

Betty, the Borrower.

Betty Biglow would easily have taken the prize, had one been offered at the Misses Gordons' Finishing School, for being the girl with the prettiest manners and the sweetest disposition. Everybody, from the eldest and crassest Miss Gordon down to the youngest of the day students loved Betty, but she had one deplorable failing. Although her wardrobe was extensive, her room the prettiest in the building, and her allowance of pocket money ample, she was a persistent borrower.

'Oh,' she would cry, darting into some other girl's room on the way to chapel, 'do lend me a handkerchief! I've forgotten mine!' or, 'Do let me take a bat pin! I haven't one to my name!' or 'Please lend me some gloves. I don't want to go back to my room for mine.'

If Betty had ever returned anything it wouldn't have been so bad; but she was careless, and seldom gave the handkerchief or the hat pin or the gloves a second thought.

Her particular chum, Helen Bradbury, tried in a gentle way to make her see the error of her ways. Betty declared that she already saw them and that she repented and would reform, but in the same breath she begged Helen to lend her a couple of postage stamps.

'Betty,' said Helen, 'you are incorrigible.'

'I'm afraid I am,' laughed Betty, 'but I'm just as willing to lend as I am to borrow'—which was quite true.

The next day half a dozen girls were gathered in Helen's room where Betty burst in upon them.

'O Helen,' she cried, 'do lend me your belt! It is time for my music lesson, and I can't find mine.' So Helen reluctantly unfastened her belt, and Betty darted off with it.

'I think,' said Margaret Brown, 'it is simply abominable the way Betty borrows things!'

'It's more abominable the way she doesn't bring them back,' said Ruth.

'She borrowed my umbrella a month ago, said Madge Roberts, 'and she hasn't returned it yet.'

'She never will,' said Helen. 'The only way I ever manage to get anything back is by makin' a daily raid on her room. I must waylay her in the hall when she has finished her lesson and demand my belt, or I shall be obliged to go down to tea without it.'

'She is the dearest thing I ever saw,' said Madge, 'except for that one unfortunate habit. I do wish we could break her of it without hurting her feelings. She's so generous herself—'

'Girls,' interrupted Mollie Peters, 'I have an idea!'

'Girls,' echoed Madge, 'Mollie has an idea!'

'Silence! I have the window-sill,' said Mollie, rapping on the glass. 'This meeting will please come to order. Girls, let's give Betty Biglow a lesson. There are thirty-eight of us in this establishment. Let's start in tomorrow morning and borrow everything Betty has. As Madge says, she's the soul of generosity, and would lend us the paper off her wall if we were to ask for it, and she could get it off.'

'We'll do it!' shouted the girls.

'And we'll do it so thoroughly' said Helen, 'that even Betty will see the point.'

'Helen,' said Mollie, 'you go down and tell all the girls in the west dormitory; and Margaret, you tell the third floor girls, and I'll go to all the rooms along this corridor. Be sure to tell Mildred Slater. She is Betty's pet victim, and will be glad of an opportunity to retaliate.'

Indeed, Mildred was so very glad that she rose at four o'clock the next morning and tiptoed across to Betty's room.

'O Betty,' said the white-robed figure, 'do you happen to have any kindling and some matches? I have a fancy for a grate fire this morning.'

'Why, yes,' said Betty, sleepily, 'but isn't it a little early? What time is it, anyway?'

Mildred made no reply; she was too busily engaged in gathering up every match and all the kindling.

At fifteen minutes to five, Mollie Peters crawled reluctantly out of her warm bed and stole along the corridor to Betty's room.

'O Betty,' said she, stifling a yawn, 'will you lend me your chafin'-dish and your bottle of alcohol? I have an idea that I should like some scrambled eggs for breakfast. By the way, if you don't mind, you might lend me the eggs, too. I know you got some yesterday.'

'Just help yourself,' said Betty, obligingly.

'O Betty,' said Helen, appearing half an hour later in bath robe and slippers, 'would you lend me your haircloth skirt? I think I shall put a new binding on mine to-day.'

'Of course you may have it; it's on the chair with the rest of my clothes.'

'O Betty,' said Madge at seven, 'I came to invite you to a judge party in my room at five this afternoon. Can you lend me some chocolate? Betty, would you mind lending me your pictures? I'm going to ask a couple of the day scholars, and I want to be very fine for the occasion.'

'Take anything you like,' said Betty. 'Don't you want my red curtains? You'll need more chairs, too.'

