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VOL. 26.

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NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT! Bank of Nova Scotia

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 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!

Reserve Fund, - \$1,600,000.00 you shall do nothing but 'have fun.' You

JOHN DOULL, President.

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

Agencies in all the principal towns of t Maritime Provinces, and in the cities of Moreal, Toronto, Chicago, and St, John's, Nfid. Correspondents in all parts of the world. Do all kinds of banking business.

A Savings Bank Department has lately been established in connection with the Bridgetown agency where deposits will be received from one dollar upwards and interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. allowed. C. H. EASSON, Agent

NOTICE. All persons having legal demands against tate of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Incetown, in the County of Annapolis, fareceased, are requested to render the same tested, within eighteen months from the recot, and all persons indebted to said es

Administrative Company of BURPEE S. FITZRANDOLPH.

Away. I cannot say, and I will not say That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cherry smile, and a wave of the hand And you-0 you, who the wildest yearn For the old-time step and the glad return

He is not dead—he is just away.

—James Whitcomb Riley. "Unto Me." A waif upon the cheerless, wintry street Breasting the driving snow, the scatl sleet, Hungered, with pale, wan face and shoele feet;
I heard a whisper: "Help her! Pity her!
I passed her by!

A little lad, threading the city's way, Guileless of heart, with pure and trustful cealed. "Oh, speak to him!" the whisper said, I passed him by!

My neighbor lay upon a couch of pain; Through weary days and sleepless nights i She longed for gentle ministry, for strain
Of soothing song, for breath of fragran

I passed her by! And yet, "Oh, had I wealth beyond cor pare,
Or noble talents, Lord, or genius rare,
Some glorious work how gladly would I dare,
To prove my ardent love for Thee!" I cried.
Mistaken I!

That night in dream my Saviour said to me, "Thou lovest Me? Alas! how can it be? Thrice hast thou passed Me by! Canst thou not see
That, in the humblest little one, Myself
Thou passest by?"
— Meta E. B. Thorne.

Select Ziterature.

Tommy's "Day Off"

He was playing marbles with Jim Coe in the front yard, and his mother had called him in to amuse the baby a few minutes before school-time.

"I wish a feller could do as he's a mineer," he continued, giving a fling to his cap. Mrs. Trent looked pained but made no reply. The baby sat on the floor, with his big blue eyes fixed upon Tommy.
"Who yer starin' at?" ejaculated that amiable young gentleman, contorting his

"Tommy," said Sister Sue, who was writing her grammar exercise, "if you do not keep your hands out of your pockets I shall sew them up."

incorrigible Thomas, withdrawing one grimy fist in order to throw a worsted doll at the

"You needn't put on airs, and pretend to be so orful good," answered Tommy. "Jim Coe and me, we seed you an' 'Rier Mills-There, you needn't make eyes at me, neither. We seed you eatin' choklit kallermels behind the blackboard vesterday, when you wuz copyin' sums." "I wouldn't be a tell-tale," said Sue.

"Children!" said Grandfather Trent, sternly, lowering the "Morning Intelligencer," and pushing up his spectacles. Just here the baby put in a powerful protest against the state of the domestic atmosphere. Mrs. Trent dropped her sewing to pacify the child, and the school-bell began

said Sue, with rather suspicious sweetness.
"Whose a'goin' to?" replied Tommy, atching up a dilapidated "Greenleaf," and cracked slate, and scrambling over the back of the sofa for his cap, which, when

ast seen, was flying rapidly in that direc-"Thomas," said his mother, when he emerged, with a very red face, "what is the matter with you?"

but Tommy dozed, and woke, and dozed again, until he felt quite ready to encounter

matter with you?"
"I don't see why I can't ever do as I druther," grumbled Tommy, rattling the door knob. "I never was havin' enny fun ing room was deserted. There was nothing yet, but I had to quit and run errands, or 'tend the baby, or go to that mean old school. I hate errands, and the baby's a bother, and I can't bear school. Our new teacher's got one glass eye; but he sees more with that than most folks do outer two good ones, and there ain't no chance to sling paper wads. Then I can't never sit up nights, and I know there's apples and nuts just the moment you think I'm asleep; but I wuzzent. I peeked

the morning everybody hollers at me to get up. I wish I wuz big. Big folks don't have to mind." And Tommy kicked up the corner of the rug, by way of variation. Mrs. Trent had been gazing thoughtfully out into the garden. When Tommy ended his remarks, there was a faintly perceptible smile about her mouth as she replied: "Grown people do not always please

Poetry.

tention to his remark. Papa Trent was discussing politics with Grandfather. Mamma Trent was listening patiently to an old lady who had 'dropped in' to tea. Sue sat twirling her napkin-ring in the absent-mindwhen she wished to impress her brother with an idea of his utter insignificance; but Tommy was not easily impressed. As the family adjourned to the sitting room he went and

Thinking of him faring on, as dear In the love of There as the love of Here. Think of him still as the same, I sav.

