Harry Watts to Sophie Temple Napan, N. B., June 6, by Rev. T. G. Johnston an Rev. Jos. McCoy, Allan Cameron to Mar Dickson.

Milton, N. S., June 7, by Rev. S. B. Kempton an Rev. J. E. Bill, Rev. Austen Kempton to Lotti Freeman. enolstquis, N. B., June 8, by Rev. James Crisp and Rev. J. J. Coller, vicorge T. Baskin to Surrie Augusta Murray. Augusta Murray.
Augusta Murray.
Iteey's Cove, Lanesburg, N. S., June 1, by RevJ. L. Batzy and Rev. J. L. Sponagle, J. A.
Sponagle-to E. W. Slocomb.

DIED.

St. John, June 12, William Dufiell, 81.

Halfax, N. S., George A. Allison, 83.

8t. John, June 10, Andrew Brown, 82.

Halfax, June 5, Charles A. Cooper, 54.

Fredericton, June 11, James Gibson, 41.

Arcadis, June 8, Llewelyn H. Larder, 62.

Lot 10, P. E. I., June 4, Ann Bowden, 92.

Barrington, June 1, Thomas Hopkins, 64.

Windsor, N. S., June 9, John Lawrence, 66.

Amberts, N. S., June 1, Napoleon Cormea, 20.

Waterford, N. B., June 1, Mary Longhery, 78.

Noel Shore, N. S., June 1, Charles Wright, 68.

Upper Brighton, N. B., June 1, John Bubar, 78.

Rolling Dam, N. B., May 27; Edgar Hanson, 34.

Halfax, June 12, Mary, wife of Jamess Kelly, 66.

Port Medway, N. S., June 1, Curtin Manthom, 65.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 1, Angus Currie, 21.

Quinpool Road, N. S., June 7, Thomas Gooley, 59.

Barner's River, N. S., June 7, Mrs. Elizabeth Redmond.

Halfax, June 8, Rebecca, wife of Duncan O'Nell,

Windsor, June 9, Mary, wife of Alexander Schnare,

50.

Halifax, June 6, Nora, daughter of James and Mary Edgar, 8.

McDonald, 4.

Halifax, June 6, the widow of the late William
Lennerton, 76.

Tower Hill, N. B., June 6, Janet, wife of John St. John, June 11, Lena H., de Clara Leary, 18.

John, June 11, James Urb Sarah McGourty, 2. at Baccaro. N. S., May 28, of paraly wife of Jonathan Crowell, 73. orfield, Chatham, N. B., June 6, Mary wife of Robert Stothart, 33. Bright, York Co., N. B., June 1, Bertha Mab William and Annie Dalton, 8.

Halifax, June 12, of diphtheria, Walter James, son of Thomas and Helona Anderson, 7.

Fredericton, June 4, James Alexander, infant son of figit. Instructor and Mannie Fowlie.

By John, June 10, Sophia Isabella Bliss Dibblee, wislow of late Major William Beverly Robinson, Magazine.

meningitis of the brain, Catherine McCampin,

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On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily--Sunday excepted--as follows:

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ALFREI

VOL.

The Carle

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