

BLISS AT AUCTION.

"Come, Courtney, lend me your ears for half an hour for I am in a pickle," exclaimed Fred Sawyer to his friend. "Come up to my quarters, I have something to say to you, and—no joking—I need your advice."

"If you take it will be for the first time," laughed good-natured Courtney. "Lead on, and don't lose any time in relieving this suspense. I'm not fond of riddles, you know."

"Why, yesterday I dropped into the sales room at a London station. You know, they sell off the unclaimed luggage at intervals, and a sale was just going on. A number of the boys were there, and we each commenced to bid for a trunk. I selected a rather small one, and—here we are! Come right in, and view the burden of my woes."

"Open it, if you want to," he said. "I've had enough of the confounded thing. It's full of women's stuff, and what do you suppose I can do with it? I haven't an aunt or cousin in the wide world."

"Keep it till you're married, Fred. These seem to be good clothes," said Courtney, peeping into the box and lifting dainty garments with a half reverent touch in spite of his laughing face.

"Humph! The idea of such advice from you! Why, old boy, I shall not marry for ten years—five, anyway—and I'm not going to risk keeping these things here and being taken for a d-d burglar. Mrs. McGaffrey would find them in spite of everything—small murder in the air, and hunt around for the skull bones. No, I'll dump the trunk in the river; that's what I'll do."

"Pshaw! You're too sensible for that. These things cost money—lots of it, I imagine—and you paid something for them in the bargain. You might sell them to the second-hand—No, I've a better scheme than that. Why not go through the trunk systematically, find out the owner's name and address—there are surely letters or something—and write to her, offering the whole thing for a reasonable sum?"

"Do an act of charity, and yet turn an honest penny. Any one would know you are Scotch. But I must go back to the store, and—here, you have all the time there is; suppose you go through it for me? All I ask is that you will keep Mrs. McGaffrey out of it. Fare-deu. And off he went."

Courtney laughingly locked the door, but the smiles soon left his face as he proceeded with his task. He wondered if the battered little trunk had been lost in some of the dreadful catastrophes he had heard of; he imagined the owner killed and her body as well as luggage unidentified in the horrible excitement.

As he turned the key Al remembered that his own photograph was lying in a conspicuous box, and exclaimed: "Wait until after dinner, then; I'm half starved."

"Perhaps it would be better," was the answer, and they passed out together. When fairly downstairs Al said he had forgotten his handkerchief, and flew back three steps at a time to get it. Securing the picture and placing it in an inside pocket, he said to himself: "Surely there's nothing else to give me away. But I must wheedle him out of the trunk."

After dinner Fred "went through" the contents of the trunk, making boyish remarks concerning each article as he threw it aside. Al inwardly winced at these remarks, and could scarcely restrain himself from knocking him over on the spot.

"What makes you so crusty?" queried Fred, suddenly, as one of his choicest jokes was met by a groan. "There's no fun in you, and why you want this stuff beats me. Your sisters would turn up their noses at second-hand clothing, 'it it is pretty. But it isn't worth fussing over, so take it along. No doubt it would prove a white elephant on your hands or later."

Not until the trunk was safely in his room could Al breathe freely; even though it was no easy matter to keep it out of his sisters' sight. They both made a pet and confidant of their own brother, and had a fashion of dropping into his room at all hours to tell him of their schemes and woes. He pushed a big box in front of it, and then crept downstairs, feeling as guilty as if he had been concealing some crime. At breakfast the girls both talked at once about the burglar who tried to get in, and how they pounded on Al's door and could not get an answer.

At noon he was off, and as the train whirled onward he became possessed with fears. She might not be at Hastings; she might not care for him after these three years; she might even be married or dead. Arriving at his destination at last, he only stopped to leave his bag at a hotel, and walked rapidly to a familiar house in the suburbs. Ringing the bell, he inquired for Miss Burr in a matter-of-fact way, as if he had seen her the day before. He watched the girl's face as she spoke, and saw no trace of surprise. She simply said: "Miss Burr may not be able to see you; but come in and I will ask."

Presently he was shown into a small sunny room, where, on a couch, lay the one girl he had ever loved. He meant to explain at once the cause of his foolish going and eager coming, all of which he had framed into frank, beautiful sentences; but he fell back on the common-places. She received him with quiet words of welcome and then said: "Pardon my position, but I am such an invalid that it is a trial to set up."

