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VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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3 10

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1898.

Lyin thar, patient from day ter day, Wearin his poor little life away, But never complainin, an when she cried, His mother, settin thar at his side,

Poetry.

Layin his hand in hers, so kind,
An tellin her, "Mother, never mind!"
Though he knowed well, an we wuz shore
Death wuz waitin outside the door.
"I'd like ter stay whar my own folks be,
But I hear the angels ceilin me!"
(Poor little feller, so pale and slim,
What did the angels want with him?) Lyin thar, patient, from night ter night, Men's Long Boots, \$4 00 \$3 50

"heavy Bellow Tongue Boots, 1 50 1 15

"Wax " 2 25 1 88

"long Oil-tan Felt-lined " 2 75 2 00

"ankle Felt-lined Boots: 2 50 2 75

"ankle Felt-lined Boots 2 50 2 75

"Wax " 2 50 2 75

"where Price. Cut Price. An helike a ghost in the lonesome light—His mother—holdin his hand as though Not even fer death would she let him go; An hearint he wind, so soft and sweet, An sayin: "It's the fall o' the angel's feet! I'd like ter stay whar my own folks be, But they're always callin—callin—ne!" An whisperin, "Mother, never mind!" (Poor little feller, so pale an alim, What did the angels want with him?)

Lyin thar, sleepin, from day ter day, Under the green leaves an under the gray, It's long since the angels took him away.
An the mother kneels in the dark ter pray!

2 98 Overcoats, :::: 10 00 7 50 Lumberman's Rubbers, :::::: 1 75 1 25 Overcoats, :::: 10 00 7 50 Lumberman's Rubbers, :::::: 1 75 1 25 offill, She feels his hand in her own hand still, She feels his hand in her own hand still, But she knows it waz God's an the angel

(Poor little feller, so pale an slim, What did the angels want with him?) -Frank L. Stanton

Select Ziterature. After the Clock Was Sold.

1 65 Fancy Slippers, ::::: 1 50 1 00 2 00 Fancy Slippers, ::::: 1 75 1 20 2 25 Ladies' Long-legged Rubbers 2 25 1 85 The Long Courtship of Caleb Rivers.

2 40 Overboots and Cardigans at 10 per cent BY ALICE BROWN. "Is Kelup Rivers comin' over here to-2 75 Full lines of Boy's, Youth's and Children's

::::: 7 00 6 00 I keep a fine line of Horse Blankets, Woollen Robes, Wolf Robes, Harnesses, Halters, "I don't know," she answered. "Dunno! Why don't ye know?" said her

Also Top Buggies, Concord Waggons, Carts, aunt, beginning to sway back and forth in the old-fashioned rocking chair, but not once dropping her eyes from Amanda's face. that year, spinnin' an' weavin'. Then we Plows, Harrows, in fact all kinds of "Don't he come every Saturday night?" Amanda took another length of thread, bed." La Also I have a few Ladies' Fine Cloaks and Flour, Meal and Feed at lowest and this time her hand really shook.

"I guess so," she answered. year, ain't he comin' to-night? I dunno what makes you act as if you wa'n't sure every one on 'em."
whether your soul's your own, Mandy Green. "That was the year afore I was married," whether your soul's your own, Mandy Green.

My dander al'ays rises when I ask you a civil question an' you put on that look." Amanda bent more closely over her sewsacrificed to the comfort of those she loved, and the desire of peace and goodwill She'll forget it in a minute." had crept into her face and stayed there. BENT, FOOTWEAR

wrinkles, sat by the window watching the lady Green had lost her mind, said the an unrecognizable stare. neighbors; but she was sufficiently like her and comfort to Amanda, who nursed and petted her as if their positions were reversed. and protected her from the blunt criticism of the liberal-tongued neighborhood with a rev-

the fifth commandment was obeyed.

