

Dolly's Love Affairs

'Talking of men—' said Molly.
'Which we never do,' put in Dolly.
'What kind of man would you like?'

'When does this question take effect? You'll have to name the date you want covered. I've always had settled convictions on the subject. The only trouble has been that the convictions have kept settling in new spots with a sort of perennial restlessness.'

'How fickle you are?'

'Fickle?' with some heat. 'Oh, well, I suppose that is your way of pronouncing "progressive." That's what comes of higher education and travelling abroad. There's nothing like a course of the British Isles to put one on free and easy terms with the alphabet. I was reading aloud the other day to a girl who was just back from England, and when I asked her how she pronounced Youghal she said she didn't know, but she thought probably it was Arramabinty. That's what foreign travel does for you. Maybe it is all right to juggle with proper names, but I don't think you have any excuse for calling p-r-o-g-r-e-s-s-i-v-e fickle.'

'I didn't. I called you fickle.'

'Which I am not. Would you expect me to have the same ideas about men when I was 16 that I had when I was 8? And the same at 20 that I had at 16? And the same now that I had at 20? In all that time I am allowed to change my standards in other things. Allowed? I am expected to. If I didn't I should be called mentally backward. But when I take the liberty of changing my ideas about men you call me fickle.'

'How often do you allow yourself a change of ideas?' asked Molly.

'When I was about 12,' said Dolly, carefully ignoring the question, 'I was devoted to pickles and I had a secret but devouring passion for bologna sausage. Somewhere below the pickles and the sausage, but still pretty high on the list of the desirable, was a red haired and freckled boy, whom I didn't know, but whom I thought I could adore. I can't give any good reason for the impression, I think it was largely because his name was Randolph. The boy who knew and adored me was just called John and it was a cruel contrast. A red haired and freckled Randolph would have to have a good many ameliorating qualities nowadays to make me adore him. That's progressiveness, not fickleness.'

There was a pause, then Dolly said. 'I would accept an apology.'

'It must be rather hard on men who marry girls of 20,' said Molly, ignoring the mention of an apology. 'Hard on the girl, too; for I suppose a man is progressive also in his ideas about the sort of woman he can love. Do those who are very progressive get a divorce and lay in a new and up to date matrimonial stock?'

'They seem to sometimes. But marriage is a pretty effectual discouragement of this progressiveness. You see, it's this way. Suppose at the age of 12, when I doted on pickles and bologna, I had started in on a long fast during which I didn't eat or even think of eating except when I felt a passing yearning for my old favorites. When the time came, if it ever did, for me to break my fast my ideals in the eating line would still be expressed in pickles and bologna, wouldn't they? Marriage is total abstinence from dreaming of the kind of a man or woman you would like, and so your ideas don't have a chance to change.'

Molly looked her contempt.

'That's a double twisted nonsense,' she said. 'Marriage isn't total abstinence; it's a perpetual diet of the pickles and bologna ideals.'

'Oh, well, have it your own way,' said Dolly amiably. 'But you see when you do marry you promise to love, honor and obey your pickles and bologna until death does you part. That's sort of a wet blanket for any lurking progressiveness you may have about you. If sometimes you are inclined to give away to a fancy for olives and caviar, you remind yourself that they don't grow on your matrimonial estate. You've settled down in a land flowing with pickles and bologna, and there you are.'

'For heaven's sake,' exclaimed Molly, 'don't mix your metaphors any more! They're a regular complete now. Let's start all over, like Humpty Dumpty, and it's my turn to choose a subject. Tell me what sort of a man you thought last winter you would like.'

Dolly's eyes twinkled but she began seriously:

'Last winter? Well, I got a new ideal about the same time I got my coat. The sort of man I thought I could fancy then would be rather homely, but with soft brown eyes and hair also soft and brown. He would have a gentle way with him, like shaded lights and would read poetry, apologetically but very well. He wouldn't know anything about music, but would care a great deal. He would have an exceedingly subtle mind and a pointed beard and would wear a sack coat and would perhaps paint beautiful landscapes.'

