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Courting of Dora Gray.

J. A. Tiffany in the Gray Goose.

He was only a poor devil of an artist; yet his imagination, unassisted, wouldn't have soared in a thousand years to the possibility of his marrying Dora Gray.

"Now, Henry," said Mrs. Dalton to me, about a year ago after she had brought these two people together, "something has got to be done. Things can't go on like this forever. Phil's talking of going to Europe six weeks from now to study the old masters, but, really, I believe, to get away from what he considers the hopeless object of his affections. The ninny! And Dora has declined three of the best matches in America during the last twelve months."

"Perhaps Dora doesn't intend to marry at all," I suggested.

"Well, now, you leave that to me. I intend that she shall marry Philip. I'm going to take her to the Bungalow next week—the first of June; and you're to follow in a day or two—when I've got things all ready—bringing Philip along with you. He's to stay with us for a month."

"The woods in June, Mrs. Dalton! Think of the flies! And how do you suppose I am to leave my practice for a month just now?"

But Mrs. Dalton over-ruled my objections, and I had to go.

The four of us had been settled at the Bungalow about ten days; and one lazy afternoon Rachel and I were sitting on the veranda watching Dora and Phil fishing, across near the point, a mile or so away.

"I declare I have no patience with the man," said Rachel. "What does he want? Does he think that Dora is going to get down on her knees and ask him to marry her?"

"Mary, dear," I said mildly, "in the first place, how do you know that he wants Dora at all?"

"Not want Dora. Why, I never heard of such a thing! Of course he wants Dora. How could a man help wanting Dora?"

"Well, then, how do you know that Dora wants him?"

"Never mind how I know what Dora wants. You don't suppose I've mothered the child since she was five years old without knowing something about her likes and dislikes, do you?"

Next morning at breakfast Phil remarked casually that he had been up for two or three hours, and had had a swim across to the point and back, besides rowing and walking exercise.

"Do you swim, Miss Gray?" he asked. Before replying, Dora looked me steadily in the eyes for several seconds, then turned to Archer and said:

"No—that is, I used to swim a little; but I don't think I could do anything in the water now. I am out of practice."

And she could have swum to the Point and back twice, then taken a ten mile walk over the mountains without feeling any great amount of fatigue. But I saw that I was expected to say nothing, and that, therefore, was the extent of my contribution to the conversation; but it was a hard thing to keep from laughing.

Dora seemed much preoccupied for the rest of the morning—like a woman who was trying to work out some difficult problem; but at lunch she appeared much brighter, and proposed to Phillip that they should have a canoe race in the afternoon.

"I'll take the open canoe," she said. "It's safe for a woman—with her skirts. You wouldn't lose your head, Mr. Archer, if you should happen to capsize in the covered canoe, as I should be apt to lose mine."

This was something else I couldn't under-

stand—why Dora should suddenly become afraid of a covered canoe. But, then—nobody was asking me to understand those things. I took my pipe and went off for a stroll by myself, leaving Mrs. Dalton to her afternoon nap.

Two hours later, as I was returning from my ramble over the hills, I caught sight of Dora.

Attired in a snowy white suit of flannels, she looked like a white swan on the water, so gracefully she moved along in her canoe. She was leading Archer by about four boat lengths, and they were headed for the Bungalow. I watched them for several minutes, and the distance between them didn't increase—yet. I know Dora could have paddled all around Phil at any stage of the race and then won easily. Seemed almost as if she were keeping at just that distance to dazzle the man by the beauty of her form and the grace of her movements.

"What's coming now?" I asked myself, as Dora suddenly displayed symptoms of fatigue and allowed Phil to shoot ahead. She didn't know that I was watching her, and as soon as she was out of Phil's sight, she deliberately moved in her seat and upset the canoe.

"Help! Help!" she called and then went under.

Of course, you know, Dora couldn't swim—she said so herself, and Phil rescued her—saved her life. I saw it; but it didn't cause me any "thrills," because I'm satisfied that, so far as Dora was concerned, it was a put up job.

After dinner they went out for a long walk on the beach. There's a long strip of sand, some six feet wide and extending about a mile to the east from the Bungalow. That's what we call the beach. I don't know whether Phil and Dora walked on this particular patch of earth, in the full light of the moon all that evening; but they were out until very late. And Mrs. Dalton seemed particularly happy at their absence. She hummed and sang snatches of songs at intervals; and once she said, looking up from her darning:

"I do hope they'll come to an understanding tonight, Henry."

When the young people did come in, Rachel looked at Dora and made a note of interrogation with her eyebrows, to which Dora replied with a shake of the head, and Rachel scowled fearfully at the unconscious Phil, whose back was turned to her at the moment.

Another ten days went by and things apparently were in the same position as they had been for six months, when one evening, about half an hour before dinner time, Dora came running into the big living room, where Rachel was engaged in her everlasting darning. I was in the little retiring room adjoining, and I heard Rachel say:

"Oh you darling. He did?"

And Dora's answer seemed to be a kiss.

"How do you do it?" Rachel asked.

"Aunt Rachel."

"Well, my dear, I mean how did it happen?"

"We were some way up the ravine, looking for maiden hair fern, when I had the misfortune to step on a moss covered stone and fell. Mr. Archer was very much concerned."

