

## TWO FOOLS.

"Why, I'd rather marry her myself," said I. Nothing, in truth, was further from my thoughts.

Amanda's mother regarded me curiously. "Of course," said she, "if that were the case, it would make a difference."

"But I don't really mean it," I cried hastily. Why, the idea was absurd! Just when I was in the middle of the book on the "Cerebral Convolutions" too!

"Then," said her mother, closing her hard thin mouth with a snap, "Amanda will marry Mr. Plutus. There is no one but you who has any right to a voice in the matter."

"There is Amanda," I suggested.

"Amanda! She is far too young to decide. I am the judge for her. Amanda shall do as I bid her and marry Mr. Plutus."

"I shall do my best to stop her."

"She shall not see you," I knew she would try to be as good as her word, and my heart went out in a great pity for poor little Amanda, who was so like her father and had been a pet of mine ever since she was a child.

"If I weren't too old"—I said, half to myself.

"Nonsense! Why, you're no older than I!" She is 43.

"I could never make the child happy," I sighed.

"Nonsense! She's devoted to you."

"Very well, I will speak to Amanda about it," I said slowly, "but there must be no darning back on your part."

I had sudden inspiration, being a man of quick thought. "I should like to have your consent in writing. To be candid, I do not trust you."

"Very well," she sat down to her escriptorie. "What shall I write?"

"I consent to the marriage of my daughter to Mr. Frank Austin," I dictated. She wrote it accordingly and signed it with a flourish.

My name is the same as my nephew's. I'll have him up to town, and if he doesn't fall in love with Amanda he's a fool. That was my idea.

"Well, now I'll talk to Amanda," I said, feeling rather uncomfortable. And I did.

Amanda is 18 and stands 5 feet 2. Amanda has golden brown hair that will get loose and tumble about her cheeks and forehead.

"Oh, Cousin Frank," she cried—cousin is my brevet rank—"you won't let her make me—marry that horrible man!"

"No," said I, "Maudy, my dear, I won't." Then I kissed her. If only I were sure that she wouldn't disarrange my study!

"You kind old Frank!" She took hold of my arm and squeezed it.

"But your mother insists upon your getting engaged to some one, my dear," I said ruefully; "somebody who is fairly well off. Are you in love with anybody, Maudy? Tell me, there's a good little girl."

She opened her eyes wide and looked at me honestly. "Oh, no, Cousin Frank! Only—only—I think perhaps I should like to be—some day."

"Well, look here, Maudy," I said sheepishly, "your mother insists that you shall be engaged to some one, and I can only find one person."

"Not Mr. Plutus! I won't!" she cried vehemently.

"No, no! Not any one who will annoy you, dear, or whom you dislike."

"Whoever!" She looked up at me quickly and half let go my arm.

"Just till you find some one you like," I apologized, turning as red as a poppy.

She held on to my arm again and looked down on the ground. Then she laughed. "How very funny!"

"Would you mind, Maudy?"

"No-o," she laughed again. "I think it would be rather—fun. You would have to take me out a lot, wouldn't you? To pretend properly?"

"Ye-es. Oh, yes, of course!" What ever would become of the "Cerebral Convolutions?"

"But wouldn't it be rather a bother to you?"

"Not more than to you."

"Oh, it wouldn't be any bother to me!" she cried excitedly. "We'd go to the Tower, and the stores, and the Crystal Palace, and the zoo, and the exhibition and have tea in the gardens, and the opera, and—"

She saw my face fall. "I only meant to some of them," she explained. "You always do take me to the academy and one or two places, don't you?"

"I shall like to take you to some, my dear," I assured. "I always enjoy myself when I do."

"Ye-es," said she thoughtfully, "but—oh Cousin Frank, suppose I didn't find any one else?"

"Then I shall have to marry you myself. It would be better than old Plutus, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, but I shouldn't like—I couldn't bear to think that you had sacrificed yourself to me! I should be such a bother, shouldn't I?"

I looked down affectionately on the rimpled hair and inquiring eyes. "I think—I think, Maudy," I said gently, "I could put up with you very well, but we have been so used to look upon one another in a different light that it's rather late to change. You see, dear, I have grown into a fidgety old bachelor."

"You're not really old, and you're never fidgety with me, and I owe you so much." I'd merely paid for her schooling and pocket money and so on. I promised old Tom—poor old Tom!—that I'd take care of his girl.

"That's nothing to do with it, Maudy," I said slowly. "You see I've a lot of interests which you could never share." She shook her head doubtfully. And I like to rush off when I'm not working to men's recreations—to play cricket, to watch football or—

"I like watching football," she observed eagerly.

"I'm used to having meals when I please

and going out when I like and coming in when I like. Of course I couldn't do that if I had a wife. It wouldn't be fair."