'I thought so!' exclaimed Molly. Then she stopped short and blushed.

'Indeed! And why did you think so?'

'Come now. Dolly! you know that you have described Valentine Porter.'

'That shows that I am something of a painter myself. You recognize my portrait?'

'Then you did mean him?' And you do like him?'

'Did and do.'

'And are you going to—?' Molly checked herself.

'Marry him?' calmly. 'Not at all. I'll tell you a secret. I'm engaged. That makes you jump, doesn't it? It makes me jump too, whenever I think of it. Sometimes I jump with joy and sometimes I jump to get out.'

I told you that you were fickle.'

'That's not being fickle. That's having a complex nature. Really Molly, you ought to be more careful about your pronunciation.'

'Oh, bother! Who is it?'

'Why it is that black-browed, horder ruffian from West somewhere who was here this spring,' said Dolly indifferently.

'Not that Mr Tom Hamilton?'

'I think that's his name.'

'But he's not like—what you said.'

'No,' ruefully, 'he didn't sit for that portrait. He'd rather be caught stealing than reading poetry and as for painting, I believe he doesn't do anything in that line. When he does he prefers a town as his subject, and red is his favorite color under those circumstances. As for a pointed beard, he'd rather wear—a bib!' concluded Dolly with feeling.

'But why,' Molly ventured, her eyes very big, 'why do you marry him when you like the other one?'

'Do you really want to know? It's all a terrible accident. I like the other one and yet I shall not even think of marrying him.'

'Oh Dolly! with a mournful sigh.

'No,' firmly, 'I shan't even think of it, because—because—I happen to love Tom!'

She laughed and sat up.

'Wasn't it an awful accident?' she went on. 'I'd had that brown eyed, gentle voiced, subtle-minded ideal for quite a while. Then I met Tom and I got my wires crossed. I fell in love with him and the ideal simply had to sit around in the corners of my heart and twiddle its thumbs while Tom took possession and lorded it all over the place.'

'But Valentine Porter?'

'Well, it was all over when he got there.'

'And yet he was your ideal.'

'He was a pretty good imitation of it,' admitted Dolly.

'Then, it was simply a case of first come, first served?'

'Not exactly first come,' said Dolly, with a quizzical smile.

'I didn't mean the first ever,' impatiently.

'But you didn't wait for your ideal.'

'Heavens, child! What an ideal which you think you might like to a man whom you know you love?'

'But maybe you would love your ideal better in the end.'

'Ah! there you run up against circumstances over, which I have no control. It could only take them on trial and reject one or both of them when I felt really sure in my mind about it. But matrimony is very backward, isn't it? Even the shops send goods on approval and the patent medicine men promise you your money back if you're not satisfied. No cure, no pay! Give our goods a free trial and return them if not exactly as represented. That's the way up to date business is carried on, but not matrimony.'

'But if Valentine is your ideal?' persisted Molly.

'My dear,' said Dolly in a confidential whisper, 'he's near enough to my ideal to show me how miserable I would be had I to take him. It's another case of pickles and bologna. My taste has changed.'

'How soon will you find that Mr. Hamilton is pickles and bologna, too?' asked Molly maliciously.

'Never,' said Dolly decisively, 'because, as they say in Hester street; "He amot, isn't it?" Falling in love is like the grip. You have a cold in your head and you think you've got the grip. You have a bit of rheumatism in your back and that time you're certain it's the grip. And so on until finally you do really and truly get it then you will know the difference. It's the real thing with me this time. Go on having your ideals, Molly girl. It won't do you any harm and there are ideals to burn. No kind of weather ever invented can spoil that crop. The ideals won't bother you when you wake up and find yourself in love. You'll know then that you wouldn't trade the man you happen to love—there's a lot of happen about it—for any one of your ideals, or even for the whole lot burned down into one man.'

KING EDWARD VII.

