

PROPOSING BY PROXY.

There was no use in trying to deceive herself any longer, Miss Seaforth was actually in love. It is true that for some time her mind had not been in its usual composed state. She took no interest in her former pursuits and no pleasure in her former pastimes. She had excused herself for this, saying it was the hot weather, or over work or what-not, that made her restless and dissatisfied, being unwilling to admit that at her time of life she could be affected by any affair of the heart.

However, such an admission she was forced to make by this incident. Having retired to her room for the night, Miss Seaforth had seated herself by the open window to enjoy the beauty of a moonless but not dark night. Faintly, from far down the road there came the sound of a horseman advancing. When he came nearer Miss Seaforth recognized the tall form of the rider, and she buried her face in the curtain, and her breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"Was not that proof positive? Would any woman, young or old, act in that way at the mere sight of a man, unless she were in love with him? It was surely enough to convince even the skeptical Miss Seaforth, but she did not analyze her condition just then. Instead, she sat for a long time by the window dreaming a dream of love and home, such as she had not dreamed for years. At last the clock aroused her by striking twelve.

"Katie, my dear," she said to herself, "I'm ashamed of you; you who have been an old maid these ten years, to be building air castles like a girl of eighteen! Ridiculous! Very likely he has never thought of you twice." And she began undressing herself. Suddenly she stopped short.

"What if anybody had seen my idiotic actions tonight! What if I should act in the same way when I am not alone? I should die of mortification. O, Katherine, Katherine! you must discipline yourself better than this."

She finally went to bed, determined that if she could not conquer her love, at least no one should know of it except herself. She had been drilled in a hard school. Left motherless at an early age, she had been kept for her discouraged father and mother to her younger brothers and sisters. She did her work, however, with so much energy and capability that there was no better kept house nor more tidy children than Adam S. Seaforth's to be found in all the village; and while bearing the burdens under which many older women shrink, she kept up her studies so that when her father died she was able not only to care for her brothers and sisters, but also to assist in their support by teaching in the village school.

After some years of this housekeeping and teaching, Miss Seaforth suddenly discovered that there was no longer any necessity for her continued labor. Both her sisters were settled, one as the wife of a young doctor and the other as music-teacher in a prominent seminary; while her brothers, having established themselves in business and taken to themselves wives, were no longer in need of any care from her. Not being particularly anxious at that time to undertake the raising of another generation, in the character of maiden aunt, Katherine finally accepted an invitation to spend a year with a friend who had married and settled in the West.

The year had lengthened into two years, and still she remained, for she found here a field of labor for a refined and capable woman, which it would be hard to find elsewhere. She cared for the sick, taught the girls and some of the women to sew, organized a Sunday-school, and made herself generally useful, preserving all the time a dignity which checked familiarity and enabled her by her influence alone to improve very perceptibly the manners and morals of the people in the community. And now she found herself in love, and nothing could be more ridiculous. She would probably be obliged to leave, and then what would become of the Sunday-school, the singing class, and the various collections of curiosities which the children were making under her supervision?

Do not think that this was her first experience with the tender passion. Before she was twenty she had been engaged to the minister's son. But he upon going to college had been attracted by a most showy and accomplished young lady and had been released from his unpleasant bonds. Neither had opportunities to marry been wanting, for her reputation as cook and housekeeper, as well as her pleasing person and agreeable manner, had been sufficient to bring several suitors to her native village, but her duty to her family had compelled her to reject all offers. She had long since given up the idea of marriage, and had promptly nipped in the bud several overtures she had received since coming West.

Meanwhile the horseman, who had caused such agitation to her, and then seated himself on his horse and then read of himself with newspaper. He was tall, spare man some forty years old, but scarcely looking it. His hair, which was iron-gray and very thick, was cut close and combed straight back; his face was smooth, except a moustache, and instead of the typical clothes of a western ranchman—a complete suit, minus coat, vest, and suspenders, the office of the latter being performed by a belt around the waist—he wore a very good business suit, and even boasted a light flannel shirt and black tie.