> wished Sue would ask him if he had done his multiplication sums, that he might with r her with a word; but no. Sue was rockng backward and forward, tying her apron ringe into hard knots, and muttering: ninety-two-and ninety-two."

> > down to the village. Perhaps Sue would say he'd better not go, and oh! the joy of walk-ing away from under her very eyes.

to the sitting-room.

Nobody appeared to pay the slightest at-

tood by a window. The old lady gathered

Sue had taken her history for half an

hour's study. Tommy felt almost over-powered by his new independence. What

to do with it he didn't know. How he

up her knitting and departed. Tommy re-

Very well, my son."

was a great coward and terribly afraid of congregation that would sally out of the dark the "dark," and there was not the least portals of the old church, surge into the danger of his carrying his threat into execution. The thought of opposition was all that had braced him to make the venturesome decision. How he wished that umbreldifferent. They had stood beside the old la back in the rack. He stood a moment or two, quaking inwardly. Sue began to lock The old people had not gone until they were sarcastic. She evidently thought he was | weary of the world, and until the world was afraid. The idea was madness. He would nothing but a trouble to them; for the world go into the hall, anyway. So he went, leav-

"Paps, mayn't Tommy shut the door? I

"Close the door, Thomas!" said Papa. Poor Tommy obeyed. How gloomy the hall was! What was the tall dark thing in the corner? Ugh! Tommy began to tremble. Hark! he thought he heard Sue laugh. That was enough. He hurried to the front door, opened it, stepped out, shutting it with all his might, and stood alone on the wet, dark verandah, with the wind rattling the leafless vines, and the elms tapping the roof with their long, bony fingers. He thought how pleasant it was inside, and how nice it had been to sit beside his father, with his slate and book. No, he would not cry, not for a hundred agates. Somebody came

child to have no mother." up the path. It was Maria Mills, who had agreed to spend the night with Sue. "Why, Tommy Trent," she said, "what are you doing?" "Wanted to see if it was going to clear

off," said Tommy.

He went in with Maria, and Sue asked him what he saw "down to the village." She had not forgotten the "kallermel" story. Perhaps it was his hearty supper or his subsequent adventure; but somehow Tommy was very sleepy and the clock had only just struck eight. Mr. Trent brought out the backgammon board for a game with his wife. Sue and Maria were playing duets and the grandfather nodded over his book. Tommy thought he would make pictures on his slate; heavily against the frame. "Give her back but after delineating a few horses and dogs, which looked like the sole survivors of a

long siege, the pursuit lost its charms. Why soothingly. would his eyelids draw together? He sat up very straight and winked fast. He even pinched himself.
"Having fun, Tommy?" said Sue, whirl-

ing around on the piano-stool; but Tommy was fast asleep. Next morning he awoke, and saw the sur shine falling across the floor and heard a faint clatter of dishes. There was a pleasant, savory odor of breakfast in the room; this weary world once more. The house was "Come in, and shet the door," urged Pete. "The church bell is ringin'," cried Mary, dropping her apron and turning her tearful eyes towards her husband. "All them peoon the table but some work Mrs. Trent had been cutting out. The clock struck "ten."

Tommy was tremendously hungry. He could have eaten mackerel, which he particularly detested. Bridget was in the kitchen, paring vegetables for dinner. "I want my breakfast!" snapped Tommy.
"Hear the biy!" exclaimed Bridget. "Thin why were yez not here to ate it with

the rist? Yer mar's gone ridin' wid the Tommy wandered into the pantry, and was obliged to content himself with bread and butter and a baked apple. He started out to find a boy to have a game of marbles; but there seemed to be a dearth of boys in the village. How the time dragged. He ventured down to the post-office, and some body asked him if he was " playing hookey. He saw his Sunday-school tea

About four o'clock he disappeared. When never had any real trouble before, only fruit the supper bell rang, he took his place at table, with a pair of very red eyes.