"So," I continued resolutely, resisting an absurd impulse to kiss her again, "though I think you the nicest little woman in the world, dear"—she smiled just like the sun coming out—"it would be better for you to find some one younger and less crotchety."

She tapped the ground rapidly with one little foot. Meanwhile we're engaged, you know, and we must live up to it. Where shall I take you to morrow?

"Oh, no! You must do a lot of your book tomorrow and give me some copying to do—about brains and spines and things."

"Nonsense, child! Don't I always take you out when I come to town? Shall we go to the academy?" She laughed her old childish laugh.

"And lunch at a restaurant?" she inquired of high edly. "And go to the Crystal Palace afterward, and have tea in the gardens, and see the variety show, and dine on the terrace like we did last year?" She squeezed my arm in her old way. "Won't it be jolly?"

It was jolly. The next day I took her to the zoo and smiled to see her laugh at the monkeys. The day after I took her to the exhibition and up the big wheel and put my arm round her because she was frightened, or pretended to be. I squeezed twice for good night. Then I began to see that it would be bad for the "Cerebral Convolutions" if this sort of thing went on. So I sent for Nephew Frank to come up to town at once. That light hearted young gentleman held his sides with laughter when I explained the situation.

"So I'm to court your fiancée—she used to be a pretty little girl—and take her off your hands for an allowance of £500 a year?" he said, wiping his eyes; £500 and £300 make £800—£400 apiece."

"Exactly!" I said approvingly. "You always were smart at figures, Frank."

"But, my dear uncle, suppose she won't have me? Besides, I'm not sure but I think I'm just a little gone on Nellie Marchant. Suppose I don't care for your Amanda?"

"She's awfully nice, Frank. You couldn't help it," I was surprised at my doubtful tone.

"Then," said he, "why don't you marry her yourself?"

"I lit a cigar and drummed on the fender with my slipper. 'I'm too old—too settled in my bachelor ways, Frank,' I said regretfully. 'I don't know—I'm not sure—it would do.'"

"I believe it would be the best thing in the world for you, old man," Frank leaned over the table earnestly. He's an honest, unselfish lad. That's why I'm fond of him. And I know he'd be good to her."

"Well," I said slowly, "I'll be honest with you, Frank. I'm fond of the child—very fond indeed. If I thought that she could like me—in that way—I'm hanged if I wouldn't chance it. But she only looks upon me as an elder brother. Some day she'll—"

"I would find out. It wouldn't do; I'm sure it wouldn't do."

So it was arranged that I should be busy finishing my book and see less of Amanda, and Frank was to see her every day to find out if she would like him better than me, or if he could like her better than Nellie Marchant.

This arrangement lasted for a fortnight, but none of us seemed quite ourselves. Maudy grew staid and silent. I couldn't do anything right with the book, and something seemed wrong with my liver. Even cheerful Frank grew a bit bad tempered. At the end of the fortnight he burst in upon me in the evening when I was busy with the "Cerebral Convolutions."

"Look here, uncle," said he, coolly, flinging himself into an armchair and taking one of my cigars, "you're an ass!"

"That," I observed mildly, "is very strong language, Frank."

"Well," said he, "I like Nellie ever so much better than your Amanda—that's on flat."

"Then," said I, bringing my hand down on the table with a thump, "you're a fool!"

"Amanda," said he firmly, "is as dull as dishwater."

I took off my reading glasses and glared at him. "She's the brightest little creature in the world," I asserted resolutely.

He took a long draw at the cigar and blew smoke rings, a thing I never could manage. "Amanda," he continued in a matter of fact tone, "is dull because she's in love."

I let my pipe drop on the floor with a crash. "With whom?" My voice sounded strange to me.

"Why, with you, of course. Man alive, you must be blind! You're pretending that you don't care for her and breaking her poor little heart."

I looked at him in silence for a few seconds. Then I got up and fetched my "I'm going out," I told him, and I went.

When I arrived at their drawing room, Amanda was sitting on the rug, with her back against the sofa. She had dropped her book on the floor and was looking into the fire with her cheek on her hand, and I could see tears in her eyes.

She jumped up to meet me, with an eager little laugh. "What, deserted the 'Convolutions'?"

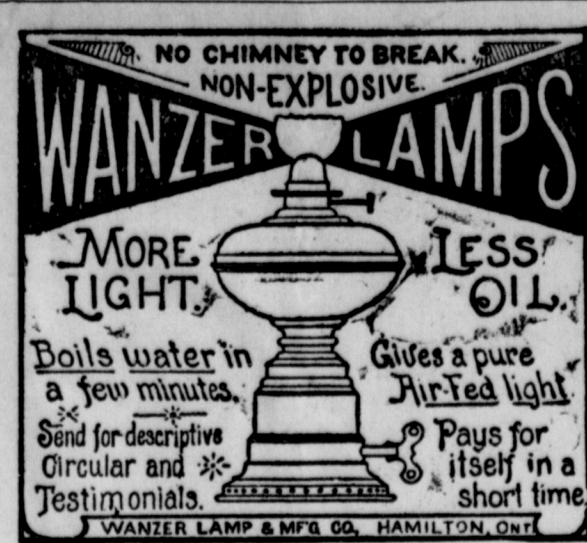
"Hang the 'Convolutions'!" I said. "The fact is, they're awfully uninteresting compared with you, Maudy."