"I am afraid I have sprained my ankle," I said very quietly. "Would you be kind enough to go to the house and ask Uncle Harry to send Otto and Pompey with a stretcher—they can bring one of the little canvas cots."

"But he wouldn't hear of that."

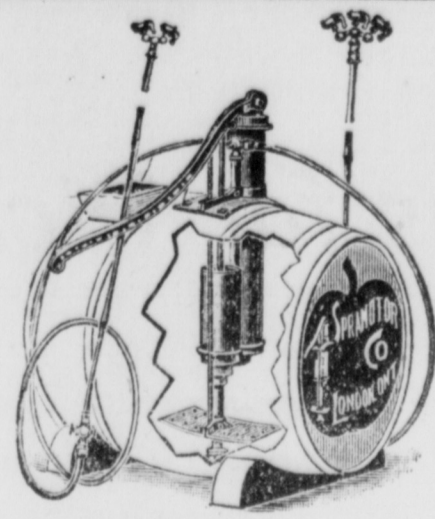
"Really, Miss Grey," he said, "that would be the worst thing possible for you. If you should sit here and wait, until I could get back with help, your ankle would get stiff; and then it might be weeks before it would be better. Now, if you will only make up your mind to endure some pain—it may be severe—it will be much better for you to keep moving."

"But I cannot walk at all," I objected:

"I think you could if you would allow me to help you," he said.

"I shall need a great deal of help," I said, as he assisted me to rise.

"And then—well, he made me put my



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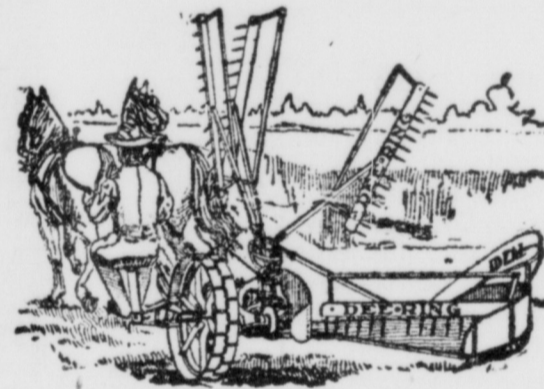
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arm around his neck, and he put his arm around my—my—my—well, where would he put it, you know, and we started slowly for the house.

"I am afraid you will find me very heavy," I said.

"No—just a nice weight," he said. "But it is a long way to the cottage," I remarked.

"I wish it were ten miles instead of one," said Mr. Archer.

"Do you think you could support me so long?" I asked him, quiet innocently—meaning, of course, could he support my weight.

"But dear me. He took it in a different sense altogether. And, well—that's all. He did."

"He proposed?" Rachel asked.

"Yes," was Dora's scarcely audible reply.

"And you?"

"Well—what could I do, with the gentleman holding me so tight—a gentleman, too, who had saved my life only a few days ago."

"And where is he now?"

"Philip? Oh, that's the funniest part of the whole thing. You know he helped me home and up on to the veranda, where I sat down in one of the big rocking chairs, and when Phil was satisfied that he had made me perfectly comfortable, he said:

"Oh, by the way, Miss Gray—Dora. There's one thing I think we forgot—mayn't I kiss you?"

"Well, I looked up after a second or two, and he stooped over and—well, did it. Then, do you know, he took to his heels and disappeared round the side of the house, as if a policeman were after him."

"Congratulations, Dora," I said, coming out of my den at this moment.

"Oh, you nasty, mean old man. You've been listening to everything I said." Dora exclaimed, stopping in the middle of a Highland fling that she was dancing for Mrs. Dalton's delectation.

"Don't mind me, dear," I said. "I am discretion itself. But, tell me—which ankle was it that you sprained?"

"Oh, ah—that's so," said Dora. "I had forgotten," and she limped off to her room to get ready for dinner.

In The Supreme Court In Equity.

Between Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, Plaintiff, and Robert B. Atkinson Defendant.

Take notice that, under and by virtue of a Decree of Foreclosure and Sale in above cause, made by Mr. Justice Barker, Judge in Equity, on the tenth day of July A. D. 1906, there will be sold at Public Auction, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the County of Carleton, in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on Thursday the eleventh day of October A. D. 1906, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the following described lands and premises, namely— "All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Kent in the County of Carleton and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a marked cedar stake on the bounds of the road leading from Allen McLean's to Joseph Curtis's place or dwelling and adjoining lands occupied by Charles Dyer; thence running southerly within six inches of Charles Dyer's barn to a marked birch tree, or stump standing on the side hill, six feet from the foot of said side hill, thence running along side hill easterly six feet from the foot or bottom of said side hill, until it strikes the above mentioned road; thence westerly along said road to the place of beginning, and being the same land and premises conveyed by Ramsford Giberson and wife to the late Dr. J. G. Atkinson by Deed dated the twenty sixth day of April A. D. 1901, and being the same land conveyed to the said Robert B. Atkinson by Cassie C. Rogers and Sankey K. Rogers, her husband by deed bearing date the ninth day of May A. D. 1904, and recorded in the Records of the said County of Carleton in Book J. Number Four, on page 449 and 450, together with all the buildings, and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging. At which sale all parties have leave to bid.

Dated this second day of August A. D. 1906.
THANE M. JONES,
Referee in Equity.

H. H. PICKETT
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Aug. 8-Oct. 10.



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