Then a pair of very red eyes.

Then a pair of very red eyes.

Then a pair of very red eyes. As Mrs. Trent turned over her plate she found a tear stained, blotted, and dirty piece of paper, which read thus:

your Lovin son
"tomas e Trent."

"Resurrected."

It was the eve of Easter, Good Saturday, as they call it in Bethlehem, Pa., towered over by the little Moravian church. It was ired and ninety-two-fourteen hundred and a glorious Easter eve, calm an holy and warm -warm as June a little further north. The Tommy felt that each moment he stood there idle he was losing dignity. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He would go enough to make them feel buoyant and happy,

and good all over.

But Mary Tyler felt neither buoyant, nor happy, nor good on that delectable afternoon, It was raining fast as he slipped into the neither buoyant, nor happy, nor good as the hall, took his hat and umbrella, and returned shadows crept over the town and darkened the little grey church, and hid the fences "I think," he said faintly. Nobody looked at him. He gathered courage. "I usual duties of the ordinary day. She had not been to church where those other mothers Unconsciously he imitated his father so sat holding the remarkably good babies that perfectly that the family nearly spoiled the in this special village learn so early to mind effect by a general burst of laughter; but their manners. Last Eastertide things had Grandfather did not raise his eyes from the been different. Ah, but then Mary had her "Life of William Pitt;" Mamma did not lose a note in the lullaby she was humming to the baby; Sue continued to discover on the small round mound; yes, she had done America in 1492; and Papa simply replied, that much, but she had not attended the ceremonies of the poetical Moravian worship. The truth of the matter was that Tommy and could not follow along with that uplifted

graveyard and stand waiting for the dawn, requires that people have teeth and eyes and ion had seemed a gloriou thing in connection with the poor old mother who had wept over the loss of sight and hearing and teeth. But the baby—! Who ould stand beside a little bit of a grave like

to the resurrection? Not Mary Tyler, cer-"Why couldn't the Lord a taken her?" Mrs. Tyler stood in the door of her little ottage; her eyes were gazing down the road

as she strained her ears to catch the sound of a child's voice sobbing.
"It's Idy's baby you mean?" Pete rose from the wooden chair by the table and also came to the door. "It's hard for a little "No mother, and no one that wants it, no

one a livin' that wouldn't be grateful if the Lord had a taken it." muttered Mrs. Tyler: "but he sent for mine. Pete Tyler, I tell you there's some'n harder'n hevin' no mother, they's little and they don't know: but for a mother to hev no child-" Pete went back to his chair, for what words of comfort could he offer? She

wouldn't hear of going to church. She her arms. She wanted its morning kiss, she wanted to rock it to sleep at night. "O Lord, give her back to me," sobbed the woman in the doorway. She had thrown her apron over her head and was leaning

"That ain't a doin' no good," said the man, "Lord, let me believe in the resurrection cried the woman, hysterically; "fer I quit

a-believin' when I put the lilies on the grave."
"Don't," said Pete, huskily. "When you hear 'em singin' it'll all come back." "I ain't done much good in this world, but I ain't done much harm neither," continued the woman's voice, with a plaintive ring in it. "That little thing a-bawlin" down yander would be glad fer to get to neaven; but my baby was content yer, a ettin' in my lap and starin' at me hard Lord, take that 'n let me hev mine."

> plc will come a crowdin' up from the village. They ain't got no sorrow; they kin set and isten and believe; but I can't." She came in and then shut the door. She went to work and cooked the supper. She put it on the table and seated herself behind

> the steaming teapot; but she did not eat. "Help yourself to a drop of tea," said Pete: "It'll make you feel better.' Mrs Tyler shook her head. "Let me give you a bit of the toast. Folks must eat fer to live." "I can't eat," said the woman. "After a while the people will get out of their beds

and hurry so's to be in time." and hurry so's to be in time."
"Not until near morning," said Pete, reassuringly. "The bell won't ring no more ow till its rings fer-fer the resurrection."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1898. that the Lord should try her beyond her strength. It did seem awful to hear Mary

talking in that desperate fashion about giving the Lord a chance. How much better it week. "my Deer ma i think this Iz plaide Out.
i druther do az you druther i aint Had no
Fun please Forgive me and i Will be a Betar
boy i wuz goin To ask you do Suthin to su
but i Changed my mind She iz A brik.

