

MAJOR RUMSEY.

It was the proud boast of Mrs. Maltworth, widow of the late Captain Robert Maltworth, of the —th Cavalry, proprietress of the Esmeralda Hotel, Seabreeze, that in each of the twelve years during which she had owned and managed the establishment on the shore at Seabreeze she had successfully brought two young people into relations with one another that had resulted in matrimony. To tell the truth, Mrs. Maltworth was a born matchmaker, as many a young lieutenant could have witnessed.

Mrs. Maltworth was one of those rare individuals who can sink their own discomforts and smile on the pleasures of others. It was largely due to this fact that the Esmeralda had prospered, and during the season its rooms were flooded with young people bubbling over with holiday spirits, who joked and laughed together as if the office and the counter were nothing more than mere imaginings which would not reappear at the expiration of a brief fortnight.

But Mrs. Maltworth and her two daughters were growing desperate. The season was rapidly growing to a close, and as yet no two young people had been attracted to each other. To be sure, there had been one or two mild flirtations which had excited considerable expectations, but they had not 'developed' and had expired before the participants left Seabreeze.

Here's a letter from a Major Rumsey, my dears," said the widow one morning. "He wants to come next Monday with his son and daughter to stay—why, he doesn't say how long he will stay?"

"Who is he?" inquired the elder of the Misses Maltworth, a prim young lady of 25, whose living interest was centered and circumscribed in the cutting down of expenses at the Esmeralda.

The widow passed the letter to her. "He writes from Shoreham, you see, and that is very select. We shall have to put him and the son in the second floor front and his girl in the room opposite ours."

The younger daughter nodded approval. She was a pretty girl, who had all her mother's amiability and tenderness, mixed with her father's soldierly pride.

Major Rumsey duly arrived with his son and daughter. He was a middle-aged gentleman whose hair was generously sprinkled with gray, labeled military from head to foot, and possessed of a bluff, hearty voice that instantly won the widow's heart.

"I always feel thoroughly at home with army gentlemen," she confessed to him ere he had been in the house half a dozen hours. "You see, I'm a soldier's daughter and married a man who carried a commission."

"Ma'am," replied the Major, "you surprise and honor me."

"Yes, my poor husband, Captain Maltworth, of the —th Cavalry—"

"What!" roared the Major, springing from his chair. "Your husband—old Bob Maltworth of the —th?"

"The same, sir."

"My dear Mrs. Maltworth, I and old Bob—er—Captain Maltworth, were mates together before—Have you never heard him speak of his old friend Rumsey?"

"Bless my soul, my dear lady," continued the excited Major, walking to the window. "Fancy coming across the widow of my old friend. The world is, after all, quite a little place; now, isn't it?"

The opening of the door and the entrance of Mabel caused him to turn round. "Mabel my dear, this is Major Rumsey—and he is an old friend of your poor papa's."

The Major bowed to the fair young girl before him, while she blushed and murmured, "How d'y' do in so pretty a manner that the Major was on the instant charmed and captivated."

That evening there was a merry party in the widow's little drawing-room, which excited considerable curiosity among the other boarders. There was much laughter and just a few tears on the part of the hostess, and that night young Harold Rumsey dreamed of a blushing blue-eyed girl who had called him "Mr. Rumsey" no end of times, although he would have given anything to have been called Harold.

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Harold Rumsey and Miss Eleanor Rumsey (to quote the Seabreeze News) was decidedly a time of unqualified enjoyment. The happiness of the three suffused through the whole of the Esmeralda Hotel, and the proprietress was heard to remark that never in all her life had she seen so jolly a company as her boarders at this period. The visit lengthened from a fortnight to three weeks, then to a month, and still the happy trio said nothing of leaving.

"It does my heart good to see these young people living so happily," said Mrs. Maltworth. "It makes me feel young myself, I confess."

The Major was standing at the casement, looking away over the sea. Outside the promenade was almost deserted, for the days were growing cold and sunless, but at the end of the thin line of beach, where it was cut off by the cliff that jutted out, he could see a woman and a man seated. Her hand was clasped in both of his, and as the old soldier watched he saw her head droop lower—lower.

"Mrs. Maltworth," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "come here. You see those two young people away there? They are our young people."