"Gold bowed," said Mrs. Green, with a look of unalloyed delight, pointing to her repeated indulgently:
"Yes, yes; gold-bowed. I'll let you take

Children's Rubber Boots, The celebrated Witham Rubberless, No-slip 'em a spell arter I've set my heel. It'll please her, poor creature," she added, in an | who have exchanged their country honesty Shoe, New line of Slaters, Special line of Mene' and Boye' B. T. Grained, Ladies Fine Kid Boots, audible aside to Amanda. Since the time | for a veneer of city knowingness. when Mrs. Green's wits had ceased to work normally, she had treated her sympatheti-All of which I am selling at Melissa was, perhaps, too prosperous. She sat there, swaying back and forth in her Cash Discount on all lines exthin black silk, trimmed with narrow rows of velvet, her heavy chin sunk upon a broad collar, worked in her youth, and she seemed Hard and Soft Coal to Mrs. Green a vision of majesty and delight; but to Amanda a virtuous censor, necessarily to be obeyed, yet whose presence made the summer day intolerable. Even her purple cap-ribbons bespoke terror to the

er poor mother's how she is."

Aunt Melissa rocked and went on:

'Mandy'll answer when he gits round to ask-

ing of her?" I hadn't a word to say."

judgment, toward the doom of the man who STOVES! knew not how to account for his actions. She began speaking again, and Amanda in-STOVES!

R. ALLEN CROWE is still to the front with his usual large assortment

W. A. KINNEY.

of Ranges, Cook Stoves, Parlor, Hall and Office Heaters. He would invite an ir spection before pur-

Furnaces and Heating a specialty.

Bridgetown, Oct. 18 th. PHONE 21. Bank of Nova Scotia

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H. C. McLEOD, Cashier. Head Office, Halifax, N. S.

to look out for herself, somebody's got to look out for her.' An' then it all come over me-1'd speak to Kelup himself, an' bein' Saturday night, I knew I should ketch him

"Oh, Aunt Melissa!" gasped Amanda, you wouldn't do that!" lissa, setting her firm lips. "You see if I don't, an' afore another night goes by."

I guess there ain't any eight-day clocks goin' out o' this house for five dollars, if they go ma'am?"

to it. You'll spile your eyes, 'Mandy."
"There, there, ma'am! 'tain't anything,' said Amanda, hurrying over to her chair and patting her on the shoulder. "We was always, after washin"."

with butter. I go Monday afternoons most money in her lap.
"Why. ma'am. just having a little spat-Aunt Melissa an'

now?"

to line a kittle," said Aunt Melissa, carefully folding her knitting work in a large silk fixed on Amanda's face.

"Be you well to day, 'Mandy?" she said, wistfully. "If you ain't well, you must built be round by that time? said, soothingly; and by dint of lutters supper a little earlier'n common for me. I told Hiram to come by half after six. Do lady's tense fingers. There were nine dollars is only new bills. Amanda sat looking at

faced the old lady. "I'll tell her suthin' to Amanda, nervously clearing the table of its him he might have 'em?" take up her mind a little." And she continued in the loud voice which was her coucession to Mrs. Green's intellect. "They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect."

They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect. "They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect."

They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect. "They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect."

They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect. "They've cession to Mrs. Green's intellect." got a boarder over to the Blaisdells'." Mrs. Green sat up straight in her chair, mination flashed into her face. "Should Amanda loudly. smoothed her apron, and looked at her sister
with grateful appreciation.

with grateful appreciation.

in a tone of guilty consciousness, "while I

"Do tell!" she said primly. "Yes, they have. Name's Chapman. They thought he was a book agent fust. of the room, and once in the kitchen, laid

Amanda did not look up from her fine do ye?"

