

A Rural Philosopher.

I sometimes shet my eyes ter death; he is allus at the door.
But ef I kep' thinkin' of him, I jest couldn't work no more!
I know that he's thar a-waitin' from airly morn t'ill night,
But ef I lived in his shadder I never would see the light.

I try ter be happy livin'—try ter be strong an' brave;
Don't blame a bird fer singin' 'cos he's up thar over a grave;
An' when in the dew-washed meadows the daisies dear I see,
I don't erow sad ter think some day they'll be bloomin' over me.

reckon we orter have our eyes fixed on the final goal;
But this 's so much sunshine in the skies, an' we need so much in the soul!

MARRIED OR NOT?

Amy made a most bewitching picture as she stood before the kitchen table, with sleeves rolled up above her dimpled white elbows, and an immense pinafore (I think that what they call them.) fastened over her pretty pink dress. Her cheeks were pink also, perhaps with the heat, and her red lips were pursed up in a very determined manner, while her whole expression indicated that Amy 'meant business.'

It stands to reason that when one is making angel food one must give her whole mind to it. In vain the warm and fragrant breeze, coming in through the open window, playfully ruffled the light curls on her forehead—she simply swept them back with a floury hand, and kept on with her measuring.

'Let me see,' she said, studying her receipt book:—'Whites of eleven eggs beaten to a stiff froth; one and a half cups of sugar; one cup of flour; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one of vanilla. I guess I've got it all. Now then: sift the flour four times, then put in the cream of tartar and sift again—'

Outside, in the garden, the bees hummed drowsily, though they kept on making honey just the same as if the thermometer did not register 80 in the shade. The honeysuckle twining about the window would gladly have come inside but for the screen that intervened, so it sent in a breath of spicy fragrance which Amy's little nose sniffed daintily.

So absorbed was she in shifting her flour and cream of tartar the requisite number of times that she did not notice some one who came up and leaned on the window sill watching her. Presently he tapped lightly on the screen with the rose held in his hand, and looking up she caught the laughter in his merry eyes.

'Oh how you startled me,' she cried, the sieve dropping from her hand. 'When did you come?'

'A few minutes ago.'

'Oh, I mean when did you come home?'

'On the 11.55 last night. But aren't you going to ask me to come in?'

'Well really, I don't know as I'd better. You see I'm making angel food, and one has to be so particular with it.'

'I should imagine! But perhaps I could help you.'

'The idea!'

'I might serve as an inspiration, you know.'

'More likely you would prove a disturbing element.'

'Besides I have news for you.'

'Oh, have you! Why didn't you say so before? Come right in and tell me what it is.'

The young man availed himself of this invitation with alacrity, though the suspicion of a smile hid beneath his mustache.

'Might one shake hands with you?' he asked, meekly enough.

'Oh, how could I when I'm all floury?' said she, rather incoherently. 'Now what's your news?'

'You haven't said you're glad to see me, yet.'

'Oh, but that was not in the bargain. Besides, I can't talk very much for I shall be sure to forget to put something in this cake.'

'Is it only a cake?'

'Why, to be sure. What did you think it was?'

'You said something about 'angel food'.'

'Well, that's what it is, too. 'Didn't you ever eat any?'

'Not to my knowledge. It sounds ravishing. What is it like?'

'I should think it might. And do you live on it altogether?'

'Don't be silly, and act 'smart' just because you're let loose from college. There! I knew I'd forget something. I can't remember now whether I put in the cream of tartar. What was I doing when you came up?'

'You were shaking that sieve with something white in it.'

'Oh well, then I did. Now if you'll keep real quiet for a while I'll let you beat these eggs for me. But don't interrupt my count.'

She proceeded to break and separate the eggs, while the young man watched her admiringly in silence.

'There, that's eleven, isn't it?'

'I'm sure I don't know. I wasn't keeping count.'

'I'll have to risk it, any way. But I shall lay it all to you if this cake is not a success, for I won't have time to make another, and they always ask me to because I am sure to have them nice.'

The man regarded her with a puzzled expression.

'Oh well, you know what I mean,' she declared with a pretty pout, though her eyes were dancing. 'Or at least you ought to, for what is the good of going to college if you cannot discover the hidden meaning of things?'

'Ah, don't wish I could! But it is one of my limitations that I cannot demonstrate the unknowable.'

'Well, let me see you demonstrate that you can beat these eggs. Perhaps you'd better have an apron on?'

'Perhaps I had.'

