The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED Every Wednesday at Bridgetown,

Terms of Suiscription.—\$1.50 per anaum, in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00 Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

Weekly Monitor

H. S. PIPER,

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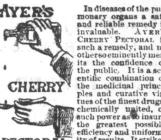
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BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1881.

NO. 42.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY. MANUFACTURERS OF

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VOL. 8.

A careful examination of the insuruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any is unpleasant; isn't it, papa? But I should ing. Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class work-

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here is no other remedy so efficacious, bothing, and helpful.

Would respectfully informs his friends in Annapolis County, that he has just stram where the wild grass hides from the stormy scene.

So noiselessly has profound were the stormy scene.

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All the above will be sold very

BEALES & DODGE. TUSTOMERS MAY REST ASSURED OME TO THIS OFFICE FOR YOUR TENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO ALL. Loetry.

With feathery fern by the dim ravine, While turretted castles before us stand. And minarets flash from the frosty wand

Each flake in the sunshine shall melt at When the summer days on the heated plain Stir the warm breath of the southern gale,

And grateful grasses and wild flowers bend By the cooling streams in the shaded glen We know all the wandering streams are fed We know all the wandering streams are the hidden springs and the snow flakes blend. And not in vain like a star in its flight.

as snow flakes fall on the noiseless night, Pure thoughts and affection within the Arm life for a nobler and better part ; Let truth in each soul be the magic word And love be "the lever to

From the secret thoughts flow the deeds of portrait at once.' all That shall fill the harvest with joy or strife Make the fountain pure and the years will sing and peace unto rest at last;

A mantle of love like the spotless snow Select Ziterature.

The Portrait of the Dead.

The walls of the suite of rooms were iage House and Wood House. The grounds onsists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivastatuettes, and gems, and curiosities of art. gular restlessness in his guest, Leonard (choice varieties of frait) The guests, of both sexes were numerous, Hartley, drawing his chair nearer, preparaperior trees, caused the searing, some trees rearry all which are in bearing, some trees representing art, literature, beauty and ed to listen.

elder, and I fear there it will always re- hands- I wish it to be done without her

he drew him to the wall.

Leonard Hartley, a tall, well-looking through which I confess I do not see my only thirty, had already made a tolerable sponse. 'Singularly enough, my-m renown as a portrait-painter. Halting be- daughter's own words suggested th fore the likeness—that of a dark, hand-means. Mr. Hartley, do you remember some ladý of forty—he had been brought the conversazione six weeks ago?" to criticise, he regarded it for some moments in silence.

Well?' queried Gray. ·Well, I should say it's a good portrait. she whom she may; but I don't like it.' the flesh tints need more transparency.' 'It is not that. To me it seems one of F's best ; but there is something about it

That's curious,' remarked Gray is the lady ?'

man. Who is he?'

We have recently published a new edition of Br. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay
Well's Celebrated Essay
Well's Celebrated Essay
Will and soft from their palace of cloud
on the radical and permanent
on the radical and soft from the could not
he received a rather rough push on the
went quickly to the couch. He could not
he received a rather rough push on the
sender, I wonder where? I
should like to see her again when her eyes
geodness sake, sir, get out of this; can't
you understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Understand?'
Unders

of the studio's paraphernalia, on an old oak mistress's slumber had been of the slight. Gifteenth century chair, with his face leanfifteenth century chair, with his face lean- est, at once set to work. So noiselessly had the artist entered, or Mr. Kesteven; but rarely did the two ex- the room.

that his arrival was not observed. Thereman kept his head resting on his hand,
fore, after a few seconds' stare of wondersave when the artist was conscious that he
the first time he had ever been left even and it would have been too late?

No sooner nad ne gone than Leenard 117 On 1 my master, what a day for him!

Surrection of Christ: Daniel in the lions'
den is an encouragement to Curi-tian And lo! fairy like forms and music cling
Where wandered the breath of the ice-clad
king;
And hidden away from the wintry wind

And hidden away fro

kind enough to permit me to wait, my press him.

my card there. ' Leonard Hartley, taking it up, read-Mr. John Kesteven; Belgrave square.' ting. 'I suppose, Mr. Kesteven, remarked he, howing slightly in acknowledgement of Kesteven, wistfully."

gentleman, passing one hand hesitatingly daughter awake.' over the other. 'Yes, quite professional. In fact. I

' Your own, may I ask ?' only child's. She is very beautifulworth I assure you, of any artist's brush !' ' I do not doubt that for a moment. The

only thing is the time. I have already nany engagements. The can was reteriou, and towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we hem aside for me,' broke in the visitor.

