

A Desperate Expedient.

Dr. Robert Buchanan called on his old bachelor uncle one afternoon in answer to a note. He was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind. As he rang the bell he was thinking what a very weary world this is for a young medical gentleman who has not enough of this world's goods to feel justified in asking the loveliest girl in the world, Enid Humphrey, to become his wife.

When ushered into the library, however, he answered his uncle's greeting with as cheery a nod as he could manage, the two being really fond of each other.

'Well, Robert,' said the old gentleman, getting down to business at once 'I want to talk to you about your medical practice; how is it progressing?'

'I am glad to be able to say that "progressing" is the right word, Uncle Tom, but it is slow.'

'Of course it is slow; what else did you expect? Let's see, you have been back from the university three years?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Now, I will tell you what the trouble is: you need a wife. You must marry and settle down.'

'I have known that for some time,' Dr. Buchanan gloomily assented.

'Have you? That is a good sign. When a man knows what he wants he is half-way on the road to his possession. Why don't you get a wife?'

'Money,' said Dr. Buchanan, briefly. 'You mean lack of money, I suppose? Now how much would you consider necessary?'

'With \$10,000 and my practice—for that is sure to increase—I would feel safe in making the venture.'

'Yes, that ought to start you. I suppose you haven't picked out the girl yet? Now, I am going to make you an offer. The day you tell me some nice sensible girl has promised to marry you I will give you my check for 10,000, along with my blessing. What do you say?'

'I say it is a go,' and Robert grasped his uncle's hand.

'Very good, but that is not all. Of course my boy, I do not want to interfere in your affairs, but—you know Enid Humphrey of course?'

'Yes.'

'Well, her mother and I were great friends; it amounted to a deal more on my part, and that is your old uncle's romance. Now, my boy, I could not get the mother, I should be very glad—and Robert, not meant to use any undue influence, you understand, I would make that check, say, \$25,000.'

Robert seized his uncle's hand and worked it up and down 500 to the minute, his face beaming with delight and gratitude.

'Uncle Tom,' he gasped, 'you are a brick of purest ray serene. You sit right and fill out that check, and I will be back for it in twenty minutes,' and he was gone.

'Lord bless my soul!' said the astonished old gentleman. 'I was evidently mistaken about his not having yet picked out a girl.'

Twenty minutes after leaving his uncle's house he was sitting by her side, an engaged man and one of the happiest in the universe. He told her the exact day and minute when he first knew he loved her, she reciprocated, all was bliss.

Finally Robert declared that he must go. 'You see,' he said, 'I have a very important engagement with Uncle Tom. In fact, my dear, with a girl, it is a matter of bread and butter for two.'

'I don't understand.'

'Of course not; women never do understand that part of it. But I am going to clinch that very necessary adjunct to matrimonial happiness this very afternoon.'

'What on earth are you talking about, Robert?'

'It is very simple. About an hour ago Uncle Tom made me an offer; promised to give me a check for \$25,000 the instant that I could tell him that you had promised to be my wife.'

'On, indeed!'

'Yes, real clever in the old boy, wasn't it? said Robert, with a dim perception that somewhat he had blundered.

'Very clever, indeed. And very clever in you to take such quick advantage of so generous an offer.'

'Why, great goodness—'

'But you are not so shrewd,' she hurried on, 'in telling me so soon of the great inducement that brought you here this afternoon.'

'Enid, dear—'

'Miss Humphrey, if you please, Dr. Buchanan.'

'Don't be sarcastic and angry. You know that I love you; that for two years I have not had a thought but for you and of you. This offer of my uncle's was made in the kindest spirit. He knew that my practice was not sufficient to justify me in speaking to any girl in marriage, and like the dear old fellow that he is, he came to my rescue. He had previously offered me \$10,000 to settle down with any one, and then because he admires you so very much, he afterwards said that he would make it \$25,000 if I could get you.'