"Are they? Then they must be stupid."

I put my arm round her waist and drew her close to me. "Maudy," I said passionately, "my dear little girl, we've been playing at sweethearts long enough. Shall we begin in earnest?"

Amanda said nothing, only laid her head

on my shoulder, with a happy little sob.—J. A. Flynn in Madam.



down on my shoulder, with a happy little sob.—J. A. Flynn in Madam.

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Kentville, June 2, to the wife of Jno. Harvie, a son.

Truro, June 2, to the wife of Winfield Bragdon, a son.

Waldgrave, May 3, to the wife of A. C. Cook, a son.

Springhill, June 3, to the wife of Geo. Burton, a son.

Newcastle, June 1, to the wife of Joseph Jardine, a son.

Amherst, June 2, to the wife of Lan Allen, a daughter.

Halifax, June 8, to the wife of Mr. D. Connors, a daughter.

Liverpool, June 6, to the wife of Wm. Brooks, a daughter.

Truro, May 24, to the wife of Robert Rutherford, a daughter.

Springhill, June 5, to the wife of Daniel A. Price, a daughter.

Sussex, June 5, to the wife of Geo. W. Fowler, a daughter.

Sussex, June 7, to the wife of J. T. Prescott, a daughter.

Springhill, June 6, to the wife of Wm. Gabriel, a daughter.

Halifax, May 4, to the wife of J. A. Calder, a daughter.

Middleton, June 1, to the wife of C. A. Young, a daughter.

Milton, June 2, to the wife of Mark LeBlanc, a daughter.

New Glasgow, June 3, to the wife of John P. Grant, a daughter.

Springhill, June 5, to the wife of Daniel Matheson, a daughter.

Falmouth, May 28, to the wife of Henry Manning, a daughter.

Dorchester, June 8, to the wife of Chas. S. Hickman, a son.

Golden Grove, N. B. June 4, to the wife of R. H. Irwin, a son.

Barbours Station, May 30, to the wife of Thomas O'Brien, a son.

Halifax, May 27, to the wife of Charles R. Rosborough, a son.

Middle New Glasgow, June 5, to the wife of Rev. C. McKinnon, a son.

Yarmouth, June 1, to the wife of Capt. Norman S. McKinnon, a son.

Monticello Me., June 4, to the wife of Norman McLeod, a daughter.

New Glasgow, May 31, to the wife of John McMillan, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, June 8, by Rev. N. Lemoine, John Wilson to Louise Brown.

St. John, June 8, by Rev. W. Raymond, Frederick Lob to Jennie Lawton.

Dartmouth, June 8, by Rev. S. B. Kempt, Byron Bishop to Florence Young.

Halifax, by Rev. H. H. McPherson, Algonia H. Prowse to Esie Marshall.

Sackville, June 1, by Rev. G. A. Belyes, Frank Ester to Carrie Eastbrook.

New Glasgow, June 6, by Rev. A. Rogers, Duncan Fraser to Johanna Fraser.

Hillsboro, N. B. June 8, by Rev. W. Camp, Clifford W. Steeves to Miss E. Slater.

Lockport, June 1, by Rev. Mr. Shattford, Rev. George I. Foster to Anna Day.

Isaac's Harbor, June 7, by T. F. Irving, Christina Macdonald to Wm. A. Hewitt.

Digby, May 25, by Rev. James A. Porter, Leonard McNeil to Annie M. Franklyn.

Woodstock, June 8, by Rev. W. Todd, Frank C. Berryman to Lizzie B. Steeves.

Catalone, C. B. June 7, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, John McDonald to Mary B. McIsaac.

Brookside, June 1, by Rev. J. W. Fowler, Frank L. Miner to Hannah S. Dechan.

Parrsboro, May 28, by Rev. E. H. Howe, William Alfred Vickery to Bertha McLeod.

Truro, June 8, by Rev. Wm. Matthews, Llewellyn R. Rette to Lizzie G. MacDonald.



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Stmr. Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every afternoon at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

## Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday the 14th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

## RAILROADS.

## Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Wednesday, 1st. June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

## Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

DAILY SERVICE.

Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.15 a. m.

Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

## 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.

Lve. Yarmouth 3.25 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m.

Lve. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m.

Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

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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.....16.35

Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

## TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30

Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30

Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30

Express from Halifax.....16.00

Express from Pictou, Campbellton and Bellefleur.....18.30

Accommodation from Moncton.....24.2

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.