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Aug9 J&w—tf.

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Liberal-Conservative Convention.

A convention of delegates for the third Electoral District of King's Co. will be held in the Hall at Cardigan on Wednesday, Oct. 17th, at 2 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late lamented Cyrus Shaw, Esq.

Chairmen of polls will see that a full list of ten delegates be appointed.

D. C MORSON, President.
J. A. DEWAR, Secretary.

Auction Sale.

Valuable Farm Property at Black River, Lot 35.

I will sell at Public Auction at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., on Thursday, the 1st day of November, next, 1900, on the premises, Black River, Lot 35, that valuable farm, being the property owned by the late William Court, containing 112 acres of good land, 90 acres clear, balance covered with lumber suitable for fencing and scantling, situate in a good settlement, near mussel mud, and convenient to churches, schools, etc.
For further particulars see handbills.
Terms easy and made known at sale.

JOHN COURT,
Executor.

Oct 5—3i w pd.

Love Finds A Way.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

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Continued.)

"Yes," said his guardian blandly, with the blase air of a man surfeited with homage, "it went off very well, nicely enough. I am glad, however, that it is over. I found it both troublesome and expensive. Olivia must feel pretty well fagged by it all."

Tom smiled at the recollection of her sweet drooping lids and her candid yawns, revealing rows of white teeth.

"I fancy she will sleep without rocking tonight—today, rather. How pretty she looked in spite of all she had gone through! She has grown into a lovely young woman while I have been grubbing at my Greek and Latin grammars. Why, it seems to me only yesterday that I left her a little romp, trundling her hoop and playing with her dolls. The fellows will soon be"—

Mr. Matthews clipped this sentence in two with sharp petulance.

"Not at all, not at all, Thomas. I shall listen to nothing of that sort, sir, for a great many years to come. It is an absurd idea, and as such I resent it, sir—yes, resent it!"

Tom stared at him in natural surprise. Such an acrimonious outburst from a man whom he had never seen moved out of the most urbane composure lacked logic.

"I fail to see anything in my remarks to call forth resentment, sir," he said, with lifted head.

Matthews changed the subject abruptly.

"Your judgment in the matter of cigars, Thomas, defies criticism. This is superfine."

He took the cigar from between his lips, gazed reflectively at its cohesive white ash, flicked it free with his finger and gazed meditatively at the ceiling.

Tom gave a thoughtful twist to the soft brown fringe that clothed his upper lip with promises and changed the position of his long legs restlessly.

Was this premature display of parental hostility meant for his especial benefit? He smiled at the futility of it. Did this ogre of a papa think he could give the world one glimpse of his radiant child and then shut her up in his own ravished heart forever? He frowned at the daring of it.

A vision of the future was already shaping itself in the boy's active brain, a vision which comported so perfectly with what he called "the common sense of the situation" that this valiant show of opposition on the part of the man he had selected as a father-in-law had the effect of a slap on his cheek. Tom was not yet schooled in the wisdom of cheek turning. He would bide his time, he said to himself, but he would not be deterred from asking Olivia Matthews to marry him, when that time came, by all the fathers in the universe. Common sense dictated waiting, and Tom never turned a deaf ear to common sense.

His vision had come to him unbidden, but now that it had come he hugged it close with defiant tightness. The frowning front his guardian showed could not affect it in the least.

It had come to him first in the little pavilion under the sycamores, where he had made one of four happy young things who ate ices, wasted cake and talked the most delicious nonsense with an abiding conviction of profundity. It was there and then that he had drunk in Ollie's loveliness from the crown of her pretty head to the dimpling sweetness of her mouth, with its ready smiles.

Ollie had been one of the four, the chiefest, the only one of the slightest importance. A Miss Westover (Jeanne, he believed Ollie had called her) and a Mr. Westover (Clarence, he believed his sister had called him) made up the quartet.

The Westovers were of no more value to Tom's vision than the daubs of green and brown paint the artist flings in for a background to his portrait of a lady.

It was the portrait of his lady, the daintiest, sweetest bit of womankind that artist ever limned or lover mooned over, that filled in all the foreground of Tom's vision—no nebulous fancyings, with neither beginning nor end, sense nor substance; a vision quite perfect in all its essential roundings, a vision which cast a rosy glow over all the veiled "to come" and made him feel as if he had been taking great drafts of some new, strange intoxicant. It was the probable made positive, the fitting final. But he would wait.

