

Calendar for Sept. 1905.

MOON'S PHASES. First Quarter 5d., 10b., 9m. p. m. Full Moon 13d., 0b., 10m. p. m. Last Quarter 21d., 4b., 14m. p. m. New Moon 28d., 4b., 0m. p. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, Moon Sets, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the month from 1st to 30th.

Inasmuch.

I asked for alms! He flung a coin at me Contemptuously, Not without sense of shame I stooped and picked it up. Does this fulfill The Master's will To give a cup Of water in His Name?

Young Mr. Bretherton.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

(From the Ave Maria.)

V.—A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Planting an eyelash securely in his eye, he gazed at the other with cheerful good humor; while Jim Bretherton made haste to explain that he would have been at the station with the trap to meet the train, if he had only received a wire.

Meanwhile the young lady, who was engaged in conversation with the bus driver, suddenly looked around, and it was Miss Tabitha's turn to utter a sharp exclamation of surprise. Young Mr. Bretherton's attention, distracted from his friend, was instantly caught by the appearance of a girl, tall, slender, moving with an unconscious grace, but with an unmistakable air of distinction and a perfect ease of bearing rare in one so young.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a voice, clear and well-modulated, melodious as the note of a bird heralding the spring:

"Why, Aunt Tabitha, have I gorgonized you, and turned everybody else into stone?"

The expression of her eyes as she said these words was bright and humorous; while her glance, flitting from one to the other of the group, made the young gentleman from the Manor feel like an awkward school-boy.

"But where—where did you come from, Leona?" gasped the astonished Miss Tabitha.

"From Mrs. Brentwood's, to be sure," Leona replied. "That was, at least, my starting point. If you want me to enumerate intermediate stations, I should have to call upon my fellow-traveller. Perhaps, Lord Aylward, your memory will be better than mine?"

The tall man so addressed advanced hastily toward Miss Tabitha, to whom he was duly introduced. If the spinster had had any breath left the unexpected arrival of her niece, it would have been taken away by this apparition of a genuine noble man, who was also a friend of the Brethertons. She rallied her forces by an effort, however, employing the recognized formula of Millbrook.

"I am very pleased to meet you, Lord Aylward. But, indeed, any friend of young Mr. Bretherton must be welcome to the town, and especially to Rose Cottage."

This formal speech seemed greatly to discompose the person to whom it was addressed.

"O yes, I dare say," he exclaimed. "It's awfully kind of you to say so. Miss Chandler has been

Itching Skin

Disease by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

good enough to let me look after her luggage." "And you have been good enough to do it beautifully," Miss Chandler observed. "It's such a relief not to have to bother about checks and rush into those awful baggage departments. You took the whole responsibility upon your shoulders, Lord Aylward."

"Oh, no, really I didn't do anything!" Lord Aylward put in, beaming delightedly upon the girl, who turned at that moment to Mr. Bretherton, standing uncomfortably apart from the group.

"I can guess you are," she said, frankly. "No other I am sure than young Mr. Bretherton."

"I shall not have to hazard any conjectures," the young man answered, "since I have heard you claim relationship to Miss Tabitha. You must of necessity be the little girl for whom I have been so often inquiring."

They both laughed, and the young man went on:

"It is a day of surprises. I have been confidently expecting telegraphic messages from Bob Aylward here, who has been promising me a visit, and he suddenly appears at the gate of Miss Tabitha's cottage."

"I guess I must be movin', gents," called out Joe Henderson from his seat upon the bus. "If you're comin' my way, I'll ask you to get in. The horses has to be fed, and I'm just about famished myself."

At which everyone laughed except Miss Tabitha, who stood bewildered upon the steps.

"All right, Joe!" cried young Mr. Bretherton. "This gentleman and I will drive up with you in an instant. Good bye, Miss Tabitha! I shall be here very soon again."

"A Bretherton is always welcome at Rose Cottage," responded Miss Tabitha, majestically.

Jim Bretherton thanked her; and then he said, somewhat irreverently, to Miss Chandler:

"I can not help wondering how you knew who I was."

"Oh, from my aunt's tone and the general probabilities," the young girl replied, lightly.

"What are the probabilities?" he inquired.

"It is far better to leave them, general," said Leona; "especially as Joe Henderson is waiting, and in his present state he might be dangerous. Besides, there is Lord Aylward back chocked with dust."

"Oh, I am all right!" cried Lord Aylward, as he followed his friend out to the bus.

Bretherton declared that he would hasten to take Miss Chandler's advice, and avoid any chance of unpleasantness on the part of the hungry Joe. He was conscious of a slight feeling of resentment at being thus unceremoniously dismissed.