This individual answered to the name of Andrew Williams, and had come to the West when little more than a boy. Of course he expected to get rich, return to his native town, build a mansion for his widowed mother, and then marry his sweetheart and live happy the rest of his days. But the riches did not come; his mother died, and his sweetheart married another. So he had no heart to return to his old home and finally settled on a ranch and became a grower of horses and sheep.

who spent his college vacations with his uncle on the ranch. This youth was a lively, kind-hearted fellow, who felt, however, that immense superiority to all human kind which is common to college students. But he had a sincere regard for his uncle and often urged him to spend a part of each winter with his relatives. Never being successful he finally said, "Why don't you marry then, and have someone to stay with you?"

William laughed. "Whom should I marry?" he said. "Mabel Weiss? She is certainly a merry and kind-hearted young lady, but I never admired a woman whose favorite occupation is to ride in the round up. Besides she has half the men in the valley at her feet already. I'm afraid I'd seem too old."

"You know I don't mean her," said Frank. "Perhaps you would prefer Alice O'Garra for your future aunt. She is certainly the pink of perfection since her return from the convent. They say she divides her time between the piano and the embroidery frame, allowing a limited portion for meals."

"You know I don't mean her, either," said Frank. "Well, that completes the list of marriageable ladies in the valley. Would you have me consult a matrimonial bureau?"

"I should think you would know that I want you to marry Miss Seaforth," responded the nephew.

From the ominous silence an acute observer might suppose that the idea of marrying Miss Seaforth was not altogether new to the mind of the uncle. He finally said, "I don't believe she would have me."

"It wouldn't hurt you any to find out," responded the more courageous junior. Williams said nothing, but mentally decided to act upon his nephew's suggestion. To a man who had paid no attention to a woman for fifteen years, the "finding out" came rather hard. For while he sought Miss Seaforth's society on all possible occasions. But, alas! she treated him with the same frank and cordial manner that she did all other men and women, and he looked in vain for signs of preference. He made numerous resolves to speak, but as often as opportunity offered he was fain to wait for some more convenient time. He decided to write, but after wasting considerable paper and midnight oil, he abandoned that attempt also.

Meanwhile the summer passed into winter, and that winter is still referred to as "the hard winter." In addition to excessive cold and an unusual depth of snow, an epidemic had broken out, which spread as epidemics always do in new settlements where medical aid is hard to get and the houses are small and poorly ventilated. Katherine Seaforth proved a skilful and untiring nurse, going from house to house regardless of her own comfort or safety. Andrew Williams, indeed, was her best help, but as he watched her caring for the sick, his love was changed to a sort of veneration. She seemed consecrated to her work, almost like a nun, and the more he longed to care for her and protect her, the less he dared offer himself.

Finally spring came and the epidemic died out and just as Miss Seaforth, as we have seen, decided that she was hopelessly in love, Mr. Williams decided that he was hopelessly unworthy and that he might as well abandon his suit.

Great was the disgust of Frank Dempster when he returned from his fourth and last vacation and found out the exact state of his uncle's mind. "He's just the man for her," he said to himself, "and I dare say she has sense enough to know it, but if any one ever proposes she'll have to— or else I will," and from that time forth Frank's head was full of plans to bring an understanding between these two.

One day he took his uncle's horse and entire hunting outfit, and rode to the lakes after ducks. Returning about dusk, he was leading his horse up a steep grade when he came upon Miss Seaforth sitting upon a tree which had fallen almost across the path. His horse started violently.

"Good evening, Mr. Williams," said Miss Seaforth. "I am sorry to have frightened your horse, but I did not see you in time to speak."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Frank, and he stood still on the opposite side of the horse with his hand upon the saddle. She evidently took him for his uncle, and he was racking his brain for a plan to find out her feelings toward the said uncle without correcting her mistake. The silence was becoming embarrassing, when Miss Seaforth continued: "I often come up here to watch the sunset, and I have never seen anything except cows or sheep here before. How did you happen to come this way?"

"A good angel must have sent me here to meet you, Katie," replied Frank almost in a whisper. "I love you more than all the world. I know I am speaking suddenly. Don't answer now; if you love me, wait until I come back, and then give me both your hands." Then stooping to avoid the pine boughs, he was soon up the grade and out of sight.