"An invalid!" he echoed faintly. "Yes," she answered, "I do not hear of my accident several months ago? On coming home from a visit I stopped for a day or so in a London hotel. The building caught fire a few hours after I entered. The horror of the scene is so stamped—branded would be more appropriate word—on my memory that I cannot bear to talk of it. I lost everything except the ulcer which was wrapped about me, and would have lost my life but for the brave fireman who broke my fall. Oh, no; I am not seriously injured," she continued in answer to his half spoken query, "though I have been ill ever since. It was such a shock, you know." By detest questioning he succeeded in making her say: "Yes, I lost my trunk. It was left at the station (I expected to go on a day or two), and the deposit ticket was destroyed with my pocketbook. Railway people are necessary particular about identifying luggage, and for weeks I was too ill to even remember it. Besides, I had only gone for a short outing, and it held nothing of much value, except some keepsakes that were dear to me."

A deep flush stole over her face at these words; he watched it for a delicious moment, and then gathered her up in his arms, exclaiming: "I will bring them back, if you will pay the reward I want."

"Then—or, rather, after he had tortured her impatience mercilessly—he told her of Fred's bargain, bought at auction. She begged for it, coaxed, pleaded, all in vain. He declared she could only have the little leather trunk as a wedding present. And a very happy wedding party it was, too.—Tit-Bits.

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Lady Whichels, tartly. "I am too angry to sit up; and to talk about it makes me feel worse. Good night."

But just after Miss Dornton's visit came to a termination she had had cause to feel worse still, for something horrible had happened. It began—Where did it begin? It started in the smoking room one evening; it culminated in Lady Whichels' dressing room at 9 o'clock on a ghastly morning when she was half dead with misery and sleep.

For ten days Bertie had been feeling less sure of himself than he had done. Opposition was the breath of life to him, and with the course of true love running smooth, he began to ask himself whether it was true love after all.

In the mean time the baronet's first impression of his brother's fiancée had been more than confirmed, and fickle on the young girl's part as it may look, she appeared to find more pleasure in Sir Philip's society than in Bertie's.

Well, one night when the brothers were alone together in the smoking room, the younger man unbosomed himself. He told the baronet that his engagement had been a mistake, and he wished to goodness that he had never blundered into it. Sir Philip, who had been mixing himself a whiskey and potato, dropped the glass, which shivered into fifty pieces in the Abbotsford stove. As a man not given to dropping things, the accident was noteworthy, and suggested that his nerves were not properly under control.

"You've had treated the girl damned badly," he said, sharply. "You think that I ought to marry her?" "I think that you oughtn't to have asked her if you weren't sure of yourself. What are you going to do?" "I'm going to jilt her," said Bertie, sulkingly. "I mean to make her believe that I don't fancy it will break her heart, either. I don't believe she likes me as much as she did, Philip."

"A good thing for her if she doesn't!" opined the other. "I dare say. Anyhow, she leaves us tomorrow morning, and I shall write to her a mistake and—and—that it had better end."

"If she wants a check, I dare say my mother—"

"Oh, don't be such a confounded young cad," exclaimed Philip. "A check?—You seem to have a very wonderful opinion of Miss Dornton. I wonder you don't marry her yourself."

"Perhaps I may, if I get the chance of asking her and she will have me," answered the baronet. "When you have written your elegant epistle let me know. Now I'm going to turn in."

It was on the morning of the next day that one that Sir Philip, who had spent the previous afternoon in London, disturbed his mother's repose in the fashion alluded to. He told her that he was going to be married. Lady Whichels, wrapped in a dressing gown, listened to him with athen cheeks.

"To Miss Dornton, yesterday. Bertie has jilted her, and I proposed yesterday. I don't suppose I'll be pleased, but she is the nicest girl I ever met in my life, and I mean to make her believe that I don't fancy it will break her heart, either. I don't believe she likes me as much as she did, Philip."

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BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.



DO NOT BE DECEIVED! With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorous, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when molten will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