Aunt Melissa sometimes asked the old hemming, but her thin hand trembled almost lady questions from a sense of the requireimperceptibly, and she gave a little start, as ments of conversation, and she was invariably "Them coverlids I wove myself, fifty five years ago come next spring," said Mrs. Green, firmly. "Sally Ann Mason and me

had a cup or two o' green tea, an' went to "Well, you wove 'em, an' you don't want to sell 'em," said Aunt Melissa, her eyes on "You guess so? Don't ye know? An if her work. "If you do, 'Lijah, he'll take ne's come every Saturday night for fifteen 'em right up to Boston for you, an' I'll war-

continued Old Lady Green. "I had a set o' white chiny, with lavender sprigs, an' my dress was changeable. He had a flowered ing. She was a woman of thirty-five, with weekit. 'Mandy, you go into the clo'es-press a pathetically slender figure, thin blonde hair in my bedroom an' git out that weskit, an'

a patientically scringed, and anxious blue some o' them quilts."

some o' them quilts."

Amanda hurried into the bedroom, in spite of Aunt Melissa's whispered comment: What makes you go to overhauling things?

While she was absent a smart wagon drove Her mother, who looked even slighter than along the gate, and a young man alighted from it, hitched his horse and knocked at the front door. Aunt Melissa saw him com two with a smile of empty content. Old | ing, and peered at him over her glasses with

"'Mandy!" she called-"'Mandy, here's entire line of Fall and former self to be a source of unspeakable joy a pedler or suthin'! If he's got any essences, you ask him for a little bottle o' pep'mint. Amanda dropped the pile of coverlets on the sofa, and went to the front door. Presently she reappeared, and with her, smooththe fifth commandment was obeyed.

| y talking her down, came the young man. His eyes lighted first on the coverlets, with a look of cheerful satisfaction.

" Got all ready for me, didn't you?" he asked briskly, "Heard I was coming?" He was a man of an alert Yankee type, with waxed blonde mustache and eyeglasses; he was evidently to be classed among those

Melissa, as soon as she had him at short cally, but from a lofty eminence. Aunt range, "you're the one down to Blaisdell's that's buyin' up all the old truck in the neighborhood. Well, you won't git my andirons!"

He had begun to unfold the blue coverlets portly Rhadamanthus, and scanning the hor-

and examine them with a practiced eye, while Amanda stood by, painfully conscious that some decisive action might be required of her; and her mother sat watching the triumph of her quilts in pleased importance. "They ain't worth much," he said, dropping them, with a conclusive air. "Fact is, they ain't worth anything, unless anybody's got a fancy for such old stuff. I'll give you dusk, surveying the wreckage of her dream. fifty cents apiece for the lot! How many voluntarily gave a little start, as at a light- are there here—four? Two dollars, then."

Amanda took a hasty step forward. "I says to myself, when I drove off, this "But we don't want to sell our coverlids!" she said, indignantly. mornin': 'I'll have a little talk with 'Man-"I guess they don't want to git rid on dy. I don't go there to spend a day more'n y. I don't go there to spend a day more n ur times a year, and like as not she'll be 'em," said her aunt, "specially at such a ed to have someholdy to sneak to, seein' 's price. They're wuth more'n that to cover Sunday passed; and though Caleb fed pigs price. They're wuth more'n that to cover glad to have somebody to speak to, seein' 's up the squashes when the frost comes."

Amanda gave a quick look at Mrs. Green; "Mother wove 'em herself," exclaimed briefly. Even in his customary salutation but the old lady was busily pleating the hem Amanda, irrelevantly. of her apron and then smoothing it out again.

but the old lady was busily pleating the hem
of her apron and then smoothing it out again.
Aunt Melissa rocked and went on:
"I says to myself: 'Here they let Kelup
parry on the farm at the halves, an' go racin'
"I says to myself: 'Here they let Kelup
parry on the farm at the halves, an' go racin'
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parry on the farm at the halves, an' go racin'
"I says to myself: 'Here they let Kelup
parry on the farm at the halves, an' go racin'
his nails with an air of nicety that fascinated carry on the farm at the halves, an' go racin' an' trottin' from the other place over here day in an' day out. An' when his Uncle I s'pose?" he continued, looking suddenly Nat died, two years ago, then was the time and keenly up at her. for him to come over here an' marry 'Mandy an' carry on the farm. But no, he'd rather mother's, but she don't want to sell."

