# PROGRESS, SATURDAY JUNE 10, 1893.

## TAMING A SHREW.

16

1 remember him passing backward and forward between his room and chapel at college. There was the same serious, injured look-a look in which, to those who knew him best, who understood his eccentric views and absurd methods, there was something comical.

He had been devoted to the stage. When a new company came to Cambridge he would be found among its audience from the first to the last. He would rather see a bad play than no play at all, and when he was not at the theatre he read plays.

Notwithstanding all his peculiarities, all ot his set loved him. He was kind-hearted, impulsive, generous. His face was a mirror for his feelings, and no one saw it reflect aught except what was genuine. This was the man I had parted from five years before.

Now he was a new man-a new manand yet the same old Peter Brown. He was married. He had just entertained me at dinner. The wife, a decided-looking little woman, sat at the board, plainly its mistress. There was no wine, and when we left the table we left it altogether and without a suspicion of the odor of tobacco.

We had chatted perhaps half an hour in pointed. the drawing-room, when Peter rose and, signaling me to follow him, led the way up three flights of stairs to a little chamber with one window. All the furniture it concupboard hanging against the wall. The door closed, Peter drew a long sigh.

out a bottle, some glasses and a box of cigars.

"Come, Peter," I said, lighting a weed he gave me and throwing myselt back in at your father's. the cushions, "tell me all about it." "About what?"

"I see that conviviality is restricted in

your house. I am curious to know why." His expression was very sad. "Madam objects ?" I queried

"Madam objects."

He cast a rueful glance around the a-

partment.

"And, like a good husband, you submit." "Yes, I submit."

"And gracefully ?"

There was some hesitation. "My submission was not exactly graceful, originally.

"Well, tell me about it."

He lit his cigar and began to relate an attempt which for originality and ingenuity had never been equalled by any of his extremely remarkable freaks while in college.

but it took a terrible experience to cure courage, I returned to my work.

home. My wife sat opposite me, looking so pretty, so exceptionally good-natured, that my heart almost failed me. After all, wouldn't it be better to wait until she should provoke me?

"We sat down to our first dinner at

"No; I had laid the plan and I would carry it out. All our future depended upon

joint. I took up the carving knife and sharpened it on the steel savagely. My heart beat like a kettledrum. Somehow it struck me that I was about to make a fool of myself; but I thought again of all that was at stake, and began my training.

" 'Jane. I burst out, addressing the servant, 'what's the matter with this meat?" "'Nothing, that I know of,' Jane ans-

wered, opening her eyes. "'The meat is burnt,' I exclaimed feigning anger which I didn't feel. 'Take it awav.

"To say that my wife was astonished wouldn't alone indicate her feelings or her appearance. She turned deadly pale. "Take it away,' I repeated.

"By this time my wife had partially recovered her equanimity. I expected every moment to feel the decoration of fragmenary glass about my brow. I was disap-

"' 'Take it away, Jane,' she said in a soft

"I was delighted. It was plain she had seen an evidence of will power that she tained were two easy chairs, a table and a daren't oppose. With difficulty controlling my agitation, I rose from the table. My wife tollowed me into the drawing room. Then he went to the cupboard and took I passed on into the hall and, taking my hat and stick, turned toward her and said : "'I am going out. I will return at eight. We will then keep our engagement

"She stood looking at me, her face be-

tokening alternative wonder and amusement, with an occasional shade of anxiety. Then there came a sudden spasmodic little laugh, followed by as I delayed a moment the storm would have burst. But I didn't delay. I went out and shut the door after me.

I went directly to my club. Taking my old seat in the dining room I ordered a good dinner and a bottle of wine. I felt that thus far all had gone as well as could be expected. The ball was opened. My wife was at home and no dinner. I was at the club, with plenty to eat and a bottle of excellent Margaux.

"By the time I had drained the last glass I felt quite equal to the remainder of the ordeal before me, and resolved firmly not to depart one iota from my model Petruchio. "You remember how fond I used to be Having finished my dinner and tossed off a at least take off the obnoxious hat and lay

"I took my hat and went to the club and dined there. I sat alone at my table thinking over the situation.

