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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 lv

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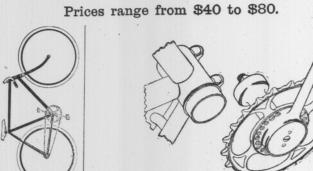
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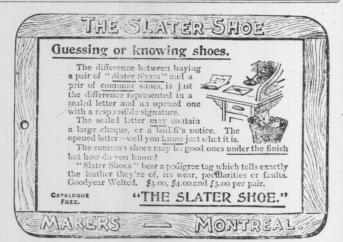
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GENT'S WEAR! Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other refessional business.

The largest stock in the two Counties, your father has bidden the Laird." bought for cash from the manufac-

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WE HAVE JUST OPENED An endless variety of Spring Cloths THROAT. A. J. MORRISON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.



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Are ready for 1898 building operations, and are prepared to enter into contract for buildings of every description, including excavation, heating and plumbing.

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Notice is hereby given that John E. Sancton and James Herbert Sancton of Bridgetown formerly doing business under the name of J. E. Sancton & Son, have by deed name of J. E. Sancton & Son, have by deed of assignment bearing date February 17th 1898, conveyed all their book debts and personal property to me IN TRUST to pay the expenses in connection with the preparation and execution of said deed; certain preferential claims; and lastly all the other claims against the said firm and individuals. Said deed of assignment is now fyled in the Registry Office, Bridgetown.

I have engaged said John E. Sancton to act as my agent in disposing of the said property and collecting the book debts which must be paid at once of which let all parties concerned take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

F. L. MILNER.

CAUTION!

Capital, - \$1,500,000.00 Great therefore was

Reserve Fund, - \$1,600,000.00 H. C. McLEOD, Cashie

Head Office, Halifax, N. S. Agencies in all the principal towns of t Maritime Provinces, and in the cities of Mo real, Toronto, Chicago, and St, John's, Nfd. Correspondents in all parts of the world. Do all kinds of banking business.

A Savings Bank Department has lately been established in connection wit the Bridgetown agency where deposits will b received from one dollar upwards and interes at the rate of 3½ per cent. allowed.

C. H. EASSON, Agent. NOTICE.

Poetry.

Broadcast over the world we sow Seeds of evil, seed of good, Weak and powerful, high and low, Linked in human brotherhood. What we scatter we never know; Out of small things cometh great; Weeds spring up and daffodils blow, Harvests ripen early and late.

Sown in gladness, or sown in pain,

All we do or leave undone, Duties that for fulfilment strive, Things imperfect, just begun, Seed-like, after us still survive, Woe to carcless hand or heart!
Weeds and thistles the swiftest thrive
Rarest buds are slow to start.

Each with blessings or curses fraught, Influence eternal shed. Broadcast over the world we sow

Broadcast over the world we sow Seeds of evil, seeds of good, Heedless trample, and grind them low; Life's true aim misunderstood. What we scatter we never know; Out of small things cometh great; Weeds spring up, and daffodils blow. Nature's law inviolate.

Select Ziterature.

SELKIRK.'

CHAPTER I. "Are you there, Jeannie?" cried the farmr's wife, pushing open the garden gate. "I am here, mother," replied a clear

"Weel, weel, Imogen be it," said Mrs.

spotless napery upon her stepdaughter's could never blossom out into a fine lady unof the country to can of their farms."

der the eye and criticism of her stepmother, der the eye and criticism of her stepmother, "Why, John, who so we maun make the best o't. I will do the cooking and you the waiting and your father "Couldn't we get Jess Moir in to help for the day?" suggested Imogen.

cried the other. "I am going to put out your mother's dinner service that she got at her wedding and that has never been used since her funeral, and it is likely that I am going to consign it to the tender mercies o' Jess Moir? And never while I have strength gran'ed me to lift a pot will I suffer anyone under this roof to be poisoned by her cook-ery. If you like to take the cooking I'll do the waiting, but your ain een maun tell you that the fitness of things lies the other way. There was no denying the truth of this proposition, and the speaker continued: "And if you let your foolish pride shame my housekeeping and your father's hospital-

ity in a pinch like this you are not the lassie This appeal proved effectual, for Imogen

for her pleasure and improvement. These young ladies, who were great in the mysteries of the toilet, soon detected Imo-

eing christened Imogen, and being able to

that the wife of a small farmer ought to be, and she had striven hard to make her step til Grahame had taken it into his head to send her to a boarding-school.