Madge, more than half ashamed of herself, stripped the pretty room of its adornments, and later in the day carried off even the rug and most of the furniture. Apparently, too, almost every girl in the establishment found it necessary to borrow some article of wearing apparel during the day, and all was done so naturally, and so much after Betty's own careless fashion that she suspected no plot.

She loaned skirts, waists, shoes, hairpins,

towels, bedclothes, underwear, books and writing materials, with such delightful readiness that the conspirators all had compunctions. She even expressed her pleasure in being able to assist her friends.

School hours were over at four o'clock. When Betty returned to her room at that hour, she found it stripped of everything portable.

'Well, Madge has evidently taken me at my word!' said Betty. 'If she is going to have such an elaborate entertainment as all that, I must dress up a little for it.'

Betty removed her school waist and skirt, and dropped them upon the bare iron bed. Then she took the pins out of her abundant hair, and shook the glittering mass of curls about her shoulders. Her back was turned to the door, or she might have noticed that it was opened softly. Mollie, on her hands and knees, pulled the garments from the bed to the floor, and vanished with them without making a sound.

Betty looked for her hair-brush, but remembered that she had loaned it to Nellie Warwick, twisted up her rebellious locks as well as she could without its aid. When she turned to wash her face, she could find no soap and no towel.

'Really,' said Betty, this is embarrassing. Now I think of it, I've been a regular department store all day long, and I seem to be about all sold out.'

'Hurry up, slow poke!' called a voice from the hall. 'Madge wants you to help receive the guests.'

When Betty went to the closet for her gown, she found that the closet contained absolutely nothing but a row of empty hooks and a small lump of soft coal.

'Well,' said Betty, 'I like this! I knew I had been lending things all day, but I didn't realize I had been so lavish. I'll have to wear my school dress, after all.'

When she found that even the school dress, thanks to Mollie, had disappeared, it flashed upon her that she was a victim of a practical joke.

'Well,' she said, 'that settles it! Of course I can't go to a judge party in a lump of coal and a tooth-brush, and that seems to be about all I have left. But I wonder why they borrowed—' Suddenly a hot flush spread over her cheek.

'Borrowed! That's it. They've been paying me back in my own coin, but I don't think it's a bit nice of them.' There was a catch in Betty's voice, and her brown eyes filled with tears. She reached for a handkerchief, but found the drawer empty.

'I can't even cry,' said she, forlornly, wiping her eyes on a scrap of pink ribbon, 'but I want to dreadfully. I remember now that every girl who has passed my door to-day has borrowed a handkerchief. I hate to cry on my green silk petticoat, but I'm afraid I'll have to.'

She was, however, a plucky young person, and when she had had an uncomfortable little cry among the green silk ruffles of her skirt, she discovered that she was not utterly crushed after all.

Fifteen minutes later a small lump of coal, wrapped in a bit of newspaper, was thrown through the transom into Madge's room. Upon the paper Betty had managed to print with the bit of coal the words:

'Help! Help! B. B.'

'Let's go to the rescue, girl,' said Madge.

'Somebody run and find a dress for substitute Betty.'

'Here are her slippers,' said Helen, stepping out of them.

'Here's her belt,' said Mollie, taking it off.

'Here's her ribbon collar,' said Mabel.

'I'll run up stairs and get my own.'

'Better take her a handkerchief,' said Mildred.

'She'll need one or I don't know Betty.'

'Take a towel, too,' said Madge, 'so that the poor dear can wash her face.'

A relief committee, composed of sympathetic Helen, and Betty's immediate necessities were relieved. A few minutes later, properly clothed and in a fairly cheerful frame of mind, she made her appearance at the judge party. There was nothing about her to indicate that her borrowing days were over, but they were. The lesson had gone home.

'I guess,' said Betty to Helen, when they were talking it over afterward, 'that I needed the lesson, but just the same it gave me a bad quarter of an hour. I think I must be cured, though, for I haven't borrowed even a postage stamp for three whole days.'

The Helpful Hen.

The city boy in the country also has 'experiences.' The Portland Argus tells of a little lad who, by spending the summer on a farm, learned many things.

It was a new experience for the little fellow, and everything was delightfully unfamiliar. He found out for the first time that hens made eggs, and this knowledge filled him with a desire to see one of them at work.

Being a patient waiter, the lad finally had his wish gratified, and exultantly seizing the product of the cackling fowl, he marched into the house with his prize.

'Let me have it,' said the farmer's wife, 'and I'll cook it for your dinner.'

'Oh, I guess the hen cooked it all right,' replied Master Carl. 'It's warm.'

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English school-master who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on 'How to Overcome Habit.'

At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

'Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another

you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether.'

THE GREAT NILE DAM.

