

TENDERS!

FOR—
Indian River Church

Tenders are asked for the construction and completion of St. Mary's Church, to the 19th March, next, to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Indian River Catholic Church."

Plans and specifications can be seen on Monday, 5th February, next, at the Bishop's Palace and at the office of Mr W. C. Harris, Architect, Charlottetown, for ten days afterwards they can be seen at the Parish House, Summerside. A certified bank cheque of \$50.00 will be required to accompany each tender which will be returned if tenderer fail to accept, if called upon.

The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.
D. J. GILLIS, P. P.
Indian River, P. E. I., Jan 31-1906.
Herald.

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AN INTERRUPTED ELOPEMENT.

The Bride Wanted a Romance, but She Found a Romance, but Not the Kind of One She Looked For.

A young woman came very quietly from the side door of the handsome house and stepped softly down the stone walk and through the gateway. It was a cloudy evening, and her movements were hidden by the shadows. She walked to the nearest street corner and was immediately joined by a young man whose arm she took as they passed along.

"Did I keep you waiting long, Fred?" she asked. "It seemed quite impossible to get away without being observed."

"No," said the young man; "the waiting was nothing. But why is it necessary that you should resort to all this?" he was going to say "nonsense," but wisely checked himself—"this mystery."

"It is necessary, I tell you, Fred. I can't receive you at home, and there is no other way. I have told you many times that my father would never consent to give you my hand. It might be different if mother were alive, but now it is more than likely that father would forbid you the house."

"That isn't possible," said the young man. "I am the son of his oldest friend. He has ever professed a regard for me. Surely there is nothing in my conduct that could prejudice him. I am poor, but my prospects are excellent, and—"

"I tell you, Fred, he intends me for higher game. No struggling architect is good enough for his daughter. But he shall not tear us apart."

"Of course not," said Fred hastily. "But, really, Elsie, I don't like this sort of thing. It seems—"

She drew her hand from his arm.

"Don't like it?" she echoed.

"Of course I like it," he quickly asserted.

"At least I like you, which is a great deal more to the point."

The girl took his arm again.

"Let me tell you, Fred, dear," she softly said, "that if it wasn't for this sort of thing, this secrecy, the opposition of my father, the romance of it all, very likely I shouldn't love you half as much. The more papa slights you the more determined I am to be yours. Funny, isn't it?"

"Delightfully funny," said the young man, and then they switched away from the subject and pursued their secret half hour stroll.

When they returned to the handsome home, the young woman, after a tender though brief parting with the young man, re-entered the side door with a most elaborate effort to be both cautious and noiseless.

The young man walked away softly chuckling. "This does seem like such a sentimental farce," he murmured, "and yet I must play my part through to the drop of the curtain. I can't imperil my happiness now after waiting for it since boyhood. I think she loved me all the time, but it has taken a very ingenious scheme to bring her to a realizing sense of my attractions and general worthiness. Dear little bundle of romance! Well, I mustn't forget to take precious good care that some romance is introduced and retained in our married life."

The secret meetings were continued, and Elsie assured her lover that the opposition of her father to him was becoming more and more marked.

"Why, Fred," she cried one evening, "papa said he believed you were a mercenary youth and that you had a deceitful face. Why, I felt like rising right up and defending you before all the world and then telling papa that though he threw me into prison I would never, never wed any one but you! But I didn't."

"That was wise," said Fred. "It isn't quite time for that."

There was a moment's silence.

"I tell you what it is, Fred," said the young girl, with a little catching in her throat, "the only thing for us to do is to elope."

Fred was not startled.

"It's the very thing I was about to suggest," he quickly said. "What night do you prefer?"

"You dear boy!" cried Elsie, affectionately patting his arm. "There is some romance in you after all."

"Thank you," said Fred stolidly. "What night?"

"I want to wear my lovely new traveling suit," said Elsie, "and it will not be finished until Thursday. Then I must go down to the Friday bargain sales and get a few things that I need."

"Not a rope ladder?" laughed Fred.

"No," said Elsie, with an echoing gurgle. "Fancy a bargain sale with an advertisement something like this: 'A full and choice line of rope ladders for elopement uses. Come early, before the stock is picked over. Only one rope ladder will be sold to each customer.' How's that?"

"Very amusing," said the young man. "But you haven't decided on the eventual day."

"Well, suppose we say a week from next Thursday."

"That suits me," replied the young man. "What are your plans?"

"I have them laid out," replied the young girl eagerly. "My new street suit will be finished Wednesday. It's the loveliest thing you ever laid eyes on. Mme. Summerson never gave me such a fit before."

