A Finger of Fate.

I was very much in love. There could not be the slightest doubt shout it. All my friends remarked the signs and deplored the fact. I suppose I was really very

bad company. They called her a flirt. My beautiful Gertrude a flirt! And I could not but acknowledge that they were not altogether wrong. But then Gertrude Dixon is fascinating, with a pair of sparkling brown eyes an apple-blossom complexion, and the voice of a song bird. Are they not sufficient attributos to the pastime of flirting?

And throughout it all I felt that she real ly cared for me. True, she flirted, but sometimes in a serious vein. Always however, she laughed me off when I approached her with my heart in my hand. And I went away more dejected than ever.

My best friend, Pail Mason, admonished me; but in vain. 'Can't you see she's a flirt, old man?' said he.

I only smiled. 'I feel kind of responsible, too.' he added. It I hadn't introduced you to her,

there would have been none of this bother. My dear Phil,' said I, 'that was the best thing you ever did for me.'

He shrugged his shoulders and muttered something inaudibly. 'I hate to see a man tooled by a woman,'

said he. 'You misjudge her, Phil,' I answered quickly. 'I know her better than you do.

Well my mother has asked her down to Woodley, and as you are coming with me, perhaps things may happen. Perhaps !' and he laughed. Phil was very much my friend, and was

almost too eager to help me. I picked up my small Gladstone and be-

gan measuring it. 'Whatever are you doing ?' asked Phil.

Miss Dixon admires this very much, so I am going to buy her one just like it,' I answered.

'You waste a lot of money,' be laughed. He went out with me, however, and we succeeded in purchasing a bag identical with my own.

It was a week later that Miss Dixon and we two travelled down to Woodley togeth er. My suit had scarcely prospered meanwhile. She encouraged me without seeming to, but, with the utmost dexterity avoided anything approaching a proposal.

Pail said she played on me more than ever. There was no doubt she flirted with others, too. I knew it, even while I felt, and she almost let me know, that I was the

She had accepted the bag I bought for her with a 'So good of you, Harry,' and had it now with her. For me to buy it seemed as natural as for her to accept. It

meant nothing. In the railway carriage Phil was scarcastic, almost rude.

·Hal has the blues,' he said to her, nodding at me. 'Why don't you cure him?' 'I'm not a doctor,' she laughed.

But you know the cure,' he persisted. ·What is it?' she asked. 'A fitting reward.'

You are really obscure,' she said. 'Then you will not take up the case?' he

'You are evidently familiar with it and should be the doctor,' she retorted. She had the best of it, and I smiled at her victory.

'He will not take my advice,' said Phil. 'Then you must leave him to Fate.' 'I will,' he smiled, 'but I think I'll retain a finger' And he kept his word. At the station Phil took charge of our two bags and his own, and we walked down to Woodley together.

About an hour later I was sitting alone in the shrubbery when I heard a footstep, and Miss Dixon came up to me. 'I've been looking for you,' she said,

'I wish I had known,' I answered. And then I noticed that she looked very

'Is there anything the matter? Can I help you?' I asked. Can you ask?' she said, almost scorn-

'I should consider it a privilege.' 'Indeed!' She laughed. 'Miss Dixon.' I began, 'we have known

each other a long while-'But little, it seems,' she interrupted. 'It may be,' I retorted, quickly, 'that I

know little of you, but I have loved you for all I am worth. 'Really!' she said, sarcastically.

'I do not understand.' I stammered. Why do you speak like that?" 'Ah, why? Of course I have no right.' 'Mis Dixon-Gertrude,' I burst out.

·Sir !' she said, sharply. I waited to hear no more, and looked at her face, where a tear lingered on her eye-

'I had thought,' she said, 'that there was one man who was truthful and honest. I had-ah I but what does it matter ?" Her lip trembled. I caught her hand in to my room ?

mine, but she quickly withdrew it.
'Gertrude!' I whispered. 'And you still pretend,' she said, haughti-

ly, 'that you care for me ?' ·On my honor.'

'Your honor !' she laughed. 'I like that. Ah! And I believed in you.' She did really care for me, then. I was at her side in an instant.

'No, sir.' She waved me away. 'You may keep your honor. Perhaps you can reconcile it with this,' and she you P' handed me a small packet.

'For me ?' I muttered. 'I put the paper around them,' she said. She stood looking at me while I undid the packet, which contained the photograph of a pretty girl and several letters. 'I don't understand why you have given

these to me,' I said at last. ·No?' she queried, 'I didn't expect you

'Then why---' 'Why have I done so ?'

I waited, wondering.