The can was reteriou, and towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in sum we dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, thou them aside for me,' broke in the visitor, earnestly. 'Yes, the only thing is the time ' His eyes wandered towards a dark corner where the lay figure was dancing a were ugly I would even now throw up the For a brief while loathing, horror, blend-man's earnest manner and apology. ghastly minuet by itself. 'Listen to the whole thing. But she is so beautiful—ed with fisrce indignation, raged within 'Yes, Mr. Hartley—love; for to you I

The walls of the suite of rooms were hing with pictures of all sizes and subonly say your price shall be mine!

whole thing. But she is so beautiful—
beautiful enough to be forgiven any absuronly say your price shall be mine!

How Rather curious, for there seemed a sinagain.

pearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The jundence is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very the brush on the shoulder, 'come and worship. Location desirable, and very the brush on the shoulder, 'come and lock at this portrait. As it is in your line.

The structure, beauty and ed to listen.

Mr. Kes teven moved his hands together, opposed them, looked at them both sides as if doubtful of their leanliness, then be shape of nightmare dreams, from which he rose but little refreshed.

Stay! A LSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAM. Stone and two miles from STON, about two miles from STON, about two miles from should like your opinion.'

A LSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAM. Is thought like your opinion.'

STON, about two miles from STON, about two miles from ordeal of the necessity of sittings.

What an idtot I am!' he thought. 'A was he right, after all?

Was he not duping himself?—making a me, I pray, what occurred after I left the seared their victims faces with red-hot irons until, their agony becoming intole-room.' STON, about two miles from
Lawrencetown Railway Station.
The House contains 6 Rooms, the
ground flat only being finished. Good Barn,
and a number of useful and necessary outbuildings. The Farm consists of about 70
acres, 30 of which are in hay and under sultivalien. A good Orbard, in pearing, product
many and a control of the state of the second of the necessary of sittings,
youthful aspirant to Burlington fame.

'Yours, my dear Cott? Yours, I thought
was always below the line,' laughed the
elder, 'and I fear there it will always revalien. A good Orbard, in pearing, product
main Come Hartler!'

The portrait taken—or, rather, to the trying ordeal of the necessary of sittings,
consequently I—she is my only child, and
I am perhaps foolishly fond of her'—again
a pause and a scrutiny of the well-kept
hands—'I wish it to be done without her

knowing. In fact, it must be done so, or

'Certainly!' 'It was there, then, that my daughte remarked she should like you to paint he mistakeably resembling the original, be portrait, if any one did; but she added, 'If I am ever to have it taken, it must be i Exactly. It wants firmness of touch— my sleep, when I do not know what is

' A singular fancy,' smiled the artist It is; but one, that, for the sake that makes me shudder, as if it were un- having a likeness of her, the only being have to love,' went on the visitor still res less, 'I would yield to at any cost. Now Very. No picture ever had such effect my daughter has not been well lately on me before. It's fancy, I suppose. Who She is delicate; that makes me nervou Perhaps you perceive it? To insure he

sponse. Come sway; the liketose seems Hartiny, from her dear dead mother's min. lebtor for life.

tled it was arranged that Leonard Hartley laughed at the idea.

heavy air of that drawing-room and air its then again stopped, for, sweet and man, surroundings, that was the cause—nothing the girl's young tones reached him. know that is the cause. Now, if you oath-at the grey-haired butler who move to his heart.

speak to him to-night.' 'No, no, papa!' and showed the artist into the drawing- ing with satisfaction that there was but Whatever did it all mean? laughed the girl, her delicate complexion room. The soft subdued light burning one more sitting, and then he would be The bewildered artist was asking him - carrying a kid, which existed at Tanagra. there displayed the tasteful elegance of companion's arm. 'I was only jesting. You must, dear, be content with the photographs, for I could never undergo the starting as he beheld lying upon it in the order of the starting the order of the starting as he beheld lying upon it in the order of the starting the order of the starting the order of the starting as he beheld lying upon it in the order of the starting the order of th

What a wonderful wand the wizard waves
For his pictures form on the window panes,
Mountain and valley and woodland glen
With feathery fern by the dim ravine,
While turretted castles before us stand.

clock some where in the room.