"I went home at twelve o'clock midnight, I was tired and sleepy, but purpose-ly delayed so that my wife might have time

to think-to arrive at the conclusion that she must sooner or later come to me "vanit. The servant placed before me a smoking quished and beg for terms. Then I proposed to take her to my arms, explain my strange conduct, and bid her be a dutiful wife, whereupon all such evidence of my displeasure would be avoided in future.

"When I went upstairs I found our bedroom door locked and bolted. I had especially arranged it myself for safety against burglars, and knew I couldn't force it. I must beg to be let in or stay out. The former would be fatal; the latter I did. I went to another room, it was locked. I tried another and another; all were locked. "I aroused the servants and demanded the keys. They were all in madam's possession. I went into the library. I had turned out the lights when I went up, and it was pitchy dark. I stumbled over the coal skuttle and fell, striking my head on a sharp corner of the mantel-piece. Throwing myself on a sofa, I caught the flow of blood in my handkerchief. I lay awake all night and tell asleep after daylight.

"I was awakened by my wife in the morning opening the library windows. I saw the bloody handkerchief lying cn the floor, and caught it up in time to prevent her preceiving it.

"'Did you rest well, my dear ?" she asked.

"There was a modulation in her voice which I dreaded more than harshness. It maddened me. I was really angry now, and it required no acting to play my part. Without noticing her I arose and went up-stairs and made my toilet. Then I passed down and out of the house to get my breakfast at the club.

"As I sat eating my chop, and sipping my coffee, I made up my mind that before sudden a flash of lighting in the eye. Had | the day was over I must either conquer or be conquered. When I went home to dinner I resolved to take advantage of any excuse to be violent, and be as violent as possible. As I opened the front door with my latch key I saw my wife standing in the parlor. She had been out, and had not yet removed her hat or gloves. I remembered Petruchio's attack on his wife's cap. Here was my chance.

"What have you got on your head ?" asked harshly.

- " 'My bonnet, dear."
- " 'It doesn't become you."

"I confidently hoped that, to avert the storm she must see was brewing she would of the theatre? Well, I've got over that, glass of brandy to put a capper on my it on the table. She did no such thing, but stood regarding me with the same mute wonder as during my former efforts. "Again and again I demanded the hat's removal, but received nothing in reply but not feel, I raised my stick, and, sweeping it sideway, laid the hat, a mass of velvet and feathers, without form and void, at the

" I groaned, ' I promise.' "Second, no wine on our table ever." " 'I promise.'

"'Third, no smoking below the third story. "'Thank heaven, that's three. I prom-

151 'Now, my dear, if I let you out, will you be good and not do so any more?' O'G'Open the door; I've had enough of this nonsense.

"She turned the key. I stepped out and she threw her arms about my neck and covered my face with kisses. This was the

end of my playing Petruchio." "Peter." I asked, after he had finished, 'Is this the room of your confinement?" "Yes. It was stipulated at the time that I was to be afterward free only here."

"Your effort was not very wise." "Not wise?" he asked, much hurt at the remark. "Then what has the world for two centuries seen in "The Taming of the Shrew" to admire? Was Petruchio a fool?" "I give it up."

### RATS ABOARD SHIP.

How They Get There and Some of Their Sagacious Actions.

The habit of rats in leaving a sinking ship is well known, and has given us the phrase "to rat," often applied to a politician who leaves his party when it shows signs of foundering says an English writer. do not know that there is anything particularly elever about the rats that do this, though it is laid to their sagacity as though they had a fore-knowledge of the disaster. The fact is they get intimation before anyone else that the ship is sinking. They frequent the bottom of the ship, live next its outside skin, and as soon as water begins to come in, they are of course driven out of their haunts.

It used to puzzle me how it was that rats got into ships and infested them to such an extent-all ships are more or less infested with them. A visit to the Surrey Commercial Docks solved this puzzle. There saw a rat running out from the quay side on one of the cables to a boat. This is how they get aboard in the first instance : and, once there, they find plenty of crevices to take refuge in, and have then little else to do but breed.

I next had a conversation with a sailor about ships' rats and how they got rid of them. He remembered being on an old hulk that was so overrun with rats that on discharging the cargo abroad, it was deemed unsate to venture home again until they had cleared the rats out.