When he got through with books and college and came home to study law under his guardian, it would be time to look at his lovely vision in detail. No danger of its fading from memory. He was placidly sure he should never see anything prettier, sweeter or more entirely to be desired than Olivia Matthews. She was the cornerstone of his vision. He did not propose to be in any clumsy haste about asking her to be his wife. She was too young, and so was he. He was glad his youth was the most serious impediment. Some fellows had to labor so hard before daring to speak of love to their chosen ones. For the first time in his life he rejoiced in the possession of great riches.

"For your sake, little one, all for you! You looked regal in your jewels tonight. You shall have every desire of your heart, Ollie, mine!"

He apostrophized his new found love fervently and mutely while he was holding out the cigar box to her father.

His beautiful vision had come to him entirely unbidden. When he obeyed Olivia's urgent telegram "to come," it was solely with the good natured motive of entirely sanctioning the free use of his house and all that it contained. The little girl wrote that she would be much better satisfied if he shared the responsibility of welcoming her friends to Broxton Hall. That her father was not in entire accord with this sentiment Tom was just finding out. But even Ollie's father was only a bit of the necessary background daubed into Tom's portrait of a lady.

While the lawyer talked lugubriously of the depreciation of property in and around Mandeville Tom smoked and mused. When he had mastered a profession and was actually a lawyer in his own right, he should turn his attention toward making Broxton Hall very beautiful. Ollie had said the wall papering was too dark and so gloomy. It should be replaced by something more modern and distinctly cheerful. Then—oh, several years further on in the future, perhaps when his guardian should have taken him into full partnership—he would ask Ollie to marry him.

It had all been arranged to his entire mental satisfaction in the time it had taken them to consume their water ices, amid a lot of laughter and nonsense such as only the young and light hearted know how to intermingle with their feasting.

It seemed such an entirely proper climax to his social relations with his guardian that it would have been almost like doubting Providence to entertain the slightest fear of nonfruition.

Mr. Matthews had lingered later than the smoking of a cigar demanded. His saddled horse was champing the bit restlessly at the rack outside. It would be absurd to tell the boy what he had seen in his father's study that other night, and yet he had some compunctions about letting Tom risk a similar experience by remaining alone at the Hall. He had not been able to account for that occurrence to himself yet.

"I am sorry, Thomas, we have not a bed to offer you at the cottage," he said apologetically, but Olivia's dressmaker, up from the city, occupies our only spare room."

"Don't mention it, sir."

"You are sure you don't object to staying here by yourself tonight?"

Tom stretched his handsome eyes wide.

"Here, in my own house? Why, no, sir. Why should I? I expect to spend a great many nights here alone when I get through with college life."

"Um—yes, perhaps. I have a good deal to say to you on that subject, Tom. I hardly anticipated talking with you on it before your graduation. You know your being here is a complete surprise to me."

"Something of one to me, too, sir," said Tom, with a clear, frank laugh. "Ollie wrote me that I must come, and I fancy we all obey when she commands."

"Olivia is a spoiled child, nothing but a spoiled child," said her father, so stiffly that a much duller witted man than Tom Broxton would have captured his meaning.

Tom laughed again.

"I am afraid that after tonight, sir, the world will decline your definition. The chrysalis never reverts to the grub."

Mr. Matthews waved his hand imperiously. "We were speaking of yourself, Thomas. Olivia has occupied our attention to the exclusion of more important things. I presume you return to college tomorrow?"

"No, sir. That would get me back to my rooms on Friday. My leave of absence permits me to spend Sunday at home."

"Oh, it does!"

"Yes, sir." He was not unmindful of the uncordial acceptance the idea met with.

"Well, then, there is more time for talking over affairs than I expected. Now that you are here we may as well discuss several projects which I have on foot for your benefit—Broxton Hall, for instance. Westover has taken a great fancy to it. That was one of my objects in holding the fete here. The old place put its best foot foremost tonight. Westover wants a house just this size. Now that his daughter Jeanne is in society they will be wanting to entertain a good deal, I presume. He is charmed with the place."

Tom flushed hotly.

(To be Contined.

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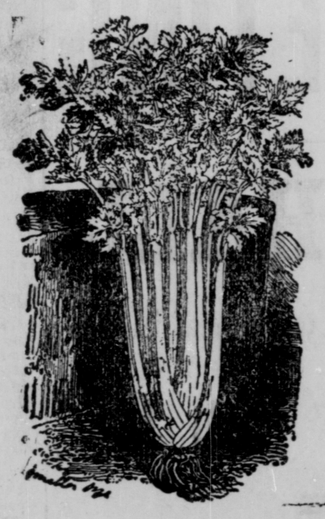

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