'Oh! put in the girl, rapidly, you are cancer personified. That explains fully why you have so seldom come near me during the last few months, when you were free to choose whom you would, but now, on receipt of this larger offer an hour ago, as a premium or choosing me, you hasten

back to my side. Some other girl—Annie Bennett, for instance—must feel almost as highly complimented as I do.'

'Enid! Enid!' cried the unhappy doctor 'you are trying not to understand. Uncle Tom made the offer at the same time; the other one first, but both in the same conversation—both this afternoon. Can't you see? And you know why I tried to stop coming here. I could not ask you to marry me, and without that could I honorably tell you of my love? As for Annie Bennett, I haven't laid eyes on her for two—'

'That will do, Dr. Buchanan,' said Enid, rising, you need not try to explain any further. I take back my promise; and all is over between us forever! and she could not hold back the sob in her throat.

Miserably enough, Robert picked up his hat and passed out into the hall. With his hand on the street door he paused.

He muttered, 'It is now or never: I'll risk it.'

When he re-entered the room Enid was standing before the mantel.

Enid, he began, humbly, 'forgive me if I say one more word. I cannot leave you in this way. I was so astounded at what you were saying that I forgot another offer my uncle made me.'

He paused, but she did not help him. Robert continued:

'He named another girl, and said that if I would marry her he would give me \$50,000.'

'Oh!'

'Yes, he really did.'

'And who—was the other girl?'

'Well, Enid, I was so overjoyed at the offer about you that I rushed off here without waiting to hear the rest of it; but as I slammed the front door I think I heard him say "Annie Bennett."'

For a moment there was another pause, Robert ventured to take the hand hanging at her side.

'Don't you think, Enid,' he said, pressing it between his own, 'don't you think that makes the difference?'

And Enid said, very low, 'Yes—I suppose it does—Robert.'

Uncle Tom promptly filled out his check for \$25,000.

'Thank you, sir,' said Robert, as he folded and carefully placed it in his pocket-book, 'and Uncle Tom, if any one ever mentions this matter to you, be sure you do not forget that third offer you made me.'—Buffalo News.

THE OLD DAYS OF SAILING.

With the Passing of the Romance of the Sea Old-Fashioned Methods Have Gone.

According to some of the old sailors, who believe that the romance has died out of the seafaring trade since steamships came into general use, the modern sea captain is not to be compared with the skippers of days gone by when it comes to practical expertness in seamanship. The captains of the steamships, they say, have everything so well mapped out for them that they are not likely to make mistakes if they have a fair knowledge of seamanship, but they would be lost under circumstances where the old skippers would come out strong. These circumstances, they admit, are not likely to occur again, since the world is better known now than in the days they refer to. A boathouse proprietor, who is now nearly 80 years old and who was mate in a transatlantic bark and was before the mast for forty years previously in different parts of the world, said in talking of his early days at sea:

'Since the patient log has come into use no skill, for instance, is required in finding the speed of a vessel. It is regulated by clock work, and the number of knots the vessel sails per hour is recorded on the dial without any hand touching it. But in the old days before the patent log came into use the heaving of the log required skill and watchfulness. A duffer couldn't heave the log properly so as to stop it at the exact time. Those were the days when a skipper had all his senses trained so keenly that nothing could miss him. I have known skippers who could guess to a quarter of a knot the speed of a vessel when a log line happened to break with the force of the throw, before a new line was rigged up.'

'I sailed for some years with an old captain of a brig, who when the vessel was not making more than five or six knots an hour, could tell, by spitting out the quid of tobacco he was chewing and watching it fall, how many knots she was making by noting how far off the quid struck the water. He always guessed it to perhaps a quarter or an eighth of a knot, and if he was in a hurry and had a quid in his mouth which was pretty well used up, he would tell the crew not to heave the log. Of course, he could not do this if his vessel was making seven or eight or ten knots an hour.'