From this school Imogen had returned to be in England early in the New Year. with her head full of nonsense, holding, for instance, that work of any kind was incompatible with "being a lady," was a thing to evening alone, ready dressed to accompany

es on the table, dressed in her usual after-

lighter ribbon at the throat, enhanced the the easy frankness that she remembered so

pale fairness of her skin.

Well. "My name is John Holdernesse. I she made for the city of York.

The Laird, who took in all these details am a very old friend of Mrs. Earnshaw's, To catch the night express oncerning the daughter of his hospitable | who has invited me to spend the Christmas tenant at a glance, was an Englishman. This small slice of Fifeshire recently inherited from his mother was the only portion of his possessions which had not been mortgaged to the last farthing long ere they reached his hands.

who has invited me to spend the Christmas holds was her intent, and it took her a good holidays here. Am I right in supposing you are her cousin, Miss Grahame?"

Image, bowed. She saw he did not know her. It was well she thought—he would the station, and jumped in without a ticket.

Thank Heaven there was no other passentic the last farthing long ere they reached his hands.

- - · WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1898. young fellow as ever shouldered a rifle or her new friends, so the secret of their past | Jeannie to whom John Holdernesse had lost

made love to a pretty girl. He bowed to Imogen with an air which said plainly enough that he did not mistake her extreme agitation, but for the diversion her for a common servant, and how he managed to say that without words is no greater and her three daughters in full ball costume. mystery than how he managed to steal Imogen's heart in two days' time without so

much as naming love to her.

Indeed, the poor girl's shame at doing him but scant opportunity of seeing, far less When her father brought him into the kitchen to say good-bye she was too much mortified at being caught in the act of mak-

ly say to her father as they passed the window together: "What a busy little housewife that Jeannie of yours is, to be sure." Then she burst into tears. He had gone her mind as to her future action. Dearly as she loved all that money can give-keenly as she had enjoyed this brief command of away thinking of her as Jeannie and a house wife, and her name was Imogen, and she could play the piano-it was too, too bad.

CHAPTER II. Strange are the revolutions of the wheel of August had seen Jeannie Grahame the daughter of a small tenant farmer on the banks of Loch Leven; December found her an orphan and an heiress, feted and petted

as heiresses are wont to be, in the home of some hitherto unknown English cousin. The stout farmer had succumbed to a few days' illness shortly after the Laird's visit, and his widow and daughter were still de-

her good fortune had been (though she rested her in spite of herself. would not have admitted it herself) "Now I shall be a mate fit for John Holdernesse."

fellow-traveller, John William Linton, or | ning her on your own merita!" forfeit the whole property to a charitable institution named. What was to happen in Grahame," was John's reply, "even though the event of the said dear friend refusing to my heart were not irrevocably fixed othermarry her was not provided for, probably wise. I could never love a woman like that him to expect that any man would refuse "figure!"

"Weel, weel, Imagen be it, said make that he would be that he would be contenting by the state of the best bed, for your father has bidden the Laird."

"Bidden the Laird," repeated Imagen, as she followed her stepmother into the house. She followed her met him on the moor, and it would be contenting to the form an unknown English cousin beg ging that the daughter of her dear never to be-forgotten Imagen would favor her with a long, long visit.

"Weel, weel, Imagen be it, said make the met him on the sheets for the best bed, for the news of the legacy came a money," replied Holdernesse, who, evident ly knew nothing of that fatal clause in her uncle's will; "and because I did not know how impossible it was for me to woo one woman while I loved another."

"Weel, weel, Imagen be it, said make the news of the legacy came a money," replied Holdernesse, who, evident ly knew nothing of that fatal clause in her uncle's will; "and because I did not know how impossible it was for me to woo one woman while I loved another."