"p. S. i like the baby kinder.

"p. s. i Hed jest as leaf go on erants ef would be to stand by the lily-covered mound, and bowing to the Almighty's will be content to wait. Life after all was short, and the baby, why the baby had gone out of a heap of trouble, not a doubt of it. A warm tear splashed on Pete Tyler's rough cheek. She was such a cunning little maid. If only the old ceremonies were not altogether laid aside, if only it were possible that a woman,

"P. s. i Hed jest as lear go on erans er yeu want Enny rayzons.

"P. s. i doant Want to stay Away from Schule Eony moar, a fellar got Licked to day and i Dident see Him.

"P. S. Wuz their Enny moar uv that Pudin left this Noon. praying all night with her eyes upon a grave-yard, could cause the ressurrection of that dainty flaxen-haired baby. With what an

across the floor in the evening, getting them out of sight. How quietly she used to sit on the stool at his feet and "fink !" Mary Tyler turned the lamp dim before she took up her vigil at the window. She had worked herself into the right spirit.

and she would attend church every Sabbath, rain or shine. The view from the cottage winndow took in a piece of the moonlit road, the glorified old church and graveyard. The neighbors had said that it was a pity Mary Tyler lived so near the graveyard. It kept her trouble fresh. But she was glad as she knelt there praying that she was so very near. She knew the exact spot where she must look to see that little white-robed figure start for home. When would it happen? How long must she pray?

The wind rose a little. The woman at the window could see the branches of the pine

tree swaying over the lily-covered mound. "Lord, it's 12 o'clock," She murmured; won't you let her come soon ?" One, two, three-times the kitchen clock sounded. Was it possible that the sounds sia. were only an hour apart? "Four o'clock! O Lord, won't you let her come?" After four o'clock a hopeless feeling settled upon Mary Tyler. Her head sank on her hands; she had no more tears to shed. "Just for a minute, Lord," she pleaded; ing the sitting room door open a few inches. hearing to get along in it at all. The song

> that and be satisfied and thankful in regard The people crowded up from the village.

> > The clock in the kitchen struck five. Mrs. Tyler raised her head from her nerveless hands. She was going to look at the church and that throng of singers. She was going to call out her unbelief in a loud voice. She

was going -Ah! what was it? Crossing over the graveyard, coming directly toward her cottage, was the little white robed figure.

The woman rose, trembling, from her place

at the window. She went to the door of the bedroom and called: "Pete!" Pete, whose rest had been broken, ap peared in answer to her call.
"Pete, she's comin'. I prayed all night, wouldn't listen to any talk of the far off resurrection. She wanted her baby close in

a minute; I knew it couldn't be fer always."
"You've been dreamin," said Pete.
"Don't you hear the noise at the door?
Go and open it. It's our baby come to give me good-by. Go and open the door, Pete."
But even as she spoke she grasped his and the said of soil at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Prospecting after and before another assize.

The Populist, Democrat, and free silver Republican state committees in the United States have agreed upon a common platform, demanding the free and upon the door, Pete."

But even as she spoke she grasped his and the ratio of 16 to 1. me good-by. Go and open the door, Pete.'
But even as she spoke she grasped his arm and held him back.

"Mary, you shouldn't be praying fer sech thinger it wan't meant. You've went to things; it wan't meant. You've went to

sleep; you've been dreamin'." sleep; you've been dreamin'."
"Lord, I believe in the resurrection,"
murmured the woman, reverently. "Pete,
don't you hear that?"

"Boston woman believe in the ordinance
against the wearing of hats in theatres. A
petition has been presented to the Board of
Aldermen asking for its repeal.

don't you hear that?" "It's nothin' but the dog."

"I rayed all night, and now you will not even open the door. O Lord, dear Lord, I do believe in the resurrection."

"I believe in the resurrection."

"I consider the dog."

Yousouf, the Turkish wrestler, lost on a foul to Etnest Roeber in New York last week. Roeber fought shy of the Turk, who, in his efforts to get hold of him, accidentally knocked him from the platform. "Don't you hear that noise at the door? "Don't you hear that noise at the door?
Something was pushing against it "Pete
Tyler repeating that it was "nothin' but
the dog" advanced cautiously and turned
the knob. "Jeff, we aint a gunno hev you
in yer," he announced cheerfully enough;
and he uttered an exclamation, not of delight, but of sstonishment and terror; and a
little white-robed figure came unbidden into

alleged to be infected with the San Jose scale"Lord, I believe in the resurrection,"
murmured Mrs. Tyler, huskily.