"I'm afraid we'll soon have to give up Mme. Summerson," said the young man gravely.

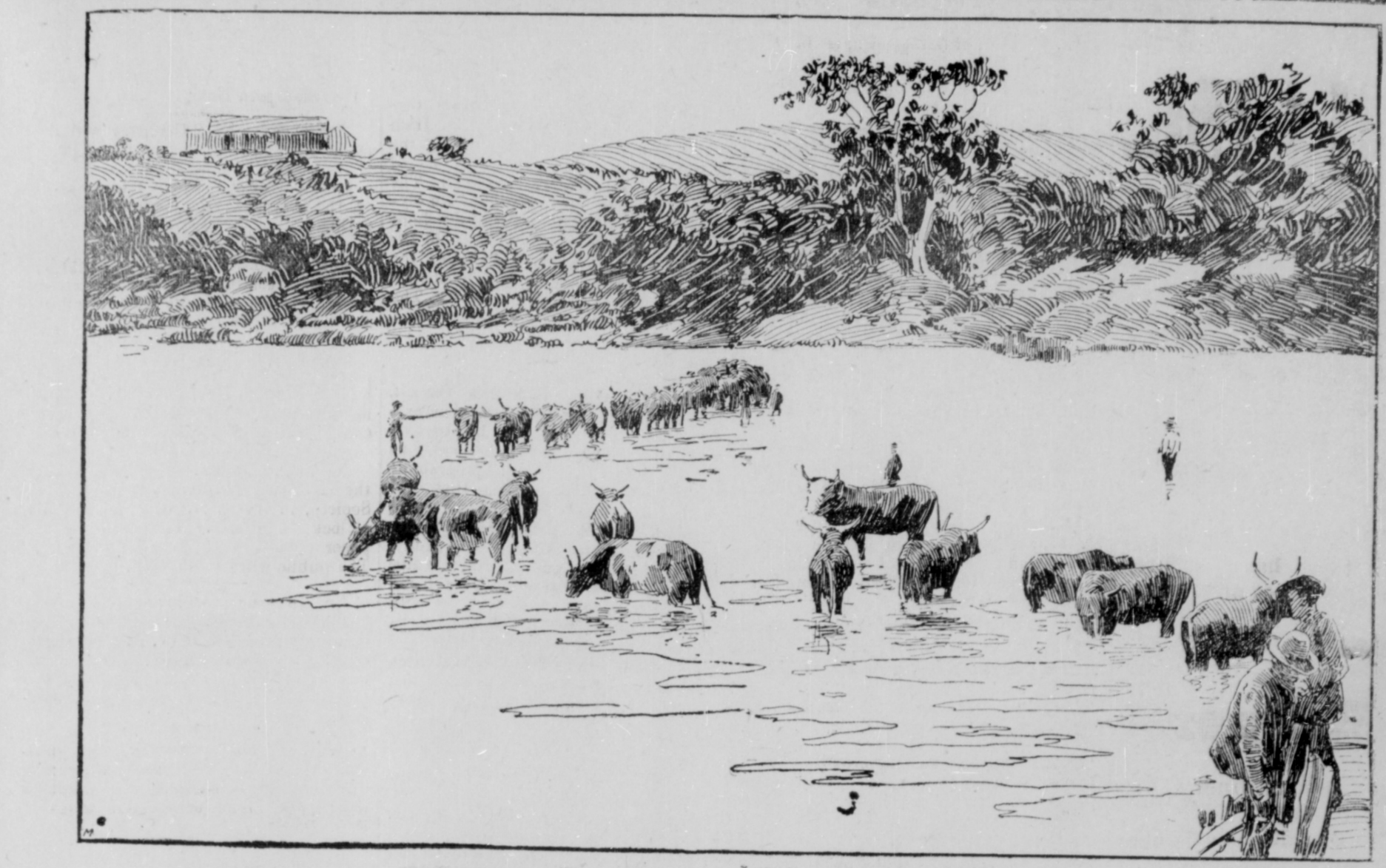
"Do you really think so, dear?"

"Yes, love. Marrying a poor but honest young architect is a pretty sure cure for the fits you mention. Of course we can't count for certain on your father's forgiveness."

"Oh, yes, we can! He'll welcome us back with open arms."

"I'm pretty sure we won't deserve it. But go on."

"Well, I'll put on my new dress and go



CROSSING THE TUGELA NEAR COLENSO.—[Boston Globe.]

over to Mamie Holliday's in the afternoon. I'll manage to smuggle over a lot of things in a paper parcel, and you must come up with a new traveling bag, and we'll pack them all in that. Then you can order the carriage to call for us at 7 o'clock, and we'll take the train over to Craigsville and be married there."