"Week wel, interpretation of the legacy came a long that the daughter of her dear never to be-forgotten Imagen would favor her with a long, long visit."

"Week wel, the met sheets for the best bed, for work in the news of the legacy came a money," replied Holdernesse, who, evident ly knew nothing of that fatal clause in her uncle's will; "and because I did not know how impossible it was for me to woo one woman while I loved another."

"Wight one ask the name and station of "Might one ask the name and station of "Might one ask the name and station of "Might one ask the name and station of the legacy came a money," replied Holdernesse, who, evident has the first the fatal clause in her uncle's will; "and because I did not know impossible it was for me to woo one woman while I loved another."

"Weel her the news of the legacy came a money," replied Holdernesse, who, evident has the note, and the provident has the name and to state the name and to give the name and to state the name and to state the name a

eyes this unknown landlord of her father's was the most important of men, "how ever have hitherto debarred her." Solutish cousin, and introduce her to all those galeties from which circumstances have hitherto debarred her." young man; "she is the daughter of a tenhave hitherto debarred her." have hitherto debarred her." ant on a property which I once possessed in Even though this lady had not written on Scotland, now gone the way of most of my

whose ideas of dress and of morals were "Why, John, who would have suspected you of a romance?"
"It is a very prosaic one," he answered, most generously for her stepmother's con-tinuance in the old home, and set off for washing dishes and baking pies and tripping England to her unknown correspondent in over kitchen floors in country-made shees. This is the figure, with pale, fair hair, and

where a handsome carriage was waiting her arrival at the station, nor did that carriage fine lady heiress." have anticipated, to some dismal and dilapidated old house, the abode of desperate and "No, I only knew her for two days, and had no idea how I loved her until I left her. On the contrary, Earnshaw Hall was a No doubt she had many lovers; she may be

> "John Holdernesse, are you asking my advice?" said Mrs. Earnshaw, after a short "I shall be glad to hear it in any event."

that, the next best thing is to go and see if your Scottish love is still unwed."

Europe.

'I have "I will treat you better than most advicestituted, received their rich cousin with the greatest kindness, and laid themselves out seekers do," said John. "I will take balf gen's hankerings after the vanities which life as a poor but debtless man. If I cannot

in that popinjay heiress." "A wilful man will have his way," returned Mis. Earnshaw. "but you are not to stain her fair hair yellow, to tone her pale going to spoil my parties by going away, either to-day or to-morrow." The Christmas festivities at Earnshaw

to make the soft grey eyes, which nature Hall, always great events in the county, not you.

meant to languish modestly beneath their were this year more brilliant than ever, and "But he lids, stare with belladonna.

Whether these were improvements upon Imogen was the finest, the gayest, and, seemingly, the happiest of the Nature is, of course, a matter of opinion;

on a piece of paper the following words:-

Having addressed this to that good-nat-ured worlding, Mrs. Earnshaw, she threw She knew him at once, but there was no and drew from the recesses of her wardrobe

it happened. Then down the backstairs softly as any

his hands.

His embarrassed circumstances, however,
were certainly not reflected in John Holdernesse's appearance, for he was a big, strong,
brown-beayded, blue-eyed, cheerful looking

see and know, and it might be, love her as a
"lady" before he recalled her as a "maidfelt sure would delay his northward
journey until the day after to-morrow.

The train had whizzed some miles on its
ever mentioning John Holdernesse to any of

way before he idea occurred to her that the

—Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

NO. 10.

CHAPTER IV. Chrismas afternoon was well advanced "Yon's either Jeannie Grahame or her

my lane." before the blazing fire.

fortune-she loved John Holdernesse better,

could not do justice to the country dainties | quickly and forcibly. Many superstitions It was Christmas eve, and the eve of a set before her, so eager was she to get into have been entertained respecting the noise

when a letter arrived from a lawyer to the effect that a long missing brother of the first

Mrs. Grahame had died in Australia, be Ing quickly into the conservatory for some upon flowers to complete her toilet, came upon water and soda will do to cleaning your hair the crys of insects by the ordinary system of queathing a large fortune to Imogen.

