

**PRINCESS OF WALES STORY.**

A lady in waiting to the princess of Wales told a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence. The princess with her usual gentle reticence, tried to hide her grief for her first born. It was shown only in her failing health and increased tender consideration for all around her. One day while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham she met an old woman weeping bitterly under a load of packages. On inquiry it appeared that she was a carrier and made her living by shopping and doing errands in the market town for the country people

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes. You're right ma'am I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack? He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears. A few days later a neat little cart and a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and never has been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead.—*London Tit Bits.*

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Editor and Proprietor, REV. DR. AMBROSE, Herring Cove.

Morton & Co., Printers and Publishers, 143 Barrington Street, Halifax.