- Liverpool, Dec. 3, by Rev. Z. L. Park, Edward W. Dery to Agnes M. Whyatt.
Yarmouth, Dec. 3, by Rev. J. H. Foshat, J. H. Harris to D. to May Reynolds.
St. George, Nov. 27, Rev. Ronald Smith, Charles Goodell to Margie E. Fraser.
Rockland, Nov. 26, by Rev. H. D. Jordan, Armistead to Alice.
Blackville, Dec. 3, by Rev. T. G. Johnston, David W. White to Lena McKenzie.
St. George, Nov. 25, by Rev. Ronald E. Smith, Charles Cox to Minnie Gillicie.
Scott's Village, Dec. 2, by Rev. Wm. W. Rees, Oliver Dodge to May Reynolds.
Halifax, Dec. 10, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Edward Maxwell to Ella Mackay.
Kemptville, Nov. 20, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Arthur Harburt to Winifred Norman.
Pleasant River, Nov. 21, by Rev. James Besse to Joseph O'Leary to Lillian Demos.
New Glasgow, Nov. 20, by Rev. Andrew Rogers, George Holmes to Hannah McKenzie.
East Pubnico, Nov. 14, by Rev. C. E. McLean, William Goodwin to Lillian O'Leary.
St. Mary's, Dec. 2, by Rev. George S. Payson, Robert McLachlan to Margie Gillicie.
Little River, N. S., Nov. 21, by Rev. C. F. Cooper, Herbert to Winifred Norman.
Mill Village, Nov. 20, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Annie Maud Wright to Charles A. Young.
Charlottetown, Dec. 5, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Nathaniel McCauley to Sarah Ann Bowen.
Lower Millstream, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. H. McLeod, Richard Redstone to Mrs. Julia Bennet.
Black River, Nov. 27, by Rev. J. Robertson, Charles B. McKenzie to Barbara B. McLaughlin.
Halifax, Dec. 5, by Rev. Foster Almon, Alexander White to the Kings relative to Lena Monk.
St. Stephen, Dec. 4, by Rev. A. McKenzie, Hector Murdoch to Albertus Isabel MacEwen.

DIED.

- Amherst, Dec. 4, Amos Page, 92.
Halifax, Dec. 4, William Hart, 63.
Acadia, Dec. 4, Eliza Trevis, 67.
Shelburne, Nov. 28, Frank Muir, 22.
Kentville, D. C. 2, Gideon Strong, 65.
Bay Road, Nov. 27, James Boyd, 61.
Caledonia, Nov. 26, Clarence Johnson, 2.
Rutledge, Nov. 27, Lewis Edwards, 29.
Beaconsport, Nov. 24, Eva Johnson, 48.
Caledonia, Nov. 25, Mary A. McLean, 48.
Martock, Nov. 29, Richard Hater, 74.
Bristol, Nov. 26, William Mahaffy, 51.
St. John, Dec. 7, William S. Brown, 73.
Windsor, Nov. 30, Charles P. Shaw, 59.
Woolville, Nov. 26, Annie Alderick, 49.
Kowloonville, Dec. 11, Annie Currie, 27.
Halifax, Nov. 26, Mrs. C. J. Wright, 67.
Beach Meadows, Dec. 6, Cecil Watts, 62.
Turtle Creek, Dec. 7, Jacob O'Brien, 65.
Blissville, Nov. 20, Richardson Webb, 61.
Richibucto, Dec. 2, John W. Harnett, 63.
Dutch Brook, Nov. 5, John McDonald, 47.
New York, Dec. 1, M. V. Edwards, 46.
Fabius, Dec. 2, Mrs. John Grant, 73.
West Junction, Nov. 27, Ursh Phillips, 60.
Yarmouth, Nov. 14, Capt. Norman Bent, 62.
Sable Head, Nov. 22, Mr. John Westwell, 75.
Acadia Mines, Nov. 17, Mrs. Mary Carey, 72.
Fox Brook, Nov. 27, Mrs. Donald McKay, 62.
Woodstock, Nov. 27, Mrs. Edward Nelson, 29.
Westville, Dec. 2, Jennie, wife of J. T. Loyd, 25.
Manchester, N. H. Nov. 12, Mrs. Henry Hall, 24.
Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 17, David R. Thomas, 74.
Sherwood Road, Dec. 1, Mrs. John Grant, 67.
St. John, Dec. 7, Elizabeth, wife of Robert Moore, 23.
Trenton, Nov. 29, Carrie, wife of Lyman O'Rourke.
New Glasgow, Dec. 2, Clarence, son of M. Muir, 51.
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dec. 12, Michael Hoban, 41.
Windsor, Nov. 30, Eliza, wife of Thomas Seymour, 49.
C. writes, Nov. 30, Lizzie B. wife of Wm. A. Cann, 35.
Caledonia, Dec. 3, Augusta J., widow of Lyander Hume.
Wickham, Dec. 5, Lavinia, widow of L. S. Vanwart, 45.
Smithton, N. S., Nov. 17, Mary, wife of Alfred Smith, 51.
Yarmouth, Dec. 1, Inez D. child of David and Mrs. Young, 2.
Beausville, Nov. 27, Allan P., child of Rev. J. K. Beausville, 2.
Cheverly, Dec. 1, Francis, widow of Capt. Jacob Foster, 63.
Maquill Lake, Nov. 25, Mary, widow of Solomon Deaton, 76.
Halifax, Dec. 2, Vincent, child of Mary A. and John McKay, 1.
Halifax, Nov. 29, Gertrude Z. daughter of Arthur and Minnie Davis.
Round Hill, Dec. 1, Mrs. Mary Nicholl, widow of William Nicholl, 77.
St. Stephen, Dec. 2, Alvin C. Bartlett, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bartlett, 11.
Robbess, Dec. 8, Ernest L. rne, son of Dr. W. A. and Elizabeth Fairweather, 16.
Gravelly Ferry, Nov. 24, William G. child of C. W. and Joie McMill, 15 months.
Windsor, Nov. 26, Florence B., daughter of Arthur and Phoebe McDonald, 7 weeks.
Dartmouth, Dec. 2, Elizabeth, daughter of Robert C. and Isabella Hartable.
Sprinkhill, N. B., Nov. 18, Lillian, child of James B. and Jane A. Jackson, 7 weeks.
Campbell report, Dec. 3, Jane, youngest daughter of the late Alexander and Jane McLeod.
Middle Musquodobuk, Nov. 6, Ronald C., son of Edgar and Marion Archibald, 9 months.