Importance of the Work That has Just Been Finished at Assuan.

From the ages of the dynasties of shepherd kings and Pharaohs a 'low Nile' or a 'high Nile' has meant dearth or plenty in Egypt. In proportion as the river spread its fertilizing waters in flood time along its banks the crop of the season was assured. If for one or more years in succession its volume fell short famine stared the people in the face.

Imperial Rome depended largely on the granaries of Egypt for the daily bread of her populace, but in her great constructive days she failed to insure the constancy of supplies in grain and other products of Egypt's soil which is confidently anticipated by the approaching regulation of the rise and fall of the ancient river.

Just two years have passed since the foundation stone of the great Nile dam at Assuan was laid. It was bedded on a high portion of solid rock and was placed by the Duke of Connaught. Across the river, a mile broad there, the massive wall has been steadily built up of ashlar granite welding together the rocks which forms the dangerous First Cataract. The length of the dam is about 6,000 feet. Its strength had to be designed to hold in reserve for purpose of irrigation a great mass of water.

When the river is in flood its waters will gush through the massive sluice gates. In the autumn months the sluice gates will be closed until the reservoir, thus formed is full and ready to be distributed by channels over the agricultural land on each side. When the water is most wanted (in August and April) for the crops of corn, sugar, cotton and rice the supply in the lower river will be increased from the reservoir, and thus a fairly even supply of water will be afforded throughout the year. A canal with the numerous locks is to be constructed to give passage to the Nile steamers and other traffic.

Commercially the value of the dam to Egypt in the future can hardly be estimated. Its immediate effect, according to the Egyptian Government's engineer, will be to bring under cultivation 600,000 additional acres of land. This is in addition to putting certain districts and levels beyond the ordinary risks of flood and drought. An area of 5,000,000 acres, now in fair cultivation, will be converted into land of the first efficiency in crop producing qualities. Over the whole area Sir William Garstin, the Secretary of State for public works, believes the value of summer crops will be increased by as much as \$30 an acre. Egypt's resources for growing corn and cotton will thus be immensely enhanced and are likely to bring her forward as a competitor in the world's markets.

From the engineering point of view the stupendous nature of the undertaking will be realized from the effect it will have of creating practically a lake 144 miles long impounding more than 1,000,000,000 tons of water. At some periods of the year, it is said 900,000 tons a minute will gush through the sluices. The dam will raise the river about sixty-six feet above its usual previous level. It is broad enough for a carriage road to run along its top.

Nowhere else in the Nile Valley, says Sir Benjamin Baker, who has carried out the work were to be found such advantages of site, sound rock, numerous islands and shallows in which to work. The openings of the sluices are to be lined with cast iron one and a half inches thick, so as effectively to guard against the destruction from the constant impact of large volumes of water at high velocity. The width of the base of the dam has been made such that the pressure on the solid granite masonry will be less than that on any of the other great dams of the world.

In a Cave.

Norman Hesthote, in his book on the bleak island of St. Kilda, tells how he and his boat's crew tried in vain to land there one stormy day, and then, after a few moments, of wild excitement, flew past the landing place.

On we sped, the green waves racing behind us, now and again lashing us with spray; and soon we rounded the southeast point of Boreray, and found ourselves in absolute quiet under the sheltering archway of a cave. We had visions of landing and spending the night in a hut with a bright fire, and roast puffins for dinner, but no such luxuries were in store for us.

Instead, we were told that if the wind shifted to the south the cave would be unsafe, and we should have to leave at a moment's notice. Reaching the hut would entail a difficult climb of eight hundred feet in a thick mist, so there was nothing

for it but to make the best of in the boat. A few biscuits, a piece of cake and some chocolate were left from luncheon, and the men had some cheese and cold tea.

Presently the only English speaking member of our crew told us that they were going to 'make worship' and then followed a most impressive service. I could not understand a word; but the earnestness of the men, the intoning of their prayers, the weirdness of the Gaelic time to which they sung a psalm, combined fitly with the solemn grandeur of the place.

We were anchored in a sort of triangular cave, about sixty yards wide at the mouth, with deep water up to the very end, and plenty of head room. It was a perfect shelter from wind and rain, and there was time for observing the natural phenomena of our night's quarters.

There were wonderful phosphorescent lights on the water. At the sides of the cave, where the swell washed against the rocks, there was an ever-changing brightness of light. Occasionally a gleam would appear on a wavelet in the foreground, only to vanish and be succeeded by another.