Personal Traits of the Ruler of One-Quarter of the Human Race.

King Edward VII. of England reigns over about 400,000,000 people or a quarter of mankind.

As Prince of Wales his income was about \$500,000; as King he gets about \$5,000 a day.

The King, the Lord Mayor and the Constable of the Tower are the only persons who know the password of the Tower of London. This password is sent to the Mansion House quarterly, signed by the King, and is a survival of an ancient custom.

Four men in London, all of respectable standing in society, so closely resemble King Edward in appearance that it is often a source of embarrassment to them.

Edward's usual incognito when travelling abroad has been Baron Renfrew. He has also been known as Mr. Moulton, and in Constantinople, which the Prince and Princess of Wales visited soon after their marriage, the pair went about through the bazaars as plain Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

How long will the King live? There is an old gypsy saying that the Prince of Wales would die by violence as soon as 'a great honor was conferred upon him.' The predictions of this gypsy are said to have come true in regard to other members of European royal families. The King has never shown the slightest fear of assassination. The insurance companies are rapidly approaching the limit of the risk they will accept on King Edward's life. His expectation, according to insurance tables, is 14 1/2 years.

Allowance for moral hazard, or the chance of assassination, reduces this to ten years.

As a public speaker, the King has shown mastery of such intricate and diverse subjects as literature, dramatic history, military matters, engineering, shipping, civic institutions, the study of the Bible and mission work, the history of Egypt, the Irish question, the management of lifeboats, collegiate education, ambulance and first aid training, agricultural improvements, live stock breeding, the reclaiming of barren land, the management of hospitals, the housing of the poor, the Darwinian theory railways and their management and musical training.

Between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1 of last year Edward went to forty-three public dinners and banquets, to twenty-five garden parties and concerts, thirty times to the opera and theatre, to twenty-eight race meetings; eleven times he was in attendance at the House of Lords, and he fulfilled forty-five official and charitable engagements.

In his own set his favorite of conversation has been clothes. The King is an expert shoemaker, a handicraft he chose to learn when a boy, being obliged by his royal parents to learn some trade. He has worn shoes of his own make.

One of the happiest moments of the King's life was when he won the Derby with Persimmon in 1896. Shooting, the Kings places above all other entertainments that can be offered him, and his principal visits have always been paid in the shooting season.

Yachting he understands thoroughly. The King is an inveterate smoker.

Under 'Likes and Dislikes' the King has written in the Duchess of Fife's album over his signature. 'I am the happiest when I have no public engagement to fulfill, when I can smoke a really good cigar and read a good novel on the quiet; when I can, like plain Mr. Jones' go to a race meeting without being chronicled in the paper the next morning that the Prince of Wales has taken to gambling very seriously and lost more money than he can ever afford to pay:

when I can spend a quiet evening with the Princess and my family. I am unhappiest when I have a raging toothache and have to attend some function where I must smile as pleasantly as though I never had a pain in my life.'

Edward VII. is rather a light eater, except at dinner, and has never been a great wine drinker.

In the matter of gifts the King has been abundantly favored. They vary in size from a cat to a hotel. Dogs, cats and other quadrupeds galore have been given or left to the King by request. His name has been mentioned in not far from a hundred wills as the recipient of the family dog and on more than one occasion an annuity has been by a testator in order that the maintenance of the animal should be no expense to the royal master.

One hobby of Edward's is collecting crystals. He also knows all about ceramics and bronzes.

One of the King's treasures is a solid gold dinner set, the most magnificent in the world. It is valued at \$4,000,000 and is kept at Windsor Castle. Another unique specimen of its kind belonging to Edward is the state carriage, which cost \$40,000. In addition to being the most ornate vehicle in existence it is said to be one of the most uncomfortable. Queen Victoria never used it when she could avoid doing so, it always gave her a headache.