Together they watched the two, who all unconscious that they were observed, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak.

"I felt sure it would come," she cried.

"Fancy, this is the thirteenth year without a break!"

"The thirteenth year!" thundered the Maj-

or. "Do you mean to tell me that the girl has for thirteen years—"

"Major Rumsey!" interrupted the little woman. And then she explained, and explained so well, that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself, and swore with a characteristic military oath that he could have desired no better mate for his lad.

Suddenly the window started up.

"O, dear!" she cried in dismay. "It mustn't be. I was forgetting it's the 13th, and that would be unlucky. It was on the 13 that my poor Robert—"

"Nonsense, my dear madam," growled her listener. "Surely, you don't believe in that old woman's tale!"

"But Robert—on the 13th—"

"—Robert," the Major thundered, and immediately apologized. "I forgot myself. What I wanted to say is this: Why should we risk the happiness of our boy and girl?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured the lady.

"Suppose, for instance, two other people found they could join forces with advantage on the enemy's line better together than singly. Suppose, I say—Mrs. Maltworth—Helen—what do you say to taking me?—and here the Major flopped down on his knees in most unilitary style—"me—an old half pay officer without a friend in the world. Now, what shall we say?"

And like the soldier's daughter and the soldier's widow that she was, the blushing proprietress of the Esmeralda answered "Yes" with precision.

This is how it is that the Esmeralda is under entirely new management, and the young people who congregate there in the summer speak regretfully of the old days—the days that are no more.—Buffalo News.

ANIMALS' QUEER APPETITES.

Strange Things Taken from the Stomachs of London Pets.

The novel operations of removing over six inches of fat from the neck of a kitten is not altogether without precedent.

A London Daily Mail representative, in the course of some brief interviews with several leading veterinary surgeons, heard of many strange accidents that befall domestic pets, and of how science has on many occasions given painless and complete relief.

Kittens and puppies, and cats and dogs, it was stated, are frequent sufferers from a lack of discrimination in swallowing things never intended for consumption. Fatpills, meat skewers, knitting needles, and ordinary needles and pins are among the articles they have been known to swallow.

Only recently a tiny fox terrier was submitted for professional examination on what was supposed to be an abscess in the side. The surgeon, however, decided that a foreign body was present, and nothing could of course, be done without the merciful aid of chloroform, for it is both interesting and gratifying to know that even the least painful of operations is never attempted until the animal to be operated on is placed temporarily beyond the reach of pain.

The results of this operation disclosed the presence of a wooden meat skewer in the terrier's stomach, with the point projecting between its ribs. The obstacle was successfully removed, and to day the tiny pet is as frisky as ever it was.

Another small spaniel paid the penalty of its avariciousness with its life, mainly owing to the fact that its owner was comparatively poor man. One morning the dog entered the bedroom, and bounding upon the dressing table, lapped up a diamond stud worth five or six guineas.

Ordinary emetics had no effect, and unfortunately under chloroform on the operating table the surgeon was unsuccessful in dislodging the stud. At the wish of the owner, a further supply of the drug was given him, and a postmortem revealed the missing gem. It is attributed to some cats they show an intemperate inclination for wine corks, and frequently swallow them.

Other swallow needles, which gradually work out through their skin, and there is a case on record of an omnivorous goat that swallowed a package of small needles and for some months afterward, owing to its porcupine exterior, was a terror to the small boys who attempted to take a seat on its back.

Pet white mice, guinea pigs, tame rabbits and hedgehogs are also included in the veterinary surgeon's patients. Most of their ailments are however, medical troubles and their complaints are very little different to those of their youthful owners, in whose eyes, however, the invalid's state is a momentous matter. Dog with false legs and false teeth have been mentioned previously in the Daily Mail, and it is only recently that the wife of a well known millionaire had a handsome leg constructed of vulcanite and silver, with steel springs, fitted on to her toy spaniel. This false attachment cost nearly \$100, but of course this was for a canine aristocrat.

The false leg for the more plebeian poodle is usually a socket of leather filled with horsehair, costing a few shillings. Glass eyes for cats and dogs are quite common, and are said to fit them especially for the duties of dispersing rats.

To the Rescue.