Then, as it began to get lighter, we watched birds coming awake to the day. Gannets, fulmars, kittiwakes, guillemots and shags were sleeping, either in our cave or just outside, and we were in at a very exciting fight between two gannets over a fish, and also saw a lesson given to a young guillemot. The nest was on a ledge ten or twelve feet high, overhanging the water. Mamma guillemot gave the baby a push, and they both arrived together in the sea.

Not until eight o'clock could we leave our friendly shelter.

His Faithful Friend.

Eying every person who enters or leaves the Des Plaines Street police station, a shaggy, wobegone dog has for more than a month kept lonely vigil, waiting, says the Chicago Chronicle, in the hope that his master will appear.

The dog belonged to an old man who was arrested for vagrancy. At the time of his arrest the old man fought desperately, and refused to enter a cell unless the dog was allowed to go with him.

Finally to humor the prisoner, the animal was placed in the lookup, and together they passed the night in the narrow and cheerless cell. The next morning the old character appeared in court with the faithful dog still close at his heels.

The prisoner was fined and sent to the bridgeway, but in some manner the dog became separated from him and was left behind. Since that day the dog has refused to leave the neighborhood, and still keeps watch for his master.

'See here, sir!' exclaimed the successful manufacturer to Mr. Adam Upp, his dilatory bookkeeper, 'you are not as attentive to business as you might be. It has been my rule through life to be at my desk early and late, and—'

'Me, too,' replied Mr. Upp. 'Sometimes I get there early and sometimes late.'

Fond Mother—Are Johnnie's hands clean
Nurse—They ought to be. Look at the towel!

BORN.

- Digby, Feb. 7, to the wife of John Peck, a son.
- Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of T. Churchill a son.
- Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of Wm. Clark, a son.
- Karsdale, Feb. 7, to the wife of John Peck, a son.
- Halifax, Feb. 24, to the wife of Gay Hart, a son.
- Digby, Feb. 17, to the wife of Albert Treby, a son.
- Halifax, Feb. 18, to the wife of Geo. Fenay, a son.
- Yarmouth, Feb. 15, to the wife of C. Crosby, a son.
- Halifax, Feb. 11, to the wife of L. A. Harding a son.
- Truro, Jan. 30, to the wife of A. B. Cox, a daughter.
- Hants, Feb. 7, to the wife of M. Gould, a daughter.
- Windsor, Feb. 15, to the wife of Geo. Ashton, a son.
- Woolville, Feb. 18, to the wife of S. Porter, a daughter.
- Halifax, Feb. 23, to the wife of W. Ross, a daughter.
- Shelbourne, to the wife of Leslie Hopkins, a daughter.
- Halifax, Jan. 29, to the wife of Edward Jewers, a son.
- Halifax, Feb. 19, to the wife of James McMichael a son.
- Annapolis, Feb. 2, to the wife of A. P. Bowby, a son.
- Windsor, Feb. 18, to the wife of Lionel Parks, a son.
- Annapolis, Feb. 18, to the wife of Frank Fowler, a son.
- Springhill, Feb. 18, to the wife of Irvin Weatherbee a son.
- Bridgewater, Feb. 10, to the wife of Thos Marshall, a son.
- Kentville, Feb. 2, to the wife of Walter Hillz, a daughter.
- Halifax, Feb. 22, to the wife of Charles Henry, a daughter.
- Greenwich, Feb. 16, to the wife of C. Bacon, a daughter.
- Middletown, Feb. 17, to the wife of N. Parsons, a daughter.
- Halifax, Feb. 20, to the wife of Gerald Millidge, a daughter.
- North Sydney, Feb. 5, to the wife of Kenneth McLanis, a son.
- Bible Hill, Feb. 22, to the wife of Charles McLeod a daughter.
- Bridgewater, Feb. 19, to the wife of Windward Hirdle, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Fairview, Feb. 18, J. Christian to Mary Purcell.
- Boston, Feb. 14, Frank Davis to Daisy Benham.
- Pictou, Jan. 29, Angus Munro to Hannah Fraser.
- Kentville Feb. 11, Wm Blackman to Edith McGie.
- Boston, Jan. 30, Daniel Sinclair to Katharine Ross.
- Centreville, Feb. 20, Colin Craig to May Wright.

