

McConnell's Special Sale Day Still Booming

Saturday, May 12th, will
sell for cash

Seedless Oranges, per doz. 1.50
Fresh Bananas, per doz. 2.50
1 lb. Baking Powder, with a nice
apron 25c
Ginger Snaps, per lb. 5c
Granulated Sugar, per lb. 5c
Yellow Sugar, per lb. 4c
5 lb. good new Peas, 25c
2 lb. Lemon Biscuits, 25c
5c and 10c Shoe Polish for 3c and 6c
Monkey Brand Soap 10c bars for 8c
Evaporated Peaches per lb. 12c
Bread, per loaf, 5c

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Dinner, Tea and Chamber
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John McConnell

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MAGNOLIA HOUSE.

Chatham Ontario

Moore's Liniment Relieves Neural-
gia.

Edith Norton

One of Life's Tangles

By
Josie Nichols

"Ajax is the little mother bird," she explained quite naively, as she caressed the plump on her wrist; "only I named her before she went to setting, and it's all the same." "I have every denomination in my piece-house, Edith," continued the lively girl. "Pompey, up there, is a Methodist. You can see him running up and down, spreading his tail and rustling it like a silk dress. Garibaldi is a Catholic, and makes his devotions at short intervals, very low. You can fancy him telling the beads hidden away in his nest. But Whopper-jaw Charlie, my precious Whopper (I twisted his bill feeding him when he was a little fellow), he's a Turk, a regular old infidel, whilst his nest is a good little thing. She is begging him to say his prayers now. Just listen; you can hear him say as plainly as anything, 'I won't, I won't, I won't; I'll er whup you,' and she mimicked the cooing sound till Edith laughed at this odd interpretation.

From the chicken yard Juliet carried her to see the pigs fed, and while her "cousin" shrank from the jostling grunting scramble which ensued, she performed an original dance in the barn, declaring that the variations of her squealing favorites from bass to high treble were sweeter music to her ears than the Marine Band could ever produce.

In the afternoon Mr. White took a holiday from his farm superintendence and carried both the girls to the woods for a ramble. The fresh air, the exercise, above all, the affection which she was surrounded, acted like a charm. When Edith retired that night, healthily tired, it was to sleep soundly and dream of the little creek bordered with wild lilacs, of yellow jessamine hanging in rich festoons, of the wild white of the crocuses, and, loveliest of all, of groves of crabapple trees in full bloom.

CHAPTER V.

DISCORD AND HARMONY.

The day began to speed away in cheerful monotony. Beside the new interests of farm life, Edith began the more pleasant study of her relatives. From certain compassionate expressions which Mrs. White always employed in speaking of her aunt in a voice calculated to excite curiosity, the girl guessed that the good lady wished to be questioned about Mrs. Harold. Nor was she mistaken in this supposition. The farm district woman was the idol of both the old people, and they loved to sound her praises. One evening a week after her arrival Edith chose her time when Mrs. Harold had gone to the house after a busy day, and Juliet was reading to her, and began her efforts to draw from Mrs. White the information she longed to gain.

The old lady yielded directly to the invitation to make herself entertaining, much pleased at this opportunity to gratify her curiosity.

Mrs. White seemed to have a habit of pitying every one. Edith reflected with some amusement as the old lady continued:

"You see, it was a great mistake buying the plantation. They did not live here steadily when the Colonel was alive, but left it all to the management of an overseer; so Amy did not know what to do, with reduced means, too. Mr. White, he went over



"I stood on the bridge at midnight," and offered to help; said he might as well tend to both places while he was about it; and she was so grateful. Never a murmur at the will of Providence have I heard from her lips. Her submission and faith were just lovely. Well, next thing we knew our house was burnt to the ground by a skirmishing party of Sherman's troops when he came through Georgia. We stood hid in the woods and watched it burn. They did it just for mischief, too, the heartless wretches."

Mrs. White paused, as if the recital of their wrongs might betray her into saying something violent.

Edith set her lips tight together. She had been educated to regard the sufferings and poverty consequent upon the war, which the Southern people endured as a just punishment for their folly in wickedly trying to break the union of the nation, and her prejudice was too strong to permit her to listen patiently to opposite opinions.

