

## The Proposal By Proxy.

Probably none of my readers know anything about Oakwood, even where it is situated; and they will be none the wiser for my telling; for as they will perhaps never hear of it except from me, it does not matter to them.

It is, then, that O kwood is the village where I, the humble scribe of this narrative, have spent the greater part of my not over long life.

Two years ago, Lettie Monson was the brightest, merriest girl in the place.

She lived at Squire Bartlett's, on the hill road, just in sight of the river.

The squire's wife was dead and gone, and his three daughters were married, so the old house was lonely enough; but they had taken Lettie when she was a friendless orphan, and she would not leave the old man now.

Squire Bartlett had never been a pleasant man, and the shadows of fifty years had not improved his disposition; so that, although just as the world goes, he was not a very desirable companion for a young girl.

He wanted to marry Lettie Monson, but Lettie Monson did not want to marry him. One hot summer afternoon he sat on the back piazza, trying to think of some way to induce her to retract the positive refusal she had given him the night before.

A shadow fell across the floor of the piazza.

It was the shadow of Ned Carver, and Ned said he had come over to talk with the squire, because he had nothing else to do; but he did not mention the fact that he had been in the parlor with Lettie for a full hour, and that she had told him all about the old gentleman's courtship.

Ned threw himself on the settee, laid his curly brown head back against the window frame, and tried to talk to the squire; but the nearest he came to it was to talk to him, for that gentleman seemed strangely absent minded; at last, however, his trouble came out.

"Ned," said he, "what shall I do with Miss Monson?"

"Do with her?" Ned spoke as if very much surprised. "What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, I want to marry her, and she won't have me; that's the long and the short of the matter."

"Won't she?" asked Ned, very coolly.

"She says so, and I am afraid that nothing I can say will alter his mind; but if someone else would talk to her about it, perhaps it might do some good."

"Perhaps so," said Ned.

"Well, then," resumed the squire, "why won't you? I think Lettie likes you, and I believe you might have some influence with her."

"Really," began Ned, "I shouldn't know what to say."

"Oh!" interrupted the squire, "that's easy enough. Tell her it will be better for her." Ned looked at as if he did not believe it. "Tell her she will have a good home, which, perhaps, will never be offered to her again—that she will be more independent if she is married, and so on."

"Yes," said Ned, slowly; "but if that makes no impression, what then?"

"Tell her that people think strange of her living here with me, and that her name will suffer. That will bring her to it anything will, for a woman thinks more of her reputation than anything else in the world."

"Well," returned Ned, "I will do it if you say so; but, whatever is the result, you must not blame me."

"Certainly not; and, if you can get her to agree to be married within a month, I will give you a hundred pounds."

"Agreed," said Ned. "I will do my very best."

Now it happened that Miss Monson had found the parlor too warm very soon after Ned Carver had left it, so she took her sewing and went into the wide old entry, where the breeze always came, even in the stillest days, and, soon after she was seated, she heard her name mentioned.

Thinking it as much her business as anybody's she sat still, and the said breeze brought the whole conversation to her ears.

Lettie did not like it, and she thought Ned might find better employment for his spare time; for, to tell the truth, she had been building castles in the air for many months, always inhabited by herself and another individual, with brown eyes and curly hair, very much the color of Ned's; and very good foundation she had for them though he had not exactly proposed.

She now made up her mind to leave the house as soon as she could find a home somewhere else.

She had a cousin living about a mile away, and she would go to her that very evening, and tell her all about it; so, after tea, she called Rover for company, and went.

She found Ned Carver there; so, of course, there was no chance to speak of the object of her visit, and soon Squire Bartlett came in.

He seemed surprised to find Lettie there, but she knew very well he had followed her.

Ned was in unusually good spirits, which considering the mean plot he was engaged in, Lettie thought very provoking, and a striking instance of the depravity of the human heart.

She soon rose to go, and the squire rose also, and put on his hat.

"Rover, Rover!" called Lettie, but no Rover appeared.

"Sit down, Mr. Bartlett," said Ned. "I will go and help Miss Monson find the dog," and there was a knowing look in his eyes, which the squire read thus: "It will be a good time to talk to her."

So he sat quietly down, and Ned went out.

"Never mind the dog, Lettie," he said, when he came up to her; "but please walk with me a few moments, for I have something to say to you."

"And, as I am fully aware of your purpose, Mr. Carver, it is quite unnecessary," returned Lettie, haughtily.

"Perhaps you do not fully understand me, however," persisted Ned.

Lettie grew impatient.

"But I do. I heard your conversation with Mr. Bartlett this afternoon. I would not marry him for his weight in diamonds. I told him so last evening, and I tell you the same."