This bequest, however, was burdened with a condition sufficiently unpalatable to our

She would have gone out as quickly as she

She would have gone out as quickly as she

She would have gone out as quickly as she

She would have gone out as quickly as she

She would have gone out as quickly as she

She would have gone out as quickly as she

She would have gone out as quickly as she

This bequest, however, was burdened with a condition sufficiently unpalatable to our

collar of her trim dark gown. This condition was that she should marry were not an heiress, and I am sure I have within twelve months his dear friend and given you every chance of wooing and win- had been before. Jeannie told Mrs. Grahame distinguish cries of insects which are not all her own folly-her unreturned love and audible to others,

"I shall never either woo or win Miss her fortunate discovery. The goodwife rose to the occasion at once. John Holdernesse's Jeannie being any other | production." because the testator's experience had not led -a painted wax doll-a mere milliner's lay but her Jeannie Grahame. Had she not al- employment. You ask the reason why, and ways said that mair lasses got sweethearts instantly we are told "it is over production; him to expect that any man would refuse two hundred thousand pounds. Therefore, as Mrs. Grahame remarked, "all Jeannie had to do gin she did not like the man when had to the fixed," said Mrs. Earnshaw, "why did you ways said that mair lasses got sweethearts by minding their work than by dressing their work than by dressing their heads, and as for the fortune which fixed," said Mrs. Earnshaw, "why did you Jeannie must give up if she took him, had that cannot be sold. Nonsense, I say. she saw him was to make hersel' so disagree.
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she saw him was to make hersel' so disagree.

He threw proprieties and explanations to the the inauguration of an era of prosperity such kissed her again and again as though he had enthusiast. Not over-production, but under been an accepted lover all these months
standing, while Jeannie clung to his neck
times and stagnation of business. And this

though all the usual words of betrothal had waste in strong drink. - Canada's Drink Bill. passed between them.

As for Mrs. Grahame, her behavior was a

there. I only left a few hours before you "You at Earnshaw Hall, Jeannie?"
"No, not Jeannie, but another mocalled Imogen, who was Mrs. Earnshaw's cousin, and who had a fortune left her-only there

was a husband along with it." "What?" cried Holdernesse, in a voice that made the still air ring again. "A husband, John; but I could not have him and the fortune-because-because he was

"But he is me!" cried Holdernesse. "My name was John Linton. Why it was changed company, to Holdernesse does not matter just now. as I wished her to meet me without prejueyes the heiress had never appeared so dis- dice. But how did she not identify you as my Jeannie?"

"Because she knew nothing about me unpised self, whom she now knew to be her successful rival in the only heart which she could ever care to call her own, the heart to gain which she was prepared to lose all the world beside!

The merriment was still at its height, the bells had not yet begun to ring in Christmas when she stole away from the merrymakers, and in the solituda of lose.

The merriment was still at its height, the bells had not yet begun to ring in Christmas when she stole away from the merrymakers, and in the solituda of lose.

The merriment was still at its height, the bells had not yet begun to ring in Christmas when she stole away from the merrymakers, and in the solituda of lose at the known you anywhere and anyhow."

"I am not at all sure that you would if I had got myself up as a Sioux Indian," here turned bluntly. "How could I know my walk. I saw Hood's Sarsapardia advertised and procured four bottles. My health is now better than it has ever been since I was a child, and I have not been sick for a long time." Miss Jessie Turnbull, Colbrook, Ont.