"Who is Arthur?" she asked, as if to divert the old lady's indignation.

"Arthur Rutledge, my dear," Mrs. White returned, lowering her voice confidentially, "is Juliet's beau. He was Col. Harold's ward, and he lived with us till old enough to go to college. Dear me, but Amy had a trial in that boy. When he was a little fellow he was the most restless, noisy child I ever saw. But he was her weakness, and she gratified his every whim till he grew to be a great, headstrong boy and she was obliged to send him to school. The discipline did him good, too, and when he graduated from the university we were all very proud of him. He was so tall and handsome, and had such pretty manners. He used to treat Juliet like a baby because she was so much younger than himself, but when he came home from college she was sixteen and developing into a very pretty girl. He kept saying he could not realize that she was the same little thing he used to tease and pet, and I saw what was coming next. But Amy was so innocent I had to tell her. Well, she only smiled in her quiet way and said, 'Leave it to time.'

But when Arthur came to her in a very grown-up style one day and said that he and Juliet loved each other, and that he wanted Amy's consent to their marriage, she had to be serious with him. She told him he must prepare himself for some profession, since country life was, as he protested, so distasteful to him. Oh, he had a lot of high-minded notions about work being beneath him, and he had acquired a slight of extravagant habits, and he talked a lot of nonsense about the advantages of city life being necessary to him, and he never let Amy rest until he persuaded her to go to Washington city and use her influence with some friends there to get him a position under the Government. He is studying law now very hard, and promises to make a fine man. Don't think I do not love him, and I love him, because I tell you of his faults. He is the life of the house when he comes home each vacation, and is devoted to Juliet. I trust they will be happy, though I often fear Arthur is too selfish to make a good husband."

At this point in the narrative they were interrupted by a visit from Mr. Steele.

Ever since the memorable evening when he had driven Edith out to Mrs. Harold's home the minister had experienced a stronger attraction in that direction, though he told himself that it was only the summer season, a sky of Italian softness, overhead and the sweet breath of the yellow jessamine that lured him forth to the country again so soon.

As Edith ran upstairs to put aside her sewing she mentally reviewed the recent conversation with Mrs. White. It was a tale of fortitude, perseverance and submission which put to shame her own intolerance of suffering, and she fell to wondering if there was indeed a Supreme Being, the love of whom could infuse into her heart the same peace and resignation so legible in her aunt's careworn face. But Mrs. Harold, she reflected, amid all her trials had been sustained by sympathy, whereas her secret trouble was of such a nature that none might share it. In passionate rebellion against the cruelty of fate, she paced the floor, realizing in all its wretchedness the eternal isolation which she had known since her voice was heard calling her all over the house.

It was much later in the evening when Edith made her appearance in the parlor. She could hear Steele's ringing voice outside the door, for he was an incessant talker, and being not only an intelligent, reading man, but of an energetic, stirring nature and acute perceptive faculties, his observation during his visits about the parish furnished him with numerous illustrations of every subject discussed.

Edith tried to slip in unobserved, for she liked to listen in quiet retirement from participation in the conversation to the minister's brilliant anecdotes, but the moment the door opened Juliet recoiled her with vivacious lippertiveness:

"Edith, we want you to sing for Mr. Steele. I've been telling him all the evening what a glorious voice you have."

She had not anticipated this attack, and was totally unprepared to offer resistance. All eyes were turned upon her, and the instant, indeed the only way out of the difficulty, was to comply with the demand. Ere she could have framed an excuse to the minister's eager seconding of Juliet's proposition, her cousin had the music book open at her favorite song, "Longfellow's

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"Bridge," and struck the first notes to the accompaniment. The temptation to one possessing musical talent was too strong. Just as Juliet had planned the rippling sound stirred her beyond resistance, and forgetful of the presence of any other auditor than the home circle her voice broke forth almost unconsciously.

"I stood on the bridge at midnight."

Juliet had practised her part perfectly. The piano zero rose once above the low, clear voice of the singer, but swelled in volume as she approached the deepest contralto, never wavering once upon those notes so difficult for a female voice to render perfectly, but producing them with a fullness of sound and exquisite sweetness. They are the notes for pathos or sentiment, and as Steele listened the far-off, sorrowful look of the girl seemed in accord with this feeling appreciation of Longfellow's sentiment, a sentiment for age rather than youth to express, for it spoke of a depth of sadness tempered and chastened by experience, of self pity lost, the contemplation of the voice of others.