An amusing story is told about Mr. Cecil Rhodes, which ought to induce the "Colossus" to have greater admiration than he is reputed to have for the fair sex. At a certain young lady's seminary at Somerset East, political feeling was running very

high during some Cape elections. One day a scholar brought her lunch wrapped up in a newspaper which contained a portrait of Mr. Rhodes. An Afrikaner girl pounced upon the portrait, and, fixing it to the school wall, began to throw stones at it—a pastime in which she was joined by others of the same nationality. This was too much for the feelings of the English girls, who rescued the "Colossus" with a combined rush, and to prevent it again falling into the hands of the stone throwing party, the original owner crammed what was left of the picture into her mouth and swallowed it. "Now," she cried in tones of triumph, "you can't hurt, Mr. Rhodes, that's very certain!"

Lillian's Experience.

How She Kept Trouble, Loss and Disappointment from a City Home.

Lillian, the bright daughter of a farmer living some eighty miles from Toronto, was visiting her aunt in the Queen city during Fair time.

The little country girl, only in her eighteenth year, was a model in all that pertained to housework; she excelled in buttermaking, cooking, sewing, crocheting, and understood the art of making old things look like new—home dyeing with Diamond Dyes.

During the second week of Lillian's visit her aunt intimated one day that she had made a careful selection of some clean but faded skirts and a suit of boys clothing which she thought were good enough for another season's wear if they could be properly re-colored.

Lillian's aunt acknowledged that she had never before attempted home dyeing, but said she was encouraged by the statements made in some of the newspapers that—Dyes would work wonders for her.

At once Lillian came to her rescue and said: "Auntie, for goodness sake do not risk your good garments with these common dyes; they are quite useless. I tried a package some time ago in order to satisfy my curiosity, and they gave just such results as I expected—spoiled my material. When I use dyes I want pure dye-stuffs, quite free from grease. Let me suggest the use of the Diamond Dyes; they are safe and sure, and your colors will be just right. Send to the drug store for them and I will assist you in your work."

The Diamond Dyes were procured, and part of an afternoon was spent by aunt and niece in making the old things look like new creations. All were delighted with the magnificent results, and Lillian was particularly proud of the achievements of her friend the Diamond Dyes. At the tea table that evening the aunt said: "Lillian, your experience in dyeing certainly saved us from trouble, loss and disappointment."

A Rabbit Stopped Family Prayers.

"One Sunday we were all at regular family prayer. A sporting friend was visiting me, and he and I knelt, facing a low window, with our elbows upon the sill. And from around a corner, lo there came up on us a coney, and he reared up not two yards from us and he hearkened unto the prayers, and he winked his nose at us, till my friend forgot himself, and exclaimed: 'We kin catch that devil!' I threw up the window so hard that I cracked a pane and we all leaped in red hot chase. And the dear old archdeacon almost burst trying not to laugh, for he had seen the rabbit and was a keen sportsman withal. We ran that rabbit across four two acre lots as hard as we could split, and at last we got him into deep snow, where he gave up and was captured alive. And on looking back to the first time we had cleared I saw a fuzz of white whiskers above it and heard a strong old voice shout: 'They got him! They got him.'—Outing.

Thin Blood

Is bound to follow the ravages of disease the outcome of stomach disorders—thin blood shakes hands with the undertaker—ward off that possibility—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets make and keep the stomach healthy—they're Nature's antidote—pleasant and positive. 35 cents.

A Common Lack.—Unsuccessful Statesman: "I don't seem to get along very well. What is it I lack?"

His wife: "Humour!"

"Humour! Huh! Suppose I had a keen sense of the ridiculous, what good would that do?"

You would see your own short comings.



BORN.

Pictou, to the wife of J. M. Hudson, a daughter.

Halifax, Jan. 1, to the wife of G. H. Foster, a son.

Montreal, Dec. 25, to the wife of W. W. Hicks, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 3, to the wife of Herbert Sharp, a son.

Hillvale, Dec. 25, to the wife of Watson Burgess, a son.

Windsor, Jan. 2, to the wife of Chas. Hensley, a son.

Sackville, Dec. 27, to the wife of Stanley Ayer, a son.

Northville, Jan. 1, to the wife of Robert Reed, a son.

Newport, Jan. 3, to the wife of Daniel Dill, a daughter.