At the end of the second hour he could His hand to

support it no longer, and closed the sit-'You'll come to-morrow?' inquired Mr.

the introduction, 'the business that has 'Of course,' smiled the artist. 'A comfavored me with this business is profespact is a compact. This is the strangest Leonard Hartley, with a cry of borror, whim for a young lady I ever heard of. I reeled back. could succeed so much better were your sleep-it's death !' 'I know-I know; but, as I told you, Staggering, he could at first do that is impossible. Will you make four than, placing the lamp on the table, stand want you to do me the favor of taking a evenings suffice, for on the fifth my daugh- gazing upon the zirl.

ter and I leave here?' 'Oh, yes, I can take the canvas home, 'Mine? Oh, no! My daughter's-my if your footman will call a cab,' remarked Kesteven's words: I can work upon it at my studio to-mor- conversazione six weeks ago?" row, and get it advanced before the even-

ly depressing. 'Pon my word, if the girl upon bim.

depression of that silent sitting was not presence of his dead child?

held possession of him when asleep, in the his word.

Going into the studio, he went to the der the influence of opiates. portrait he had placed on the easel. 'It is lovely-beautiful! What delicate urves!' he exclaimed. 'Never have I though the artist did not think it. ook seems to give inspiration.' The second evening was a repetition of would be actionable. the first, only the depression to the artist

was greater. ess that surrounded the sleeping girl. Leonard Hartley grow nervous. He started if his brushes clicked agains

is palette. onth was December. Once he had to lean back and repiration from his forehead. Mr. Kesteven, rising, quitted the room nd returned speedily with wine.

fartley,' he whispered. At this time ave much to occupy my thoughts.' He placed the decanter and glass by the

Excuse my previous forgetfulness. My

to cast a gloom over this corner of the lature, taken at her age. The eyes, the ex- When the artist teft that night he was bimself up from the floor, as the gloostly pression, are Mabel's own ! Stay. Pardon worse than on the previous one. He wan butler glided in with a light. I beg to The above conversation had been partly me : I have yet one other thing to ask dered restlessly through the streets, loth say, Mr. Kesteven'-he began, then pausoverheard by a fine-looking old gentle- Could you, in four evenings-making the to go back to the solitude of his chambers. ed abruptly, his eyes dilated by amazeman with silvery hair, and his daughter, a bours as long as you please—take the like- He seemed to dread to be alone, craved for ment, as, naturally, they turned to the

regarding it curiously, and the girl with demurred at by Mr. Kesteven, being set- never get her out of his thoughts. But he way.

an. Who is he?'
Leonard Hartley, my love, the well-forget your kindness. Ah, when you are The third evening was worse than either am I? What is it?' married with children of your own, you'll of the proceeding two, or Leonard Hartley A cry so strange, so full of joy, from the ject of the Catacomb paintings. He ta Really!' and the girl's violet eyes fol- know what a father's love is; but I trust was growing more irritable under the father, drew the artist's attention to him. depicted as a beautiful youth in sheplowed the artist with admiration. 'Papa, it will not be for a daughter so delicate, strain upon his nerves. He felt that he He was flying across the room like a madpoor girl, as mine. If you see me moved, should like to cry out—perhaps with an man, and in a second had caught the girl

master, who, excusing his absence for half crying, gasped through the handker-In a low chair a few feet benind him s at a brief space to the artist, hurriedly teft chief he was forcing into his mouth. Oh, Nosh in the ark typifies the Christain sav-

His hand touched here It was icy cold. Looking closer, what was revealed to here, sir, is master himself.' The color on the cheek was artificial! the curtains.

He had been tricked-duped! Then, suddenly, he remembered Mr. the artist. 'By the help of the miniature 'Mr. Hartley, do you remember the ed the trnth. How can I ask-how can I

> Of course he did! He saw it all now.

> return.

not?

tist should make one.

might it lead him?

That might account for the cold had a more charming model. The very If so, how absurd would have been his tire portrait of the supposed dead. anger !

How decide? have been but for my fear.' Seizing a penknife from the table, pulling it open—regardless, in his anger, of own bright, happy self, for the sittings the consequences-approaching the girl, he ran the keen blade into her arm.