"And you prefer this way to being married comfortably at home?"

"Don't talk nonsense, dear. You know I couldn't be married comfortably at home, at least not to you—unless you disguised yourself and married me under an assumed name. Wouldn't that be romantic?"

"One romance at a time, dear." The days passed rapidly, especially the ever to be remembered Thursday.

It was not a pleasant day. The sky was overcast and late in the afternoon a dreary drizzle set in. It was anything but an auspicious bride's day.

Fred came over early with the new traveling bag, which was speedily packed under the friendly direction of Miss Holliday, who was an expert in the packing line, as well as a very discreet and close mouthed person who was generally understood to have been in love and disappointed.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the carriage arrived, and after a fervent exchange of kisses the would be bride broke away from Miss Holliday and was tenderly handed into the carriage by Fred, and they were soon on their way to the railway station. When they reached the platform, Fred got out to see if the coast was clear. He came back almost immediately.

"We can't stop here, dear," he whispered. "There is a detective on the platform. I wonder if your father suspected your purpose?"

"Well, what are we to do?"

"Drive over to the up town station. The train isn't due for 15 minutes yet, and it stops here ten minutes longer."

So they drove over to the up town station and again Fred alighted. He came back in a half hysterical way.

"There's another detective waiting on the platform."

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, save that we can't leave town by rail for Craigsville until tomorrow morning."

"Then what will we do? I left them a note, you know, and of course I can't go back."

Elsie's robe of romance was fraying a little at the edges. She looked out of the carriage window at the damp and chilly night and shuddered.

"I know of an eminently respectable home where you can remain tonight," said Fred, "and I will go to a hotel."

"Take me to the house, Fred."

The young man gave the driver the name of the street and the number in a

low tone and then rejoined Elsie on the rear seat of the closed carriage.

It seemed like a long and confused drive. The night was very dark and the rain fell steadily. Elsie leaned back in the carriage and answered Fred's remarks in monosyllables. The flower of romance was drooping sadly amid these discouraging surroundings.

"Fred," she suddenly said, "I'm afraid it wasn't right to treat papa in this way."

"It's a little late to look at it in that light now," said Fred.

Then the carriage stopped.

"Wrap your veil closely around your face and take my arm," said Fred, as she followed him from the carriage.

They hurried up the steps, the door was opened for them, they stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall, and there, holding out both hands, was Elsie's father!

"My dear children," he cried, "you are just in time!" And he clasped Fred's hand and kissed Elsie.

Before she could ask what it all meant her wraps were whisked away by a maid and she was led into the parlor. She noticed in a bewildered way that there were many flowers about the handsome room, and that it looked unusually attractive. Then she found herself standing, still by the side of Fred, before a kindly faced man, who, almost before she realized what was happening, had pronounced them man and wife.

Fred kissed her, and her father kissed her, but she said never a word.

And when the kindly faced man, pleading another engagement, had hurried away, her father came and sat by her side and said:

"Well, my dear child, this was romantic enough, wasn't it?"

The tears welled up in Elsie's eyes, and she cried:

"Father, I have been very undutiful."

The old man took her in his arms.

"Here, here!" he cried. "This will never do. Tears on your wedding day! Fie, fie! Everything's all right now, my dear. Here you are with a dotting father and the best young husband in all the land."

"But I thought you were so opposed to him?"

"Never. He's the young man of all others whom I should have picked for you. This isn't news for Fred."

Elsie looked at her smiling husband.

"I think you two plotters," she slowly said, "have made a ridiculous goose of me."

"We only plotted to let you have your own way," said Fred. "You surely can't object to that."

"There, there!" cried the old man. "By-gones are by-gones. This is certainly better than being married in the stuffy front room of some country parson's home, with your deserted daddy worrying about you 50 miles away. Now you'll stay here tonight and in the morning start on the little wedding journey that Fred and I have planned for you. It is to last four weeks and to take in all the big eastern cities, and I don't believe you will lose anything, my love, in choosing my town in preference to the one over the romance route. In this envelope, Fred, are all the necessary documents, and here, dear, is a gift from your happy old dad which may add a little spice to the parental blessing." And he handed her a slip of paper.

Her eyes grew large at sight of the figures on the check, but before she could express her gratitude he hastily interrupted her.

"Yes, yes," he said; "it's all right, my dear. I fully understand what you want to say. But come, there's an appetizing little supper awaiting us in the dining room, and I am getting anxious to offer a toast to the blushing bride and another to—romance! Come, my children."

And he led the way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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