hang round the 'old place, an' sleep in the ell chamber, an' do their chores for his board, an' keep on a runnin' over here. An' that wouldn't care a Hannah Cook about no longer bear this formal travesty of their when young Nat married, I says to myself, such old truck, but it just hits me in the wnen young Nat married, I says to myself,
'That'll make him speak.' But it didn't—
an you're a laughin'-stock, 'Mandy Green, if
ever there was one. Every time the neighbors see him steppin' by Saturday nights, all
fixed up, with that brown coat on he's had sence the year one, they have somethin' to say. 'Goin' over to 'Mandy's,' that's what they say. An' only last Saturday one on 'em hollered out to me, when I was picking a mess of peas for Sunday. 'Wonder what 'What' is your business?' interrupted Aunt Melissa, authoritatively.

"Oh, insurance—a little cf everything— Jack of all trades!" Then he turned to old Amanda had put down her sewing in her Mrs. Green, and asked abruptly: "What'll

Amanus nad put down her sewing in her lap, and was looking steadfastly out of the window, with eyes brimmed by two angry tears. Once she wiped them with a furtive movement of the white garment in her ap; ther cheeks were crimson. Aunt M less had lashed herself into a passion of wor agency where a eposits will be golder appears a and interest or crent. Allowed.

C. 'A. EASSON, Agent.

Amanus nad put down her sewing in her lap, and was looking steadfastly out of the window, with eyes brimmed by two angry tears. Once she wiped them with a furtive movement of the white garment in her ap; her cheeks were crimson. Aunt M less had lashed herself into a passion of wor lashed herself into a passion of wor and in the cities of Mon-Chicago, and St. John's, Nid.

"The old lady followed his alert forefinger until her eyes rested on the tall eight day cher cheeks were crimson. Aunt M less had lashed herself into a passion of wor lashed herself and the collex?"

The old lady followed his alert forefinger until her eyes rested on the tall eight day check were crimson. She straightened herself into a passion of wor lashed herself into a passion of wor lashed herself into a passion of wor lashed herself and the collex?"

The old lady followed his alert forefinger until her eyes rested on the tall eight

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER

SOLICITOR. MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies and Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, An-

NO. 38.

in front of the clock. "Five dollars?"

"Yes, five dollars," he answered.

But Aunt Melissa came to the rescue.

with imploring eyes, "I'll feed the pigs."

Then he put down the pail he had taken.

his shoulder, "I thought maybe I'd come

an' set a spell to-night.'

strict watch from the window.

you think Kelup ain't comin'?"

shoulder certain vigorous declarations, which

day?" Amanda had reached the limit of her

"Then you don't want I should set with

"No!" And again Caleb turned away,

and plodded soberly off to young Nat's.

"I guess I must be crazy," groaned poor Amanda, as she changed her washing dress

for her brown cashmere. "The butter's got to go, ag' now I shall have to harness, an'

leave ma'am alone. Oh, I wish Aunt Me-lissa'd never darkened these doors!"

Everything went wrong with Amanda that

old relations, and she said quickly:

"No, I guess not."

"Five dollars!" repeated the old lady.

you stir now till I come." And so, with many misgivings, she drove "Five dollars for that clock?" she repeat-

don't, an' afore another night goes by."