Hood's Dilla and Polling of the lose of

"Imogen is gone forever," she said, "and promise me, John, that when you are loving

James Whitcomb Riley, the great Hoosier poet, never burdens himself with much luggage while he is traveling. He once explained his views on baggage by saying:
"I am continually haunted by the fear that my trunk will be lost, so I go about the country with a grip. I keep a tenacious hold on it all day long and never feel quite safe about it at night. In case there is ever a fearful railway accident, and among the dashie is a wellow with a name attached to it. gage while he is traveling. He once ex over the crisp snow swiftly as any mawkin, my trunk will be lost, so I go about the debris is a valise with an arm attached to it firmly, they may bury it without further identification as the fragments of the Hoosier

Jas. J. Ritchie, U.C., BARRISTER

-AND-SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

his heart might not be her old self after all! Everybody is familiar with the music of the katydid. Here again, says the Washingwhen Mrs. Grahame, walking gingerly across ous plate. He elevates the wing covers and the yard from her dairy to her kitchen door, rubs the two plates together. If you could aught sight of a solitary little figure toiling | rub your shoulder blades together you could imitate the operation very nicely.

Certain grasshoppers make a sound while wraith!" she cried, running out to meet her | flying that is like the old watchman's rattle with an alacrity which showed that she leaned | __clackety clack, very rapidly repeated. to the first opinion.

"Keep me, Jeannie Grahame!" she cried, which have voices. The "death's head "whatever brings you here by yoursel' in sic moth" makes a noise when frightened that weather? And what a mercy you hae no' resembles strikingly the crying of a young brought ony o' your braw friends wi' you, for baby. How it is produced is not known, Kitty is on her holiday, and I'm in the house though volumes have been written on the subject. The "mourning cloak" butterfly

was untying her hat, and taking off her coat | wings-makes a cry of alarm by rubbing its wings together. "Whatever has you been doing to your head," she cried. "It is frae a' the warld other musical insects, are all exaggerated in like the inside o' a brass'j-lly pan, and your the tropics, assuming giant forms. Thus "Oh, mother," sobbed Imogen, "don't ask is an East Indian cicada which makes a rems any more questions, but bring out one of markably loud noise. It is called by the major of markably loud noise. It is called by the major of dundub," which means drum. "I hae gi'en away the feck o' them to poor From this name comes that of the genus folk, but I think you auld blue serge is still which is called dundubia. This is one of the in the drawer upstair," replied the good wife. few scientific terms derived from the sanskrit. "I'll fesh it doon, and it can be airing while The "deathwatch" is a popular name apyou drink a cup o' tea and eat a bite, for I | plied to certain beetles which bore into the

am sure you look aince meat and twice floors and walls of old houses. They make a Cold and hungry as our traveller was she and knocking their heads against the wood all the outer trappings of her old self.

"I've put on the muckle pot," said her imagined to be a warning of death.

- Just now throughout Canada and the

She would not admit the possibility of United States, we hear much about "over Thousands of men are out of trouble. Last year out of the pockets, for the most part, of the laboring classes of this goodwife; "hast ye and let him iv."

John Holdernesse came to the back, door, for intoxicating liquors. Turn these millions There stood his little Jeannie looking just rags, and plenty where there is now poverty. the same as when he left her months ago. You will see no more "over production," but winds, and caught her in his arms and as will surpass the visions of the most hopeful and hid her face upon his snowy shoulder as under consumption exists because of the

model for all third parties. She could not preacher of Portland, used to tell this story: consign the lovers into the frozen back parlor,
so she threw herself into such vigorous premore from habit than because he expected to paration for an impromptu supper, as enabled them to do all their talking by the kitchen ped inside the door an old negro came in and fire under cover of her fuss and clatter.

* * * * * * * * *

It was not until some days later that town and had been advised to go to his Jeannie, having made the wise resolve to church. "Upon that," said Dr. Payson, hide nothing from her lover, approached the subject of her two-fold identity.