This is how they did it. They pasted strips of paper over every seam in the ship, and otherwise made its inside air-tight. Then they battened down the holds, after lightening coke fires in them. When the coke was deemed to have done its work Halifax, May 31, Sophia Crane, 18. and the hatches were opened, an extraor-Gore, N. S., May 28, Mr. Kilcup, 81. dinary sight met them. Yarmouth, May 30, Deborah Covill. All round and facing the coke fires were thousands of rats. They sat as if they Halifax, May 31, David Thomas, 68. Halifax, June 2, George Burgess, 40. were alive, with their noses pointing straight Deer Island, May 21, Leola Conly, 1. to the fires. Sometimes even this course St. John, June 1, George Rennick, 70. has failed to rid a ship of rats, and it has Arlington, May 26, Isaac Slocomb, 56. Halifax, May 30, Mrs. Mary York, 85. had to be sunk. Another sailor told me a remarkable Halifax, June 5, Charles A. Cooper, 54. Halifax, June 8, Margaret McAllister. story. Of course, sailors are reputed to be able to spin yarns; still I do not doubt Wolfville, May 25, William Wallace, 66. Lower La Have, May 26, Henry Heisler. this, in the light of what I have myself seen rats do. In a corner of the ship was a box Tusket, N. S., May 27, Evelyn Wood, 47. Fredericton, May 28, John Morrison, 72. of biscuits open, so that anyone in passing might take one if needed. It was about a Truro, June 1, Rev. R O. B. Johnson, 59. Freeport, N. S., May 27, B. R. Haines, 86. toot and a half high. As they went on Windsor, N. S., May 31, Louisa Duffet, 23. their voyage the biscuits, of course, got lower down inside the box. One day, when all was quiet on deck. he saw a few rats at the box, and thought he would watch their game. Ships' biscuits are pretty big and heavier than a rat can carry. Two rats jumped up on the edge of the box, leaving their tails hanging over the outside. They then, with their hind feet still on the edge of the box, dipped inside and seized one and the same biscuit. When they had got hold of it, the others began to haul away at their tails, and so helped them up with the biscuit, which fell outside the box. At this all the rats ran away and disappeared. Stealthily, however, they again assembled round the biscuit. Two lay down at opposite sides of the biscuit and took each a side of it between their paws. The oth-ers then pulled them, thus holding the prize, by their tails. It was pushed ultimately over the edge of the deck into a hole, and then the rats went below to nibble it in safety and teed their young with the

## MARRIED.

Pictou, N. S., June 1, William Cummings to Lisetta Coverdale, N.S., May 24, Evaline Steeves to Millage

Crossman St.. John, June 6, by Rev. G. O. Gates, E. S. Gifford

to May Titus. Berwick, N. S., May 24, by Rev. J. Craig, Norman Layte to Martha Best.

Gibson, N. B., May 24, by Rev. Isaac Howie, Wm. Bradley to Lititia Snider.

Hardwick, N. B., by Rev. J. Robertson, James Polly to Catherine Noble.

Truro, N. S., June 1, by Rev. J. D. Cumane, Wm. Frizzle to Ellen Murpby.

Moncton, June 1, by Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, Clarence Crossman to Sadie Sheridan.

Kennetook, May 25, by Rev. D. Fraser, Baxter Faulkner to Emeline Sniger.

Roger's Hill, N. S., May 24, by Rev. J. A. Cairns Hugh Munro to Ida McKean.

Black River, N. S., May 31, by Rev. J. Robertson, George Adams to Josie Finno.

Little River, N. S., May 24, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, John S. Cook to Lissa Newell.

Weymouth, N S., June 1, by Rev. John Williams, William Shrader to Ada Boyde.

Pubnico Head, N.S., May 24, by Rev. J. L. Smith, Adelbert Trefry to Effic Taylor. Shubenacadie, N. S., June 3, by Rev John Murray, James Fenton to Agnes Withrow.

Point St. Charles, N. S., May 28, by Rev. Mr. Ker, Eugen Pearce to Emily Fleming.

Lakeville, N. S., May 23, by Rev. F. S. Coffin, Herbert Skinner to Lillie Bligh.

Doaktown, N. B., May 24, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Jas. O. Donal 1 to Annie Himes.

Evergreen, N. S., May 24, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Hamilton Parks to Ruby Downie.