King Edward's champion, the Champion of England, is a young Lincolnshire farmer named Dymoke. He is of a studious and retiring disposition, little given to the gayeties of the great world. It is said he is somewhat exercised over the necessity of his office. This is to ride out of the hall where the banquet is held after the coronation, clad in steel armour, and challenge all comers to deny the title of the new sovereign. He then pledges the King in the golden goblet filled with wine, finally backing his horse from the royal presence. Young Dymoke possesses this honor by virtue of holding the manor of Scriveley, which his ancestors have held since the time of the Norman Kings. The Dymokes got the manor by marriage more than 200 years ago, and since then have acted as Champion at each coronation.

BORN.

- Halifax, to the wife of Frank West, a son.
- Annapolis, July 12, to the wife of Geo Bent, a son.
- Halifax, July 27, to the wife of Arthur Lovett, a son.
- Wentworth, July 20, to the wife of George Smith, a son.
- Berwick, Kings, July 8, to the wife of A. Pelton, a son.
- Bridgetown, July 18, to the wife of Geo E Hoyt, a son.
- Moncton, July 27, to the wife of Alfred LeBlanc, a son.
- Shediac, July 17, to the wife of Emile Paturel, a son.
- Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of John McMurtry, a son.
- Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of Avard Hudgins, a son.
- Hantsport, July 12, to the wife of Wm Newcombe, a son.
- Yarmouth, July 16, to the wife of Octave Payzant, a son.
- Richibucto, July 21, to the wife of W. D. Carter, a daughter.
- Digby, July 23, to the wife of Dr DuVernet, a daughter.
- Digby, July 20, to the wife of James Buckman, a daughter.
- Toronto, July 27, to the wife of Geo B. Burns, a daughter.
- Amherst, July 24, to the wife of C. H. Schwartz, a daughter.
- Amherst, July 24, to the wife of W. P. Smith, a daughter.
- Windsor, July 21, to the wife of Dudley Bezanon, a daughter.
- Ellershouse, July 22, to the wife of Mortimer Baxter, a son.
- Annapolis, July 14, to the wife of Stewart Wambolt, a daughter.
- Isle of Wight, July 10, to the wife of Capt. Macgowan, a son.

MARRIED.

- Milton, July 17, William Adams to Jessie Tait.
- Thorburn, July 18, George Kirk to Mary Grant.
- Digby, July 22, James Slocumb to Ella Wilson.
- Moncton, July 24, Gilbert Bishop to Agnes Ward.
- Sydney, July 18, Allen Morrison to Emma Alford.
- Windsor, July 18, Roland Burgess to Libby Holdcroft.
- Halifax, July 27, Charles Dobie to Lizzie Saunders.
- Sackville, July 28, William Flint to Susan Cogswell.
- Windsor, July 23, George Curry to Laura Campbell.
- Plymouth, July 17, Charles Russell to Ella Sandford.
- Pugwash, July 17, Duncan Ross to Mrs. Maud Ross.
- Colchester, July 14, Willard Patriquin to Esther Hall.
- Cansing, July, Burpee Layton to Bernice Newcombe.
- Westville, July 24, Alexander Fraser to Alice Miller.
- Chesetocook, July 18, Wallace Day to Elizabeth Boies.
- Scotsburn, July 20 John Proudfoot to Janie MacKeuzie.
- Marshdale, July 24, Samuel Fisher to Margaret Jardine.
- Luddenburg, July, A. L. Nickerson, to Anoinette J. Berry.
- Malden, Mass., July 15, Roderick Tate to Katie Clarkin.
- Stony Island, July 18, Job Duncan to Marie Cunningham.
- Hawk Point, July 17, Watson Nickerson to Sarah Goodwin.
- Pownal, July 24, Robert Brown to Augustina Macleod.
- Richmond, July 24, Joseph Speer to Kathleen McIntyre.
- St. Peter, July 16, Aeneas Macanlay to Cassie Macdonagh.
- Whycocomagh, July 17, Neil MacLellan to Annte MacKinnon.
- St. Croix, N. S., July 10, Winnifred Henry to Ralph Cook.

