

JACK'S ANGEL.

She had whispered, 'Yes, Jack. I love you!' in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were breathing in unison, though not so tumultuously as before and now that the first rapture and thrill were over, they were asking questions and making their little confessions, after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

'How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?' she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

'Why, certainly it is, Dora,' he replied earnestly. 'You say you love me, so it really doesn't make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still if there are so many of them—'

'Please stop, Jack. I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and, with that look on your face!' she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

'How dare you!' she exclaimed 'after the way you've been talking!'

'Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my questions?'

'Must I, Jack?'

'I'm afraid you must my dear.'

'And you won't hate me after I tell will you?'

'Well—'

'That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long I can read your thoughts.'

'Can you? That, convenient for you I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question.'

'Would you really like to know?'

'Why, yes or I shouldn't have asked it.'

'Well, Jack if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors.'

'Are you sure?'

'Yes, Jack. You are the first and only.'

'Thanks, awfully, Dora! I'm glad to hear it; and now that question is settled, we will—'

'Oh, no, my boy: you don't get off quite so easy as that! I want your confessions now. About how many dozen times have you been in love, pray tell?'

Jack Vernon winced. He hadn't counted on this, exactly.

'Come, young man, you are now on the witness stand, sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!'

she continued banteringly.

'Must I?' said Jack, helplessly repeating her question of a few moments before.

'I am afraid you must, my dear,' mimicked she.

'But I am afraid you will hate me after I confess.'

'Is the record, then, so long?'

'No; it is a very short one. I have never loved but once—before.'

'And she—she refused you?'

'No; I never asked her.'

'Why not? You see, I want the whole story now.'

'Because of pride. She was a wealthy heiress; I a penniless lawyer, with my fame and fortune yet to make. I loved her; and am not ashamed to say it; she was a woman that one could not help loving; she was all to me then that you are now, and—'

'And more. Go on and say it, Jack; I want the whole truth.'

'No, I won't say that; but she was the first, and love was a new sensation to me then, and it had been her equal in wealth and station I might—but, pshaw! What is the use of telling you all this? It is all over now. Her love was not for me. I have put it aside—and, besides, I have you. But why are you looking so sober, Dora? Have I confessed too much? You wanted the whole truth, you know.'

'Yes, and I am glad you were brave enough to tell it. How long ago was it that—that this happened?' she faltered.

'Three years.'

'And her name?' she asked in low tones.

'Need I tell that?'

'Yes, please,' said Dora, faintly.

'Edith Burton.'

Dora's face grew suddenly pale.

'I thought perhaps she was the one,' she said, in a voice that Jack scarcely recognized.

'Why, do you know her?' he exclaimed, in surprise.

'I used to room with her at boarding school,' continued Dora. She had regained control of her voice now. 'She is a good, noble woman, far better than I am, and I don't wonder that you love her.'

'You mean loved,' corrected Jack. 'My love for her is in the past tense, not the present.'

'True love can never die,' quoted Dora, gravely. 'Wasn't it the divine William who said that? But there, Jack, we have talked enough of love for one evening. Don't you think so?'

'But you haven't promised to marry me yet.'

'You didn't ask me that question. You simply asked me if I loved you, and you got your answer, I believe.'

'And I am to take the rest for granted, eh?'

'Well, no; nothing should be taken for granted in this world. I'll give you your answer, but not now. I think I'd better send it to you in writing.'

'My! My! How formal we are getting all at once! But, after all, I think I prefer it that way; then I can carry your note next my heart for a mascot until you are mine for good and all. Shan't I run over here for it to-morrow morning? I'm anxious to get it as soon as possible.'

'No; I'll mail it to your office in New York.'

'All right, Dora, and now just one before I go.' He bent down and pressed a kiss on her unresisting lips. 'Thanks

dear! Now please forget that there was any other girl and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening, if nothing happens. Good night, Dora!'

'Good night, Jack!'