'I admit it was foolish,' she said, 'I suppose I could hardly expect you to accept them honestly.' 'Accept them? They are not mine. I

know nothing about them.' 'Ha!' she laughed. 'I knew you would say that.'

·After all, I can't say that your taste is so very bad,' she continued. 'What do you mean ?'

'You appear to be dense. But it's rather a good photo.' But,' I started, 'I assure you-'

'I should think she has fair hair, basn't I began to be slightly nettled, and did

'And you always said you liked black best,' she continued

'I said what I meant.' I answered somewhat surlily. 'But your opinion has changed since ?' 'Maybe.'

Why should I not retort? I could not be more in the dark than I already was. 'Isn't her nose somewhat retrousse ?' she asked

'I think it adds piquancy to the face, don't you ?' 'Oh, I don't doubt you are right,' she

said, almost sneeringly. 'There's just a suspicion of a dimple, too,' I suggested, looking well at the photo.

'Really !' 'It is a good addition to pleasant features, don't you think ?'

'I really could not offer my judgment against yours,' she said curtly. But as I seemed to have nothing to lose, I determined to get my own back.

'And she has bright, lively eyes?' 'You know best,' she retorted. 'Of course,' I laughed, 'I know best. I

had quite forgotten that.' She bridled somewhat. 'You apparently find the subject humor-

ous ?' 'Yes Isn't it meant to be?' 'Perhaps it doesn't suggest itself to you that your present conduct is the reverse of

gentlemanly ? 'I must soy,' I admitted. 'I am somewhat in doubt as to a good many things.'

'I'm glad you admit something.' 'For example,' I continued, 'the meaning of your attack on me '

'Are you going to continue to flog a dead horse? 'My density must be my excuse.' 'Well,' she said, 'I must give you credit

for playing the game so well.' 'You are generous,' I smiled, cynically, But you have still something to learn in the technique.'

'Yer?' 'A good actor is liable to cut a poor figure if the stage effects go against him.

She turned as if to leave me. 'By the way,' she added, 'I must apolo-

gize for opening your bag.' 'You begin to see now, perhaps?' I nodded a negative.

'Well,' she said, 'I didn't think it of you. It was a mistake. though, to put them right on top.

'Do you mean,' I said, the facts suddenly bursting upon me, 'that you found this photograph with the letters, in my

'Your intelligence is marvellous,' she replied. ·But how--P' I started.

'How did 1 happen to open your bag?' It was put in my room by mistake. I suppose.

'I see,' I said, lamely. 'It's bad having two bags exactly alike. I had opened yours before I noticed your

initials.' 'And you found these things inside?' asked again.

'Yes, yes, a hundred times,' she said, anguily. On my honor I know nothing about

them. I have never seen the lady whom this photograph represents.' 'You still persist?' she asked. 'I speak the truth.'

'Then there is no more to be said. You will consider our acquaintance at an end. She turned to go as Phil approached. He looked at us and litted his eyebrows. 'Do I intrude?' he asked.

'I'm just going,' said Miss Dixon, and, turning to me. 'Will you see that my bag is sent to my room ?' 'Isn't it there?' asked Phil.

'There has been a mistake,' I said, 'Miss Dixon has opened my bag instead of her

'Oh!' he said. 'Did you--' and he

stopped. 'What's the matter ?' I asked. 'I slipped a photograph inside at the station, he replied. 'I found your bag

was unlocked, and--'But why did you put it in there ?' I said quickly. 'Well,' he smiled. 'a finger of Fete has

to do something to justify its existence.' Miss Dixon turned to him sharply. 'So you,' she said, 'sent the wrong bag

He bowed, smiling. 'A finger of Fate !' he repeated.

'I hate you,' she said, and went. He turned to me. 'Well, aren't you going to thank me, old man?' he asked.

'Thank you ?' I ejaculated. 'It seems to me a dirty trick.'

'Don't be a tool, Hal,' he laughed. 'Don't you see the mere fact of her bringing you the photo shows she cares for

'I knew that before,' I retorted. 'And now ?' Well, that tear, the quivering lips and our recent conversation had told their tale, and I did not answer for I was more than

'She hates you,' I said. 'She always did,' he laughed. 'And you think you have helped me ?' 'I know you're not a fool, Hal.'

'Well,' I said. 'I'll go and see about the

I did, till the next day, when I burnt it

before Gertrude. 'I thought,' she said, 'that it could could scarcely belong to you.'

She had said something else before, so I did not suggest that her manner on the previous day had belied her.

