

A Fateful Letter.

There is no name under the sun so odious to young girls as 'old maid,' and there is no class so thoroughly despised.

Now, Sarah Willett was an old maid, and one who brought terror to the hearts of all her acquaintances.

Her habitation was a boarding-house, where a company of twenty-five or thirty gathered daily.

Among her many excellences, Miss Willett possessed a tongue which had the faculty of running without cessation from morning until night.

She fairly hated men, and totally despised women—that is, women of nowadays.

It made her frantic to see the tastefully-attired young ladies come in to dinner, and when from the opposite side of the table the gentlemen threw admiring glances at them, she could have annihilated the party, and looked upon the wreck without a pang of regret.

The feeling came up more especially at the times when Mr. Dickson, an old bachelor who had the reputation of keeping good hours, and invariably paying his board in advance raised his eyes and looked smilingly at them.

'Weak-minded, simple, foolish, disgraceful, bold, brazen creatures!' she would say.

'How do they expect ever to settle in life, after such efforts to attract the attentions of the opposite sex? Oh, woman, woman! When will you ever learn the way in which Heaven designed you to walk?'

Mrs. Berry, it makes my heart bleed to see such carryings on. The bold-faced thing!

Mrs. Berry, the landlady, pitied her case, and, perhaps for that very reason, retailed Miss Willett's sufferings word for word.

But Mrs. Berry's boarders were not sympathetic.

They laughed heartlessly, and a number of the abused young ladies gathered in the drawing-room that very night, and with their pretty heads close together, laid the foundation of a plot to seriously disturb the peace of mind of Miss Sarah Willett.

The days passed.

Miss Willett continued to moralize, the young ladies to dress and flirt, the gentlemen—Mr. Dickson with the rest—to admire and Mrs. Berry to sympathize.

Nellie Dobson, the belle of the party, was Miss Willett's especial horror.

She dressed better and laughed louder than the others, and was the greatest flirt of the lot, and Miss Willett hated her.

She had passed the drawing-room a few evenings before, and seen her at the piano, with Mr. Dickson bending over her, listening to her music, as if entranced, and she had felt like doing something desperate ever since.

She had heard him say that he was passionately fond of music, and as she herself could neither play nor sing, she naturally felt like choking everyone who could.

It is a disgrace to your house Mrs. Berry she said, meeting that lady on the stairs, and, for my part, I shall leave unless there is a change. It grates upon my sensitive nature, and it makes me feel as though I should faint whenever I see it.

It shall be attended to, Mrs. Willett. I was just beginning to think myself that the young people were getting a little careless. I'll speak to them.

She kept her word to the letter by going to the drawing room, and nearly throwing them into convulsions, and thereupon there was another gathering of pretty heads and a continuance of the plot.

Rat tail! went the door-knocker one day as they all sat at the table.

That's the postman! called half-a-dozen voices, and every eye turned towards the door.

For me? for me? was the inquiry, as Mrs. Berry entered, holding a letter in her hand.

No; it is not for you, Miss Nellie, nor you, Miss Rose. It is for Miss Sarah Willett.

Miss Willett arose in her stately manner, and received the missive, and, to show the impulsive young girls how devoid she was of impatience and curiosity, she sat down again without opening the letter, and ate her dinner as though nothing had happened taking an unreasonably long while in so doing.

As a matter of fact, she was dying to know the contents of that letter; but for worlds she would not display her weakness to the hated tribe, and give them an opportunity to retaliate upon her.

Letters to her were like angel visits, few and far between, and their perusal was an event of great importance; hence there was

no small amount of fortitude and patience necessarily brought into use by this little act of sitting quietly there, slowly eating her dinner, with the letter lying away at the bottom of her pocket, its contents as yet shrouded in the darkest mystery.

But at length she walked out of the room in her usual dignified manner.

After that we are not positive as to her progress; but Biddy the chamber-girl declared that something must have happened for the 'old maid ran as though the old feller himself was after her.'