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple Court the next morning he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open he read:

'Brooklyn, 9.30 p. m., March 15. Dear Jack—The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending you to the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession, and knowing what I do, I could be never happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still entwined around that early love, and—she needs you more than I do. I told you she was my schoolmate years ago; I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and though we have never met since we graduated we have always kept up a correspondence. I inclose my latest letter from her received two months ago. I did not know until to-night who the man was that she loves. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time but goodbye! Ever your friend, DORA.'

This inclosure ran as follows:

'Rochester, N. Y., Jan 14. My dear Dora—No, I am not engaged yet and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune—especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for except one, and I believe he cared for me for a time. Perhaps he does yet; but, alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money), held him back. He loved me; my heart told me that; but fortune hunters were fluttering around me, like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest—just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!'

'Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which has attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!'

'There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall ever more a maiden be—but please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I), and hoping to hear from you soon I remain, with oceans of love, yours sincerely,

'EDITH BURTON.'

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

'My Dear Dora—Many thanks for your kind enclosure. There are at least two angles left on earth. You are one of them! May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK.'

'P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train.'

And as Dora read these words, she smiled a little, wee ghost of a smile and whispered:

'Better my heart than hers!—St. Paul Pioneer.'

STORIES OF ROCKEFELLER.

He Confesses an Irritable Clerk and Helps a Conductor.

A good many years ago a certain young man—his ruddy and portly now, and the father of a family—was employed by a growing corporation. He was quite a young man, with an acute sense of his responsibilities, and, like young men who are fitted in that particular way, was dreadfully touchy when his work was interrupted. He was the only employ in the room of one of the leading members of the corporation, and was kept pretty busy with his constantly growing duties.

In the room was a health lift a somewhat old-fashioned exercising machine, left there by some shifting of employers, and one day about noon time a quiet man came in and for the space of several minutes worked the machine. He made no noise about it, and departed as quietly as he came.

The next day he came again, and the next, and the next.

The young clerk didn't like these visits. They drew his attention from his work. They made him fidgety.

One day he looked over the railing and caught the quiet man's eye.

'Say,' he said irritably, 'I wish you wouldn't do that. It bothers me. Can't you come in after office hours? You seem to pick out the very time when I have the most to do.'

The quiet man didn't get mad.

'I'm sorry it interferes with your work,' was all he said as he passed from the room.

That afternoon the lifting machine was taken away.

It wasn't long after this that the officer of the company who bossed the youth took him into another part of the building to do some writing. They went into a certain room, and there sat the quiet man. He looked up as the youth appeared and quietly nodded to him.

When the work was finished, and it saw a somewhat uncomfortable job for the

abashed youth, he left the apartment with his superior officer.

'Who is that gentleman?' he asked as they passed along the hall.

'Haven't you seen him before?' was the astonished query.

'Y—yes, once.'

'And you don't know his name?'

'No.'

'Well, that is John D. Rockefeller.'

The thoughts of the young man at that particular moment were long, long thoughts, but he kept a stiff upper lip and said nothing.

And he's still in the employ of the Standard Oil Company.

Not very long ago a crowded Euclid car bound east, took on a few extra passengers at the Hickok street stop. Among them was a man in a gray suit, who found a footing on the rear platform. The last installment of patrons crowded the car to the utmost. The aisle was full, the platform packed and the footboard lined. The motorman, knowing the car was overcrowded, went right ahead regardless of signaling patrons. At the corner of Erie street a stout man waved his arm vigorously, but the motorman shook his head and pointed back, where another Euclid car was following. The stout man wasn't to be ignored, however. He yelled fiercely at the conductor and made a wild dash at the car. He reached for the hand bar on the rear platform, missed it and went down in a heap.

The conductor instantly stopped the car and went back and helped the stranger to his feet. He wasn't hurt, but he was frightfully mad. The conductor took his name in the customary way, brushed the man off and then went back to the car. When he had rung the bell to go ahead he asked for the names of a few witnesses of the occurrence, as conductors have orders to do. But the men on the platform shook their heads. They were not looking or the motorman may have been to blame, or they didn't want to get mixed up in it. The conductor looked discouraged.