BORN.

- Halifax, Dec. 4, to the wife of C. A. Baker of a son.
Truro, Dec. 5, to the wife of J. W. Dams, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 1, to the wife of Matthew Miller, a son.
Truro, Dec. 4, to the wife of W. R. Campbell, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 4, to the wife of E. A. Barker, a son.
Truro, Nov. 28, to the wife of J. F. Crowell, a son.
McAdam, Nov. 26, to the wife of C. J. Taber, a son.
Campbell, D. C. 1, to the wife of Thomas West, a son.
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 29, to the wife of E. B. Olive, a son.
Freeston, Nov. 27, to the wife of Albert Thurber, a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 3, to the wife of Arthur Cook, a son.
Halifax, Dec. 6, to the wife of Thos. F. Conners, a son.
Riverdale, Nov. 24, to the wife of Edmund Earle, a son.
Shelburne, Nov. 25, to the wife of Lewis Ryer, a son.
Hantsport, Nov. 14, to the wife of Alex. Bailey, a son.
Overton, Nov. 27, to the wife of William A. Canny, a son.
Martock, Nov. 27, to the wife of William Muller, a daughter.
Halifax, Dec. 6, to the wife of James Stanhope, a daughter.
Grand Pra, Nov. 16, to the wife of A. Eagles, a daughter.
Shiles, Nov. 16, to the wife of Capt. John Patterson, a son.
Charlottetown, Dec. 5, to the wife of Stewart C. Moore, a son.
Margerville, Dec. 1, to the wife of Rev. Horace Dobbins, a son.
Yarmouth, Nov. 25, to the wife of Capt. Walter Lusk, a daughter.
Hutchinson, Mass., Nov. 20, to the wife of H. Walter Pookman, a daughter.
Pleasant Lake, Nov. 27, to the wife of Whitford Butterwell, a daughter.
Windsor Forks, Nov. 26, to the wife of Leslie Taylor, twins, boy and girl.
Richibucto, Nov. 27, to the wife of Captain Ruas Curwin, twins, boy and girl.
Tokio Japan, Oct. 12, to the wife of Rev. J. W. Wosman, formerly of Fredericton, a son.

What is "Orinoco"?

Ask your Tobacconist and Try it. You will be pleased.

MARRIED.

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Milton Nov. 26, by Elder E. Murray, Leah Ruskins to May Shanklin.
Caledonia, Nov. 20, by Rev. S. G. Davis, Nelson Eaton to Mary Hanson.
Truro, Nov. 23, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Walter C. Sumner to May Hattie.
Graton, Nov. 17, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Reuben Cousins to Mary Forrest.
Brookfield, Dec. 8, by Rev. C. McKay, Joseph Whalen to Maggie Grant.
North Sydney, Dec. 8, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Des can Bent to Anne Johnson.
Windsor, Dec. 4, by Rev. A. D. McCully, John A. Donald to Emma J. French.
East Noel, Nov. 28, by Rev. E. J. Satter, John A. McLaughlin to Ella Miller.
Halifax, Nov. 27, by Rev. Mr. Almon, James Albert Hill to Jeanette Hoop.

A DIPLOMATIC HASH.

Lady Whichels was thinking. A letter lay in her lap, and her correspondent was her son—not the baronet, but his brother Bertie—who has written to say that the meant to run down to see her the same evening.

BUSINESS LIKE ANTS.

They Display Great Intelligence in the Procurement of Work. T. T. Lovelace of this city, who recently returned from the intercontinental railway through Central and South America, says one of the most interesting things to be seen in the tropics is the leaf-carrying ants' which are found as far south as thirty-five degrees south latitude, which corresponds to the northern part of South Carolina in the United States.

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