It was the man who never prayed for the
impossible, who went up to the child, and
catching hold of the little, damp robe with
his shaking hand, drew her to him. "Mary,"
he said brokenly, "'you ast the Lord to let
you kiss her. She's come back fer her kiss!"

But expende with a strange terror vanished But somehow the strange terror vanished with the sense of touch; flesh and blood

The New Jersey experimental station has with the sense of touch; ness and about were under Pete Tyler's fingers. He reached across to the lamp and turned the wick as high as it would go. "Yes, Mary, you must kiss her and hold her in your arms you must kiss her and hold her in your arms." "Grown people do not always please the members, my son; but I am sorry that my and, turning a corner, to avoid her, met the early and the balay." The second of the members and the balay. The second of the members and the balay. The second of the members and the balay. The second of the members are always of so, of the balas and the balay. The second of the members are always of so, of the second of the members and the balay. The second of the members are always of the balay and the balay. The second of the members are always of the second of the members are always of the second of the second of the members are always of the second of the

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

NEWS OF THE WORLD. The second trial of Bram is expected to cost the United States \$50,000

Michæl, the Welsh bicyclist cleared \$25,4

nding March 27 show an increase of £2. A bill providing Dominion officials salaries

The New York (!hristian Herald announce upwards of \$79,000 of subscriptions for starvamount of energy she had to pull his boots ing Cubans.

J. J. Corbett, the ex champion pugilist, is a candidate for Congress from Harlem district, N. Y. Last year Canada exported to Great Britain 6,500,000 bushels of grain and 125,000 barrels of oatmeal.

wanted her baby; more than anything on earth or in heaven she wanted her baby. She would be a model Christian woman, refusing to "jaw" with Peter even when he was terribly out of humor, remembering the best of men will lose their tempers at times, and she would attend the remembers at times,

> Ontario's new license act will greatly de-crease the number of licenses issued in the cities and towns of that province. Negotiations are in progress for the estab-lishment of reciprocal trade relations be-tween Canada and the West Indies. A scientific exhibition from Sweden is en

Li Hung Chung has been invested with full power to proceed to Port Arthur to de-liminate the territory recently leased to Rus-

John R. Gentry, 2.001, and Guinette, 2.051

people is singing of the resurrection and I'll believe."

Clear and peacefully the bell rang out.

Russians landed and the Russian flag was hoisted at both places.

the graveyard, the dawn was breaking in the east, men and women and children were singing. Her prayer had not been answered.
The clock in the kitchen struck five. Mrs.

The clock in the kitchen struck five. Mrs. Emile Zola, the French author, who has

> The annual report of the Maine cattle commissioners, states that 415 head of cattle in the state were condemned and destroyed because of tuberculosis during last year. During the last twe months 5,379 miners

SOLICITOR

NO. 3.

Thirty American pilgrims, who have been

be garnisheed for debt is before the house at

had worked herself into the right spirit. She was humble and submissive; she called herself hard names to the Lord, but she river improvements.

Cuban relief fund started by President McKinley, Dec. 27th, with a subscription of \$5,000, amounts to over \$30,000.

Thirty-four election protests have been entered in Ontario, thirteen against Conservatives and twenty-four against Liberals. A severe earthquake was felt in California of the 31st ult. It damaged the San Francisco naval yard to the extent of \$250,000.

It is efficially announced that a silver standard or the reopening of the India mints will not be considered by the Indian govern-

kiss her good-by. She didn't know I was her mother, Lord, and she wouldn't kiss me good by. Let me set and hold her while the English capitalists.

The people crowded up from the She knew how the procession filed from the doors of the church, the minister leading.

Vas. it was very beautiful. They were in

risen to such prominence in connection with the Dreyfus case, is to come to America and deliver a series of fifteen lectures.

licenses have been issued at the customs house at Victoria, B. C., to men bound for the Klondike. The charge is ten dollars each. The French Court of Cassation has quashed the sentence of one year's imprisonment ed the sentence of one year's imprisonment and 1,000 frances fine imposed on M. Emile Zola, but has not ordered a trial before an-

Boston women have rebelled against the

The Canadian Pacific land sales in Mani-

the room.

She stood there, gazing about her as though she did not see or understand. The pretty yellow hair was all about the fair litable pretty