In her own room she opened her letter and read—

'Miss Willett,—If I dared I would call you Sarah, but as yet you have given no signs to me that might warrant such familiarity, and so I can only say Miss Willett. Although I am an unattractive man I have dared to raise my eyes to you, and hope you will find a place in your woman's heart for pity, if not for love. I cannot sit day after day, seeing your lovely face before me, and hearing your voice, without feeling for you an adoration, almost akin to worship. Miss Willett, most considerate and compassionate of beings, bear me, I beseech you, and lend a pitying ear! Smile upon me, and give me a few words of encouragement, and thus save me from distraction.

Yours in anxiety and love,
Gerald Dickson.'

Gerald! Ah! what a name!

Miss Willett actually folded her thin hands over the letter, and smiled.

Smile upon me, and give me, a few words of encouragement.

I will! This very day shall the unhappy man receive relief. How much good we can do in this world if we are only willing. Poor Gerald!

Perhaps that afternoon was the longest that she ever spent, but the supper-hour came at length, and she was at the table betimes.

Soon he came, and sat down opposite. He seemed remarkably jolly under the circumstances, but this fact Miss Willett imputed to his good common-sense and desire to keep up appearances.

As he arose and passed her chair, she lightly touched his arm.

I will see you in the drawing-room, Mr. Dickson, as soon as I have finished my supper.

The gentleman bowed politely.

'I shall be most happy'

Five minutes later she was there, and beside the attentive Mr. Dickson.

'Mr. Dickson—Gerald,' she began. 'It has been my desire to benefit my fellow-creatures, and if I can in any add to your happiness I shall be only too happy.'

The gentleman's eyes opened perceptibly.

I am sure Miss Willett, I am very grateful but at present I am comfortably situated.

'I thought you were very unhappy.'

'Unhappy! What do you mean?'

'Your letter certainly conveyed that idea,' she replied.

'My letter! What letter?'

'Didn't you write me a letter? Didn't you write this?' taking the letter from her pocket.

'No, madam, I never was, I may say, guilty of doing such a thing,' said he, after looking it over. 'You are the victim of a practical joke, madam! I am already engaged, and if nothing serious occurs, I shall, in all probability, be married at Christmas to Miss Nellie Dobson.'

From behind the curtains which shaded the bay window came an audible titter, which finally swelled into a roar, and Miss Willett fled.

Not an hour after, she was directing a cabman at the door, and from that day to this she has never been seen by any of Mrs. Berry's boarders.

The doctor—'Above all things, madam, your husband mustn't worry. Perhaps you'd better not show him my bill just yet.' 'But I did, doctor, and it didn't make any difference. He said he knew he couldn't pay it, anyway.'

'I notice you've got new paper in your hall.' 'Yes. How do you like the design?'

'It seems to me it's rather loud.' 'Yes, that's why we thought we selected it. We thought it might drown your daughter's piano playing.'

Clarissa—'He is such a flatterer! I was holding a rose in my hand. It is an English Beauty, George?' I asked. He never looked at the rose at all. 'Instead, he gazed fondly into my eyes. 'It certainly is,' he whispered.' Madame—'Indeed! Perhaps he's cross-eyed.'

Cordiality Overdone.

Whoever has a short memory for names and faces will be able to appreciate the experience of a resident of Detroit, whose story is told by the Free Press of that city. The lady's friends, who recognize her inability to fit names and faces together say she usually makes up in tact what she lacks in memory.

One afternoon recently, says the lady, who tells her own experience, I was sitting on the veranda when a rather nice-looking man, carrying a small satchel, came up the walk. He bowed pleasantly, and I returned his greeting as cordially as I could, while racking my brain for his name.

He looked familiar, but I could not recall his name. Here was an old friend from out of town, probably,—perhaps a relative of my husband,—and I must not fail in cordiality. So I greeted him warmly, shook hands, and invited him to be seated. I said I was delighted to see him, and knew my family would be equally glad, I regretted that so long a time had elapsed since we had last met. I hoped his family were quite well, and of course he had come to dinner.