They were walking by the frozen margin

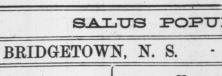
"I male up my mind to preach my sermon, if nobody else came." Nobody else did come so the doctor preached to the choir and the of the loch, crisp snow underfoot, and clear, blue sky overhead, and Holdernesse had just ed to meet the negro, and, stopping him, asked parted, which had taken him half over | Sunday. "Enjoy dat sermon?" replied th "I have not been at Muirend all these a better one. You see, I had a seat pretty months either," she said. "I have been | well up in front, an' whenebber you'd say staying at a place called Earnshaw Hall, in somethin' I'd jess look all roun' ter see nobody of your advice. I will go to Scotlaad, and, Yorkshire. I was there all the time you were on'y jess me. An' I says to m'self, 'He must mean you, Pomp, you's sech a dretful sinner. ing, what a big sinner I war, an' I went an'

growth the world has ever known. There is need of special guarding against anything that tends to weaken the effect of the Sal bath law. To break down this safe-guard is to open the door for the oppression of the poor, and of all the working classes. It is a terrible fate to be compelled to work seven days each week, with no chance for better things, for home, for rest, for culture, for rer oppression or degradation where the Sabbath rights are reserved to all men and wo-

are no means of judging with much confidence. Prof. Barnard has given good reasons for thinking that its groundwork consists of stars, which are much smaller than the sun, perhaps hundreds or thousands of times smaller, so that its distance from us may not

he great, as star distance go.

-Russel Lowell says:



Sown in gladness, or sown in pain,
Frailest seedlings strike firm root,
Quick to vigor and growth attain,
Bearing sweet or bitter fruit,
Never one do we drop in vain,
Each, recorded, angels keep,
Softly counting the loss or gain
Men therefrom will sometime reap. Drones or workers in life's bee-hive-

Noble action, or word, or thought;
Helps another to the light,
Guides him into the path he sought,
Teaches what is best and right.
Work in secret and silence wrought,
Foolish words unthinking said,

Jeannie Grahame's Awakening.

voice from the thicket of gooseberry bushes, but I do wish you would not call me that

"Yes, he met him on the moor, and it seems that the shooting lodge has gotten the roof blawn awa' wi'last night's gale, so your father bade him come here."

"Oh, mother," cried Imogen, in whose eyes this unknown landlord of her father's level and the seems that the shooting lodge has gotten the roof blawn awa' wi'last night's gale, so your father bade him come here."

"Oh, mother," cried Imogen, in whose like myself, are eager to embrace their solting the seems that the shooting lodge has gotten the roof blawn awa' wi'last night's gale, so your own age," wrote Mrs. Earnshaw, "who like myself, are eager to embrace their shooting lodge has gotten the roof blawn awa' wi'last night's gale, so your own age," wrote Mrs. Earnshaw, "who like myself, are eager to embrace their shooting lodge has gotten the roof blawn awa' wi'last night's gale, so your own age," wrote Mrs. Earnshaw, "who like myself, are eager to embrace their solting for this fortunate or unfortunate other," asked like myself, are eager to embrace their young man; "she is the daughter of a ten-

equally Puritanical.

She salved her conscience by providing

mysterious criminals. cheerful, modern mansion, whose mistress, a dashing, well to-do widow, had no evil de-

been sorry to see her bustling, good-natured Nevertheless her heart was full of disconent and false shame. What 'is the use of play the piano if your stepmother will call you Jeannie, and your father invites the Imogen's mother had been a pretty, pen-niless English girl, who had found her way to Kinross as nursery-governess to the min-ister's family, and everybody said that Wilof Loch Leven, would repent marrying such a freckless wax doll. She died before he was wearied of her pretty uselessness, leav

ing him with an only daughter, to whom she bequeathed her pretty face and her senti-Grahame's second wife was everything of fact. daughter the same, not without success, un- and still the unwelcome husband assigned to

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT! Bank of Nova Scotia patible with "being a lady," was a thing to be ashamed of, to be avoided, if possible, and, if unavoidable, to be concealed and concealed and many but John Holdernesse, and yet even for performed in secret.

Great, therefore, was her mortification at his sake could she bring herself to abandon having to present herself in the character of all the new found joys of riches? a useful member of society to the honored

> nother would not hear of her donning her | tle farm!" plain serge dress made by her own clever recognition in his glance. The fine lady be- her very plainest dress—a bicycling suit as fiagers. Its untrimmed bodice showed off fore him called up no memory of the busy r graceful figure to the very best advan- little housewife on the banks of Loch Leven. tage, while its dark blue, relieved by a knot "I must introduce myself," he said, with thief, out into the clear starlight night, and

ing a pie either to hear or reply to his words of farewell, but she heard him all too plain-

was the most important of men, "now ever shall we manage wi' Kitty away!"

