

A Finger of Fate.

I was very much in love. There could not be the slightest doubt about 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.

'Then why—' 'Why have I done so?' 'Yes.' 'I admit it was foolish,' she said, 'I suppose I could hardly expect you to accept them honestly.'

'Well,' I said, 'I'll go and see about the bag.' 'You may keep the photo,' he called after me.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

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

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.

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.

Without giving much attention to it Estcourt noticed ahead of him, towards the river, a palm tree looking as regular, as artificial 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 Sudanese. But even then the horror of recapture was not fully realized.

He dismounted and the camel began to sniff round the foot of the tree; but a second later it fell to the earth; Estcourt gave an ejaculation 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 fell over and died.

BORN.

Windsor, Apr. 6, to the wife of R. Curry, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of F. Fador, a son. Shediac, Apr. 7, to the wife of A. Dolron, a son.

MARRIED.

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

Windsor, April 3, by Rev Dr Gates, W B Congdon to Sarah Isabelle Wood. Grandby, April 2, by Rev E B Moore, Frank H Cole to Etta May Hogan.

DIED.

Kentville, Apr. 6, A. C. Moore. Norboro, Apr. 4, Mary Bell, 82. Tignish, Apr. 6, Jerome Bunde, 72. Kempt Road, Apr. 2, John Rae, 92.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Pan-American EXPOSITION BUFFALO, N. Y. May 1st to November 1st. One Fare for the Round Trip.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton, etc. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex, etc.