'And what about Phil ?' I murmured. 'I don't know,' she queried. 'I suppose

we must bow before Fate. 'And it was only a finger P' I suggested. 'But it has done a lot,' she whispered.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

And I agreed.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

took into consideration the fact that if dusky owner was a hard, ill tempered man with a heart of a nigger driver. Then it seemed to say something like this.

'Dash my patterns if I don't come !' It slowly and laboriously rose, and the head of its late master rolled back on to the soft sand. How some people can sleep! The dark featured namad lay there, his mouth half open, his breathing stertorous, his eyes closed.

As it got up Estcourt got onto his back, and managed to keep his seat whilst the animal pitched its equilibrium. Then he urged it forward, and the friend in adversity set off at a slow dignified rate across the desert. It hardly made a sound except for a slight crunch, crunch of the sand.

Estcourt glanced round several times to see if the man had roused up; but he had not stirred, and at last he ceased to take any further interest in the matter, while the camel went steadily forward, bearing him towards friends and liberty.

But he was not to get away without any incident. There was suddenly a shout behind; he turned—the owner of the camel had woke up and was now runningquite a little figure-calling on Djalma to stop and on Heaven to shower vengeance on the iniquitous giaour who had stolen his

What was worse, he seemed thoroughly disinclined to let Heaven have any monopoly of vengeance, for he was brandishing a gun, a sort of (gingai, and with this he stopped and took aim.

Estcourt heard thn bullet whizz past; it went just over the camel's head, but the animal did not seem to care to any considerable extent, and simply went straight on.

The man was running again hard on after him, the pat, pat of his bare feet being audible; but unless fate was particularly indulgent to him, he stood a poor chance of overtaking his enemy or his camel. He soon fired again; this time Estcourt felt a stinking pain in his arm; the bullet had imbedded itself in the fleshy part just above the elbow.

But though the wound began to smart and ache for the rider took but little noice of it; he managed to keep the camel up to a steady swinging trot-one of those trots which continue mechanically, and during which the camel seems to be thinking of something quite different.

Without giving much attention to it Estcourt noticed ahead of him, towards the river, a palm tree looking as regular, as artifical as a toy tree in the Lowther Arcade, and on the top was a curious object which seemed to be bobbing up and down.

It looked like a balloon. Sometimes it rose quite above the palm, and then later it set behind it.

But it came so far away. A dreamy calm to him as the camel trotted on; for the time nothing seemed to particularly signify. Then the dull, inert sensation came to an end suddenly; it was not merely because his wound commenced to throb anew; there was another sound behind.

He glanced back. Yes, he was being pursued by other enemies besides the owner of his mount, and they were not on foot. He made out distinctly a company of white-robed Soudanese. But even then the horror of recapture was not fully realized. It is a mistake to realize everything; time enough

when the crucial moment comes. The camel was making straight for the palm tree-that much was evident. Sometimes he came back to a perfect comprehension of things, with a curious nervous start; the present was aivid. The next moment be was far away in sensation, forgetting all that was actually happening at

the flying moment. It seemed like a race. Would he get to the palm tree before his pursuers? And if he did, what then? He could not save himself by climbing up the palm.

Still instinctively he guided his course toward the tree, where the great circle was softly rising and falling like a big soap bubble. If salvation was to be found there it would not come any too soon, for though he did not look back any more the shouts of those who were in hot pursuit

became louder and louder. Bullets whizzed by him, but he was not hit again. Then as the noise of the pursuit seemed quite near, the palm tree was reached. He glanced up as the camel came to a dead stop, and saw that sure enough, it was a balloon floating up there -a military balloon with the small car favored by military experts.

He dismounted and the camel began to sniff round the foot of the tree; but a sec-'You may keep the photo,' he called ond later it fell to the earth; Estcourt gave an ejsculation of sorrow and rage as the poor beast turned his head and looked up at him as if to say, 'Well you can't deny I

did my share,' and then tell over-and died. It was quick enough work to realize that the balloon was one from the expeditionary corps in the neighborhood; the corps could not be far away. But his pursuers were nearer; he had not a second to lose.

If he could free the escaped balloon and save himself in it! He began to climb up the tree, and then seized hold of the car: the ropes only were entangled in the tree, and as the night wind freshened the vessel of the air was tugging desperately in its efforts to get away and to soar into the heavens.

He made one violent effort, and succeeded in getting into the car, despite the impediment of his fetters; the balloon swaved outward from the tree.

With the knife he had taken from the Baggara, and which he had kept unconsciously, he cut away the tailing ropes, but he had to cut through three before he severed the one which was keeping the balloon captive.

