

"An Awkward Fix."

Confound it! Wherever can Charlotte be?

It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and as the words show, M. Chapoulot is out of humor. Ordinarily M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy going as one would expect in a man of sixty, who had been like John Gilpin, in his day, a linen draper bold, and has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. Your wealthy London tradesman, now, who has grown rich beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, if he retires at all before death or disease puts him suddenly hors de combat, flies off to spend his fortune at Brighton or Bath, or Cheltenham—anywhere rather than in the great metropolis where he has made it. But M. Chapoulot, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumiere, and has retired no further than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadero.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six.

M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not. Five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five-and-twenty it is alarm; half past six and no Charlotte. M. Chapoulot is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for hat and boots; he will himself go out and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there was a merry little tap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling radiantly, in all the ease and grace of la petite Parisienne.

"Oh, papa—I—"

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavor of his dinner.

"Come to the table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh, but pap! You don't know. I have had an adventure!"

"An adventure!" exclaimed M. Chapoulot starting from his seat and dropping his spoon into the soup upon which he had already commenced.

"Yes, papa! An adventure in an omnibus with a young man! Parbleu!"

"But with a young man comme il faut has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is the thing which happens often enough—"

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventurer, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when happily, a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying: 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa; M. Agenor Baluchet, clerk at the ministry of—"

But papa, without hearing another word, had snatched the piece of paste-board from her hand, exclaiming:

"What? This gentleman, not content with insolently lending his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you in the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man comme il faut."

"But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenious argument, but with a gesture of the intensest irritation throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agenor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

"But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from an faux pas."

"Un faux pas! He has rather led you into one. But silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons, above all, lessons in memory, from a silly girl who forgets her purse."

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat, and looks even more enraged than ever.

The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey."

"Oh, that will do! I can easily find another to return."

And M. Chapoulot goes out in furious haste, while Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathetic servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he regularly traveled in the same omnibus, and

she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agenor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening, and vowing he will not wash until the morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening, and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you to know, sir, that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agenor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips, and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman, and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or—"

And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before. Agenor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman he manages to falter:

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know," cries the enraged cabman. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! I shall tell your tale at the police office." And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apopleptic fit.

But Agenor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:

"Monsieur—M. Blanchet, I believe—30 centimes for the omnibus and 1 franc 75 for the cab, that makes 41 sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always make good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadero. A month later there is still a larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agenor is celebrated, and M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him:

"Beware of borrowing, oh! fathers of families. I made once a debt of 41 sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of 20,000 francs."

THE ONE WET SPOT.

The Weary Drug Clerk and the Sign Giving Warning of Fresh Paint.

It was printed in big, black, bold-faced letters on a wide piece of cardboard, and it hung out conspicuously in front of the newly painted drug store:

DON'T YOU GET FRESH PAINT.

Just how long the warning had been up doesn't matter anyway. It is sufficient to say it was put up there in due time.

"I see you have just had your front repainted."

It was a blonde who spoke, and she asked the long-haired clerk for ten cents' worth of chemically pure peroxide of hydrogen.

"But I didn't see," she continued "why you keep that sign out there. The paint's as dry as it can be."

As she emerged from the door a young man entered, carefully scrutinizing the tip of the first finger of his right hand. He bought a bottle of cough medicine.

"I say, old man," he said to the clerk, "you might as well take that sign down outside. The paint's dry."

The clerk attempted to hide the bored expression on his face and say something in reply, but before he had the opportunity a young woman with a dimple in her left cheek had asked for some tooth powder.

"I see," she ventured as he reached for the powder, "you're putting on a new dress outside."

"Yes," he replied, drawing a long breath "we are doing a little repainting."

"Doing a little?" she emphasized, "why, you speak as if you were still at it."

Then she glanced at her right hand.

"Isn't possible that that paint's fresh, for it's dry."

And then the actor who occupies a furnished room just around the corner came in.

"Quite a joke," he said.

