LOUISA MAY'S SOLO.

'Louisy May is to sing a solo at the celebration,' Mrs Hatfield was explaining to a visitor. 'And I don't know but she'll be too fine to speak to her own folks when she's rigged out in all ber new things. She's worked real faithful pickin' strawberries and doing all sorts of chores to pay for what she's to have. She's a good girl,

But has she ever sung in public bef ore? 'She's never sung a solo all by herself except and one or two little Sunday school concerts. I don't know how it will be when she finds berself on the platform facing the big Fourth of July crowd.'

Oh she'll set through it all right. have heard the she sings beautifully.'

'Well, I don't know but she does sing about as well as you could expect a girl of only fitteen to sing. It's kind of curious; I can't sing no more than a blue jay, and when her pa tries it the hens scatter in terror. She gets it from her Grandtather Hatfield over in Ware. He'll be seventyfive come the tenth of next month, and he'll sit down to a little organ he's got and sing away by the hour. He's coming clear over from Ware to hear Louisy May sing. He's goin' to leave her his organ in his will.'

'A piano would be better for her.' 'Yes, Louisy May's wild to have a piano, but we can never get her one with five younger children to rear up and school. Her grandpa Hatfield mebbe could get her one; but I don't know that he's able to, although he always has been close mouthed about his money affairs. You'll be at the celebration ?'

'Oh, yes; we are all going. And I expect to hear Louisy May beat 'em all.'

There the conversation ended, because a red-haired girl came hurriedly into the sitting room. She blushed furiously as she heard her name.

On the morning of the Fourth of July Louisa May was very happy as she stood before the small mirror in her bedroom and gave the last touches to her toilet. Her challes had made up very prettily, and her mother had delighted her by an unexpected gift of a pretty pink ribbon sash. She bad never before had such a beautiful but, and there was but one thing to detract from her satisfaction with her ap-

'If only I didn't have such a mop of red bair!' she said to the mirror. 'It it was Mouse colored, like Amanda Dane's or a regular brindle, like Lucy Trent's, I shouldn't care. But red! It isn't as red as it used to be, though, and I shall wear my bat while I sing-that will hide it a good deal.'

There had been few holidays in Louisa May's life, and never one so tull of promise of pleasure as this. She had been to the village the day before to rehearse the song with Miss Hope, who was to play the accompaniment on the organ, and Miss Hope had said that Louisa sang beautifully. She had a very clear and strong voice, and she said to her mother as they drove toward the grove, 'I don't feel a bit nervous or atraid now."

She did, however, feel a little nervous when her turn to sing came, and she found herself on the platform before the audience that filled every part of the grove. The chairman of the day stepped forward and

'We will now listen to a solo, 'The Star-

At this some of the Grand Army men set up a shout, and Louisa May walked to the front of the platform with the large silk flag she was to hold while she sang. The applause died away, and the organist had just begun to play the prelude,

when a boy shouted shrilly: Red head! Red head! Better look out

or the fireworks will catch !'

Louisa May's pink cheeks grew pallid. She opened her lips, but no sound came from them. She was trembling from head to foot. The flag fell from her hand over the edge of the platform. Then in an agony of embarassment she put both hands over her face and began to cry.

The boy who had called out Red Head suddenly telt a hand grip the back of his collar, and he was jerked from his seat by an irate little old man.

'I'll let ye know how ye call my grand. daughter red head, ye little sass box ! You take that !' and he smartly boxed the howling boy's ears. Then he hurried toward the platform and up the steps. A queer looking old man he was with long white hair and beard. He had on a stifly starched linen duster and bright blue jean trousers. Hurrying to Louisa May's side, he put his arm around her waist and said, sooth-

mind that impudent little sass-box! You seashore and mountain. They will fall in sing your song now. Come, grandpa will love—that is they think they are in love. start ye off on it !'

she had let tall to the platform, and hold- not know each other's real character; they ing his staff in one hand while his other | have not been bonest with each other or arm was round Louisa May's waist, he with themselves. began to sing in a thin, wavering, but not unmusical voice;

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the

perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream ng!