"That is right—I knew you wouldn't."

Ned spoke as if it had been settled in his mind a long time.

"Very well; then it is useless to talk about it; and, though I am sorry to have you lose your hundred pounds, even that cannot make me alter my determination."

"Perhaps we can effect a compromise, and take the money together," he answered, laughing.

I do not understand you at all, Mr. Carver. I shall find another home, and leave Mr. Bartlett's as soon as possible; and now let us change the subject."

"Certainly," said Ned, leaning over and looking in her eyes, by the moonlight. "I want to ask you a question. Don't you love me, Lettie?"

Lettie was silent.

"Because," he continued, as he passed his arm around her "I have loved you a long time, and I want you to say 'Yes' now, when I ask you to be my wife. Will you, Lettie?"

Lettie did not answer—she only drew closer to his side; but, when he bent and kissed her full red lips, she actually kissed him back.

Very improper, of course, but perfectly natural under the circumstances.

"And now, Lettie, I must fulfil my promise to the squire. He told me to tell you it would be better for you to marry him."

"I heard him," said Lettie.

"He said you would have a good home, and, perhaps, you would never have another offer."

"But you see I have," and she looked up archly in his handsome face.

"He said people might think strange of your living alone with him, and that your good name might suffer."

"Just so, and what do you think of it?"

"That you had better come and live with me, and then your reputation will be safe and it will save you the trouble of looking for a home."

Squire Bartlett waited as patiently as he could for the return of the young folk.

An hour went by, and he was on the point of going home, when he heard their voices at the door, and, in a moment, they came in.

"Did you find the dog?" he asked, as Ned opened the door.

"No sir; we have been talking, and forgot all about it. You see, I told Miss Monson what you said this afternoon, and she thought it quite reasonable, and concluded it would be best to be married as soon as possible."

"Good!" said the squire, rubbing his hands; "a very sensible girl. I knew it would come out all right."

"And so," continued Ned, "we have taken steps to have the banns published, and she'll be married within the month. Allow me to make you acquainted with my intended wife, Mr. Bartlett."

Lettie came forward, and held out her hand; but the old gentleman, taking up his hat, quitted the room without a word.

Lettie stayed at her cousin's that night. The next morning came a note for her.

It ran thus—

"DEAR LETTIE.—A little reflection and a night's sleep have convinced me that I am an old fool, and I am glad that you had sense enough to see it. Forgive me, and come over and see me. I want you to feel as much at home here as my own daughters. Give the enclosed to your husband-elect, and tell him to use it as well as he did his time last evening. He earned it fairly."

Ever your friend,

W. BARTLETT.

Enclosed was a cheque for a hundred pounds.

Prospective Tourist (at booking office at great ocean liner)—"That steamer is near the stern of the vessel, isn't it?" Agent—

"Yes, sir." Prospective Tourist—"You ought not to charge me full price for it."

Agent—"Why not?" Prospective Tourist—"Because when the steamer comes to land I'll have to walk half a mile to get ashore."

## BORN.

Halifax, Sept. 25, to the wife of H. Curtis, a son.

South Bay, Sept. 20, to the wife of W. Earle, a son.

Yarmouth, Sept. 6, to the wife of T. Kenney, a son.

Hants, Aug. 17, to the wife of H. Archibald, a son.

Boston, Sept. 11, to the wife of F. Nickerson, a son.

Cardwell, Sept. 18, to the wife of W. Hall, a daughter.

Windsor, Sept. 12, to the wife of A. Shaw, a daughter.

Windsor, Sept. 16, to the wife of Harry T. urrow, a son.

Hants, Aug. 26, to the wife of Wm. Beckman, a son.

Rawdon, Sept. 15, to the wife of James Mehan, a son.

Earlton, Sept. 9, to the wife of Rev. P. McRae, a son.

Middleton, Sept. 15, to the wife of W. Calhoun, a son.

St. Martins, Sept. 2, to the wife of Frank Fulmer, a son.

Crowell Town, Sept. 13, to the wife of J. Crowell, a son.

Lockport, Sept. 12, to the wife of Ingram Locke, a son.

Marloak, Sept. 17, to the wife of Clarence Redden, a son.

Beverly, Mass. Sept. 12, to the wife of H. Robson, a son.

Fredericton, Sept. 20, to the wife of Wm. McCarthy, a son.

Port Greenville, Sept. 14, to the wife of H. Canning, a son.

Lawrencetown, Aug. 25, to the wife of David Late, a son.

Windsor, Sept. 20, to the wife of John Pratt, a son.

Highfield, Sept. 12, to the wife of John Card, a daughter.