But while Amanda was looking at her, paralyzed with the certainty that no mortal aid could save her from this dire extremity, there came an unexpected diversion. Old Lady Green spoke out clearly and decided.

that it seemed like one calling from the dead:

"'Mandy, what be you crying for? You come here an' tell me what 'tis, an' I'll see 'em. I suppose you're always at home?" he said to Amanda, with his hand on the door.
"Yes, but sometimes I go to Sudleigh shaking hands tightly clasped upon a roll of

With a cheerful good day he was gone, but even as she spoke, the explanation flashed me; but we've got all over it. Don't you and Amanda drew a long breath of relief.
want to knit on your garter a little while "Well, some folks have got enough brass the room. The eight-day clock was gone. to line a kittle," said Aunt Melissa, careful- It was nowhere in the room. "Here, ma'am, you let me have it," she

"I dunno what Jonathan'll do without

ance; but suddenly a strange light of deteryou just as lieves set the table?" she asked, in a tone of guilty consciousness, "while I start the fire? You know where things are."

Hardly waiting for an assent, she fled out Hardly waiting for an assent, she fled out lamenting.

"Oh, my Lord !" uttered Amanda, under But he's buyin' up old dishes an' all matter the fire in haste, with a glance from the her breath. Then she roused herself to the o' truck. He wanted my andirons, and I window to accompany every movement. The field told him if I hadn't got a son in a Boston told him if I hadn't got a night?" suddenly asked Aunt Melissa Adams, peering over her gold-bowed glasses, and fixing her small, shrewd eyes sharply upon

ring of whiskers under the chin. He had a eyes. "That's a good gal! So't we can tell way of blushing, and when Amanda came what time 'tis.' upon him thus announced, he colored to the Amanda led her into the kitchen, and established her by the window. She shut the door of the denuded sitting-room, and giving

"Oh, Caleb!" she cried, looking at him her courage no time to cool, ran across lots Caleb regarded her in dull wonderment. tightly in her hand. The family were at supper, and the stranger with them, when "Ain't there any taters to bile?" he asked, solving the difficulty in his own way; "or ain't you skimmed the milk? I'd jest as soon roll of bills by his plate. Her cheeks were "Von'd better not wait " answered

(Concluded on page)

Then, indeed, Amanda felt her resolution The anti-cigarette law passed by the last Tennessee legislature has been declared con-stitutional. crack and quiver. "I'd guess you'd better come some other night," she said, in a steady roice, though her face was wet with tears. And Caleb walked away, never once looking back. Amanda stayed only to wipe her eyes, saying meanwhile to her sorry self, Three hundred convicts from Snakim have

Col. Chas. Eugene Panet, deputy minister of militia, after three days illness from pneumonia, died at Ottawa on the 23rd ulti-Amanda agreed, not caring what she gave. The supper was eaten and the dishes were

washed. Aunt Melissa meantime keeping a "Is it time for Kelup?" she asked, again and again; and finally she confronted the guilty Amanda with the challenge, "Do of their claims.

Cuban bondholders in Paris will appeal to Spain and the United States for recognition of their claims.

During the past six years Dr. Barnardo has received over \$40,000 from the boys and girls whom he rescued from London slums and sent to Canada.

Writs for Begot and Montmaguy elections were issued on the 22nd. So far five elections for the Dominion house will be held on 14th December. The other three are: West Lambton, North Simcoe and East Prince. Eighteen people from the steamer Jesse, wrecked at the mouth of the Kuskokwin

ndurance. It seemed to her that she could Canada's contribution of \$25,000 doll

Emperor Menclik, of Abyssinia, is advanc-ing on Bera Mioda with 100,000 men armed with rifles and a numerous train of artillery. It is believed that the expedition is en rout for the Bahr-El-Gazel and that Menclik will

"Well, what'll you take?" persisted he, will you? You jest set right here in your while Amanda, in wordless protest, stepped chair till I come back, an' I'll bring you a good parcel o' pep'mints. Here's your garter

you wouldn't do that!"

"Yes, I would, too," asserted Aunt Meles into it with a conclusive stab. "Well, stay to unharness, but hurried up to the

ly from her corner, in so rational a voice on his feet. "I don't care much about buy- fixedly at the corner of the room, that it seemed like one calling from the ing. That ain't a particularly good style "Oy, ma'am, what is it? When

take suthin."