He stopped at the end of these lines and | tellectual harmony. said gently to Louisa May:

'Come, now, honey, you sing, too.' She had taken her hands from her face. and as she looked into the sympathetic faces of the people before her, she felt her courage rise. When the old man began to sing the next lines Louisa May's voice. clear and steady and sweet, rose high

above his own: And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in Oh! say does that star-springled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave? Something of the lofty spirit of the grand old song suddenly filled Louisa May's heart, and made her forget her wounded feelings. Her grandfather held the flag so that its folds were falling about her, and

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still her eyes were shining and her face was smiling as she began the second stanza in a voice without the least quaver. The old man did not sing now. He stood beside ber, wilb one arm still around her, and nodded time with his snowy head and gently waved the flag above the singer.

When Louisa May's voice, died away after the last lines, the applause was deatening. While it was still at its height, her grandfather stepped to the edge of the platform, holding the flag aloft. When he could be heard, he called out shrilly:

'Everybody join me in singing the last two lines! Come, now, everybody sing! 'And the star spangled banner in triumph shall

O'er the land of the free and home of the brave.' The woods and the hills rang with the melody; they rang again with the shouts of the people when the lines had been sung not only once, but three times.

The governor himself congratulated Louisa May, and handing her the beaut iful little silk flag he had been holding in his hand, he said:

'Let me give you this to remember me

Louisa May thought that she could never be any happier than she was during the rest of that day, but she felt much the same way three days later when, on coming home from the strawberry patch, she found Grandpa Hatfield waiting for her in the hall. He flung open the parlor door behind him as he kissed her, and Louisa saw in a corner of the room a beautiful, shiring new piano.

'Why, grandpa!' she exclaimed, and flung her arms around his neck, half laugh ing and half crying. His dim eyes had a strange light in them, and his voice was not very steady as he said:

I tell ye, Louisy, I don't know when I have heard anything that took such hold of me as the way you sung that grand old 'Star Spangled Banner.' I want it to be the first song you sing on your new piano. I'll play it, and we'll sing it together.'

A few moments later a passer by reined up his horse in front of the house to listen to the fresh young voice and the old and quavering one singing together:

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

ADVICE IN CHOOSING A WIFE.

Rev. Mr. Bustard Lays Down Some Good Rules.

The sermon on marriage recently deliv. ered by the Rev. W. W. Bustard of the Dudley Street Baptist church, Boston, has attracted much attention. His subject was Selecting a Wife, and he gave utterance to some plain words on marriage and divorce. In part be said:

'Two of the greatest blessings a man can have are a good mother and a good wife. Choose a good wife—that is a good wife for you. Lots of men have for their wives women who would make better wives for other men.

'The greatest fault today is that people marry too young. They often come to the altar when they are 17 or 18 and are wedded just because they want to be, or think Spangled Banner,' by Miss Louisa May | they want to be. They can't wait because they haven't sense enough to wait. I do not believe that at that age young people know what they are doing; I do not believe that they are responsible. Every now and then a boy and a girl are wedded. They think they love each other, but they don't. They do not know what love is.

'Instead of choosing a man for a husband today a women chooses a boy, and instead of choosing a woman for a wife, a man chooses a girl.

'I say that no one should marry unless his or her character is fully and completely formed, and that does not happen at the age of 17 or 18 years.

'I have seen many a man who had for a wife nothing but a baby girl, and many a woman who had for a husband nothing but

'You must select that woman who is best suited to you as a companion, that woman who will be a helpmate, a friend in time of need, a comforter in time of trouble, a throne for love and worship at all times and under all conditions.

'Summer is coming and the summer girl There, there, Louisy May! Don't you and the city tellow will soon be together at There never was a sadder mistake. Neither The old man picked up the flag which has fallen in love with the other. They do

'In every marriage three things should be apparent First, love, which should mean a marriage because each loves the other. Second, intellectual sympathy. along the line of reading, learning, prospects. And third and last, some degree of likeness in religious belief, that is, in-

'You announce in your paper,' said the wrathful young woman, 'that I would not be married, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

'Well, isn't that the report you sent in? asked the society editor.