Amherst, Dec. 20, to the wife of Mr. Netis Ackles, a son.

Springhill, Dec. 27, to the wife of Hugh Lambert, a son.

Halifax, Jan. 5, to the wife of L. Clyde Davidson, a daughter.

Barrington, Dec. 21, to the wife of Wm. Christie, a daughter.

Richibucto, Jan. 4, to the wife of Dr. Bourque, a daughter.

Hillsdale, Dec. 27, to the wife of James Landburg, a daughter.

Parabrook, Dec. 25, to the wife of George Osborne, a daughter.

New Tasset, Dec. 31, to the wife of G. B. Sabean, a daughter.

Little Brook, Jan. 4, to the wife of Arnold Comeau, a daughter.

Diligent River, Dec. 20, to the wife of Eorgias Lamb, a son.

Lower Southampton, Jan. 1, to the wife of James Quigg, a son.

Brooklyn, Queens, Dec. 25, to the wife of Linwood Starratt, a son.

New Tasset, Dec. 25, to the wife of J. Hartly Sabau, a son.

Lower Five Islands, Dec. 23, to the wife of J. W. Brodick, a son.

Newville, Cumberland, Dec. 23, to the wife of John Tyrrell, a son.

Central Avenue, Dec. 16, to the wife of J. E. Cavanaugh, a daughter.

Centerville, Dec. 25, to the wife of Robert Sabean, a daughter.

Middle Sackville, Dec. 23, to the wife of Charles B. Estabrook, a daughter.

Upper Queensbury, York Co., Dec. 24, to the wife of John E. Major, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Urbania, Dec. 28, by Rev. J. W. Cox, Wm. H. Rose to Lydia S. Cameron.

L'Eau, Dec. 19, by Rev. R. E. Stevens, Wilfred Tucker to Viola Boyt.

Annapolis, Jan. 2, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, Wm. Erb to Lora H. Nickerson.

Ecum Secum, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. Heath, B. Rodding to Agnes Ashton.

Guyaboro, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. R. McDonald H. Gilmore to Annie Hattie.

West Gore, Dec. 25, by Rev. H. Wallace, Wm. Blois to Jennie O'Brien.

Foston, Mass., Dec. 29, by Rev. John Pickles, Wm. Halsey to Flora Barnhill.

South Brook, by Rev. Jos. Sellars, John W. Lavers to Eunice M. Thompson.

Salem, Mass., by Rev. E. P. Farnum, Lewis M. Smith to L. M. Jones.

Shenogue, Jan. 4, by Rev. A. L. Fraser, Arthur M. Allen to Selma Amor.

River John, Dec. 13, by Rev. G. Lawson, Walter C. Treen to Laura C. Fraser.

Westport, Jan. 3, by Rev. J. W. Bolton, Judson Morehouse to Lizzie Pugh.

Glenagarry, Dec. 31, by Rev. John MacIntosh, Jan. 1, to Jane C. Robertson.

St. John, Dec. 5, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, William Felms to Mrs. Mary Jones.

Thomson, Dec. 28, by Rev. G. L. Dawson, L. O. Taylor to Emma Mattinson.

Chatham, Jan. 4, by Rev. D. Henderson, Robert T. Forrest to Jessie Lockhart.

Truro, Dec. 19, by Rev. H. F. Waring, Osborne Wallace to Olive A. Wallace.

Guyaboro, N. S., Dec. 20, by Rev. W. I. Croft, J. A. Tury to Abbie G. Buckley.

Scutthampton, Dec. 28, by Rev. Jos. Sellars, J. W. Kearney to Alberta Atkin.

Chippman, N. B., Jan. 5, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Wm. H. Perry to Tessie Knox.

Westport, Dec. 25, by Rev. C. E. Pines, Hatheway J. Collins to Hattie B. Payson.

Woodside, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, Frank M. Howard to Eva A. Lingley.

Central Economy, Dec. 28, by Rev. A. Gray, Laurence Akery to Clara M. Roberts.

Williamsburg, Dec. 28, by Rev. W. Nightingale, Howard Ripley to Lue L. Kram.

Thomson, Dec. 23, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Luther O. Taylor to Emma Mattinson.

Pugwash River, Dec. 28, by Rev. A. D. McIntosh, Russell Fraser to Alice Patterson.