Thus I rattled on, fearing to let him discover what a hypocrite I was, and hoping all the while that his name would come to me. Finally he managed to say:

'I'm afraid you don't know who I am.'

'Oh yes, I do,' I responded. 'Of course I know perfectly.'

'No, I am pretty sure you don't even know my name.'

'Well, I admitted, 'your name has escaped me for the moment; but I am so wretched on names! Don't tell me; I shall recall it in time.'

Do not try, responded the young man, pleasantly. I am only the sewing-machine man. I came to repair your machine.

A Common Misdeed.

I wonder if John Gordon has any trouble with his throat, mused Mrs. Payne, as a friend of her husband passed by the window. I've seen him day after day with his coat collar turned up, when the mercury was 'way up in the sixties.

There's nothing the matter with his throat, said Mr. Payne, with an unfeeling grin. 'It's his engagement that's made all the trouble.'

What do you mean Robert? demanded Mrs. Payne, indignantly. You know Mary Wills is one of the sweetest girls that ever lived, and one of my best friends, too.

That's all very true, my dear, said her husband but it doesn't alter her taste in neckties.

Taste in neckties! faltered Mrs. Payne. Yes, madam, said her husband, that is what I said. She gave the helpless and enamoured Jonathan one dozen neckties for a Christmas present, and what is more she expects to see them adorning his person every day. John confided in me, as a married man, and said he was unwilling to hurt Mary's feelings. But I know how much a man can and ought to bear in the way of criticism from his fellow men, and after I'd seen the ties I counseled John to keep his coat collar turned up when he took his walks abroad.

Why I never heard of such a thing in my life! said Mary Wills's defender, weakly.

Robert! Robert! I believe, now I think of it, that you wear your collar turned up when you have on that lovely pink and blue plaid tie I gave you for our anniversary present. Robert—

But Mr. Payne was already in the hall, and the front door closed behind him the next moment.

Cheap Meals.

'About the cheapest restaurant I ever visited or read about,' said a man lately returned from England, 'was a dining saloon in the Whitechapel district of London, where a relishing and fairly substantial meal may be had for halfpenny, or one cent in our money. This cheap repast is not served up in the shape of a cut from a joint and two vegetables. It is a big brown pie, very juicy and very hot. The absence of beefsteak is evident when you cut the pie, but you find inside a liberal sprinkling of sheep's liver, onions and turnips, and a plentiful supply of gravy. For a halfpenny extra two slices of bread and a cup of tea are supplied. Between the hours of twelve and one the poor and hungry from all parts of the East End of the city flock to the dining-room. Most of the patrons are shoeblacks, penny toy men, costermongers, and now and then young clerks whose salaries will not permit them to indulge in a more costly dinner.'

I thought you said that girl you introduced me to was from Boston?

'Well, isn't she?'

'No; No York.'

Why I asked if her she was a follower of Emerson, and she said: 'What team's she playing on?'

He Thought It Was a Picnic.

A young Cleveland woman who teaches a Sunday school class told her small flock several Sunday ago about the long journey of the children of Israel on their way to the Promised Land. She described the march of the column through the wilderness, and told how the priests walked behind the vanguard bearing their sacred burdens.

Last Sunday she thought she would discover how much of the lesson the little fellows remembered. To her chagrin the first boy she asked remembered nothing about it.

'Come, now,' she said; 'some of you surely remember what the priests carried when they marched through the wilderness.'

But no one remembered until she reached little Hally.

'Now Hally,' she said, 'You know what they carried, don't you?'

Hally nodded.

'They carried the 'lunch,' he said, with a look of triumph at his stupid classmate. He called her his precious jewel;

But the truth upon him dawned, When they were wed, that she was not The kind that could be pawned.

'Honesty is the best policy, of course,' moralized Uncle Allen Sparks, who had just given the income tax assessor a true statement of his worldly wealth; 'but it's expensive.'