'No, it isn't,' answered the wrathful' young woman. 'The inference is all wrong I said I would not be married to the particular young man to whom I was reported engaged, which is quite a different matter.' | dog.'

Eats Clothes

If your washing medium does that, what matters its cheapness or its working power? Is it safe? That's the first thing. Some imitations of PEARLINE are not safe. They eat the clothes, slowly, but surely. Don't experiment. You are sure of PEARLINE; stick to it: it is standard, tested, proved, by years of use and millions of women.

Mr Blizziness-Why don't you workwhy do you waste your time begging? Tramp-Did you ever beg? Mr. Blizziness-No, of course not.

Tramp-Then you don't know what

'The truth should not be spoken at all

'Don't worry; it isn't !'

'Harry,' she said thoughtfully. 'What is it?' responded the worried

business man, shortly. 'I wish you could rearange your business a little bit.' ·How?

'So as to be a bear on the stock exchange instead of at home.'

Mrs. Goodly-Goodness! How that child swears.

Little Girl-Well, wouldn't yer swear, yerself, mum, if yer'd missed yer Sunday school picnic by jest five minutes?

First stranger at the ball-There goes the Countess Malikoff. They say she married a poor stick. Second Stranger-Indeed, Well I'm the

Then I owe you an apology. But I assure you I only repeated what everybody else was saying.

'What sort of place have you found in the country? Good beds ?'

'Worst I ever tried,'

Good table · Abominable,

'Prices low?'

'Ridiculously bigh.'

'Then why do you stay there ?' 'Because they've got the best golf links in the country !

An Iron Will With Limitations.

Two men were arguing in their club. One, a fellow of ineflable conceit, was boring everybody with boasting of the power of his will, maintaining with much violence that his will was stronger than that of anythe conversation.

'You are wrong there,' said one of the gentlemen, 'and I will prove it. Go and stand in that corner, and I will have you out of it before I have commanded you the second time.

The smart one stood in the corner, and the quiet one said:

'Come out of that corner.'

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at bim steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the smart man said with a sneer:

Don't you think you'd better give it up? | Truro, June Miss Gertrude Hoar. I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening.'

'Oh, as to that,' replied the quiet man, there's no hurry. I am perfectly comfort-You recollect that there's no time limit; You are simply to come out before I ask you twice. And as I don't intend to ask you again until a week from today, in order to give your strong will a fair and vig | Canton, Mass, June 24, Mrs Jane E Newton, 57. oroug trial, we might as well take it eas-

The man with the iron resolution sneaked out of the corner, and the experiment was declared off.

Philosophy in Observation.

Two evidence of unusual and commendable discrimination are submitted by the Express. This was brought out a woman's club tea, where one of the onlookers ask-

'Can you point out the guest of honor?' 'Certainly replied her triend. 'Do you see that woman in gray with the pink rose in her bonnet? She is drinking tea now. That is our guest of honor.'

'And who is she?' 'I haven't the slightest idea.'

'Then how do you know she is the guest of honor ?'

'Oh, easily enough. The guest of honor always has the best cup.'

In the other instance a little boy, a street gamin, yet with a philosphy beyond his years, was endeavoring to drag a reluctant dog along the sidewalk. The boy was not unkind, and the dog did not seem | 119 people appeared before one judge to unhappy, but he was struggling and yelp. iug after the manner of his race. A well meaning lady of middle age stoppped to 200 were between 25 and 30, 300 were look at the dirty pair.

'What is the matter?' she asked. What makes him pull and bark so ?'

The urchin looked at her pitingly. 'Why, lady, that's just because he's a ECTIV.

Parrsbore, June 20, to the wife Norman Hunter, a Parrsboro, June 19, to the wife of Johnston Reid, a Bridgetown, June 20 to the wife of John Hicks, a Lunnenburg, June 21, to the wife of RS Currie, a Cambridge, June 15, to the wife of J. H. Cox, & Milton, June 8, to the wife of Areaneas Payzant, a Weymouth, June 21, to the wife of S. L. Killam, a Glanwood, June 20, to the wife of R. F. Crowell, a

Yarmouth, June 11, to the wife of Walter Graham, Glenwood, June, 20, to the wife of R. F. Crowell, Shelburne, June 22, to the wife of J. W. Lonergan Canard, Kings, Jane 15, to the wife of Wm. Borden Parrsboro, June 10, to the wife of Wallace Smith, a

Amberst, June 26, to the wife of Sandy Chapman, a daughter. Shelbourne, June 21, to the wife of F. C. Blanchard, a son, Shelbourne, June 21, to the wife of Rev W. Morris

daughter.

a daughter. West Northfield, June 21, to the wife of Dean Silver, a daughter. Bridgewater, June 20, to the wife of Timothy Wynacht, a daughter.