"What's that?" asked the clerk, his eyes brightening in anticipation of something new.



"Why," continued the professional, "that sign outside. That paint's as dry as some of the literary criticisms in the yellow journals."

The newspaper man who usually stopped by on his rounds wandered in next.

"Little early for spring painting, ain't it?" he inquired.

"I don't know as it is," replied the clerk. "It's just about the right time."

"Just about the right time?" repeated the newspaper man. "Well, I guess that's right, too; but that painting has been done for some time. It's dry."

Forty-six more people followed him in rapid succession, each one looking carefully at the index finger of his right hand. When the forty-seventh man had told the clerk that the paint was dry he ran to the front of the store, grabbed the sign of warning from its fastenings and flung it into the street. A few moments later a small boy ran in, holding the sign in his right hand.

"Say, mister," he said, "some guy copied yer sign an' 'trew it in de mud."

But the clerk had gone to luncheon, so the proprietor took the sign and laid it on a shelf. Half an hour later the clerk stood in front of the store leaning against the door talking to some friends. When he came in the proprietor looked at him and smiled.

"Say, John," said he, "you've got paint all over your back."

"I know it," he replied. "I leaned up against the only spot that people hadn't wiped dry with their fingers."

And when he returned to the front of the store he found that the proprietor had hung the sign out again.

Electricity in the Catacombs.

The catacombs of St. Calixtus, near Rome, were recently illuminated with thousands of electric lamps, filling the gloomy vaults and passages with a bright light, whose effect, as it fell upon the rows and bones and skeletons, is described as being startling and almost uncanny. The use of electric lights in the catacombs is perhaps the latest example of modern practical science brought face to face with antiquity.



WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED

BORN.

Truro, March 16, to the wife of A. Dunn, a son.

Farsboro, Mar. 12, to the wife of James Bowden, a son.

Amherst, March 17, to the wife of Dan Budreau, a son.

Stellarton, Mar. 21, to the wife of J. G. Rutherford, a son.

Annapolis, Mar. 23, to the wife of E. W. McBride, a son.

Springhill, Mar. 20, to the wife of Edgar Harrison, a son.

Richibucto, March 12, to the wife of Peter Barnard, a son.

Digby, March 13, to the wife of Joseph E. Snow, a son.

Hartville, March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Watts, a son.

Digby, March 13, to the wife of George Everett, a son.

Lunenburg, Mar. 18, to the wife of Seaforth Bruhm, a son.

Springhill, Mar. 22, to the wife of E. Keith, a daughter.

Halifax, March 18, to Rev. and Mrs. Z. L. Fash, a daughter.

Digby, March 10, to the wife of Joseph Rogers, a daughter.

Yarmouth, March 16, to the wife of James Ellis, a daughter.

Amherst, March 21, to the wife of Tom Fillmore, a daughter.

Halifax, March 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Murphy, a daughter.

Dorchester, Mar. 22, to the wife of J. H. Hickman, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Mar. 21, to the wife of Frank W. Allen, a daughter.

Sussex, Mar. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hubbard, a daughter.

Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 8, to the wife of James Beers, a son.

Pine Ridge, Kent Co., March 4, to the wife of James Wilson, a son.

Truro, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blanchard, a daughter.

Kingston, Kent Co., Mar. 10, to the wife of R. W. Mitchell, a son.

Yarmouth, March 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ferguson, a daughter.

Fredericton, March 7, to the wife of Prof. Geo. M. Downing, a son.

Brookline, Mass., March 17, to Mr. and Mrs. John McKee, a daughter.

Bridgewater, Mar. 14, to the wife of Lawson Manthorne, a daughter.

Farsboro, March 14, to the wife of Capt. Clarence Roberts, a daughter.

Amherst, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Chapman, a daughter.

Fort Lawrence, March 15, to Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman, a daughter.

West Berlin, Queens, Mar. 19, to the wife of Thos. A. Hemen, twin boys.