Then, just as bullets began to patter with the sound of thunder rain amidst the palm branches. and as the pursuers came within twenty yards of the tree, the balloon gave a sideways sweep, clearing the palm, the car brushing the topmost branches like an omnibus does a tree by the side of the route, and was sailing away into the ether, far, far above the gesticulating crowd.

Estcourt glanced over the car edge and for a mement felt dizzy, but that sensation

He was free. He leaned back a moment in the bottom of the car. trying to collect bis thoughts; then he looked out once more on that wonderful panorams of dreams, the silvery desert, so sad, so silent, so vast, and far away to the right the sinuous line of the great water which sweeps out of the heart of Africa to the sea.

After the first extreme feeling had gone he began to think of his mission; he had to give warning to those of the small Eng. lish expedition that the Baggara host was in the immediate vicinity, and was contemplating an attack in torce.

But how was be to find them? After the violent sensations of the day he felt less keenly. Even if he did not find them, what then? It could not be helped. And all through the long night the bal-

loon sailed on now going higher and descending; the moon set; there was a period of darkness, and then a faint shadowy light came in the east, which gradually became pink and orange with

Estcourt saw that he was just over the great river; he dimly descried brown sail ed boats, and on the right bank there were From down there came a bugle call. It was the English camp down there. Est-

court looked over the edge of the car and shouted, but his words were born away as lightly as if they had been seed carriers. Then he struggled up and seized the cord which opened the valve, and the

balloon began to descend. He must have come down very swiffly, for the car bumped heavily, and he was thrown out. When he came to himself an officer of the Gloucestershires was looking down at him, and a big, burly, beared

pioneer was taking of the fetters. 'The enemy is at El Farz,' he said. 'Great Scott, man! You are sure?' 'I have just come from there.'

Another officer came up at that moment, and heard what was said. 'You have brought news which will make you,' he exclaimed.

And so it proved, for Estcourt was given a commission; but what he valued more even than that reward was the letter of reconciliation from home which was waiting for him at the base.

BORN.

Windsor, Apr. 6, to the wife of R. Curry, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of B. Fader, a son. Shediac, Apr. 7, to the wife of A Doiron, a son. Amherst, Apr. 2, to the wife of S. Jenks, a son. Moncton, Apr. 10. to the wife of J Moore, ason. Joggin, Apr. 7, to the wife of N Bell a daughter. Digby, Apr. 8, to the wife of N. Hogg, a daughter Landsdowne, Mar. 26, to the wife of R Smith a son. Painsec, Apr. 7, to the wife of J Bourgeois, a son. Antigonish. Apr. 5, to the wife of H. Crerar, a son. Hantsport, Apr. 1, to the wife of D Fullerton, a

Yarmouth, Apr. 7, to the wife of Ernest Perrott, a Hampton. Apr, 7, to the wife of Henry Chute, a

Parrsporo, Apr. 6. to the wife of John Cameron, New York, Mar. 23. to the wife of C. Laidlaw, Paradise West, Apr. 3, to the wife of C Daniels, & Granville, Apr. 6, to the wife of F. Walker,

daughter. Windsor, Apr. 6, to the wife of W. Eville, daughter. Wolfville, Apr. 2, to the wife of Geo Ellis,

Bridgetown, Apr. 2, to the wife of D McGowan, Moncton, Apr. 4, to the wife of Harry Graves daughter.

Digby, Apr. 7. to the wlfe of H Churchill, Hantsport, Apr. 1, to the | wife of Fred Pentz, a Scotch Village, Apr. 3, to the wife of C. Northsup a daughter.

Mount Denson, Mar. 29, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a daughter. MARRIED.

Waltham, Mass, April 3, James W Cahill to Alice Berwick, Mar 26, by Rev Mr Gaetz, L S Gowe to

Falmouth, April 4, by Rev Mr Spidle, B Keith to Pictou, April 9, by Rev Geo S Carson, Daniel Rae to Ida Jane Crowe.

Oxford, N S, Mar 23, by Rev A F Baker, George A Marhin to Eila R Guy. Charlottetown, April 8, by Rev W J Howard, John Culleton to Maude Thomas. Glassville, April 9, by Rev J K Beairsto, Moody Hallett to Bessie Norman.

Windsor, April 3, by Ray Dr Gates, W B Congdon Granville, April 2, by Rev E B Moore, Frank H Cole to Eliza May Hogan.