Frank was not without anxiety as to the result of his bold plan. Should he make a clean breast of it to his uncle, or should he send his uncle down on some pretext and trust to luck? He decided upon the latter plan. "Because," he thought, "if she wishes to refuse him she will be gone, and if she stays it will produce a crisis. It may turn out all right, and if it doesn't there will be time enough for confessions afterwards."

So when he reached the house, he said in the most natural way in the world, "Uncle Andrew, Miss Seaforth is down at the fallen tree on the sheep path. I wish you would take her those papers I promised her, before it gets too late."

Uncle Andrew unsuspectingly got the papers and started. He was not sorry to see her this evening and perhaps walk home with her, for he had heard that she intended to return to the States soon, and he felt disposed to "take the goods the gods provided," even though it would make his loneliness harder to bear in the future. "If it were only different," he meditated as he walked along. It is true, he was not so much older than she, but her life had been filled with unselfish devotion to others, while he had only fruitless schemes and wasted opportunities to look back upon. Besides, she was so pretty in her dress and manner. She might enjoy the West for awhile, but it was preposterous to suppose she would marry and settle among such rude, uncultivated people.

took them in all doubt and hesitation vanished. "My darling!" he said, "I can't live without you. Will you promise to be my wife?"

"Yes, if you want me, Andrew," responded Miss Seaforth quietly.

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her, and so the engagement was completed in the most orthodox fashion.

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IT GIVES NEW STRENGTH TO THE OLD AND FEEBLE.

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PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND NEVER FAILS TO CURE.

In Canada thousands of old people are indebted to Paine's Celery Compound for their present vigor, health and strength. From disease, sickness, weakness and loss of energy, they have been raised to a condition of health that guarantees many years of life and usefulness to their families and friends.

Amongst the many old people who have been cured by Paine's Celery Compound, the case of Mrs. Henry Lewis, of Montreal, is deserving of special attention; her letter is an interesting one and worthy of careful perusal. Mrs. Lewis writes as follows:—

"I am now an old woman, being in my sixty-third year, and can most frankly confess that no action of my life has ever given me great pleasure than the pleasant one of testifying with my whole heart and soul in favor of your Paine's Celery Compound.

"From my experience with other advertised remedies, I may say, that they are not to be compared with your grand medicine for a moment. Paine's Celery Compound to me was new health and increased strength; all other medicines I found worthless and my money was spent in vain.

"Two years ago I became weak, sleepless and restless, and my appetite was almost gone. Severe headaches, biliousness, kidney trouble and sore back made life a misery to me, and I despaired of being in health again.

"These distressing troubles often confined me to my bed for a week or ten days at a time; and, it is almost impossible to describe the agonies and wretchedness I endured during these severe attacks. A friend advised me to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial; others insisted that I required careful nourishment and dieting. I had heard, however, of such wonderful results from the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that I determined to honestly and carefully test its value in my case; and I bless God that I had sufficient courage and will-power to do so, as it has made me a new man. I used your Compound simply as directed, and found, after commencing the second bottle, that the virtues of the great medicine were installing a new vitality and giving me a new existence.

"Up to date, I have used about twelve bottles, and am now completely and permanently restored. I do all my own house-work; I am cheerful and happy, and do not experience any of the fatigue and weakness that troubled me some months ago.

"I live and enjoy life today, and thank God for the great agent of life that cured me."

"I trust that thousands of women will have a chance to read this testimony, and profit by my experience. I strongly appeal to all women to give up other medicines that they are now vainly using, and commence at once with Paine's Celery Compound, which alone can bring back lost health. I wish I could personally visit every woman in Canada who is suffering as I once suffered; but my words of testimony and comfort would soon convince all that there is only one honest, worthy and meritorious medicine that can meet their troubles, and that medicine is Paine's Celery Compound."

English Christmas Charity Customs. Some of these old Christmas customs are not without their element of romance. Thus a pretty story accounts for a custom kept up at Forebridge. The account generally current in the neighborhood is to the effect that one Christmas day a certain benevolent individual, hearing some poor children murmuring about the houses at plums for pudding, counted the houses at the village and made a provision for a pound of plums for each house. In accordance with this generous bequest, the chamberlain of the corporation of Stafford every Christmas was accustomed to make a payment of 6 shillings for the purchase of plums, which were to be residing in certain houses in the liberty of Forebridge.