"It's a pity it happened when the lass was away on her holidays," returned Mrs.
Grahame, as she threw piece after piece of Grahame, as she threw piece after piece of could naver bleason; out into a fine lady un-

direct opposition to her advice.

Earnshaw Hall was near the city of York, convey her, as the reader of romance may

signs upon the heiress, not even a ne'er-do-weel son in the background to marry her to. Mrs. Earnshaw was just one of the many people who forget all about their poor friends, and who really love their rich ones very dearly.

Her daughters, who were similarly con-

her stepmother's "sumptuary code." They leaned to the opposite extreme, and under their instructions Imogen soon learned cheeks, and deepen the red of her lips after the most approved fashion, to darken her eye lashes and accentuate her eyebrows, and

that they were great alterations is a matter It was December now more than three months of her year of freedom was gone, agreable. her gave no sign. Mr. Linton was travelling abroad, so the lawyer told her, but expected

"Besides, I should abandon them in vain. guest, opening the door and setting the dish- I shall never meet him again, and if I did he has never thought twice of the country girl noon dress-plus a neat apron-for her step- whom he knew only as the servant on a litbest for the occasion.

The door opened as she thus mused, and
Yet, if she would but have thought it,
John Holdernesse himself stood before her.

The door opened as she thus mused, and
John Holdernesse himself stood before her. The door opened as she thus mused, and

tions without waiting for answers, insisted that he must come with them to the ball, anything useful was so great that she gave and carried him into the big waggonette which was in waiting before he well knew what he was about. Oh! golden evening for Imogen, and still more golden days that followed! when she

Yet she might have betrayed it herself by

created by the entrance of Mrs. Earnshaw

They swept down upon Holdernesse like

a whirlwind, overwhelmed him with ques-

acquaintance was safe so far.

sang to him in the drawing room (she had been doing her best of late to destroy her sweet but small compassed voice by learning impossible songs) or played billiards with him in the billiard room, or flirted with him on the skating pond. His presence had settled all hesitation in

and was quite prepared to abandon all, if he, this man of encumbered lands and broken fortunes, as she now understood him to be, but said the word. But he did not say it somehow, though her cousins were most generous in leaving him ample opportunities to do so-there were even terrible moments when Imogen

began to suspect that he was not a lover af-CHAPTER III. bating the possibility of keeping on the farm, large party at the Hall, when Imogen, com- all the outer trappings of her old self. when a letter arrived from a lawyer to the | ing quickly into the conservatory for some

such close conversation that neither observed of that stuff." heroine, whose first thought on hearing of her good fortune had been (though she rested her in spite of herself. "Imogen is a charming girl, John," Mrs. Earnshaw was saying, "even though she

ant on a property which I once possessed in Scotland, now gone the way of most of my e.l. and it opened wide almost before he knock-loose to morrow on your unsold goods, and at once there will be robes where there are now

eyes as grey as the loch at daybreak which " Of course you have wooed and won your

married by this time." "My advice is that you ask Imogen to marry you to-night, and, if you will not do marry you to-night, and, if you will not do

if my little maid is still unwed and will have me, I will get rid of everything, and begin | did." had been, perhaps, too rigidly forbidden by get her I certainly will not seek consolation

> dancing, jesting and flirting with everyone accept John Holdernesse, whom she managed to avoid all the evening, and in whose Yet, in spite of her seeming absorption in the gaiety around her, Imogen's thoughts til I was an heiress," replied the other; "but were far away in her old home on the snowy how did you not know me? I should have

when she stole away from the merrymakers, and in the solitude of her own room scrawled "Imogen is gone forev "It is necessary for me to go away at once. I will explain all later."

Jeannie most, Immogen will always seem furtherest awayfrom you."—Dundee Courier.

To catch the night express on its way north was her intent, and it took her a good