St. Nicholas River, Kent Co., Mar. 14, to the wife of W. Muncie, a daughter.

Hartville, Hants, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Lent McMillen, a daughter.

Centerville, Cape Island, March 17, to Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Wilson, a daughter.

Lower Hillsboro, Albert Co., March 10, to the wife of Archie Beaumont, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, by Rev. W. J. Rutledge, Edward L. Greer to Bernice Shea.

Halifax, Mar. 23 by Rev. H. How, James Easson to Bertha Allison.

Athol, Mar. 13, by Rev. D. B. Scott Beverly Ferguson to Ellen Holmes.

Truro, Mar. 16 by Rev. T. Cumming, Hugh R. Hale to Fannie Hughes.

Chatham, Mar. 1, by Rev. E. Hitchcock, Alfred W. Bowser to Maud Kimball.

Arcadia, Mar. 21, by Rev. J. W. Shepherdson, William Ellis to Maggie Ellis.

Cape Island, by Rev. G. M. Wilson, Murdock Quinley to Gertrude Nickerson.

Maccan, Mar. 14, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Alpine W. Berry to Lottie E. Wright.

Farsboro, Mar. 22, by Rev. H. K. Maclean, Leonard Rowe to Annie Randall.

Truro, Mar. 23, by Rev. Mr. Waring, Capt. Wm. Uiquart to Bertha Fletcher.

Montana, Mar. 14, by Rev. G. W. Healy, Anna M. McLeelan to Henry Hamilton.

Truro, Mar. 17, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Hance D. McElhinney to Rebecca Slack.

Bridgewater, Mar. 15, by Rev. F. A. Buckley, John W. Conrad to Annie Johnson.

Fredericton, Mar. 23, by Rev. F. C. Hartley, Nathaniel Jones to Emlene Jones.

Bridgewater, Mar. 17, by Rev. J. A. Brood, Wm. Tuiterman to Laurensa Dominico.

Loch Katrine, Mar. 18, by Rev. A. J. Macdonald, Thos. Keizer to Mary A. Sinclair.

Wool's Harbor, Mar. 19, by Rev. W. Miller, John W. Nickerson to Lella Nickerson.

Centerville, Mar. 9, by Rev. George A. Sellar, Arthur C. Pryor to Myrtle L. Pryor.

Ecum Secum, Mar. 14, by Rev. R. A. Heath, Alexander Pye to Marjory Whitewood.

Springhill, Mar. 15, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Reuben F. Spence to Lillian M. Card.

Little Bras d'or Mar. 8, by Rev. Dr. McMillan, Peter Paros to Beatrice E. Jardine.

Mill Creek, Kent Co., Mar. 15, by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, James McNeira to Flora Dixon.

Philadelphia, Mar. 19, by Rev. Alex. W. Wiggins, Leona M. Ramsdell to Abner B. Foster.

Upper Musquodoboit, Mar. 17, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, Henry Redden to Maud Miller.

Paradise, Mar. 9, by Rev. Mr. Stevens assisted by Rev. Isa Wallace, Minard Brenton to Laura M. Hicks.

Truro, Mar. 23, by Rev. H. F. Waring assisted by Rev. A. M. Rose, James S. Moore to Minnie E. McDonald.

DIED.

St. John, March 26, John Horther.

Doaktown, March 19, Robert Swin.

Boston, March 30, Margaret Stanton.

Montreal, March 16, Jane McCulloch.

Milton, March 17, Nathan R. Freeman.

St. John March 27, John McConnell, 39.

St. John, March 27, Francis J. Hake, 28.

New Ross, March 10, Mary Ellen Ross.

Lornvale, Feb. 2, Timothy L. Fisher, 38.

Parrsboro, March 17, Owen McGuirk, 77.

Halifax, March 17, Mary E. Delaney, 68.

Halifax, March 25, Daniel E. Jacobs, 65.

Halifax, March 23, C. A. Cunningham, 74.