'Then again, you couldn't find any captain of a steamship now, I believe, who could guess the leeway a vessel was making. The steamship captains have to find it out by making observations. I have known lots of old skippers who could tell the leeway by the direction of the wind and watching the water. You see they did not get such a fine scientific training as the sea captains have to get at present, and the different currents that might effect a vessel's course were not charted out as they are now. Consequently the old men had to depend a good deal on their own resources, and could notice many things that it is not necessary to notice now. These

old skippers could sometimes find out the currents and their direction by throwing bits of wood overboard and make their calculations like lightning.

'Yes, it's a fact that the sailing of ships has got to be an exact science now. There is no need now of quickness in grasping the meaning of every cross current that it used to require in the old days. The old salt who had his wits sharpened by having to depend a good deal on his own quick senses is dying out. I don't pretend to say that the old conditions were as good as the new. The sea captain of the present day has to be better educated and pass a severer examination on the theory of navigation than the old skippers, but we will never, to my mind, have as good practical seamen as in the old days. Of course, no one must kick at the march of improvement, but I must say that navigating a ship isn't at all an interesting thing now.'

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Noel Shore, Mar. 22, by Rev. J. W. Cox, George Anthony to Katie Grant.

Yarmouth, Mar. 31, by Rev. N. B. Duer, Fred Robichaud to Margie Todd.

Truro, April 5, by Rev. H. F. Adams, Herbert Layton to Isadora B. Lechard.

St. John, April 5, by Rev. H. H. Mouton, Fred W. McNicol to Janet Ebert.

Inglisville, Mar. 31, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Fred Nogler to Rosemond Beals.

Milltown, N. B., Mar. 21, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Fred E. Page to Maud E. Welsh.

BORN.

Halifax, to the wife of Thomas Shepherd, a daughter.

Amherst, April 5, to the wife of F. W. Hart, a son.

Westchester, April 3, to the wife of Wm. Ripley, a son.

Bridgetown, Mar. 31, to the wife of Geo. Walker, a son.

Springhill, March 33, to the wife of Wm. Bird, a son.

Springhill, April 1, to the wife of Alex. Gillis, a son.

Amherst, April 4, to the wife of George Stiles, a son.

Moncton, April 1, to the wife of Clifford Gross, a son.

Casco, April 1, to the wife of J. A. Ferguson, a daughter.

Moncton, April 3, to the wife of J. L. Stanley, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Mar. 25, to the wife of John Wheaton, a daughter.

Moncton, April 5, to the wife of Millegre Taylor, a daughter.

Grafton, April 1, to the wife of Alexander Aigie, a daughter.

Mahone Bay, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLean, a daughter.

Kentville, Mar. 31, to Mr. and Mrs. John Jenkins, a daughter.

Lakeville, Mar. 22, to the wife of Alonzo Eisenbauer, a son.

Black Rock, April 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Parker, a son.

Harnoy, April 1, to the wife of Thomas Archibald, a daughter.

New Ross, N. S., Mar. 27, to the wife of Chas. DeWolf White, a son.

Pennsylvania, Mar. 20, to Rev. and Mrs. Horace L. Kinsman, a daughter.



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Milltown, N. B., April 4, by Rev. S. H. Rice, Henry R. Smiley to Clara Annis.
Liverpool, Mar. 30, by Rev. A. W. Harley, Edward J. Reid to Mrs. Jane Murray.
Sydney, April 3, by Rev. E. B. Rankin, Kenneth Ferguson to Jeanne McKinnon.
Shag Harbor, Mar. 22, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Kinsman Smith to Bertha Kendrick.
Ellerker, April 1, by Rev. A. Daniels, George Swinhammer to Estelle Myles.
Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 9, by Rev. Mr. Bigelow, Roland Gosse to Olivia D. Nelson.
West Tatamagouche, Mar. 30, by Rev. A. Frame, Henry Clark to Etta McEchern.
Parrsboro, April 3, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Angus W. Hatfield to Annie Smith.
St. John, N. B., Mar. 25, by Rev. H. Davidson, Alfred E. Smith to Helen A. Smith.
Shemogue, Mar. 22, by Rev. J. H. Browell, William H. Grant to Mary M. Goodwin.
Havelock, N. B., Mar. 31, by Rev. F. T. Snell, J. W. Fillmore to Mrs. Selma Perry.
Cambridge, N. S., Mar. 29, by Rev. E. O. Read, John H. Webster to Mrs. Amanda Gordon.