Business not Neglected. A well-known American bishop was teaching a class of street waifs, and one ragged boy was so much impressed with his exhortations that he took a jack-knife out of his pocket, saying to the bishop: "You can keep it, so I won't whittle the benches."

A little while afterwards there was a commotion in the class, and the little unkempt sister of the knife-owner came up to the bishop, and pining with excitement, said:—

"Mr. Bishop, Mr. Bishop, Johnny wants his knife again; he's got a chance to trade."

Strictly Honest. House-keeper— "Half the things you wash are torn to pieces."

Washerwoman— "Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I count them as only one piece, mum."

The railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served are known by a sign which bears the suggestive emblem of a crossed knife and fork.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Where Sir John Thompson Died in his Proudest Hour. Henceforward Windsor Castle in the minds of Canadians will be more or less associated with the late premier's death. The following is taken from a long article on the historic place: Windsor castle was a stronghold before it became a royal residence. The round tower, conspicuous in all views of the castle, stands on a great mound that marked the site of a fortress of pre-conquest times. Indeed, before Egbert gathered the little kingdoms of the heptarchy or octarchy into one strong realm, this portion of the winding shore of the river Thames was a place of strength.

The name, whose meaning we have just indicated, is Saxon or early English, but there is little doubt that, as with most other foundations of the kind in the United Kingdom, the Romans, if not the Britons, had first selected the spot for purposes of defence. Indications of lossa, ager and vallum have been long since discovered by archaeologists. It was not until the reign of the Conqueror, however, that for the primitive circumvallation of earth and wood an encircling wall of stone was substituted.

In the very last year of the reign of Henry the Third the first round tower was completed, but Edward the Third reconstructed the whole edifice on a more solid and enduring scale. To defray the expenses of the work or rather to carry it out with as little cost as possible to his treasury, the King assessed every county in England for a certain number of masons, tilers and carpenters. He intended the new tower to be a rendezvous for the knights of the garter, an order said to have been instituted about the middle of the fourteenth century.

The selection was prompted by a tradition that the old mound was once a gathering place for King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Henry the Third had already built lines of walls with small towers, and within these Edward erected a whole series of buildings. While most of these, including a chapel, were demolished in order to make room for St. George's chapel, a little cloister chapel and another one dedicated to Saint Edward, both of earlier construction, are still standing.

St. Edward's chapel (partly rebuilt by Henry the Seventh) has become the Albert Memorial chapel. It has a curious history, associated with men so far apart in time and character and career, as Wolfe and Nelson. The chapel of St. George ranks as a resting place for dead royalty, next to Westminster abbey. Edward IV, was the first sovereign, whose remains were deposited there, and Henry the Eighth followed. The chapel is considered one of the finest examples of the perpendicular style.

The private apartments now occupied by the sovereign are almost wholly the work of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, court architect to George the Third, and his successor, though in some rooms there are striking relics of the art of the 16th and the 17th centuries. Among the treasures in the library are a collection of drawings of the chief Italian painters, illustrated manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci, and portraits by Holbein of the personages of Henry the Eighth's court.

The beauty of the scene of which Windsor castle is the centre piece, is greatly enhanced by Windsor forest with its splendid oaks. Readers of Shakespeare are familiar with the town, with its inns and "merry wives" and the ancient oak of Horne the Hunter. The sylvan relic of old "forest days" was to be seen a hundred years ago. It was then, however, in a pitiable state of decay, and in 1795 the king ordered it to be cut down.

Caribou has twenty Keeley graduates, and among the number is a hotel man who persists in running a bar, assisted by his son, who is also a Keeley man.

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine is acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. these are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writer who has worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes.

Yours very truly, E. T. C. KNOWLES, Barrister.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC.

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St. John, N. B., June 28th, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City.

Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly, MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 2nd, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 36 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines.

I consider the present great improvement in the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type cutter I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchasers to invest in the "YOST" before buying any typewriter.

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