Miss Tabitha's niece had certainly a very imperious way with her, though she was indeed lovely. There was no disputing the latter fact, especially as he looked back from the seat of the departing bus, and perceived the girl standing beside her aunt, with the light of the setting sun falling about her. There was something fine and almost noble in her pose and in the expression of her face. It was highly characteristic of Lord Aylward's English habit of reticence—which young Mr. Bretherton, to some extent, had also acquired during his college days—that during the homeward drive he never once referred to his late travelling companion. Miss Chandler's name was never so much as mentioned, although the two men talked cordially until the bus drove in at the iron gates, and deposited the son and heir and his whitish college chum at the door of Bretherton Manor. As they entered the spacious hall there was a faint, far-away and barely suggestive odor from the kitchen, which bespoke something savory in process of preparation.

The Governor came genially forward to meet his young kinsman and introduce him to his wife, who appeared, a stately figure, at the drawing-room door. The welcome was thoroughly cordial and genuine, making the traveller feel that he was entirely at home.

"Bless my soul!" cried the Governor, "is this Bobbie Aylward—little Bobbie whom the other day I carried upon my shoulder?"

"It is certainly not little Bobbie now, my dear," observed his wife, taking the young guest's hands into her own cool, slim ones and holding them there an instant, as she bade him welcome to America and to Bretherton Manor.

After that Jim—or Jimmy, as he had been indifferently known at college—carried his friend off to the "blue room," which was one of the apartments reserved for strangers. It had a history, as Mrs. Oliver, the housekeeper, could have told; and more than one Revolutionary celebrity had slept there. The shades of Joseph Warren and of Washington himself hovered around the chamber, where, according to tradition, both had spent an occasional night.

"If you care about dressing for dinner, Bob, you have just half an hour, declared Jim; "but if you feel disinclined for the exertion, I am sure my mother will excuse you."

"Oh, I must get some of this dust off me," cried Aylward. "And I expect Saunders—my man, you know—has got out some of my clothes by this time. I sent him on from the station with my luggage."

Saunders, indeed, appeared at that moment from the dressing room with Lord Aylward's evening clothes. The latter gentleman, while dressing, looked about him, reflecting that the apartment was very much like similar ones in the old country, only a trifle more luxurious, and with an indefinably Occidental flavor.

Jim Bretherton was the first to complete his toilet, and, descending to the veranda, walked about there, deep in thought, while waiting for his guest. He would not have found it easy to express how absorbing were his reflections, nor how large a part was played in them by the sudden apparition which had met him that afternoon at Rose Cottage. That was indeed, the little girl about whom he had been inquiring of Miss Tabitha, and whom he distinctly remembered as she had been many years before. But though he had been recalling her to life, and, as it were, reconstructing the drama of their childish days together, it had been startling, positively dramatic even, to behold her thus appearing in the charm of a very lovely womanhood. Nor was the effect in any way lessened by her showing herself to be on carelessly familiar terms with Lord Aylward, who belonged to a family dating from the Conquest and ranking among the wealthiest of the English landed gentry. Jim Bretherton suddenly remembered, and not altogether pleasantly, that Leona Chandler had long years ago announced her intention of marrying a great personage.

At that moment the unconscious Lord Aylward slapped him on the shoulder and asked why in the name of Jupiter he was staring so intently at the iron railing. Jim Bretherton burst out laughing at the curious absurdity of his own thoughts.

"I was thinking, Bob," he explained, "that I might have a chance to your A. D. C. if you go in for a career and get yourself appointed after a while to Canada, Ireland or India. It's quite immaterial to me which country you govern."

"By Jove, old fellow, you're looking ahead with a vengeance!" he cried. "But whatever put such an idea into your head just now?"

Neither then, however, nor at any subsequent period, could Jim Bretherton be induced to explain this allusion; and presently, dinner being announced, the two young men found themselves in the company of their elders, so that the topic was necessarily dropped. Once only at table was some casual reference made to Rose Cottage, and the Governor remarked, addressing his wife:

"We must send down the carriage one of these days for Miss Tabitha. It is a long time since she has given us the pleasure of her company."

"And it is a genuine pleasure," said Mrs. Bretherton, in her slow, deliberate way. "You see, Lord Aylward, we old people cling together. We like to recall the past with those of our own generation who are getting fewer every year."

It was a curious fact that neither of them mentioned Leona Chandler's name; though the Governor said presently:

"I am told Miss Tabitha's niece has grown into a very beautiful young woman. I haven't seen her lately; but I warn you, my boys, to look sharp, or she will be playing havoc with your hearts."

Was there ever so slight a frown upon the fair forehead of Mrs. Bretherton while her husband spoke thus? She seemed, however, absorbed in the peeling of a splendid peach, and did not look up or make any remark whatever.

At dessert the Governor, who was old-fashioned, proposed some toasts, though in a deprecatory, half-jesting way. The first was to his wife, the second to his guest, and the third to "all fair women who are good, and to all good women whether they be fair or no." This was a favorite sentiment of Jim Bretherton's father, and represented his usual attitude toward the sex. The young man responded to the toast—Lord Aylward, in particular, with great heartiness—and sipped the claret from their glasses.