Bridgewster, April 2, by Rev C R Freeman, James A Meister to Ida A Baker. Hal fax. April 10, by Rev Dr M acMillan, Andrew Strom to Mary Ellen Leate

Bridgewater, Mar 25, by Rev C B Lindtwed, David Wagner to Cassandra E Ramey. Hants Co. April 3, by Rev L H Crandall, Freeman Connors to Egith O Lawrence. St Martins, Mar 28, by Rev S H Cornwall, Albert

Skaling to Annie May McIntyre Windsor, April 3' by Rev Henry Dickie, Frank J Mahaney to Laura Frances Main. Amherst, April 10, by Rev W E Bates, William A Bowser to Frances bretna Milton.

Charlestown, Mass, Mar 31, by Rev Father Suffle. Everett Roberts to Neilie Mullan. North ydaey, April 5, by Rev T C Jack, Alex Nicholson to Maria Jenuie Shepard

DIED.

Kentville, Apr. 6, A. C. Moore.

Norboro, Apr, 4, Mary Bell, 82. Tignisb, Apr. 6, Jerome Buote, 72. Kempt Road, Apr. 2, John Rae, 92. Kestville, Apr. 6, A. O Moore, 32. Truro, Apr. 1, Richard Christie, 81. Somerville, Mass., Gould Northup. Chatham, Apr. 6, Katie Gunning, 19. Rose Valley, Apr. Isabella McCleod. Bridgewater, Apr. 8, Solomon Ramey. Bridgewater, Apr. 4, Greta Warker, 6. Haunts, Apr. 2, Wilfred Odgen, 2 mos. Mosherville, Apr. 5, Maud Smith, 25. Aylesford, Mar, 26, Hattie Polmer, 17. Arlington, Mass., Mrs. J. J. Penfield. Parrsbore, Apr. 3, Wm. Broderick, 36. Windsor. Apr. 6, J. B. Worthylake, 80. Shad Say, Apr. 6, Annie Redmond, 17. Bedeque, Apr. 8, Herbert Goodwin, 31. Lunenburg. Apr. 6, A. L. Thurtow, 56. Canton, Mass., Apr. 1, Mrs. E. Law, 67. San Francisco, Apr. 3, J. A. Mosher, 31. Parrsboro, Mar. 30, Thos. Billgrove, 65, Parrsboro, Mar, 30, Thos. Hillgrove, 65. Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 31, Ann Hayden. Yarmouth, Apr. 5. Mrs. James Scott, 63. Calais Maine, Mar. 29, Clement Eaton, 77. New Glasgow, Apr. 8, Violet Snook, 20. Parrsboro, Apr. 5, Mrs. H. H. White, 27. Campbellton, Apr. 10, Mrs. Wm. Smith. Lower Stewiacke, Apr. 2 Jessie Grant, 24. Chelsea, Mass., Mar. 18, Mrs. Chas Neil. Windsor, Mar. 30, Mrs. Hugh Jenkins, 83. Colchester, Apr. 8. Mrs. W. Marshall, 53. Barrasois, Colchester, Mar. 25, Mina Ross. Joggins Bridge, Mar. 29, John Cossett, 82. St John, Apr. 9, Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, 23. Yarmouth. Apr. 7, Mrs. Thomas Baker, 59. Parrsboro, Apr. 5, Mrs. Hubert White, 27. Charlottetown, Apr, 8 John A, Thorne, 33. Clifton, Kings Co., Deborah Flewelling, 83. Bridgewater, Apr. 8, Lawrence Wagner, 22. Tignigh. Apr. 4, Mrs. Beaumont McCalium. Port Clyde, Mar. 26, Charles E. Kendrick, 59. Hull, Que., Apr. 8, Frederick Wainwright, 18. Annapolis county, Mar. 39, Mrs. A. Dares, 58, St. Peter's Bay, April, 9, Duncan Maclaren, 79. Charlottetown, Apr. 11, Catherine McQuaid, 21. West Glassville, Apr. I, Mrs. George Logue, 51. Clementsport, Mar. 30, Mrs. Alonzo Merritt, 58. Winsloe Road, Apr. 7, Mrs. James Dismond, 70. Dorchester, Apr. 14, Mrs. H. R. Emmerson, 46. Clementsvale, N. S. Mar. 28, Jerusha Sanford, 69. Milton. Mass., Mar. 23, Ralph Hutchinson, 4 wks. Midgell Mills, Apr. Mrs. Alice A. Vaniderstine,

Northfield, Haunts Co., Apr., 8, George Henvigar,

Newport, Haunts Co., Mar. 21, Clementine Cochran, Belmont, Colchester, Mar. 30, Anthony Lightbody, Elmira, Lot 47, Mar. 30, Benjamin Maceachern,

Upper Musquodoboit, Apr. 11, Mrs. Jennie Pear-

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