Just then the man in gray clothes reached across and tapped him on the shoulder.

'I saw the affair,' he said: 'you may call me if necessary.'

The conductor looked relieved as he poised his pencil in air.

'What is your name?' he asked.

The man in gray clothes hesitated slightly.

'Rockefeller,' he replied: 'J. D.'

The conductor shut his book with a snap that suggested he had all the witnesses he needed, and the car bowled along—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What the Boy's Mother Said.

A lad in one of the London Board schools was recently found guilty of a serious infraction of discipline, and was directed by his teacher to tell his mother when he got home what misdemeanour he had committed.

The next morning the schoolmistress called Johnnie to her desk, when the following dialogue ensued:—

'Well, Master Johnnie, did you inform your mother what infraction of discipline you were guilty of yesterday, and the reprimand and punishment you received?'

'Yes'm,' was the sententious reply.

'Well what did your mother say?'

'She said she'd like to wring your neck for you.'

No more discipline reports have been sent home to that mother.

Kerrigan: 'Do yez believe in dhramas, Riley?'

Riley: 'O! do.'

Kerrigan: 'Phwat's it a soign ov when a married man dhramas he's a bachelor?'

Riley: 'It's a soign that he's going to mate with a great disappointment—when he wakes.'



BORN.

Newcastle, Nov. 21, to the wife of H. Jones, a son.

Springhill, Nov. 20, to the wife of Wm. Wyde, a son.

Metapedia, Nov. 23, to wife of Toos. McDougall, a son.

Oliver, Nov. 6, to wife of John Carruthers, a daughter.

Amherst, Nov. 20, to the wife of Nicholas Landry, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 26, to the wife of C. S. Sutherland, a son.

Greenwood, Nov. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bruce, a son.

Barrington, Nov. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clossan, a son.

Arthur, Nov. 20, to the wife of Robert Sprague, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 26, to the wife of Alfred Allen, a daughter.

Amherst, Nov. 27, to the wife of Morley Pike, a daughter.

Bentley, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Calder, a son.

Truro, Nov. 22, to the wife of Mr. Fred Fuller, a daughter.

Barrington, Nov. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Christie, a son.

Parrsboro, Nov. 25, to Capt. and Mrs. Stuart Salter, a son.

Trumansville, Nov. 21, to the wife of Arthur Trumans, a son.

Campbellton, Nov. 27, to the wife of Oskar Johansen, a son.

Arthur, Nov. 21, to the wife of Henry L. Sisson, a daughter.

North Sydney, Nov. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. David F. Nolan, a son.

Great Village, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Spencer, a son.

Bridgetown, Nov. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Watson Kinney, a son.

Barrington Passage, Nov. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Christie, a son.

Lower Seima, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Anthony, a son.

Upper Seima, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sterling, a daughter.

Springhill, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. O'Rourke, a son.

Hillsborough, Nov. 29, to the wife of Maurice Blake, twin sons.

Providence, Nov. 23, to the wife of Samuel J. McConnell, a son.

Barrington, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nickerson, a daughter.

Lower Seima, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Anthony, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Nov. 27, to Capt. Wm. and Mrs. Longmire, a daughter.

Hillsborough, Dec. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen R. Campbell, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Nov. 18, to the wife of Rev. Robt. Johnson, a daughter.

Annapolis Royal, Dec. 2, to the wife of H. M. Bradford, a daughter.

Amherst Highlands, Nov. 17, to the wife of Warren P. McDonald, a son.

MARRIED.

Oxford, Nov. 24, Robert Archibald to Minnie Copp, Bridgewater, Nov. 24, Arthur L. Fanny to Ida F. Falt.

Bridgewater, Nov. 9, Rev. W. E. Weagle to Clara Weagle.

South Weymouth, Mass. Wilton L. Hawes to Elizabeth M. Nettles.

Boston, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. D. Pickles, George De-Blais to Bessie Anslow.

Hallifax, Nov. 2, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Albert Puffer to Bessie Puffer.

Bridgewater, Nov. 10, James Brenton Hirtle to Anna C. Himmelman.

