

Professional Cards.
H. E. GILLES, FRED W. HARRIS
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - Solicitors,
Notaries Public.
Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick,
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts,
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and
Trinidad,
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency,
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life In-
surance,
Members of the United States Law Association,
Real Estate Agents.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
-WILL BE AT ME-
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Next Door to J. P. Manson's Jewelry Store)
Every Thursday.
Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY
AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY
repayable by monthly instalments over a
term of 10 years and 6 months, with interest on
the amount advanced at 4 per cent annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at
option of borrower, as long as the monthly in-
stalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot
be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms
of application therefor, and full information
furnished on application to agents.
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
30 2m

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.
Office over Medical Hall,
Telephone No. 10.
Doctors left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. J.
We are receiving every attention.

A. A. Schaffner, M. D.,
LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S.
Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S,
three doors east of Baptist church. 15 ly

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

H. F. Williams & Co.,
Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.
COMMISSION - MERCHANTS,
AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples
Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork
and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to
Handling of Live Stock.
Returns made immediately after dis-
posal of goods. 27 y

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

G. O. GATES,
PLeasant STREET, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Plates of Glass,
Manufacturers' agents for Leading American
and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and re-
pairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in ex-
change for new. Over twenty years' ex-
perience.

W. G. PARSONS, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Office, "Dr. Gantner" building.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
EYE,
Specialties: EAR,
THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38 1/2

DR. M. G. B. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and
Garrison streets, formerly occupied by Dr.
Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its
branches carefully and promptly attended.
Office days at Bridgetown, Monday
and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 28, 1895. 25 1/2

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
will be at his office in Middleton,
he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct. 2nd, 1895.

Optical Goods
-AND-
NEW JEWELRY.
P. G. MELANSON,
of Middleton, has now the largest and
most varied lines of Spectacles and Eye-
glasses ever shown in Annapolis County.
His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is
marked at astonishingly low prices. Give him
call and verify the truth of the above statement.
Repairing a Specialty.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given
the collection of claims, and all other
professional business. 61 1/2

HIDES AND PELTS WANTED
WANTED by the Bridgetown Larrigan Co.,
a large number of Hides and Pelts, for
which the highest market rates will be
paid. Place of delivery - the Murdoch Tannery,
W. H. MacKENZIE, Manager.
Bridgetown, Oct. 18th, 1895. 26 1/2

Safe, Soothing, Satisfying
It positively cures croup, colds, coughs, colic, sore lungs, kidney troubles,
lame back, chaps, chilblains, earache, headache, toothache, cuts, bites, burns,
bruises, strains, sprains, stiff joints, sore muscles, stings, cramps and pains.
It is the best.
It is the oldest.
It is the original.
It is the most reliable.
It is superior to all others.
It is the great vital and muscle nerve.
It is for internal as well as external use.
It is used and fully endorsed by all athletes.
It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne.
It is what every mother should have in the house.
It is loved by suffering children when dropped on sugar.
It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere.
It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age.
It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician.
It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generations after generations.
It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure.

THE INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE COY., LIMITED.
We are now making soft mud, sand-moulded brick at the rate of twenty-five thousand per day.
These Brick are 10 p.c. larger than any other made in Western Nova Scotia.
They are Hard, Straight and Square. No better in Canada.
We also have a stiff mud machine for making Wire Cut Brick, with a capacity of sixty thousand per day. These are smooth, hard and straight, and we make them this year half a pound heavier than usual. We have on hand five hundred thousand Wire Cut Brick left over from last autumn.
Our Brick are absolutely free from "white wash."
Come and see us and get prices, and before concluding a purchase take a look at the buildings made from our Brick and compare with those made from stock obtained elsewhere.
The Main Building in Halifax, built three years ago, and the County Asylum here, built last summer for instance.
Address: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

Dr. J. Woodbury's HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind,
Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

Dr. J. Woodbury's HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind,
Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago.
"Well," said Carry Lane, "I had better make haste, and choose sides, or we shall not have time for another game before we are benighted."
With a clever stroke of her mallet, Carry set her croquet ball bounding to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
He gave a brisk jump as the ball came bounding past, and he bent over to the spot where Mr. Hale, the curate, stood talking with Major Warden of "the Blues," and Miss Holroyd, who like himself, were guests at Woodland for the evening.
"You're a hard enemy, Miss Carry," he said, coming toward her, "as if we are to choose sides I shall have you on mine."
"Very well," said Carry, "no way displeased," "as I begin at once. Come Carry and Major Warden."
So the battle began in real earnest—Clare Holroyd and the Major on one side, Carry Lane and the curate on the other. Report said this young curate from Thameston was counting pretty Carry Lane. Perhaps he was. At all events Carry kept best, and no one had any right to report goods until they were confirmed. But if it was true, then the curate was a man of good taste, and he might have gone very far before he would have found a prettier wife, or a warmer heart than this little Carry Lane's.
The other girl formed quite a contrast to her. Carry was all brilliant and color, with richly tinted cheeks, sparkling regular eyes, and jet black hair; but Clare Holroyd was fair, wonderfully pale and fair; it was only now and then that a faint, soft color of color would come into her cheeks and light up her deep grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, wavy, golden-brown. A little rare smile would sometimes part the delicate lips, and linger there awhile, and then it was you would call Clare Holroyd very lovely. She was tall and slender, and on this evening her dress was all white. Carry Lane had placed a bit of bright scarlet geranium in the golden hair, which formed a fitting contrast.
Carry Lane had been telling the curate all about Clare Holroyd for the last few days, but only recently arrived on a visit to some friends at Thameston, and was not known in the neighborhood. She had just passed a season at London, where Carry said she was well pleased to have called her a flirt, but Carry couldn't see it, unless that careless, half-bent way in which she allowed the assiduous major to arrange her croquet ball, watching him with a look of calm indifference in her beautiful eyes, and sometimes she would smile on her lips might be called flirting.
The Major was a sincere admirer of Miss Holroyd's, but Carry denied there being anything in it.
The curate shook his head and was not so sure.
The game proceeded very slowly owing to the repeated bad strokes on the part of the major, and a slight absence of mind on the part of the curate. Presently there came one of the parlor windows which opened upon the lawn, a tall, handsome old lady, to look at the players.
"I have just left my invalid to himself a little while. Poor fellow! I wish he were able to see her," she said, exclaiming herself in a garden chair under the lime trees.
"Invalid—ah!" said the major, arranging his tawny moustache. "Who is he, say, Mrs. Lane?"
"He is a sort of connection of mine—Captain Chaloner, of the 7th, just home from India, where he was wounded in the arm during the mutiny. He is recovering from that, however, though the arm is still in a sling; but he is suffering from frightful depression and weakness after a course of brain fever. I got him here as soon as I could for a change of air. His is rather a romantic story."
"Like to hear it, say," murmured the major, indignantly stroking his moustache.
"Before he went to India," said Mrs. Lane, "his mother told me, she met at a friend's house in London, a young lady—she did not mention the name—to whom he became attached, and in course of time engaged. The wedding day was fixed, and everything arranged, when suddenly to the surprise of all, the engagement was broken off. The young lady went to Brighton, and Charlie Chaloner to India. No one knew exactly how it was,

WOUNDED.
Down to the banks of the Thames slopes the lawn at Woodland, the residence of Mrs. Christopher Lane, widow, and beneath the shady lawn, on what is termed the "croquet ground," far enough away from the geranium and verbenas beds to do no mischief to them, stood a party of four, mallet in hand, on a certain summer evening not long ago