

THE BLACK POODLE.

On Sunday morning two young men sat in the sun on a grassy bank just off of Fifth avenue. Outside the snow was falling silently in great blue-white flakes. A wood fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, adding warmth to walls covered with portraits, boxing gloves, foils, whips, photographs of the latest football favorites and all the other treasures dear to the hearts of the college-bred young man.

"Turning to my novel I soon forgot the intruder, nor did I again think of them until perhaps half an hour later, when I was startled by feeling something cold and wet pressed against my hand. It was the poodle's nose. He had snarled across the sofa and was evidently desirous of making my acquaintance.

"Chico, come here," exclaimed a singularly familiar voice. "The dog paid no attention to his mistress, but wagged his tail contentedly as I stroked his curly head.

"You must excuse my dog, sir," said my companion. "He is a great pet and expects everyone to notice him. I am afraid he will annoy you."

"I protested that he would not, and added that I was fond of dogs, poodles in particular. Perhaps my answer was due in part to the fact that the woman was young and very beautiful. I had only that minute become aware of this, the light having been too dim in the station to let me see her face.

"A little later, on looking up, I found that my companion was without books or papers, so taking an illustrated magazine from my satchel I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a time I grew tired of the novel and resolved to attempt a little conversation with my neighbor. I asked her if she was going to Nice. She replied that she was, and went on to say that her sister, whom she had expected would go with her, had died.

"The spring after you went away," he 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 family 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 together, but at the last moment I was detained in that city for a few 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.

MAN AND THEIR MONEY.
Illustrations of Character Are Shown in the Handling of Cash.
If you want to know something about a man's character, watch how he handles his money, says an English paper.

THE DREAD TO-MORROW.
How often does the march of coming ill No echo of its footfall ring before, But steals adown the corridor, until It pauses at the door!

BORN.
Halifax, June 10, to the wife of Joseph Ingram, a son.

MARRIED.
Kewick, N. B., June 7, Rev. W. B. Rend to Laura Ebbett.

RAILWAY.
Shore Line Railway.
ST. JOHN TO ST. STEPHEN.
Shortest, Quickest, and Cheapest Route.
EXPRESS TRAIN
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893.
On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct., 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run daily-Sunday excepted-as follows:

Take The CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TO THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.
Excursion tickets will be on sale commencing April 25th, good for 30 days from date sold and for stop over at points in Canada or at Detroit Mich. Rate from St. John and all points on Atlantic Division \$30.00 each.