'Here's one of my clean ones—but it won't go half way round.'

'Don't slander my slender waist, if you please. Stick a pin in somewhere to hold it if it won't tie.'

'There! Now you want to hold the p'atter very steady, and beat till it is a stiff froth.'

'Till what is a stiff froth—the platter?'

'If you don't behave I may have to send you into the parlor. Did you see anything of mother as you came in?'

'Why, yes. She was out in the garden under the shade of the plum tree, shelling peas.'

'Perhaps you could help her.'

'Oh, but I'd rather stay here. Besides she told me to come right in—said you were somewhere around.'

'Angel food is so easily spoiled,' remarked Amy, pensively.

'If we spoil this, I promise to eat it myself. What more can you ask?'

'But in that case what could I offer to the picnic? They depend on it.'

'Oh, that is the occasion for all this festive preparation. It seems to me rather ethereal food for picnickers. Wouldn't ham or chicken sandwiches do better?'

'They'll have those too—for the grosser appetites that crave them. Take care, you'll spill those eggs.'

'How do you manage to keep them together? They do slip around so.'

'You'd better let me take them. There, this is the way—long, steady strokes.'

'The way we do when rowing. I'll do better next time. But you haven't given me a chance to tell my news.'

'Just as if you didn't know I was dying to hear it.'

'Tom came up with me.'

'Oh, did he? The pretty pink growing deeper in his cheeks.'

'Yes; and he confided to me that you were a dear little thing, and he thought you had been punished enough for a girl's freak, so he has decided to—well—resume your former relations, if you are willing.'

'Did he ask you to tell me this?' quietly but with a dangerous sparkle in two blue eyes.

'He asked me to prepare you for his coming.'

'You may tell him, then, that he can save himself the trouble of coming over. I do not choose to resume our former relations.' I have decided that only a cold, calculating nature would harbor resentment so long because of a slight misunderstanding which I wished to explain at the time, only he would not let me—wanted to 'punish' me, I suppose; and I do not care to trust my future to such a nature.'

'Amy, do you mean this?' asked the young man, who had turned quite pale, as if it were his own heart that she was scornful.

'I mean it.' Very decidedly.

'Then I am doing him no wrong if I ask you to let me take his place?'

No answer.

'Would you care to?' shyly.

Cupid was in his glory, but alas! the angel food was spoiled.

WONG LING AH GAVE A FEAST.

Boston's Chinamen Introduced his Bride From the Kingdom.

Wong Ling Ah was married in Montreal two weeks ago. He went there to await the arrival of his bride from China. The knot was tied, but it was not until yesterday that the festivities began in Boston.

Then Wong Ling Ah had a big dinner in all the restaurants, and he, with members of his family, received the guests with smiles and bows and handshakes. That is, each man shook his own hands as he bowed.

The groom is an Americanized Chinaman. He wears American clothes, and has done so for many years. He does not like to dress in the flowing gowns of China. He was a happy man yesterday and had a good time.

He spent nearly all day at his new home 21 Oxford street, and there friends called on him and saw the blushing bride. Late in the evening, when the merriment was at its height, there was an explosion of fire-crackers, but Wong Ling Ah did not awake the neighborhood as Chinamen are wont to do when they have fun.

The great time was in the restaurants, which were all thrown open to the friends of Wong Ling Ah about 5 o'clock. The tables were laid out with white clothes, and the daintiest dishes were prepared.

In the big Oriental restaurant, where covers were laid for 100 Chinamen, elaborate preparations had been made and the ivory chopsticks, which are only brought out on state occasions, were beside each plate. There were all sorts of choice Chinese dishes, and that pigeons played a prominent part in the feast will be readily understood when it is known that there were over 100 live pigeons in that restaurant Tuesday evening.

Wong Ling Ah left his home on Oxford street a little before 5 o'clock. He was accompanied by his brother, and they were dressed alike. Both wore loose coats of dark red, which came in about the knee. Under this were skirts of blue, and white stockings, full at the knees. The hats were of black silk, of the shape you see on tea tea caddies, the crown being of red.

In Wong Ling Ah's party were two young cousins. These were dressed in long blue costumes which almost hid their white stockings. They also wore tea caddie hats, and the sleeves of their jackets were so long that they had to be turned up at the wrists so that they could carry their fans.

The dinner was a long one, and there was rice wine in plenty. The guests ate until they had to let their belts out. Then they left the restaurants in small parties, walked around the block, or stood at the street corners for a time. Then they went back and ate again.