Hartland, N. B., May 23, by Rev. S. Charles Stewart to Phoebe Hallet. Shaw,

Granville Ferry, N.S., June 1, by Rev. Isa Wallace, William Wallace to Alice Young.

Argyle Sound, N. S., May 30, by Rev. A. F. Brown, George Turner to Annie Goodwin.

Blackville, N. B., May 22, by Rev. T. G. Johnstone, Herbert Holt to Glornnah Mitchell.

Kentville, N. S., May 31, by Rev. W. P. Begg, Monson Pratt to Maude Robinson.

Yarmouth, N. S., June 1, by Rev. G. R. William Crowell to Maggie Rogers.

Dorchester Cape, N. B., May 30, by Rev. Charles Lawson, Rufus Stiles to Bessie Cole.

Fairville, N. B., May 30, by Rev. D. Chapman, Walter Edwards to Louisa Stenwick.

Gagetown, N. B., June 1, by Rev. A. C. Dennis, Herbert Lindsay to Nellie Kimball. Windsor, N. S., May 29, by Rev. P. A. MacEwen,

George Ashton to Bessie Armstrong.

Lower Musquodohoit, N. S., May 30, by Rev. R Smith, William Wise to Annie Brown.

Carleton, N. B., June 4 by Rev. R. W. Hudgell, Daniel Dougherty Watters to Alice Lord.

Florenceville, N. B., May 24, by Rev. A. H. Hay ward, George Arnold to Annie McKenzie. Melvern Square, N. S., May 23, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Dan el M. Outhit to Annie Morse.

Kingston, Kent, Co. N. B., June 1, by Rev Wm. Hamilton, Alex. McCalder to Nora McEachurn.

Florenceville, N. B., May 24, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, George Arnold to Annie McKenzie. Waterborough, Queens Co., N. B., May 31, by Rev. R. W. J. Clements, Kelcy Wood to Gracie

Barton.

## DIED.

Goodwood, N. S., Peter Toler, 76. adstock Rev. E. Garretty 81

Stack. 5.

4 months

Muir, 69

Innis, 10.

ora Cotter.

Houghton

Buchanan

Moody, 34.

Ida Vidi

Carroll, 25

Murray, 30

Wheten, 67

Leaves St. John, East (per Ferry) 1.24 p. m. Arrives St. Stephen, 6.15 p. m. Leaves St. Stephen, 7.00 a. m. Arrives St. John, West, 11.25 a. m. EASTFRN STANDARD TIME. Baggage and freight received and delivered at Moulson's, Water Street; also delivered in St.

RAILWAYS.

Shore Line Railway.

ST. JOHN to ST. STEPHEN.

Shortest, Quickest, and Cheapest Route.

EXPRESS TRAIN

Stephen free of charge. City Ticket Office, GEORGE PHILPS, 97 Prince Wm. St.

# YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS R'Y.

#### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Thursday, June 1st. 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: **LEAVE YARMOUTH**—Express daily at 8.10 a. 12.10 p. m; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wed. nesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Weymouth at 4.32 p. m. **LEAVE ANNAPOLIS**—Express daily at 12.25 p. M. Jarrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p.m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thurs-day and Saturday at 5.50 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH -Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.13 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.

11.15 a.m. **CONNECTIONS**—At Annapolis with trains of way. At Digby with City of Monticello for St. John every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, and from St. John every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evenings; and from Bos-ton every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor

Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Winds and Annapolis Railway. J. BRIGNELL

Intercolonial Railway.

1892-WINTER ARRANGEMENT-1893.

On and after Monday, the 17th day of Oct.,

daily -- Sunday excepted -- as follows :

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou

Express for Sussex.....

Through Express for Point du Chene, Que-

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN :** 

and Halifax.....

Express for Halifax..... 13.30

bec. Montreal and Chicago..... 16.55.

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains

leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00

1892, the Trains of this Railway will run

Yarmouth, N.S.

J. BRIGNELL,

General Superintendent

16.30

me. Of all the plays ever put on the stage my favorite used to be 'The Taming of the curing his wife's temper, by feigning to be more violent than she, was a model of cleverness; and before I was old enough round. to have a wife I vowed that, if she should be a shrew, I would be a Petruchio.

"I first met my wife at a tennis party. She was my partner, and looked very pretty in a loose tennis jacket, a striped skift, and a jaunty cap.