Husband—'I see they're advertising bargains in patent medicines at Kutt and Prices drug stores.' Wife—'Isn't that too aggravating? There isn't a thing the matter with any of us.'

BORN.

Ohio, July 29th, to the wife of H Porter, a son.

Halifax, Aug 14 to the wife of Max Weil, a daughter.

Moncton, Aug 15, to the wife of T W Bell, a daughter.

Bridgewater, Aug 16, to the wife of Geo A Cook, a son.

Amherst, Aug 11, to the wife of Douglas Trenholm, a son.

Cumberland Co, Aug 9, to the wife of Wesley Bird, a son.

Falmouth, Aug 13, to the wife of Joseph Taylor, a daughter.

Ireland, Aug 19, to the wife of James Purcell, a daughter.

Hantsport, July 28, to the wife of Jas Baker, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Aug 8, to the wife of Sydney Smith, a daughter.

Burlington, Hants, Aug, to the wife of Morris Sanford, a son.

Fossil, O. C., July 5, to the wife of Dr Howard Shaw, a son.

Springhill, Aug 12, to the wife of Wilfrid Arnean, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Aug 11, to the wife of John MacKenzie, a son.

Matina, Aug 27, to the wife of Capt Edwin Spicer, a daughter.

Summersville, July 31, to the wife of Steadman Masters, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Nora Ramsey to Joseph Gillis.

Halifax, John J Connors to Aggie Ahearn.

Annapolis, A M Adam Hebb to Ida Earle.

Truro, Aug 7, Alfred Tucker to Annie Campbell.

Halifax, Aug 15, Harry Tounin to Martha Maryatt Digby.

Aug 10, Joseph S Kelly to Annie M Gillis.

Rawdon, Aug 8, R J Davis to Mrs Rebecca A McPhee.

Glasgow, Aug 6, Evan J McIntosh to Nellie McIntosh.

Sydney, Aug 7, Arthur W Ferguson to Clara Totten.

Yarmouth, Aug 10, Oscar S Jeffrey to Estella Mullen.

Tusket, Aug 8, Murray S Bullerwell to Eva B Hafield.

New Germany, Aug 13, Jonas Rebar to Bertha Acker.

Mulgrave, Aug 14, George Shephard to Sarah S Redford.

Sandford, Aug 7, Edmund Churchill to Louisa E Churchill.

Tusket, Aug 8, Murray J Bullerwell to Eva B Hafield.

East Galloway, Aug 7, John W Arkhill to Euphemia Smith.

Montreal, Aug 14, Rev George F Johnson to Charlotte Adie.

Providence, R. I., July 25, Fred V Dickey to Mrs Nettie Mannfield.

Bridgewater, Aug 10, Robert A Rodenhizer to Emily Richardson.

Tusket Wedge, Aug 5, Albert Jacquard and Miss Arsene Boudreau.

DIED.

Halifax, Aug 14, Jane Kirby, 27.

Taylor, Aug 4, Agnes Sprout, 60.

Springhill, Aug 16, Joseph Mott.

Truro, Aug 19, Frank McLean, 39.

Halifax, Aug 17, Harry Nevins, 9.

Halifax, Aug 17, Thomas Cann, 79.

Argle Head, Aug 1, Susan Crowell.

Halifax, Aug 7, Bertha Bolger, 14.

Halifax, Aug 17, Patrick Burke, 18.

Springhill, Aug 13, Esah Carter, 2.

Amherst, Aug 16, Annie Baskin, 23.

Hebron, Aug 4, Mr Ira Philips, 23.

Liverpool, Aug 12, Josiah Coos, 70.

Grand Bay, Aug 18, Mary Donohue.

Rosindale, Aug 8, Bessie Kenny, 22.

Mill Village, Aug 13, Jas H Phalen, 51.

Halifax, Aug 14, James A Leamas, 60.

