

## How Aunt Faith Found Out.

'It's only a cold,' Aunt Faith said, cheerily, bustling into the sitting room with a bowl of something that steamed and was good to smell. 'I've made her some moss tea, with plenty of lemon in it. She'll come out all right. I've put her to bed. But, Richard—'

Aunt Faith paused, and waved her spoon toward her brother. Her pleasant face was as stern as it could be.

'I think it was time for me to come, the way you've been letting that child go round without rubbers all night long, and eat chocolates on rainy days!'

In moments of mild excitement Aunt Faith's modifying clauses were apt to be annexed to the wrong words.

'I found one under her pillow this morning she added, severely.

'Oh, chocolates—is it worse to eat 'em rainy days?' Richard Pyle asked, with meek humor. 'You see, Faith, the child is fond of chocolates, and she isn't of rubbers. What are you going to do?'

'I know what I'm going to do,' Aunt Faith said, briskly. She crossed the room and prodded the big man in the rocker affectionately with her teaspoon. 'You're a man—that's your only fault, Richard. A man can't bring up a girl—it was a time for me to come!'

Aunt Faith had sighed a little unobtrusively whenever she thought of her trim garden-girdled home, which she had left for this big city house, set in the midst of noises and dust confusion. But now, with something to do, she hurried away to Faith II's room.

'Yes, dear, here I come!' she called. 'And I'm going to steep you and toast you and cure you in the blink of a cat's eyes! Drink this nice hot tea—don't tell me it isn't delicious!'

'Why, it is!' murmured little Faith in surprise—Faith II, they called her when Aunt Faith was about. The girl was flushed and feverish, and her voice croaked hoarsely. It was good to be tucked up and mothered, and she submitted readily. In a little while she was asleep.

'Richard,' Aunt Faith said, abruptly, when she was in the sitting room again, with her work, 'what do you know about Barry Lincoln?'

'Oh? Barry Lincoln?'

'Yes, Barry, not Abraham. As far as I can make out, he's a boy. But I want to know something more than that.'

The big rocker stopped creaking. 'What in the world?' the man cried, gazing across the table at Aunt Faith's placid face.

'I want to know all about him, that's what. Faith is a good deal exercised because she won't be able to go to the next lecture with him. I'm exercised, too. She says he's certain to invite her. She's been to all the rest with him, Richard.'

'Has she? Yes, I guess it was Barry—I'd forgotten. The little witch has so many strings to her bow! She queens it over the whole school down there at Number Eleven.'

'But you didn't introduce me to Barry Lincoln,' Aunt Faith persisted. 'Tell me all about him. Who's his father? Who's he? Is he a gentleman, Richard?'

'Barry? Why, I suppose so—of course! He's Ned Lincoln's boy—ought to be a gentleman. Ned's up to the mark. I never spoke half a dozen words to the youngster himself.'

'You mean you never really knew whether or not he was the right boy to take Faith to lectures? And yet you let him do it! Well, it was time for me to come!'

Aunt Faith said.

The fourth lecture in the art course downtown was to be delivered on Wednesday evening. On Tuesday Aunt Faith answered the postman's whistle on her way to Faith II's room with her gruel. There was one letter among the papers.

'Miss Faith Margaret Pyle, Aunt Faith read aloud. It was her own name, and although she did not recognize the handwriting, she opened the letter in all honesty. 'Why, bless me!'

'Bless me!' she cried, softly. Then she set down her gruel bowl and put on her thinking cap.

Twice, three times Aunt Faith nodded over her thoughts, and queer little pair of twin twinkles crept into her eyes.

'I think I'll—do it!' she announced to herself presently. 'I think—I will. I'm Miss Faith Margaret Pyle; why should not I?'

She started back to the kitchen to heat the cooled gruel. Half way down the basement stairway she spoke again, as if in self justification.

'It won't make a mite of difference to Faithie—not a mite. She's too sick, any way. And it's time somebody found out things.'

On Wednesday evening Aunt Faith went in to Faith II's room to bid her good by. She was shawled and bonneted, and she held out one hand to have its black kid glove buttoned.

'You feel better to night, don't you, dear? Some people are good doctors!' she smiled.

Faith II, twisted her face into a plaintive smile: 'I might just as well be sick in bed for all the good it does to night. If I was as well as the Queen of Sheba, I couldn't go to the lecture.'

Aunt Faith's conscience pricked her, but she rose above the pain splendidly.