When the dinner was about half over Wong Ling Ah made another tour of the restaurants and the guests drank his health. After the dinner there was another reception at the house on Oxford street. The guests were introduced to the bride, and she blushed behind her fan.

These four made a tour of the restaurants, walking the streets in single file, while the people wondered. Wong Ling Ah was particularly happy, and by the time the guests began to come around he was in a handshaking mood. The party of four lined up before the door of the restaurant and there received the guests. There was lots of bowing, but the George Francis Train in style was adopted, and there was no skaking hands.

As a guest appeared Wong Ling Ah and his party bowed low, each man clapping his own hands and shaking them vigorously. Then there was a chatter of Chinese congratulations. This was kept up until all the tables were filled, and the same programme was carried out in each restaurant.

Some of the Chinamen tried to steal the fan, and when they succeeded the bride had to give a souvenir before she got it back. The presents were numerous and costly, in all that stereotyped phrase implies. Mrs. Wong Ling Ah showed them to her friends.

Wong Yick, an aged relative of the groom, was the man of the occasion. If the ceremony had taken place in China Wong Yick would have had great responsibility on his shoulders. As it was, he had to Americanize a good deal. It was Wong Yick who placed the hat on Wong Ling Ah's head, and that means a great deal.—Boston Herald.

Self-Improvement.

Men of business are accustomed to quote the maxim that 'Time is money,' but it is much more; the proper improvements, and growth of character. An hour wasted daily on trifles or in indolence, would, if devoted to self-improvement, make an ignorant man wise in a few years, and employed in good works, would make his life fruitful and death a harvest of worthy deeds. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to self-improvement, will be felt at the end of the year. Good thoughts and carefully gathered experience take up no room, and are carried about with us as companions everywhere, without cost or incumbrance.—Weekly Bouquet.

Unreasonable.

It is part of a doctor's duty to keep up the spirits of his patient, since hopefulness is often the best of medicine, but the Cincinnati Enquirer cites a case in which encouragement was carried almost too far.

A man met with a frightful accident, as a result of which both his legs had to be amputated.

'Never mind,' said the surgeon, a few days afterward, finding the poor man despondent; 'never mind, we shall have you on your feet again within three weeks.'

Sure and Quick Relief.

In the case of a bruise, scald, burn, sprain or toothache, freedom from pain is the first thing desired, and 'Quickure' gives both instant relief and cures. Everyone who has used it speaks highly of it. Try it, and you will always use it.

When a girl tells you that she can't sing don't try to coax her, but let it go at that.

BORN.

Truro, Nov. 22, to the wife of W. C. Kelly, a son.

Truro, Nov. 25, to the wife of George L. Fisher, a son.

Canaan, Nov. 25, to the wife of Wright Bishop, a son.

Bridgewater, Nov. 25, to the wife of J. W. Hebb, a son.

Springhill, Nov. 17, to the wife of John T. Paul, a son.

Mapleton, Nov. 27, to the wife of Wilfred Crowe, a son.

Fredericton, Nov. 4, to the wife of James Driver, a son.

Springhill, Nov. 29, to the wife of Theron Heighon, a son.

Sydney, Nov. 25, to the wife of Fred C. Routledge, a son.

Campanellon, Nov. 23, to the wife of I. B. Wright, a son.

Sussex, Nov. 28, to the wife of J. A. Murray, a daughter.

Springhill, Nov. 24, to the wife of Geo. Yarrow, a daughter.

South Boston, Nov. 22, to the wife of James Hird, a daughter.

Stony Island, Nov. 25, to the wife of John Atkins, a daughter.

Pleasantville, Nov. 25, to the wife of John Richards, a daughter.

Port Lorne, Nov. 23, to the wife of Samuel Beardsley Jr., a son.

Ashland, Mass., Nov. 21, to the wife of David J. Corbett, a son.

St. John, Nov. 30, to the wife of Rev. W. J. Mincham, a daughter.

Chipman Brook, Nov. 16, to the wife of Allen Fisco, a daughter.

Mahone Bay, Nov. 28, to the wife of Abraham Ernst, a daughter.

Eastville, Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 14, to the wife of Samuel Cox, a son.

Burnside, Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 10, to the wife of J. M. Black, a son.

Central Bedouge, P. E. I., Nov. 29, to the wife of Willard Green, a son.

Wolville, N. S., Dec. 2, to the wife of Rev. P. M. MacDonald, a daughter.

Smithfield, Middle Stewiacke, Nov. 9, to the wife of John H. Pratt, a daughter.