Newport, Dec. 30, by Rev. T. W. Johnstone, Albert Morris to Theresa Lockhart.

Rockley, Dec. 23, by Rev. J. H. Brownell, Frederick D. Patten to Sidney E. Gray.

Yarmouth, Dec. 20, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Wilfred F. Telford to Mrs. Hephsebeth Smith.

Drummond, N. B., Jan. 5, by Rev. J. Valentine, Charles F. Irvine to Alice M. Day.

Belmont, Jan. 3, by Rev. W. M. Ryan, Terrance G. Blackburn to Elsie S. Church.

Woods Harbour, Dec. 26, by Rev. W. Miller, Scott Nickerson to Maggie Nickerson.

Fawcetts, R. I., Dec. 23, by Rev. J. A. Roberts, John T. Farnham to Jennie M. Cox.

Pleasant Valley, Jan. 5, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, Edwin C. Putnam to Emily E. McNeil.

Fredericton Junction, Dec. 23, by Rev. J. A. Robert, Fred Allen to Louisa Nason.

Brookway, York Co., Dec. 21, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Melvin E. Murphy to Sarah J. Val.

East Florenceville, N. B., Dec. 28, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Weidon W. Melville to Ella G. Tomkins.

DIED.

Westport, Jan. 2, Arthur Pugh.

Digby, Dec. 25, Mrs. Lewis, 73.

Truro, Jan. 4, James McLean, 78.

St. John, Dec. 4, Wm. H. Patton.

St. John, Jan. 6, George Smith, 42.

Barton, Dec. 5, Capt. Jos. Potter, 60.

Misepac, Jan. 5, Cornelius McMurtry.

St. John, Jan. 3, James L. Phillips, 45.

Boston, Dec. 22, William P. Hunt, 58.

Roseway, Dec. 15, Daniel Macroe, 80.

Brule, Dec. 19, Alexander McLeod, 84.

Amherst, Dec. 30, Jesse G. Harding, 78.

St. John, Jan. 8, Margaret Hennigar, 87.

Churchville, Dec. 27, Colin Robertson, 91.

St. Andrews, Dec. 27, Richard Davis, 63.

Weymouth, Jan. 5, Mr. James Brown, 60.

St. Bernard, Dec. 31, Mr. James Blin, 28.

Lower Sackville, Dec. 20, Noah Anthony, 66.

Goldenville, Dec. 24, Bertha Lee Fraser, 18.

Hampton, Jan. 7, Charles A. Palmer, Q. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 21, Capt. Job Young, 60.

Joggins Mines, Dec. 26, Catherine Barrett, 25.

St. John, Jan. 4, Jane, wife of David Willet, 77.

Kingston Station, Dec. 29, James F. Palmer, 75.

Philadelphia, Dec. 28, Mr. William Waldeton, 71.

St. John, Jan. 6, Mary, wife of Christopher Nichols, 88.

Millville, Jan. 8, Agnes, wife of H. T. Giggey, 38.

St. John, Jan. 3, Janet Roland, widow of Henry Frye.

South Maitland, Dec. 23, Mrs. Jane Bradley Jackson, 76.

Dartmouth, Dec. 31, Bridget, wife of Jas. Little, 41.

Fort Louis, Me., Jan. 1, Amelia, wife of James O'Keefe.

Richibucto, Dec. 29, Wm. J., son of Mr. Peter Barnard, 25.

Halifax, Jan. 3, William McKay, son of G. H. and Elsie Foster.

St. John, Jan. 6, Ruth, widow of the late Jacob Paddock, 85.

Hebron, Dec. 26, Gladstone Moser, son of Mr. Geo. F. Moser, 16.

Edgett's Landing, Dec. 27, Lucia E. daughter of Edward McLachy, 7.

Rosbury, Mass., Dec. 30, Frank J., son of Catherine and William Scott, 24.

Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 2, Rosina Unlacke, wife of Harry A. Keith Murray, 10.

Digby, Dec. 30, Grace Lavinia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jov. Baily, 11 months.

Port Clyde, Dec. 15, Charles Gavin, son of Charles J. and Dorothea Swanburg, 24.

Dartmouth, Jan. 2, Gladys Morrison, daughter of Charles and Ada Smith, 6 weeks.