Baccaro, Sept. 15, to the wife of W. Reynolds, a daughter.

Amherst, Sept. 4, to the wife of Jade White, a daughter.

Albert Co., Sept. 14, to the wife of F. Thompson, a daughter.

Pulmon, Sept. 5, to the wife of Capt. Fee ur, a daughter.

Arlington, Aug. 30, to the wife of Norman Grant, a daughter.

Middleton, Sept. 19, to the wife of Mr. Siedman, a daughter.

Louisburg, Sept. 20, to the wife of C. Gray, a daughter.

Louisburg, Sept. 20, to the wife of John Murphy, a daughter.

Guyboro, Sept. 21, to the wife of Geo. Grant, a daughter.

Halifax, Sept. 19, to the wife of H. Holloway, a daughter.

Digby, Sept. 12, to the wife of E. Turnbull, a daughter.

New York, Sept. 9, to the wife of George Darnborn, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Sept. 14, to the wife of James Wilson, a daughter.

Campbellton, Sept. 17, to the wife of A. McDonald, a daughter.

St. Croix, Aug. 20, to the wife of Monson McDonald, a daughter.

Round Hill, Sept. 14, to the wife of Hebert Whitemen, a daughter.

Truro, Sept. 13, Christopher Glover to Jessie McDonald.

Newton Centre, Mass., Sept. 20, Geo. R. McConnell to Belle Clary.

Lower Derby, Sept. 6, James H. Pleadwell to Sadie Clouson.

Lunenburg, by Rev. E. Churchill, Edgar Hardie to Melinda Liley.

Cape Island, Sept. 15, Mr. Samuel Mood to Mrs. Esther McKinnon.

Bathurst, Sept. 15, by Rev. W. Harrison, Wm. J. Williams to Ada branch.

Campbellton, Sept. 18, by Rev. A. Carr, Geo. Clark to Isabella Pettigrew.

Yarmouth, Sept. 4, by Rev. Mr. Hills, Frank L. Cain to Miss H. Scott.

Scotsburg, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. Cumming, Daniel El to Jessie Grant.

Montreal, Sept. 12, by Rev. T. J. Maniell, Wesley Earl to Sarah McLean.

Hebron, Sept. 20, by Rev. Mr. Toole, Judson Fatten to Annie McKinnon.

Warrsboro, Sept. 6, by Rev. W. Lane, Steele McLean to Sarah Sproule.

Campbellton, Sept. 7, by Rev. A. Carr, Wm. F. Yorton to Annie Craig.

Amherst, Sept. 11, by Rev. Chas. Green, Alfred N. Gay to Edith Smith.

Portland Me., Sept. 12, by Rev. L. Freeman, John Lovett to B. sie Borden.

Fairville, Sept. 25, by Rev. A. S. Morton, Nelson Atkinson, to Alice Small.

Oxford, Sept. 13, by Rev. L. Dawson, Eva G. King to Elsie B. MacDonnell.

Salisbury, Sept. 14, by Rev. J. King, Pharas O'Shan to Mary Steves.

Hillsboro, Sept. 21, by Rev. C. Townsend, W. Wallace to A. B. Geldart.

Truro, Sept. 20, by Rev. H. Waring, Miss C. Cummings to Mr. Harry Perry.

Woodville, K. C., Sept. 16, by Rev. D. Reid, Fred Woodville to George George.

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 11, by Rev. M. Harvey, Geo. Fall to Mary McLeod.

Tangier, Sept. 12, by Rev. Wm. Driffield, Daniel McNeill to Miss L. Masco.

St. John, Sept. 21, by Rev. W. O. Raymond, Richard Carross to Mary Britton.

Shag Harbor, Sept. 13, by Rev. W. Miller, Coas Sears to Miss A. Alice Smith.

Harvey, A. Co., Sept. 17, by Rev. T. Bishop, Jas Sherwood to Minnie Pearson.

Redbank, Sept. 6, by Rev. P. V. Duffy, Mr. Peter Hogan to Miss Lizzie Lawlor.

Newport, Sept. 7, by Rev. A. L. Fraser, Charles Caldwell to Miss Cochran.

East Chatham, Sept. 13, by Rev. Fr. La Brecque, Susan Young to Alice Smith.

Halifax, Sept. 20, by Rev. C. McKinnon, Mr. J. C. Mitchell to Miss Margaret Smith.

Dorchester Mass., Sept. 12, by Rev. C. Chamberlain, George Ross to Jessie Jones.

Halifax, Sept. 19, by Rev. G. Glendinning, Miss L. H. Keating to Mr. Alfred Dooden.