Boston, Nov. 24, by Rev. Dr. Dolan, David J. Danaher to Mrs. B. C. Coney.

Roxbury, Mass., by Rev. A. S. Gumbart, Chas. E. Stoom to Sara J. Patten.

Stromboli, Nov. 19, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, Amos Welch to Georgia Turner.

Halifax, Dec. 1, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Mr. J. J. Brown to Mrs. E. White.

Hillsborough, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. C. Miller, John Hanson to Annie McFarland.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, C. A. Ross to Janet Henderson.

Kars, Kings Co., Nov. 30, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Asa P. Friars to Maude Jones.

Albert Mines, Nov. 26, by Rev. J. C. Miles, Joseph Reynolds to Estelle Wilband.

Eagle Head, Nov. 26, by Rev. F. C. Berry, Helen P. Gross to William Zwickler.

Jeddore, Nov. 15, by Rev. T. F. Wootton, Walter Myers to Catherine Warner.

Liscomb, Nov. 21, by Rev. J. A. Hart, James A. Lang to Rhoda Ann Rudolph.

Pictou, Nov. 23, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Alex. McKenzie to Florence E. Murray.

Melrose, Mass., Nov. 5, by Rev. Thomas Sims, John C. Reilly to Daisy L. Grant.

Aylmer, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. M. Wade, J. E. Woodworth to Annie Huntingdon.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, Wm. Lormore to Mary E. McKeeze.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. R. Cumming, David McDonald to Annie L. Marshall.

Upper Stewiacke, Nov. 29, by Rev. J. B. Maclean, C. Alfred Teasdale to Miss Kennedy.

Port Lorne, Nov. 23, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Curti D. Foster to Lullia A. Marshall.

Bridgewater, Nov. 26, by Rev. E. P. Churchill, Edmund Corkum to Etta Hughes.

Cumberland, Nov. 17, by Rev. J. M. Parker, Charles A. Johnson to Emily Malignan.

Halifax, Oct. 24, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, Arthur E. Sweeney to Anna M. Sutherland.

Upper Fort La Tour, Nov. 15, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Lewis Crowell to Co. de la E. Oued.

East Dover, N. S. Nov. 30, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, W. H. Fader to Burdie J. Fader.

Jordan River, Nov. 15, by Rev. G. I. Foster, Robert W. Freeman to Lewis DeMolitor.

New Canada, Nov. 23, by Rev. D. W. Crandall, Reuben Small to Emma S. Fader.

Nelson, B. C., Nov. 5, by Rev. H. S. Akhurst, F. M. C. Crosskill to Mary Robinson.

Buctouche, N. B., Nov. 23, by Rev. C. H. Manaton, John Hutchinson to Lucrecia W. Smith.

Hardwood Hill, Nov. 23, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Leander McLaughlin to Mary McGregor.

Somerville, Mass., Nov. 23, by Rev. Wm. C. Barrows, Michael Young to Emma L. Munroe.

Lower Rossway, N. S., by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Theodore L. Haight to Augusta M. Anson.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 19, by Rev. H. F. Given, Alex. C. McDonald to Elizabeth G. Cruikshank.

DIED.

Windsor, Nov. 28, Mrs. Nix, 68.

New Ross, Nov. 18, Geo. Sweet.

Truro, Nov. 26, Abby Mingo, 91.

Truro, Nov. 28, L. Roy Craig, 12.

Halifax, Nov. 23, James E. Oroucher.

Milltown, Nov. 22, Joseph Lamont, 89.

Newport, Nov. 24, Duacan A. Miller, 21.

Kingston, Nov. 23, Elizabeth Martin, 4.

Joggins Mines, Nov. 29, Amos Mills, 79.

St. John, Dec. 3, Michel McFarland, 88.

Kingston, Nov. 29, Mrs. John Weston, 32.

Cumberland, Nov. 17, Jas. W. Higgins, 24.

Parrsboro, Nov. 29, Mrs. Perry Winters, 29.

Colchester, Oct. 21, Sarah A. Ryne, 35.