Would blood come ? Pray Heaven, yes ! No !-though, almost unconsciously, he had pressed the flesh-not the taintest It was then not sleep-but death ! With a cry of horrer and indignation.

How white it was !

Leonard Hartley, turning, dashed towards the tomb. On the way, his foot struck against a low stool, he stumbled forward, and threw

The Mosseya office is fitted out with one of the best job presses in this postifier, and a large assertment of type in both plain and semimental faces, together with every facility for doing all descriptions to first-class work. We make a speckally of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we saw compete with any office in the Province. Orders for Posters, Dodgers, Catalogues Bill-heads. Circulars, Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention, We endeavour by closest attention and careful execution of all orders to ansure satisfaction to our patrons.

Italy are the wall-paintings of the Causof a flock, or playing on a shepherd's pipe,

dear! Oh, dear! Who would have thought The grave of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

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The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

The year of the wild flower none may find.

For an hour, engrossed by his subject, gettle bow, said, 'Ten thousand pardons. Learner Hartley worked vigorously. Already in outline the lovely features began to look out from the canvas. But as the next hour stole on the silence began to op-arity for the year of the wild flower none may find.

The visitor, starting, looked up; then, der.

For an hour, engrossed by his subject, gettle bow, said, 'Ten thousand pardons. I canner Hartley worked vigorously. Already in outline the lovely features began to look out from the canvas. But as the next hour stole on the silence began to op-arity for the dead.

Why did he halt half-way, the color falling from his face, and that expression, 'The visitor, starting, looked up; then, der.

The visitor, starting, looked up; then, der.

For an hour, engrossed by his subject, gettle bow, said, 'Ten thousand pardons. I canner Hartley worked vigorously. Allowers means, you old idiot! I came here to take the likeness means, you old idiot! I came here to take the likeness of a sleep, in girl. I fancy, instead of sleep, it is fished, and the paralytic, multiplying the loaves and fisher, and the paralytic properties.

Why did he halt half-way, the color falling from his face, and that expression, 'The visitor, starting for the derivation of the what

less things, thought, before the ground took her away from him forever—. But recall to him by a mystic sign for his com-Mr. Kesteven came hurriedly between fort and encouragement. For this is the aim and temper of the Catacomb paintings : 'Clark,' he said, 'send Mrs. Gros to to strengthen and console. They pass by Miss Mabel at once. Tell her her mistress believes she has had a long fainting fit. Great Heaven! be cried: 'it is not Bid her hide both day and date from my child. That was a wise hint of yours, Then, with a face full of contrition, yet Clark, about the doctor. Thank you.'

Magazine for February.

'Mr. Hartley, of course you have guess-Our Russian contemporary, the Golos, time ago three horses were stolen from the proceedings have come to the knowledge arrested and thrown into prison, where they are now awaiting their trial. The And seizing the brush, he set to work, herowing all his soul into the task.

But if not, then it would be justifiable; lamost—he did not know this deception ing model. This would always give me which the Globes calls the attention of its the horrors, from the idea of what might readers in terms of unqualified indignation have been but for my fear?

were arranged during the Christmas dinner at which Mr. Kesteven insisted the ar. Irish landlords who have no trouble with their tenants. He is a clergyman in Essex The professional visits led to those of and owns land in County Louth, Ireland. The professional visits led to those of friendship, and the result was probably what had been guessed, that Leonard Hartley wooed and won the lovely girl whom, by accident he had resulted from the reduction. They did not wish for more consideration-they asked for none

satisfaction to our patrons.

Lawyers and Magistrates blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

Job Work.

The earliest works of Christian art in One lyon.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insert on, 12½ cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.

One lyon.—First insertion, 50 cents; the sign of nineteen, who ness sufficiently to finish it from recoiler the sign of moving, animated life, and couch.

The retist answered that he could; and ness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

One has a long as you please—take the like lesemed to dread to be alone, craved for ness sufficiently to finish it from recoiler. It is sign of moving, animated life, and couch.

There was his model, truly. But sitting the were in one please—take the like leaded to be alone, craved for ness sufficiently to finish it from recoiler. It is sign of the sign for the to another part of the room, the others approached the portrait, the old gentleman finally, the terms. handsome ones. 'It was only a sleep after all. What an 'After death!' she murmured. 'It—it should make his first visit the next evenis unpleasant; isn't it, pape? But I should
ing.