"With me it was one of those cases when a man's heart flies right out of his bosom like a tennis-ball from a racket, and lights on the girl. We played very well together, and were neck and neck with our onponents near the end of the game, when a fault was served to my partner, which she dicting such an astronomical prodigy. Of sent back.

" 'That's a fault !' I exclaimed.

" 'What do you mean ?' she asked, sharply.

"''It fell out of the court.' " 'No such thing."

" 'I beg pardon,' I replied, politely ; "it looked so to me.'

" 'I'll be obliged if you'll play your own game, and let me play mine, she returned, father's house. We were received with angrily.

"'' 'I beg pardon,' I said, apologetieally, and the game went on.

"There was something about the barefaced assurance and dictatorial manner of the proceeding that attracted my attention. Somehow I became dazzled by the girl's angry eyes. I could see nothing but a pretty face, a petite figure, a striped skirt, zing about my thoughts like a bumble-bee among the hollyhocks.

I secured an introduction to her father's everything I had said; tound myselt cut dishes. a few days later; apologized for something I had not done; tried in every way I could think of to please her, and finally found myself madly in love with a girl who promised, if I should win her, to make my life a pandemonium.

I went on a trip, to be gone a month, to son-in.law who 'languished under such a of hostilities. theatrical drawl.' That settled it. I was accepted.

her unless he could break her. But could down and read over "The Taming of the Shrew," for the hundreth time. I noticed that Petruchio first got the lady into his power, and then commenced his training. I resolved to be married at once.

The next day I went to my lady-love and told her that, owing to business engagements which would require my absence, it would be impossible for me to claim her within a year. She informed me that unless I could find it convenient to claim her the next week I could look elsewhere for a partner. I had scored one point. I accepted the terms and we were married.

"' 'I want to ask you, she continued pres-Lyons, a daughter. wonder. Was it fear or anger that first ently, ' if you are convicted of the folly of Tiverton, N. S., May 23, to the Halifax, May 28, William, antly, for I determined not to cross her in anything, waiting till we should be com- blanched her cheek, and then flushed it hot Hannah Zong, 10 months. house, a daughter. Charlottetown, P. E. I., Edith Pauline, daughter of Well Dressed, your proceedings ?" as fire? I shuddered at the first word she. Berwick, N. S., May 23, to the wife of Miner S. Pelton, a daughter. fortably settled at home in the house her John and Annie Garrick, 8. "Well-yes. I think I can say that I fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtlessly and indiffer-ently, clothed. would speak. But it was not spoken. Sheet Harbor, N. S, May 28, Rachel daughter of John and Joan McLean, 22. father had given her in the same street in Shediac, N. B., May 24, to th am, rather.' Beckoning to the dressmaker to follow her, which he lived, and only a few yards away. " 'And you won't do so any more ?" Poirier, a daughter Then I proposed to commence a modern she strode out of the room, and passing Sydney, C. B., May 27. John James, infant son of Allan and Annie McDonald. Hillsboro, N. B., May 22, Steeves, a daughter. "'Not during my present happy alliance into the adjoining chamber locked the door. Newest Designs, instance of the taming of the shrew. Yarmouth, May 24, of inflammation of lungs, Morris, son of late John McCabe, 19. "I descended to the dining room. It Hi'lsburn, N. S., May 28, to the wife of Manasseh Halliday, twin boys. with you.' "The honeymoon ended and we arrived at home. I had engaged the cook myself, " 'That's very sweet of you. And you'll was dinner time and I was very hungry. I Latest Patterns. Newport, R. I., May 14, John Francis, second son of A. L. and Abbie Flaherty, 8. attend to your business and let me manage Tiverton, N. S., May 21, to the wife of Outbouse, a daughter. and by promising a large reward had sewaited for an hour for my wife to come the house ?" St. Peters, C. B., May 26, Matilda, daughter of Edward and Mary Lafford, 26. down and dine. I waited in vain. At last Dorchester, N. B., May 21, to the wife of Hon. A. D. Richard, a daughter. cured her to my plan. it was understood A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, " .Yes.' that she was not to give my wife food with-I resolved to dine alone. Cape Negro Island, N. S., May 29, Elodie Gladys, daughter of Charles and Sarah Doane, 2. ". Now promise me three things." Weymouth Bridge, N.S., May 29, Jer. McLaughlin, a son. "Get me a bottle of wine, Jane," I said 64 Germain Street. out my permission. I didn't rely much on " . What are they ?" St. John, June 4, of acute bronchitis, Mildred, daughter of Rose and H.S. Dunlavey, 10 months this part of the programme-to starve her to the maid. "'First, to go with me to church regul-(1st door south of Kings.) Point St. Charles, N. S., May 29, to Philip Malone, a daughter. "Madam has it under lock and key, into submission-but I thought I'd try it arly.' sir.' with the others.