Mill Branch, Kent Co., Sept. 20, by Rev. D. Fraser, Susan Young to Mary M. Coll.

Tatamagouche, S. P., 19, by Rev. T. Sedgewick, Charles MacDonnell to Annie McLeod.

Caledonia Mines, C. B., Sept. 5, by Rev. J. Forbes, Daniel McLennan, to Margaret McDonald.

## DIED.

Truro, Sept. 16, Aubrey Brodie 20.

Castilis, Sept. 6, Joseph Claplin 65.

Clifton, Sept. 19, Andrew Barber 76.

Elmsdale, Sept. 11, James Fisher 79.

Truro, Sept. 15, John A. Kersey 20.

Truro, Sept. 17, Aubrey Blanchard 52.

Shubenacadie, Sept. 16, Robert Fish 64.

Rensselaer, Sept. 14, John Walsh 70.

Barnaby River, Sept. 13, Wm Power 34.

Amherst, Sept. 18, George T. Armstrong 44.

Seal Island, Sept. 14, T. Corning Crowell 43.

North Esk, Sept. 13, Mrs. Mary Murphy 66.

Newton, Sept. 21, wife of Andrew S. Pearce 55.

Nelson, Sept. 12, infant daughter of Peter Louise.

Albert County, N. B., Sept. 20, Rufus Trueman 70.

Springfield, Chatham, Sept. 17, Helen Chalmers 65.

Stony I. and, Sept. 14, Lena, wife of Elijah Ross 37.

West St. John, N. B., Sept. 18, William J. Olive 77.

Yarmouth, Sept. 20, Mary, wife of Alfred Syvertsen 30.

Truro, Sept. 16, Harless, son of A. M. Archibald 16 months.

Masstown, Sept. 19, Elmon Vance, son of Chas. Vance 12.

Mosher, Oregon, U. S. A., Sept. 12, Mrs. Jas. McGregor 75.

Winchester, Mass., Aug. 22, Mary E. wife of Chas. E. Kinley.

Six Mill Brook, Pictou, Sept. 17, Mrs. Katherine Corbett 25.

Carlton, Sept. 22, Mary E. daughter of Henry Gardner 66.

Harmony, N. B., Sept. 21, Anna, son of John and back 4.

Lower Orono, Sept. 20, Lela M., wife of William Johnson 67.

Somerville, Mass., S. p. 19, Mrs. Margaret Hitchens 71.

Ottawa, Sept. 22, Jane E. widow of the late William C. Tremblay.

Rockville, S. p. 17, May, daughter of Chas. Brenne 4 months.

Wolfville, Sept. 18, Lois R. relict of the late James M. Pajant 96.

St. John, Sept. 25, Sarah, widow of the late William Bartlett.

St. Stephen, Sept. 20, Ethel May, daughter of Harry Burpee 6.

Amherst, Sept. 22, Ada Yvonne, daughter of A. J. Allen 10 months.

McCollum Settlement, North River, Sept. 19, Daniel Lynds 80.

St. John, Sept. 22, Annie Gertrude, daughter of George Magee 17.

St. John, Sept. 20, Elizabeth Bell, relict of the late Fredrick A. Blackburn 75.

Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 17, Lizzie, daughter of William Alexander.

Cardinal, Ontario, S. p. 18, Sydney, youngest son of Rev. Gideon Mcizer.

Malden, Mass., Sept. 16, Ina Isabel daughter of Arthur Boye 11 months.

Everett, Ma. s. Sept. 24, Florence M. wife of Frederick A. Blackburn 22.

Halifax, Sept. 20, Annis Flaggdon, daughter of the late Hon. John E. Fairbanks.

Halifax, Sept. 19, Winifred Florence, daughter of Thomas and Mary Duggan 2.

Amherst, Sept. 9, Emeline Collingwood, daughter of James Anderson 4 months.

Yarmouth, Sept. 20, Charles Porter, infant son of Ronald M. Hatfield 6 months.

## BEFORE you BEGIN

to paint anything, a hitching post or a house, a barn door or a parlor floor, see that you have the right paint for that particular purpose. No paint has ever been made equally good for painting everything—buggies and houses and furniture. The greatest triumph of modern paint-making is the making of a different paint that looks best and wears best for each class of painting. It has taken years to find out just what ingredients and what proportions are needed for each. Each must be ground and mixed by special machinery with the utmost skill and accuracy. If you go by the labels on the cans of

## THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

you are sure of getting the best that can be made for your purpose. They have a reputation of 30 years' success, and every can is fully guaranteed. Our little book on painting will help you—it is free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., Paint and Color Makers.

Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine St., Montreal.