"I suppose each one of you boys has some particular fair one in mind?" cried the Governor, genially. "I know it must be the case with Jim, if heredity counts for anything."

"Why, father," expostulated Jim, "I always heard that the Brethertons were an unimpressible lot!"

"Then let me tell you, my lad," said the Governor, laughingly, "that the Brethertons, in that case, were grossly libelled."

Mrs. Bretherton laughed, too, as she gave the signal for leaving the table. The little party adjourned to the veranda, where in the soft dusk of the summer evening, lighted by myriads of stars, they sat and talked, until presently the Governor dozed, and the two young men went for a stroll about the premises. There was much to see, as the Governor prided himself upon the perfection with which his grounds were kept.

"Tomorrow you will have a better idea of what the old place is like," Jim Bretherton said. "It is old for America: the house was built in colonial days, though additions have been made since. The garden was laid out chiefly in my father's time, and he has made a heap of improvements."

Lord Aylward was immensely interested. He had a fresh, almost boyish power of enjoyment; and he was prepared to be pleased with everything on his first visit to this half-fabulous land of America.

Young Mr. Bretherton, on his part, felt a certain natural complacency in displaying to his kinsman and college chum these ancestral acres, upon which men of his name had so long resided.

"I am very fond of the old place," he observed, "and very proud of it; though, of course, Millbrook is small and necessarily dull."

"Not in the least dull!" cried Lord Aylward, with an animation which led his friend to conjecture, rightly enough, that Rose Cottage was uppermost in the speaker's thoughts.

"Excitements may crop up anywhere, of course," returned Jim, suppressing a smile.

"Yes, by Jove!" said the Englishman, with an energy which still further amused his friend.

But neither made any comment. They stood there side by side, all unconscious how the threads of their lives were interwoven.

VI.—THE INTERVIEW OF THE MILL. The return of Leona Chandler, attended by a stranger who was designated in local phraseology as an English swell, created a mild sensation in Millbrook. The girl was, of course, well known, having grown up from childhood in the town; and to her credit it may be observed that she had more friends than enemies. Many of the young people admired her at a distance, and took a certain pride in her beauty, as though it redounded to local credit; whilst the greater number of the elder people shared in this sentiment. It is true there were exceptions; ill-nature and envy existed at Millbrook as elsewhere; but, generally speaking, the popularity of Miss Tabitha's niece was indisputable.

Leona had, moreover, her special admirers. Reuben Jackson, of the big department store, for instance, would have sacrificed—or so he thought—his entire worldly goods for a very small medicine of her favor. Tommy Briggs, the enterprising assistant at Stubbs & Co., regarded her with romantic veneration, as some lady of the olden time, or one of those wondrous heroines who adorn the pages of melodramatic fiction. To these and to many more of sunshine illumining the dreary commonplace of life at Millbrook.

But she had one admirer of a very different description, who had watched her grow to womanhood and beheld her charms develop with a just and respectful admiration. In his morbid communings with himself, Eben Knox almost hated the girl for possessing those very gifts and graces which, on the smallest encouragement, would have made him her bounden slave. As it was, he almost counted her footsteps, and he was as familiar with every expression of her face as though he had photographed each with a camera.

Despite the fact that he was a very busy man, and that his hours at the mill left him but little leisure, he contrived to keep a constant watch upon Leona Chandler and her doings. There was one window of the mill from which he could observe interesting roads, and gain at least a general idea of what was passing at the Cottage. Before this window stood a desk screened from the drying room by a partition; and there Eben Knox sat and watched whenever he was not more so fully engaged making up his accounts.

(To be continued.)



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MISCELLANEOUS.

Maudie is in the garden Cutting pretty flowers; Grace is in the hammock Dressing by the hours; Kate is by the brookside, Where it's nice and cool; Kate is rather jaded From the grind of school. Nell is in the parlor Just to snatch a nap; Rita's on the front porch Flirting with a chap; Fannie's in the orchard, May is in the grove, AND Mother's in the kitchen With a red-hot stove.

Chilblains.

Mrs. J. B. Rusk, Ruskview, Ont., says: "I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for chilblains, and found it most effectual. It relieved the irritation almost immediately, and a few applications made a complete cure."

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"Is it a long story?" "Naw! Ye kin finish it easy in two messages."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring, and it will work while you sleep without a grip or gripe curing Bloating, Constipation and Dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

Professor Richards of Yale enjoys a joke, and his pupils often come to him when they have heard a new one. Such was the case when one of the students said to him, "Professor, wouldn't you like a good recipe for catching rabbits?" "What is it?"

"Well, you crouch down behind a thick stone wall, and make a noise like a trumpet."

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Oh, a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

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Men's "Hub" Boots, Goodyear Welt, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 for \$2.65, \$3.00 and \$3.75.

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