'I'll come in when I get home and re-lecture it—you wait,' she laughed, cheerfully. 'You've never heard your Aunt Faith Margaret lecture! Now, good night—give me one more kiss. Be a good girl.'

'Good night, auntie. I'm glad you're going, anyway. It's next best—why, it's going myself!' Faith cried, more brightly. 'We're both Faith Margarets, you know! Is father going to take you?'

'Your father? N-no, but I shall have good company. I'll tell you all about it when I get home.'

'I hope it will be good company,' she amended, out in the hall. She went on down the stairs, trembling a little,—Aunt Faith was a shy woman,—but strong in her determination to find out things.'

Barry was waiting in the big, dim parlor. He came forward eagerly at the sound of steps. The vision of old-fashioned Aunt Faith in the doorway occasioned a hasty retreat to his chair again.

'I thought it was Miss Faith,' he stammered, apologetically.

'Well, it is!' smiled Aunt Faith. 'I'm Miss Faith. Have I kept you waiting long? I didn't mean to, but it takes old people a good while to move, you know—or you don't know, but you will when it's your turn.'

She had followed up his retreat and was holding out her hand to him. There was no possible chance for him to ignore it.

'How kind it was in you to come for me!' she cried. 'If you hadn't I should have missed the lecture, for my brother Richard is no good at all as an escort. Dear me, I should say not! When he gets buried in his three dailies, that's the end of him! Ought we to be starting? Then I'll have to ask you to button my glove. Faith II, buttoned the other. If she wasn't sick, I should ask you if you'd be willing for her to go with us.'

'Naughty Aunt Faith! If her conscience pricked, it did not keep her gray eyes from twinkling. She watched the boy as he covertly she fumbled with her glove.

'Poor boy!' she thought. 'I'm sorry for you!'

Barry Lincoln was sorry for himself. Little by little, as Aunt Faith's bright voice ran on, the puzzle of things had untangled itself. Now he understood. He remembered Faith's speaking of her namesake aunt. There were two Miss Faith Margarets Pyles, and this was the wrong one, standing here having her black kid glove buttoned.

'She got the letter and thought it was for her. She expects to go to the lecture with me—she'll be disappointed!' his thoughts went along swiftly. 'She's little and sort of old—Faith said she lived in the country. There aren't any lectures to go to in the country. And besides, it would embarrass her dreadfully to find out her mistake. Well, Barry Lincoln, you're in up to your chin, my boy! What are you going to do about it?'

He answered his own question promptly. To his mind, there was only the one thing to do. He took out his watch.

'Yes, we ought to be starting,' he said. 'It's quite a long way to the hall.'

They were going out of the house and through the vestibule. The steps outside were a little slippery, and Barry offered her arm, politely. That was Aunt Faith's first entry in the book of her remembrances and she entered it on the credit side.

'Offered his arm instead of taking mine—good!' she thought.

'There's a red car coming. Shall we take it, Miss Faith?'

'Oh, no. Why not walk, if there's time? Did you think aunts were rather decrepit? Well, that's another thing you'll find out when—'

'When it's my turn to be an aunt,' laughed Barry, in spite of himself; and Aunt Faith laughed, too.

Aunt Faith was little and Barry Lincoln wasn't. He was short stop on the high school nine, and measured—in his stockings—five feet eleven. He tried to diminish his long strides to the measure of Aunt Faith's steps, but it was only occasionally he could bring it about. Aunt Faith's black silk bonnet bobbed up and down beside him cheerfully. Barry remembered his own inches all the way down the lighted street without intermission.

'It's a little up-hilly, isn't it?' gasped Aunt Faith, gently. 'Tiny spots of color blossomed out in her thin brown cheeks. 'Do you know—but you don't know—it's a great treat for country people to be going out like this with the night lighted up as it is today? There's just one lamp-post at home, and the last time that was lighted was when Grant was elected the first time. I know, for I got up on Abner Toothacher's step-ladder and lighted it myself—and fell off!'

Aunt Faith smiled up into the boy's sober face.

'I never forgave Mr. Grant that,' she said, 'not until he died.'

The streets were alive with people, a good many of whom seemed to be going the way of Aunt Faith and Barry. Now and then a boy among them lifted his cap as he nodded to Barry. Aunt Faith suffered from an attack of conscience.

'Faith Margaret Pyle, I guess you're a sinner! She communed with herself, sternly. 'You feel dreadfully guilty for a saint!'