The was only a more unit in the singular stillness and in the again stopped, for, sweet and musical stands in immediate connection with the he girl's young tones reached him.
Papa dear, they said, vaguely, where
Good Shepherd. This is the favories sub-their light shine on me.'

'Understand?' repeated Hartley, gazing
The fourth and last evening arrived.

from the speaker to the old man and his clean, the Christians repeated in their

CREMENT PECTORAL: In sealed evelope, only 6 street

Acquired of white for the trampling feet. Easy, clearly demonstrates, from thirty cannot be leaded. It is a clearly according to the combination of the

press him.

Glancing round, he saw the old man Glancing round, he same position. The stillness spiration on his forehead.

Miss Mabel went off cold and stiff, quite spiration of the spiration on his forehead.

Sented as a multimy application of us thought—even the doctor. Poor which Jesus stands with a wand in his hand.

The spiration of the silence began to op- falling from his face, and sum-expression.

Butler; that's what poor master and all door, before which Jesus stands with a wand in his hand.

The spiration of all these pictures is purely business being rather pressing.

He did perfectly right, sir, said the actual actist.

Glancing round, he saw the old man still in the same position. The stillness became almost unbearable, made more actisting of a be advanced, trembling, and leaned over So my master who hadn't got no likeness ply suggest their subjects. The presupof his darling, except them brown, color. ply suggest their subjects. The presup-

quivering with the undercurrent of that great joy, Mr. Kestevan turned to the ar-

ever hope you will forgive the cruel deception I put upon you to carry out the gives conspicious publicity to a terrible living wish of a supposed dead daughter? story of priestly and peasant barbarity, The cab was fetched, and Leonard Hart. His words respecting the portrait of the I feel you will never experience but anger reaching that journal from Uschitza, in dead Gray had taken him to see had been towards me, though no man in this world the Government of Podolia. Some short reflected. I never felt anything so awful- this horrible, ghastly trick had been put . Mr. Kesteven " ejaculated the artist, popa of a village in the Uschitza district surprised, also moved by the old gentle- Suspecting two of his parishoners of being owe my daughter's life. There is an in. their criminality, and to that end invited dity. Still, I'm glad to be in the open air How could be meet his employer on his cision in her arm from which the blood is them to his house, as well as several of the running freely. It was not there to-day. most bigoted and unscrupulous moujaka He drew a long breath of relief; but the How could be give his anger vent in the You alone could have made it—did you belonging to his congregation. These be Yet Hartley vowed never to put brush 'I did; in a moment of impulse or in- them on to administer torture to the It kept with him all the evening; it again to that portrait, and religiously kept dignation !' answered the artist, coloring unfortunate men who had failen under his to the temples. After I had done it I re. suspicion. After having crushed their gretted the act; but the result has been noses flat to their faces, broken their It was nearly an hour later when the rable, they admitted a culpability which artist returned home, with the conscious. they have since strenuously denied to the Mr. Kesteven had said his child was un- ness of a strange elation, caused probably officers of the law. These atominable by Mr. Kesteven's praise and gratitude. The first thing he did was to take a of the State authorities at Uschitza, the brush full of sepis and obliterate the en. pope and his brutal accomplices have been 'No,' he reflected ; 'if I paint that love-

Sir Cavendish Foster is one of the few

whom, by accident, he had rescued from at all. Being able, they were willing to - The champion hen story of the season - The champion hen story of the season agent to inform the landlord that such comes from Georgia. It is an incident of habitual justice as he gave them made it out his hands to catch some support. His the burning of the freight depot at Bruns- unnecessary for them to use, and they 'Mo was she, rather.'

'Is she, then, no longer living?'

'Is she clearly in reveal so in the ground to the outside sill of the window of the room in which the listing clerk was along siter limp cannot dow of the room in which the listing clerk was along with the dead!

'The liveness of her then?'

'It was alone with the dead!

'The results of a gentle use of the luving with the dead!

'The results of a gentle use of the living clerk was alone with the dead!

'The results of a gentle use of the living clerk was alone with the dead!

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'The results of a gentle use of the living cler right clutched but the table cloth, and he fell, bringing the vases, books, and the given the hen in question jumped from the ground to the outside sill of the winder by saying that the rents were reduced at He placed the decanter and glass by the outer hand to take some support. His wick. Just before the alarm of fire was were too honest and grateful to abuse his

valuable work.