South Maitland, July 24, Winslow Anthony to Bessie Blair.
Port Williams, June 25, R. A. Beckwith to Bessie Marchant.
Watertown, Mass, July 23, F. H. Barteaux to Sarah Hogan.
Cumberland Co., July 24, Donald Glenzie to Cynthia Baird.

DIED.

- Truro, July 25, Esther Moore, 86.
- Cumberland, Mrs Olive Boyce, 101.
- Melbourne, July 25, John Cook, 91.
- Westville, July 15, John Langdale, 81.
- Halifax, July 24, Patrick J Corbett, 42.
- Halifax, July 24, Charles Morrison, 65.
- Baddeck, July 17, Murdoch McIver, 81.
- Kenetocook, July 19, Albert Ettinger, 45.
- Digby, July 23, Mrs H F Warrington, 65.
- Parrsboro, July 17, William O'Mullin, 82.
- Montana, July 11, Arthur E Ingraham, 27.
- Claremont, N H, July 16, Mary E Graves.
- Springhill, July 21, Alta O'Brien, 7 months.
- California, June 5, Mary, wife of F H Hilton.
- Halifax, July 26, Willis Langley, 11 months.
- Great Village, July 27, George W Davison, 68.
- Worcester, June 16, Mrs Melvina E Ridley, 75.
- Thoburn, July 16, Rebecca, wife of Hugh Findlay, 75.
- Lower East Publico, July 18, Capt David Morrissy, 82.
- Lower Caledonia, July 21, Mrs Annie McQuarrie, 82.
- Dartmouth, July 27, Georgina J, wife of Alex E Hoyt.
- Lebanon, N H July 26, Lillian, wife of Charles W Hardy.
- Halifax, July 27, daughter of Mr and Mrs Charles Kelly, 27.
- Milton, July 22, Margaret, wife of Hamilton Byers, 81.
- Glengarry, July 19, Sarah, widow of the late W G Winter, 73.
- Port Monton, July 20, Susie, daughter of Jabez Wagner, 13.
- Springhill, July 26, Mary E child of Mr and Mrs Peter Oudnes, 3.
- Worcester, Mass, July 15, Frances Augusta, wife of E B Hassett, 41.
- Springhill July 25, Mary E daughter of Mr and Mrs Asa Terris, 14.
- Yarmouth, July 20, Winnie, daughter of Mr and Mrs Herman Hensley, 12.
- Star's Point, July 18, Harold Miller, infant son of Mr and Mrs A C Starr, 1.
- Springhill, July 23, Ella M child of Mr and Mrs James McDonald, 6 months.
- Woolville, July 24, Kathleen G daughter of Mr and Mrs Bryan Murphy, 28.
- Springhill, July 20, Bernice Catherine, infant child of Mr and Mrs John Brown, 4 months.

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	5.23
Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.00
Suburban Express for Rothesay	11.03
Express for Point du Chene, Lunenburg and Pictou	11.50
Express for Sussex	16.30
Suburban Express for Hampton	17.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.35
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.45
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene	23.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	5.00
Suburban Express for Hampton	7.15
Express from Sussex	8.35
Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.50
Suburban Express from Rothesay	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou	17.00
Express from Hampton	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton	21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton	22.45
Express from Halifax and Campbellton	23.15

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 Ket St. John, N.S.

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.
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.
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 to Fredericton.

Palace Sleeper and first and second class coaches to Montreal.

palace Sleeper St. John to Levis (opposite Quebec), via Megantic.

Fullman Sleeper for Boston, St. John to McAdam Jct.

1.30 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 Fullman Sleeper of Montreal Express attached to this train at McAdam Jct.
5.20 p. m.	Fredricton Express.
10.00 a. m.	Saturdays only. Accommodation, making all stops as far as Welsford.

ARRIVALS.

7.20 a. m.	Suburban, from Lingley.
8.20 a. m.	Fredricton 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 Saturdays 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.