- Shelburn, Feb. 5, Wm Wilson to Florence Wesley.
- Annapolis, Feb. 18, Herman Penall to Mary Camp.
- St. John's, Feb. 20, Wm Cornell to Laura Coacher.
- Summerside, Feb. 19, Simon Day to Dorothy Heaney.
- Amburst, Feb. 21, Charles Roberts to Mary Rockwell.
- Bauker, Me., Oct. 14, Bessie Mackay to Francis Carr.
- Leominster, Mass., Feb. 14, John Johnson to Sarah Smith.
- Amburst, Feb. 14, Alder Elderkin to Bertha McDonaud.
- Lunenburg, N. S., Feb. 8, Herbert Eagles to Hannah Danvers.
- Mericomish, Feb. 13, William R. Hussey to Sarah Simpson.
- Hamilton, Feb. 20, V. W. Haywood to Minnie Woodside.
- New Glasgow, Feb. 13, Alex Andrews to Alice M. Sutherland.
- Waterford, Kings Co., Feb. 23, James Kyle to Sarah Basin.
- Truro, by Rev. Fr. Kinsella, Wm Hannaway to Kate McInnes.
- French Village, Lot 37, Feb. 19, Ronald O'Hanley to Sadie McKinnon.
- Stellarton, Feb. 11, by Rev. Morion, Richard Craig to Bertha Keardrick.
- Lower Argyle, N. S., Feb. 13, Ethelinda Goodwin to Whitfield Hamilton.
- St. John, Feb. 19, James N. Stuart-Leslie to Annie Gertrude McJohn Dever.
- Glenwood, Feb. 3, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Lindsay G. Odette to Corolla Hines.
- St. Margaret's Bay, Feb. 18, by Rev. Mr. Patley, Charles Zink to Laura Martin.

DIED.

- St. John, Feb. 27, A. W. Reid, 46.
- Ottawa, Feb. 15, Robert Moffat.
- Milton, Feb. 17, Wm Bushen, 57.
- Hillboro, Feb. 14, R. E. Steeves, 80.
- Pictou, Jan. 21, Henrietta Grant, 85.
- Waverly, Feb. 21, James Skerry, 85.
- Chicago, Feb. 5, Joseph Brooks, 77.
- Boston, Feb. 17, Alfred Cameron, 35.
- Middletown, Feb. 19, Samuel Leeg, 94.
- Ottawa, Feb. 16, Walter Scott Donit, 48.
- Liverpool, Feb. 13, Eliza M. Frelich, 13.
- Pictou, Feb. 1, Mrs. Mary McLellan, 87.
- Yarmouth, Feb. 18, Edward Holden, 89.
- Halifax, Feb. 6, Walter Ayre, 9 months.
- Kelley's Cove, Feb. 19, George Allen, 95.
- Pictou, Jan. 24, Simon A. McDonald, 67.
- Charlottetown, Feb. 18, David Bethune, 69.
- Channel, N. I., Feb. 9, Rev. J. R. Smith, 69.
- Barrington Head, Feb. 18, Joseph Watt, 67.
- Annapolis, Feb. 18, Sarah E. Headspiker, 48.
- Lower Granite, Feb. 22, Louis R. Pickett, 29.
- Stoney Island, Feb. 17, Samuel A. Kinson, 72.
- Halifax, Feb. 21, Mary, wife of Harry Noble, 22.
- Amesbury, Mass., Feb. 10, Miss Nellie Purdy, 21.
- Central Chatham, Feb. 20, Mrs. Frank Cook, 75.
- Riverdale, N. S. Jan. 29, Mrs. Mrs. Dexter Greene, 25.
- Rocky Sides, C. B., Jan. 20, Malcolm McDonald, 49.
- Barrington Passaic, Feb. 14, Mrs. Ruth Swin, 80.
- Lunenburg, Feb. 19, Caroline, widow of John Zink, 85.
- Yarmouth, Elizabeth, widow of the late J. Nelson Gardner, 69.
- Halifax, Feb. 21, Isabella, widow of the late John Funn, 69.
- Torbora, Feb. 17, Eliza, widow of the late Thomas Holland.
- Halifax, Feb. 20, Margaret, widow of the late W. H. Gilliat, 88.
- Halifax, Feb. 21, Mary, widow of the late Capt. T. McQuaid, 44.
- Broad Cove Mines, C. B. Feb. 6, Pennina May McKar, 10 months.
- Montréal, Feb. 17, Margaret, widow of the late Henry H. Meredith.
- Halifax, Feb. 22, Charles M. child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, 3 months.
- Pictou, Feb. 16, Clara, child of Mr. and Mrs. James Chisholm, 14 months.
- Halifax, Feb. 19, Ellen, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rossier, 7 weeks.
- East Boston, Feb. 7, Nellie M. infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John McQuarrie, 4 months.

RAILROADS.

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For particulars of rates, train service, etc., write to

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

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.20
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....16.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.05
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.05
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....18.15
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....24.45
Daily, except Monday.

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

D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.