"I was surprised to find my wife quite calm. She was ready to go with me to her Shrew.' To me Petruchio's method of father's. She quietly took my arm and we walked slowly up the street. The full a cold stare. At last, giving way to all moon, rising, stood in the east, large and the violence I felt, and a good deal I did " 'How large the moon looks,' she re-

marked. 'It is full to-night, I think," "'The moon ?'

"Yes, the moon." I said the moon.' "' It's the sun. The moon never shines at this time of day.

conviction.

" ' I tell you that's the sun,' I blustered. Do you mean to contradict me?'

"There was an ominous pause.

"" Oh. no: I wouldn't think of contra-

course it's the sun.' Her tone made me shudder.

". 'Then I say it's the moon.'

" 'Do you? I knew when I married you that you weren't clever, but I supposed you could at least tell the sun from the moon.'

"The conversation terminated at this point. I was not getting on, and was glad

when, a few minutes later, we reached her open arms, of course. 'How well you both look !' and ' Do you find everything com-fortable at home?' and 'Was the dinner nicely served?' 'You must be like two kittens on a feather pillow.' I think this last remark, made by Mrs. Brown's little brother, contained a trace of irony.

"Two cats, I thought.

"No sooner were their greetings over, and a jaunty cap. 1 went away from the tennis party with the little termagant buz-round, when my wife and her mother disappeared.

... What's that?' I asked myself.

"From the dining-room, separated from house; quarrelled with her at my first call; where we were only by a door, I heard my made it up on the second by retracting wife's voice mingling with the clatter of

"I leaned back in my chair, a trifle discouraged. The starvation part of my plan was surely a failure. But then I hadn't counted much on that.

" Mrs. Brown spent the whole evening in the dining-room, and then sent me word that she would remain all night with her try and forget her, but returned in a week mother. This was an avenue that I had thoroughly convinced that I couldn't get on not thought of, I winced. There was nowithout her. I proposed. She would prob- thing for me to do but to go home alone. ably have refused me had not her father I did so and went to bed-less hopeful told her that he wouldn't have a man for a that I had been since the commencement

"The next evening, when I returned from business, I found my wife at home

There was now nothing for me but a life and in the hands of a dressmaker. She of misery, with a stubborn, quarrelsome had been provided with an elaborate trouswoman. No man could live in peace with seau; but one dress, designed to be worn on her reception days, had been left un-1 do this? I thought of Petruchic, and sat finished. She was standing before the mirror in the gown, the skirt of which the dressmaker was arranging to hang more evenly. I advanced and took the fabric between my thumb and finger.

" What rotten stuff is this ?' I asked.

... It's silk, sir,' faltered the dressmaker. " Silk? This silk?"

" Costly silk, sir."

"It's a base imitation. A mixture of

poor silk and cotton. And this ?' " ' Lace, sir.'

... Do you tell me this is lace ? My wife shall wear no such stuff. She must be dressed as becomes her matchless beauty.'

Halifax, June 4. Mary Ann, wife of the late Nicholas' O'Rourke 94. "My wife stood staring at me in nute | to release you yet." We went through the honeymoon pleas-

other end of the room. "What followed was so sudden, so unexpected, so singular, that I never could distinctly remember how it occurred. At " Oh-- is it?" Her tone didn't imply any rate, at a call from my wife, two men entered from another room and seized me by the arms. One was my brother, and the other my wife's cousin.

" "What does this mean ?" I asked, dumfounded.

" 'Take him to the next third-story back room,' my wife said calmly to my captors. We will keep him there till we know how the disease turns. If he isn't better tomorrow we shall hav' to send him to an asylum.'

"Heavens! She thought I was insane. "'My dear-' I cried.