Halifax, Aug 19, Patrick O'Mullin, 61.

Maton, Aug 4, Alexander Cameron, 78.

Otter Brook, Aug 12, Hugh Dunlap, 82.

Kelly Cove, Aug 10, Harriet Osborne, 65.

Springhill, Aug 11, Mary Ann Boran, 61.

Hectanooga, Aug 12, Mrs Luke Robicheau.

Bear River, Aug 10, Cecilia McDermid, 37.

Sydney, Aug 16, Florence Holly, 2 months.

Halifax, August 17, Roy Rindoff, 6 months.

Waterford, Aug 8, Elmer Hunter, 2 months.

Moncton, Aug 19, Roy Ferguson, 3 months.

Moncton, Aug 17, Mattie Jamison, 5 months.

Springhill, Aug 12, Roderick McDonald, 18.

Halifax, Aug 17, Stanley Stogatt, 6 months.

Halifax, Aug 16, Dorothy Laidlaw, 3 months.

Goldboro, Aug 14, Alexander MacDonald, 61.

Whoppyville, July 30, A S Mahala Fullerton, 32.

Moncton, Aug 17, Mrs Sarah Ann Plummer, 58.

Halifax, Aug 13, Dalara Wickwire, 4 months.

As a Lost Resort.

'There has been considerable said about the per cent, of fare the conductor thinks belongs to him ever and above his salary, and some very witty things have been said about it. Even the Broadway back platform philosopher has his digs at them,' said a Cleveland professional man the other day to a 'Plain Dealer' reporter.

'I once heard of a fellow, much under the influence of liquor, who got on the train to go home after enjoying himself at a picnic. He slipped into a seat and fell asleep. After the train pulled out the conductor came into the car and called, 'Ticket!' The picnicker was too weary to respond and so the conductor poked him up tumbled in one pocket and the other till finally he pulled out a ragged bill and handed it to the conductor. After examining it carefully the latter said: 'Say my friend, see here. I can't use this.'

'The passenger pushed himself up on his elbow and remarked: 'What's (hic) that you say?'

'I can't use this,' the conductor replied. 'Well, give it (hic) to the company zzn,' remarked the weary but generous hearted man, dropping back into the seat, confident he would be put off at his destination.'

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....5.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....7.00
Suburban express for Rothesay.....7.15
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....11.05
Express for Sussex.....11.50
Suburban Express for Moncton.....12.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....19.35
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....22.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....23.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....6.00
Suburban Express for Hampton.....7.15
Express from Sussex.....8.5
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay.....12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....17.00
Express from Halifax.....18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton.....21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....22.45
Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901.
GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.,
Gen. Supt. N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John.
Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901.

(Eastern Standard Time.)
All trains daily except Sunday.

DEPARTURES.

6.15 a. m. Express—Flying Yankee, for Bangor, Portland and Boston, connecting for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock and points North.

PARLOU CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON.

9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Welsford.

1.00 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesdays and Saturdays only, to Welsford.

4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Welsford.

6.15 p. m. Montreal Short Line Express, connecting at Montreal for Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Buffalo and Chicago, and with the 'Imperial Limited' for Winnipeg and Vancouver. Connects for Fredericton.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

Palace Sleeper St. John to Lewis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

Palace Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jet.

7.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Balintine, Westfield Beach, Lingy and Welsford. Connects for St. Stephen, don'ton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston (Fullman Sleeper off Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jet).

5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express.

2.00 p. m. Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Welsford.

ARRIVALS.

7.20 a. m. Suburban from Lingy.

8.20 a. m. Fredericton Express.

9.1 a. m. Boston Express.

12.5 p. m. Montreal Express.

11 p. m. Suburban from Welsford.

3.10 p. m. Suburban Express, Wednesday and Saturday only from Welsford.

7.00 p. m. Suburban from Welsford.

10.30 p. m. Boston Express.

C. E. E. USER,
G. P. A. Montreal.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. R.,
St. John N. B.