'There, there, don't you make a to-do, an' she'll come round all right." said Aunt Melissa, moving her chair about so that it

'I don't know, Aunt Melissa," said "him this is: Ma'am, did you tell told Hiram to come by nail after six. Do you s'pose Kelup'll be round by that time? in crisp new bills. Amanda sat looking at them in unbelief and misery.

"Oh, my!" she whispered, at length, what a world this is! Ma'am, did you tell

"Did you tell him he might?" cried

and there Amanda flew to meet him, stopping only to throw an apron over her head.

They met at the door. He was a fresh. "You'll git 'm back, Mandy, won't ye?"

Amanda, almost passionately. "You'd better go right back. I'd ruther do it myself." Caleb turned about. He took a few steps, then stopped, and called hesitatingly over

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

'Oh, I dunno how I can get along! I dunno!" Then she hurried back to the house, Eddie Connolly, of St. John, and George Kerwin, of Chicago, fought a 20 round draw to find the kettle merrily singing, and Aunt Melissa standing at the kitchen cupboard. "If you've got two sets of them little gempans, you might lend me one," she remarked;

guilty Amanda with the challenge, "Do "I guess not," quavered Amanda, her

In Gregory, Todd and Tripp counties, South Dakota, the range is on fire, and many cattle are reported lost. Settlers are fighting the flames with poor success. "Do you s'pose there's any on 'em sick down to young Nat's?" asked Aunt Melissa; and Amanda was obliged to take recourse again to her shielding, "I guess not." But clared, in the name of the president, that there will not be another dollar of paper money issued in that republic. at length Uncle Hiram drove up in the comfortable carryall; and though his determined In Brown, Roche and Dixon counties, spouse detained him more than three quarbraska, thousands of acres of prairie have been swept by fires and much grain, many barns and several houses destroyed. ters of an hour, sitting beside him like a izon for the Caleb who never came, he finally rebelled, shook the reins, and drove off, orize a loan of 160,000,000 francs for the pur-

Aunt Melissa meantime screaming over her evidently began with the phrase, "You tell Six men were killed and several wounded by the blowing up of a powder mill at Lamotte, Mo., quite recently. The explosion was heard and the slock fell for a distance of twenty five miles. dusk, surveying the wreckage of her dream.

The dream was even more precious in that it had grown so old. Caleb was a part of her everyday life, and for fifteen years Saturday had brought a little featival, wherein the Southern States recently.

had brought a little festival, wherein the had brought a little festival, wherein the commonplace man with brown eyes had been high priest. He would not come to night. high priest. He would not come to-night. and did the barn work as usual, he spoke but of "How-dee?" Amanda detected a change she heard his step at the kitchen door. So Monday forenoon passed; Caleb brought water for her tubs and put out her clothes that they had hardly spoken. The insisted of the steamer's crew and gold hunters. tangible monster of a misunderstanding had crept between them. But when at noon he asked as usual, though without looking at her, "Goin' to Sudleigh with the butter today?" Amanda had reached the limit of her

canada s contribution of \$25,000 dotters to the sufferers from hurricane in the West In-dies is to be divided between Barbados and and Windward Islands. Ten thousand dol-lars will be given to the former and \$15,000 to the latter.

What people are saying about Hood's Sar, saparilla? It is curing the worst cases of scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all forms of blood disease, eruptions, sores, bolls and pimples. It is giving strength to weak and tired women. Why should you hesitate to take it when it is doing so much for others

her mother good-bye, and see that the and liver matches were hidden and the cellar door

A Savings Bank Department has lately been establish d in connection with the Bridgetown agency where a eposits will be received from one dollar apward and interest at the rate of 3 per cent. allowed.

(Sgd.) J. E. HAMILTON. ARCH C. HICKS. Painter and Decorator. Bridgetown, Oct. 12th, 1898.