'Here we are!' Barry said, suddenly, as they rounded a corner and into the glare of entrance lights. He pulled himself together sturdily, and accosted one of the boy ushers at the door.

'A good seat, Tad, well up,' he whispered. 'They say the lecturer talks low, and we want to hear.'

'Sure. There's two seats with Judge Pullen's family—wait! There's room for two in with your people, Barry. Come along.'

The brown, square face of Barry Lincoln reddened in spite of itself. It was so far up the aisle, and Aunt Faith, bobbing along beside him, took things in such a leisurely way! The trip seemed interminable and its terminus was not reassuring.

'I'm in for it now!' thought poor Barry. 'There's father and the girls, big as life, and Tad's steering for 'em. And there's Aunt Faith in the seat behind!'

'There!' beamed the boy usher. 'You'd have lost that seat in another minute!'

He leaned over Barry an instant, and he settled himself down beside little Aunt Faith. 'Got a new girl, eh?' he breathed in his ear.

The Lincoln girls were stately and perfectly fitted apparelled. Aunt Faith's figure retired into gentle insignificance beside them and the other aunt behind regarded her speculatively.

'Who's Barry picked up now? Somebody with a sweet face,' she thought. 'Likely as not he went after little Faithie Pyle, and rang the wrong door-bell—it takes a Lincoln to be absent-minded!'

But Barry's mind was not 'absent'; it was present with him all through the long lecture. He was painfully conscious of a good many things—that his terrible great shoulders loomed above Aunt Faith's Paisley shawl; that numberless pairs of eyes regarded him curiously, and that in a good many of them lurked smiles. He was conscious that Aunt Faith's neat black silk bonnet had creased a little on her soft gray hair, and that Aunt Faith's face—but that was afterward, when he had recovered his mental equilibrium somewhat—was keenly alive with interest and pleasure. It was when Barry discovered this that he quietly resigned himself to circumstances.

'She's enjoying it,' he thought. 'It's a regular treat to her. In the country probably they don't have lectures. I'm glad now I didn't explain about the letter. A fellow couldn't do a thing like that, any how. He's bound to stick it out.'

After the lecture Barry introduced the girls and Aunt Jess to Aunt Faith, and then they fell into the current of outgoing humanity, and drifted out upon it. It was ten o'clock when Aunt Faith got home. She stood in the doorway and held out her hand to the boy.

'You have given an old woman a very pleasant evening,' she said, smiling. 'I hope somebody will do "even so" unto you when you're an old woman! Good night and thank you.'

'Good night,' Barry said; but down the steps Aunt Faith's voice halted him again. 'There's a whole Pyle of Faith Margarets, you know, and I hope the right one will go to the next lecture and have just the kind of an evening I've had!' she said, softly.

Indoors, Faith II, was asleep. In the sitting room Richard Pyle was just rounding off his last newspaper. He looked up in surprise when Aunt Faith came in.

'Where in the world?' he exclaimed, noting her shawl and bonnet.

'I've been to the lecture, sir, she said, laughing Aunt Faith.

'Alone?'

'Well, you didn't go with me—what could I do? If your brother buries himself in newspapers, there you are! You've either got to go lectureless to bed or—do as I did.'

She was rolling her bonnet strings, and stopped to glance over at him, humorously.

'No, I don't go alone, Richard. I went with a gentleman,' she said, with quite emphasis.

At Faith II's bedside, she stooped to kiss the sweet girl face among the pillows. It stirred in sleep.

'You'll have to forgive me—you and the boy. I had to find out,' she murmured. 'But I'll never do it again—I won't have to!'

## A NEW KIND OF MINSTREL.

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looking up at the Elks who sat and stood around the musician, many of them with far away expressions in their eyes. 'I guess it's up to us to make a dig for him, eh?' and he took off his Alpine straw hat, pulled a solitary two dollar bill out of his waistcoat pocket, and threw it into the hat.

Just then the musician ceased playing, after executing some brilliant pyrotechnics on the E and A strings up around the bridge. The Elks came to and began to reach for their rolls. Few of them stripped off bills smaller than two to throw into the hat that the young man with the jig was passing around. They all smiled at the spectacle of the young man with the jig passing the hat around for the benefit of a fiddler, but they all threw their paper contributions into the straw Alpine. Many of them, in fact, crowded through and jostled one another in order to put their money into the hat of the young man with the jig.