Smithfield, Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 25, to the wife of Charles Fraser, a daughter.

Johnston, Queen's Co., N. B., Nov. 28, to the wife of Elisha Perry, twins, son and daughter.

Hillsboro, Dec. 1, by Rev. W. Camp, Ward B. Jones to Bessie J. Steeves.

St. John, Dec. 2, by Rev. G. Bruce, Harold L. McLean to Annie C. Norton.

Stewiacke, Nov. 30, by Rev. J. B. McLean, Robert Cox to Antonette Danis.

Halifax, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. F. Robinson, Yates Hamilton to Jane Cooper.

St. Andrew, Nov. 17, by Rev. A. W. Mahon, Hugh Wiley to Maud Richardson.

North Head, Dec. 1, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, Daniel Evans to Annie Murphy.

Sydney, Nov. 21, by Rev. D. Drummond, Ernest Carmichael to Emma McNeil.

Guyssboro, Nov. 24, by Rev. Father Tompkins, Harry Gosbe to Lillian Lucas.

Milltown, N. B., Nov. 24, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Allen Williams to Grace Folk.

Windsor, Nov. 24, by Rev. F. H. Wright, Andrew Hunt to Elizabeth Murphy.

River Philip, Nov. 10, by Rev. W. Nightingale, Moses Foster to Laura Dakeas.

Chatham, N. B., Nov. 24, by Rev. Canon Fosht, Frank S. Tins to Irene Roberts.

Grand Manan, Dec. 5, by Rev. H. Cosman, Howard Layney to Mamey Whelpley.

Sackville, Nov. 30, by Rev. J. G. A. Belyea, David Hicks to Elizabeth Kay.

Parrsboro, Nov. 24, by Rev. J. Sharp, John Freeman to Hattie M. Spence.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 19, by Rev. J. D. Phelps, R. Peveril Metcalfe to Edna Gibson.

Lower Seimach, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Arthur B. B. Gould to Etta Waller.

Weymouth, N. B., Nov. 29, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, John Joff to Mrs. Isabella Corbett.

Lunenburg, Nov. 28, by Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Elburn Spindler to Antonette Zink.

Princeport, N. S., Oct. 29, by Rev. Dr. Hemphill, George Loaghes to Belle Langille.

Mahone Bay, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Annette Bissnauer to Edie James.

Summerside, Dec. 1, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Edmund E. Price to E. weena Clark.

Moose River Mine, Nov. 29, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, James McKenzie to Alice Marsh.

Mariboro, Mass., Nov. 23, by Rev. W. E. Gilling, William Minnick to A. lentina Zwickler.

New Cornwall, Nov. 27, by Rev. Chas. P. Mellor, Joseph Nathaniel Kobar to Sarah Frank.

Deer Island, N. B., Dec. 1, by Rev. D. Patterson, Fred H. McKenney to Annie S. Harris.

Charlottetown, Dec. 1, by Rev. G. M. Campbell, Duncan Shaw Robinson to Blanche Vatcher.

Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 23, by Rev. J. B. McKean, Hussy Martin Power to Florence Macdonald.

Brookville, St. John, Dec. 1, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Leonard B. Hodgerson to Alice Mills.

Brown's Farm, P. E. I., Dec. 1, by Rev. H. A. Bonnell, A. Leabron Warden to Annie E. Wallace.

Anderson's Mountain, Nov. 24, by Rev. A. Rogers, William Cliss to Agnes Lizz o Morton.

White's Cove, Q. C., Nov. 24, by Rev. Isaac N. Parker, Francis B. Fairweather to Maggie McKinley.

Pictou, Oct. 26, Mary McKay.

St. John, Dec. 5, Clara G. Jones.

Amherst, Nov. 23, Torrey Bent, 86.

St. John, Dec. 6, Mary A. Tierney.

Barnville, Dec. 3, George Lyne, 73.

Boston, Nov. 18, Thomas Foster, 47.

Halifax, Dec. 1, Edward Share, 62.

Lunenburg, Nov. 24, Wm. Veno, 23.

St. John, Dec. 5, Tobias Saunders, 79.

Maitland, Nov. 24, Susan Sangster, 79.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.
S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrsboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.50 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.
Tues. and Fri.

Lve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m.
Mon. and Thurs.

Lve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m.
Lve. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m.
Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.
Lve. Digby 8.59 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluebonnet between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains and "Flying Bluebonnet" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Uniquely equipped cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on board, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....10.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.