Truro, March 22, Mr. Robert Robinson, sr.

Estmere, March 13, John Alex. McLeod, 5.

Brookside, March 12, Katie May Miller, 14.

Moncton, March 28, Mary Jane Bulmer, 81.

Islesville, March 22, Edward Flanagan, 68.

Cleveland, Kings, Feb. 29, Leyter Foster, 14.

Lynn, Mass., March 15, George G. Vance 79.

Halifax, March 17, Edward Marshall, 13 mos.

Bridgewater, March 18, Ernest B. Young, 15.

New Glasgow, March 4, Miss Eliza McNair, 76.

Willeville, Lunenburg, March 17, Lucy Wile, 76.

Halifax, March 23, Clara Gordon Robertson, 44.

St. John, March 20, Michael V. Sweeney, 4 mos.

Main River, Kent Co., March 12, Susan Clare 16.

Chatham March 19, Griseida M. Gamble, 11 mos.

Greenfield, March 8, Mrs. Anna Belle Elkin, 35.

Moncton, March 18, Percy McDonald, 11 months.

Moncton, March 26, Edmund F. Arbing, 5 week.

Lewisville, March 23, Frank A. Seaman, 3 months.

Balfon, Colchester, Feb. 21, Mrs. John McDonald.

St. John, March 20, Robert Kenneth McKunkin, 1.

Roxbury, Mass., March 17, Mrs. Cowperthwaite, 89.

Surrey, Albert Co., March 16, Elias Messenger 86.

Lower Wentworth, March 13, Fred O. Bingley, 20.

Malone Bay, March 9, Mildred Slaughterwhite, 33.

Basin, East River, March 10, James W. Fraser, 60.

Black Brook, Pictou Co., Mrs. William Mason, 82.

Halifax, March 22, Russell Laurier Brown, 7 mos.

Halifax, March 24, Ernest Clifford Hartling, 5 mos.

Pleasantville, Lunenburg, March 17, Hazel Cross, 4.

St. Martins, N. B., March 24, David J. Bradshaw, 71.

Upper Wicklow, Carleton Co., Mathew Hutchison, 71.

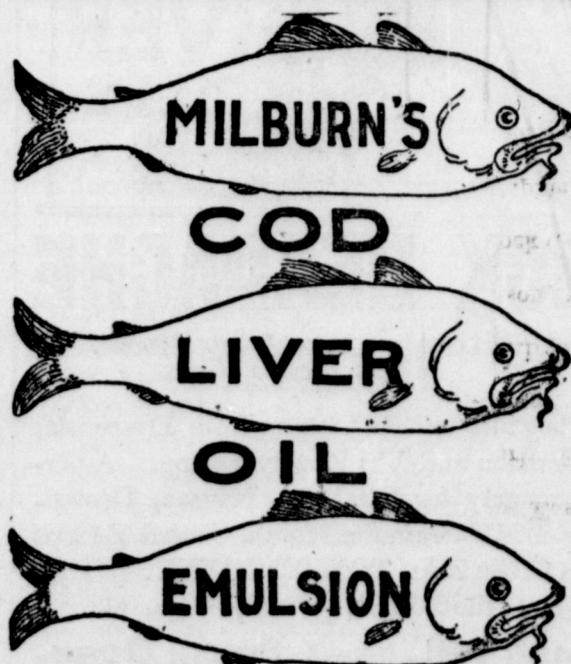
Lower Gulf Shore, March 14, Wallace McKenzie, 34.

Dartmouth, March 25, Florence Evelyn Stear, 6 months.

Glen Allen, East Bridgewater, March 17, John Miller, 86.

Upper Northfield, Lunenburg, March 19, Mrs. Peter Mackay, 86.

Point Wolf, Albert Co., March 9, infant child of Harry and Eliza Waltman.



If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach. It has combined with it Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Manganese, and has wonderful restorative and flesh forming properties. For Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets and similar diseases it has no equal.

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