There could scarcely have been less than \$75 or \$100 in the bottom of the hat when the young man with the jig walked back to where the musician was stripping his violin case, and turned his hat upside down in the foreign-looking chap's lap. The musician looked stupefied at the sight of so much money, and then his eyes seemed to fill, and he passed his Persian figured handkerchief across them.

'That'll keep you in coffee and sinkers for a day or so, anyhow,' said the young man with the jig to the musician, and then he went unsteadily forward to the smoking compartment to get his suit case. The Elks all dispersed to get their traps together, for the train was pulling into the Camden station.

This same performance, identical in almost every detail, was gone through with in a chair car of a train that left Philadelphia for New York on the following afternoon. The young man with the jig worked up interest in the musician after getting into talk with the well-to-do travellers in the smoking compartment, the musician played for about an hour, the young man with the jig took up the collection in his Alpine straw hat, and the careful of well to do travellers chipped in liberally. The eyes of the musician seemed to fill again when the young man with the jig dumped the contents of the hat into his lap.

A man who had witnessed the whole per-

formance on the Atlantic City train on the previous afternoon, and who had seen it duplicated as a passenger on the train from Philadelphia to New York, strolled upon the ferry behind the young man who had been jagged apparently, but who seemed to have unaccountably lost his jag and said:

'A new one pal?'

The young man who had been simulating a jag looked up at his questioner with a half smile on his face, and an inquiring look in his shrewd gray eyes.

'Were you on that Atlantic city yesterday afternoon?' he inquired.

'Yes,' replied the man, who had seen the two performances.

'Well, ain't it a baby of a graft, hey?' inquired the man with the shrewd gray eyes, grinning. The musician who was leaning on the rail at his side also grinned broadly.

She—Oh, Fred dear, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet, I just can't help loving you. Now what do you see in plain little me to admire?

He—Oh, I don't know, dear; but you have very good judgment.

## BORN.

Halifax, July 22, to the wife of Jos. Martin, a son. Windsor, July 22, to the wife of Charles Foley, a son. Amherst, July 23, to the wife of Fred Neil, a son. Windsor, July 16, to the wife of Dr. Bret Black, a son.

North Sydney, July 17, to the wife of B. R. Rice, a son. Pleasantville, N. S., to the wife of Joseph Sarty, a son. Newellton, July 7, to the wife of Chas. Smith, a son.

Newellton, July 17, to the wife of L. J. Penney, a son. Newellton, July 20, to the wife of Timothy Smith, a son. Chatham, July 10, to the wife of Archie Brushet, a son.

Halifax, July 6, to the wife of D. A. Baird, a daughter. Wolfville, July 22, to the wife of William Regan, a son.

Falmouth, July 23, to the wife of Hedley Aker, a daughter. Clements, July 10, to the wife of Wm. Brown, a daughter.

Richibucto, July 24, to the wife of Wm. Ross, a daughter. Summerside, July 24, to the wife of E. A. Bryan, a daughter.

Hastings, July 22, to the wife of Allen Rockwell, a daughter. Amherst, July 24, to the wife of Joseph Leggett, a daughter.

Bridgewater, to the wife of James Wenzel, a daughter. Dayspring, N. S., July 17, to the wife of James Emco, a son.

Woodville, N. S., July 13, to the wife of John E. Brown, a son. Bridgetown, July 18, to the wife of Rev. H. S. Davidson, a son.

Barrington, July 14, to the wife of Thomas Hopkins, a daughter. Upper Falmouth, July 20, to the wife of Elias Leary, a daughter.

East Boston, Mass., July 9, to the wife of Edwin Snow, a daughter. Bridgewater, July 10, to the wife of Milledge Malmus, a daughter.

Brooklyn Road, July 24, to the wife of Edward Whitehead, a daughter. Dublin Shore, N. S., June 30, to the wife of Freeman Zwickler, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Halifax, July 14, by Rev. Jas. L. Batty, John Mariner to Dorcas Cusick.

Houlton, July 22, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Frank Laine to Annie Laine.

Calais, July 7, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Henry W. Hartford to Martha Hanson.

Gaspereau, July 21, by Rev. Mr. Spidell, Adelbert Coldwell to Josephine Eagles.

Forest Glen, July 18, by Rev. J. M. Mallory, Mr. Blinn Price to Helen Jenkins.

Summerside, July 23, by Rev. W. H. Smith, John W. Harding to Emma Baxter.