"'Take him away."

"' 'My dea, you don't mean-Arthur-Tom-

"'Don't mind what he says, he's not responsible.

"By this time I was at the first landing. I struggled; but it was of no avail. My captors were both strong men, and carried me to the third story.

"Go in there,' said one of them, pushing me into the room, from which every article of furniture had been removed. ' You can't hurt yourselt there. Stop, let me search you.' He took my pocket knife to make sure I could do myself no injury with it; and then shut the door and locked it from the outside.

"Locked up for a lunatic in my own house, and by my own bride!

"I passed three hours in a state of intense mortification and disappointment, and three hours more in despondency and repentance. I began to get hungry. Nothing since lunch, and it was now 11 P. M. I peeped through the keyhole and saw my wife's cousin guarding me.

"' I want something to eat,' I called. "' No orders for it,' he replied.

"Great heavens! was my wife going to starve me? I ran over my conduct toward her since we had returned from our wedding

"Call Mrs. Brown,' I called to my

"A light step was on the staircase, a quiet but determined voice to the attendant. You may go now, Arthur ; much obliged.' Then the same voice to me :

... What is it, dear?'

"' I've had enough of this,' I replied

- gruffly. " ' Are you better?'
- " ' I haven't been ill."

"'You seem more rational. I do hope you won't have another attack.

" 'Come, come,' I said, trying to assume

a trifle of unconcern. 'Let's have no more tooling." "'I am not quite sure it would be sate

BORN.

crumbs.

Pictou, N. S., to the wife of A. C. Oliver, a son. Alma, May 20, to the wife of W. Archibald, a son. St. John, May 31, to the wife of Fred. Barr, a son. St. John, June 3, to the wife of R. D. Clarke, a son. St. John. June 6, to the wife of E. A. Powers, a son. Moncton, June 1, to the wife of Thomas Hartin, a Halifax, June 2, to the wife of F. W. W. Doane, a Parrsboro, May 26, to the wife of John D. Smith, a Berwick, N. S., May 28, to the wife of S. J. Nichols, St. Andrews, May 26, of consumption, Dorothea Sussex, N. B., May 27, to the wife of R. D. Hanson, the reducing influence of an empty stomach Bayfield, May 24, to the wife of C. L. McLeod, a St. John, June 3, Agnes Ann, wife of William Mcdaughter. Young's Cove, Grand Manan, June 1, William Shediac Road, N. B., June 5, to the wife of Albert Lutz, a son Clementsvale, N. S., May 25, of cancer, Zacchues Dartmouth, N.S., June 1, to the wife of John Welsh, a daughter. Welsford, N. S., May 28, to the wife of H. H. Kinsman, a son Hillsboro, N. B., May 15, to the wife of Samuel West, a son New Tusket, N. S., May 28, to the wife of G. W. Prince, a so Hillsboro, N. B., May 22, to the wife of Wm. E. Steeves, a son Dartmouth, N. S., May 29, to the wife of Walter Faulkner, a son. Halifax, N. S., May 26, to the wife of Watson Vidito, twin daughters Parrsboro, May 24, to the wife of Capt. John Llewelyn, a son

Canard, N. S., May 25, to the wile of James E of Terence McSorley. MeGowan, a se Pubnico Head, N. S., May 24, of paralysis of brain, Thomas W. Jones, 75. Salmon River, N. S., May 26, to the wife of Samuel Libbo, a daughter.

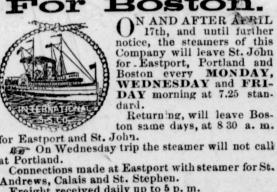
Waterville, N. S., May 26, to the wife of Twining

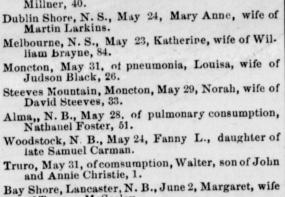


and other points on the river. Will leave Hampton Wharf the same days at 5.30 a. m. for St. John and intervening points. R. G. EARLE, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. Three Trips a Week,

### For Boston.





ton same days, at 8 30 a. m

at Portland.

Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.



trip, and remembered with horror my efforts to starve her. " It took me just one hour more under

to make up my mind to capitulate.

keeper. I heard him pass the word to the maid below.