DIED.

Noel, Eldridge Denmore, 46.
Halifax, William J. Hurley, 26.
Truro, April 5, W. G. Yule, 74.
Hartford, April 8, Phyllis Roach.
Moncton, April 1, Lewis Evans 47.
St. John, Robert Ames, Martin, 21.
Halifax, April 2, William Stone, 67.
Halifax, April 3, Charles Grant, 67.
St. John, April 9, Charles Conway, 65.
Halifax, April 6, Edwin Stancelas, 6.
Stellarton, April 3, Thomas Doran, 62.
Cumberland, March 3, James Winrow 6.
Colchester, April 1, Martin Wilson, 15.
St. John, April 8, Daniel Brennan, 34.
Oxford, March 28, Daniel G. Collier, 14.
St. John, April 8, Gertrude Tennant, 14.
Newcastle, April 3, John McKenzie, 80.
Digby Co. N. S., April 2, Anne McKay.
Barnesville, April 5, John A. Curry, 29.
St. Marys, March 25, Jeremiah K. Orr, 77.
Newton Centre, Mass., John McKee, 43.
St. John, April 6, David V. Lockhart, 49.
Brooklin Corner, April 2, Wm. Marchant.
St. John, April 5, Mrs. E. Iza J. Fritz, 73.
Kentville, April 2, Mrs. M. C. Wilson, 49.
Cape Island, March 28, Fred Stoddard, 16.
Cape Island, March 29, Irving Atwood, 14.
Bridgeport, March 29, Robert Bonville, 14.
Debert, March 27, Mrs. James Graham, 70.
Mahone Bay, April 3, Alexander Kedy, 76.
Kentville, March 29, J. Henry Mousher, 67.
Rockingham, April 6, Mrs. Thos. Smith, 62.
St. Stephen, April 2, William Robinson, 67.
Moncton, April 3, Mrs. M. C. Snelgrove, 49.
Berwick, March 30, Mrs. Foster R. Chute, 40.
Norton, April 8, Welleley D. Campbell, 40.
St. Stephen, April 5, Mrs. Edwin G. Vroom.
Dartmouth, April 4, Mrs. Geo. Dunsworth, 58.
South Boston, March 31, William Ball, 50.
St. John, April 5, Mary Elizabeth Taylor, 15.
West Bay, C. B., April, Maggie McKinnon, 21.
Woodburne, March 27, Margaret Grant 15 mos.
Charlottetown, March 31, Mrs. W. T. Huggan.
Middle Branch, March 27, Mrs. John Snyder.
South Rawdon, March 11, Clarence O'Brien, 6.
Gull Cove, C. B., March 29, Reuben Hardy, 70.
Cumberland, March 27, Holmes W. Croker, 81.
New Glasgow, March 30, Mrs. Francis A. Ross 61.
Catonville C. B., March 26, Mrs. John Bagnell, 89.
Fredericton, R. I., March 24, Mrs. Edward Huestis, 78.
Mahone Bay, March 29, John W. Griffin Eamon, 23.
Richibucto Village, March 31, Mrs. Cecile Richard.
Auburndale, Mass., March 31, Catherine B. McKay 75.
White Hall, March 26, infant son of Capt. W. Wason.
South Brookfield, Queens, March 24, Hannah Cameron, 70.
St. John, April 5, Mary infant of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Moorey, 1.
Woodstock, April 6, Margaret Eileen, infant of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Ketchum, 6 mos.

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Lve. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3:35 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr Digby 11:43 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr Halifax 5:45 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:20 a. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
Lve. Digby 3:20 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
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Express for Quebec, Montreal. 12:30
Express for Sussex. 12:40
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney. 12:10
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 for Truro.
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TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex. 8:30
Express from Halifax. 10:00
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Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton. 11:25
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