Dalhousie, Digby, June 21, to the wife of Kenneth Hebb, a daugnier. Lunnenburg, June 25, to the wife of Freeman. Veinot, a daughter. Roxbury, Mass., June 20, to the wife of James L. Crosby, a daughter. Conquerall Bank. June 25, to the wife of John H.

MALELEND.

Slauenwhite, a daugnter.

Nappan, June 26, Abner H Boss to Sadie M Style Yarmouth, June 18, Fred Baker to Mau d Hurlbert Halifax, June 24, Lauchlin A Cotie to Annie Keefe. Shelburne, April 29, Lewis Dechamp to Jessie Guy Georgetown, June 25, Austen L Fraser to Maude G Halifax, June 27, Henry F McKay to Mary J Oxford, June 26, John M. Corbett to Mary S Mc-Yarmouth, June 26, Ralph Hazleton to Mabe

Shelburne, June 17, Stephen Labrador to Lydia Woodstock, June 26, Rupert J Long to Ruth A Yarmouth, June 26, Ralph Hazleton to Mabel

Berwick, June 18, Fred H Pelton to Grace C St. George's, June 25, H J Macphee to Sarah Upper Woodstock, June 21, Walter F Mott to Edna M. Smith.

Woodstock, June 19, Arthur E Flinton to Mabel M. Glenwood, June 19, Percy O Smith to Edith R Crowell Lorne, June 26, George W. Matheson to Margaret

Kingston, June 26, Robert Richards to Annie Berwick, June 26, John Wesley Pelton to Mrs Saran Nixon. Wallace, June 16, Thomas F McAulay to Cassie body present. An English paper records | Kinkora, June 18, Thomas McCarvill to Margaret

Lillian Kelly. Conquerali, June 16, Arthur Dennis Rafuse to Alice gin melman. Charlottetown, June 26, John H Ward to Bertie Medford, Mass., June 18, George Y Hird to Ida

Yarmouth, June 26, Alfred Charles Wellsto Ethel Avonasle, Hants Co., June 19, Leonard D Parker to Louise Sharp. South Side, Cape Island, June 23, Eldad Ross to

Priscilla Crowell. Newton Centre, Mass., June 17, Albert S B ailey to Almira B McMuille.

Truro, June 27, Harriett Martin, 72. Miscouche, June 8, Hubert Gaudet, 80. Fairmont, June 29, Michael Moriarty, 76. Mili Valley, June 3. John Macdonald, 70. Kentville, June 10, Mrs Job Harvey, 62. Eagle Head, June 21, Edward Wilson, 30. Yarmouth, June 15, Mrs Lucy Robbins, 77. Yarmouth, June 25, Frederick A Barr, 86. Scotch Village, June 26, Fitz L Cochran, 29. St John, June 18, Agnes L wife of Capt Adams. Central Onslow, June 16, Enzabeth Brown, 74. Clark's Harbor June 22, J Lewis Nickerson, 58. Fairmont, June 18, Miss Mary McGillivray, 26. East Glassville, June 22, James A McFarland, 26. Windsor, June 21, Alice, wife of Wiley Davison,

Mount Pleasant, June 12, Mrs Benjamin Thomp-Yarmouth, June 5, Gerald, son of Mr Ernest Ray-Georgeville, June 17, Mary Brown, wife of John J Black Avon, June 23, Margaret, wife of Alex Mc-

Donald, 52. philosopher of the New York Mail and Gordonsville, NB, Etizabeth, wife of Gideon Brooks, 82. Digby, June 22, Douglas S son of Mr and Mrs W W Hayaen, 2.