Chipman, July 18, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, William Clarke to Mary J. Brown.

Clementsport, July 18, by Rev. J. T. Eaton, James S. Wright to Lizzie Anderson.

Chipman, July 20, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Capt. Earl D. Chase to Jennie Austin.

Yarmouth, July 24, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, M. A. Charles Scudry to Edith Smith.

St. John, July 24, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Frank M. Wortman to Miss Robinson Seely.

Yarmouth, July 18, by Rev. W. C. Weston, Miss Zulphia Sweeney to Arthur Britain.

Parsonsboro, July 14, by Rev. H. K. Malceson, Stewart Weldon to Irene M. Brayley.

Mahone Bay, July 17, by Rev. Canon Vroom, George M. Harris to Carrie E. Mills.

Liverpool, July 11, by Rev. David Hickey, Ephraim Whyton to Mrs. Eliza Jollimore.

Kentville, N. S., July 25, by Rev. J. A. Cairns, Adam J. Campbell to Annie Thomson.

Cumberland Bay, July 19, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Yorkie Brown to Edith A. McGaghey.

Seven Mile Bay, July 24, by Rev. J. J. MacDonald, Allen McInnis to Miss E. J. Macdonald.

Shelburne, July 8, by Rev. E. A. Oatbridge, William M. Hipson to Mary McMullen.

Dorchester, Mass., July 18, by Rev. Mr. Mallory, Frank N. Lovell to Florence Weldon.

St. Stephen, July 18, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Hiram S. Teal to Vaughn N. Bartlett.

Boston, Mass., July 18, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Joseph W. Wright to Catherine Webster.

Tabusintac, July 19, by Rev. E. G. Johnston, Mr. Robt. T. Forrest to Catherine Johnston.

Chipman, July 6, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Woodie Flewelling to Rebecca J. Cullion.

Melvyn Square, July 9, by Rev. Wm. Brown, Harry D. Macintosh to Maie E. VanBuskirk.

Mortimore, Kent Co., July 11, by Rev. W. M. Townsend, James W. Campbell to Elma Ward.

## DIED.

Halifax, July 26, John Geldert.

Boynton, July 17, Margaret, 78.

Halifax, July 21, Alex Smith, 49.

Halifax, July 19, Israel Sanford, 65.

Cunning, July 19, Daniel Pines, 78.

Springhill, July 14, David Ross, 45.

Truro, July 20, Lemuel Fisher, 65.

Westport, July 15, Wm. Denton, 71.

Yarmouth, July 16, Robt Scoville, 88.

Halifax, July 27, John Woodill, 82.

Paradise, July 15, Charles Darling, 85.

Port Hill, July 24, Martha Beirson, 76.

Grand Pre, June 16, Leonard Fuller, 80.

Green Bay, June 30, John McGonal, 38.

Middleton, July 28, Eunice Morris, 69.

Brookville, July 29, Harrison Pierce, 82.

Weisford, July 15, Robert McDonald, 51.

Chipman, Q. C. July 19, Hiram Briggs, 68.

Charlottetown, July 24, Philip Curran, 64.

Rocky Point, July 27, Horatio Webster, 60.

St. John's, July 30, Mrs. Martha Cowan, 90.

Oak Bay, July 10, Thos. B. Ford, 86 years.

Charmaw, July 12, Catherine Connors, 70.

Portland, July 10, Robert, son of John Burke.

Chamcook, July 10, Mrs. John Dismore, 66.

Centerville, N. B., July 17, Aaron Perkins, 83.

Lancaster Heights, July 22, Samuel Fowler, 69.

Black Point, July 21, Lily, wife of James Taylor.

Konchibouzac, Kent Co., July 12, John Dale, 38.

Brookside, Colchester, July 19, James Gollan, 40.

Victoria Beach, July 27, Mrs. Dorcas Everett, 33.

Upper Port LaTour, July 6, Mrs. Rebecca Flemings.

Halifax, July 22, Jennie, wife of Howard Jayens, 20.

Fall River, Mass., July 18, Mrs. P. T. O'Mara, 22.

Halifax, July 22, Minnie, daughter of Rev. W. E. Rail.

Andover, July 14, Charlotte, wife of Claude Cameron, 21.

Upper Leitch's Creek, C. B., July 17, Norman McAulay, 15.

Rockingham, July 3, Charles, son of Abner and Hattie Forbes.