Yarmouth, June 13, George, infant son of Mr and Mrs James Cleland, 13 months. Souris Line, P E I June 21, Matilda, wife of Hugh Nappan, June 16, Charles Cecil Floyd, son of Mr and Mrs Clarence McKay, 11 months.

ome Marriages.

'In 1899, in the United States of America alone, there were 10,000 runaway marriages.

'In the law courts of one city alone there

appeared 200 women with hearts broken through wrongly made marriages. 'In a single year 8000 wives found that

they were not the only living wives of their 'In one day recently in New York city

seek divorce. 'Out of a list of 1000 marriages one half the brides were between 22 and 25, under the age of 20.

Nearly will these women married men who were under 22 years of age. 'There can be no cessation of the divorce business till there is a turn in the tide of sentiment toward the marriage relation.'

Why He Kept a Dog.

A prominent dog-tancier and wealthy man of Philadelphia stepped into a grocery the other night, says the Press, and accidently tumbled over a fat old German who

was sitting in a corner smoking his pipe. Under his chair was the most remarkable specimen of a dog that the gentleman had ever seen. It had the sppearance of a pug with rough red bair and a long tail. It was impossible to resist laughing at the placid old man and his nondescript dog.

What kind of a dog is that ?' asked the gentleman.

'I don't know,' replied the German. 'I suppose you use him for hunting? "

'Is he good for anything?'

'Then why do you value him so?'

'Because he likes me,' said the old tellow still puffing his pipe, and the expression of the dog as he looked up from under the chair, fully confirmed the statement.

'There is no better or stronger reason. than that,' asserted the gentleman, emphatically, as he walked away.

It Was all the Same.

The moment be stepped into the hotel ffice it could be seen that he had been 'out with the boys.' His step was uncertain and his hand unsteady. He stepped to the stenographer's desk and started todictate to the young lady who presided over the machine. His dispatch ran:

'My (hic) dear wife (hic): I will not be home to night (hic), as I am going to Keukkauna (bic).'

'How do you spell Kaukauna ?' asked the stenographer.

'Don't you know how to spell (hic) Kaukauna P 'No. I do not,' answered the young

'Then (hic) make it Green Bay.'

Nebb-How does it come Snappen, the photographer, tailed in his profession? Nobb-Because his pictures looked like the subjects .- Ohio State Journal.

RAILROADS.

CATANDA VAN PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE.

From St. John.

Effective Monday, June 10th, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.) All trains daily except Sunuay. DEPARTURES. 6.15 a. m. Express-Flying Yankee, for Bangor. Portland and Boston, connecting for

Frederictor, St. Andrews, St. Stephen. Houlton, Woodstock and points North PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BOSTON. 9.10 a. m. Suburban Express, to Welstord. 1.00 p. m. Suburban Express. Wednesdays and

Saturdays only, to Welsford. 4.30 p. m. Suburban Express to Welsford. 5.15 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

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal. palace Sleeper St. John to Levis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

Fullman Steeper for Boston, St. John to McAdan: Jct f.30 p. m. Boston Express, First and second class coach passengers for Bangor, Portland and Boston. Train stops at Grand Bay, Riverbank, Ballentine, Westfield Beach, Lingley and Welsford. Connects for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock (St. Andrews after July 1st) Boston Pullman Sleeper off Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.

5.20 p. m. Fredericton Express. 10 00 a. m. Saturdays only. Accomodation, making all stops as far as Welstord.
ARRIVALS. 7.20 a. m. Suburbau, from Lingley.

8 20 a. m. Fredericton Express. 11 20 a. m. Boston Express. 11.35 a. m. Montreal Express. 12 35 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. USHER. G. P. A. Montreal. A. J. HEATH. D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train. will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Halifax and Campbellton......7.00 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou......11.50 Express for Sussex.16.30 Suburban Express for Hampton......17.45 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22.45 Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene

Express from Halifax and Syddey.......6.00 Eugurban Express for Hampton......7.15 Suburbar Express from Hampton......21.55 Accommodation from Ft. du Chene and Moncton *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. CARVILL, C. T. A., 7 King Street St. John, A.S.