There was a general hush pervading the room as the beautiful voice died away. Steele was too deeply moved to speak, and in the silence Edith experienced that painful reaction from over-strained feeling which made her regard her song as a failure. Her cheeks were flushed with unnecessary shame when Mr. White called out:

"Now let's have 'Dinna Forget'."

She sang it in desperation, but though her voice was as sweet in the little Scotch ballad, the intrusion of a mere love song upon the deeper feelings awakened was out of place.

"Oh, Juliet, did it sound very bad?" she managed to ask the first time they were alone that night.

"Bad?" echoed her cousin. "It was lovely. Mr. Steele was charmed, just as I knew he would be. And, Edith, isn't he splendid?"

"Very pleasant."

"Oh, Edith, you always qualify what you say. Why can't you say, as I do, that people are splendid, glorious?" "But I have not seen him but three times."

Juliet raised her eyebrows as if to intimate "Is not that often enough?" but she refrained from comment, and finding her love for exaggeration could not be gratified in that quarter, she skipped away, leaving her cousin to reflect upon the incidents of the evening.

Had she heard Ernest Steele's enthusiastic description of her musical gift to his mother and sister next day she would have been fully convinced that her singing had not been a failure, even if his warm pressure of her hand and thanks at parting had not been full assurance that she had given him the greatest pleasure.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. EBERTON TAKES EDITH BY SURPRISE.

Pacing to the strict seclusion in which the family lived, the parlor was the least frequented apartment in the house. Edith soon discovered this fact and formed the habit of retiring to this safe retreat whenever she wished to be alone. The inclination to morbid brooding could not be conquered, at once amid the brighter influences that surrounded her. At times the happiness of this peaceful home seemed to mock her enforced isolation, and the thought of her lot over again over her like a flood of bitter waters. Then she would shrink from the family, feeling her presence a contamination, while her constantly recurring moods of desolation became a source of commiseration and perplexity.

One day about three months after her arrival she refused a long ride in the country with her aunt and cousin, though she had no excuse to offer, and Juliet retired in mortification that her persuasions had not prevailed, reporting to her mother that Edith had "one of her habitual spells upon her." The girl watched them drive away with wistful eyes, and then let her arms fall upon the window sill with a deep sigh. In such hours of loneliness she would often live over again that meeting on the cars with one who seemed to understand and interpret her to her



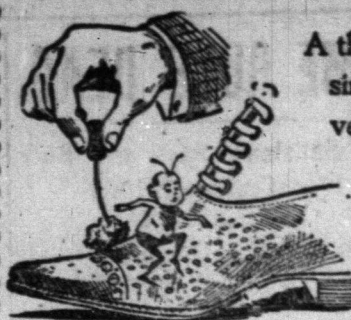
"She rose to her feet to meet Dr. Eberton." self. Why his face rose before her with vivid distinctness she did not try to analyze, but she began to encourage the memory of Dr. Eberton. A peculiar sense of his nearness that afternoon made her lapse into constant reveries as she tried to read. The wide window commanded a fine view of the gay flower garden, with its background of dense forest trees, but it was at the sky that she looked dreamily, wondering at its intense blue, which the Northern heavens could never rival. The book before her had been chosen for its doctrinal character.

To be Continued.

Where Lafayette is Buried.

"We visited the Convent du Sacre-Coeur, in the Rue de l'Epine, where Lafayette is buried," writes "Edith" from Paris to the Ladies' Home Journal. "Here birds of passage, like ourselves, seldom come. At the end of a rose-grown garden is a little cemetery where bearers of a sense of the oldest man in France lie buried. Now only descendants of those who died on the guillotine are eligible to a grave there, and in one corner, in the shadow of the great wall, are the graves of Lafayette and his wife. Beyond the first cemetery is a second where the bodies of thirteen hundred aristocratic victims of the Revolution were buried."

A remembrance of our own youthful mistakes and follies will lead us to judge those of others with sympathy and indulgence, and the recognition that we have reached the time of life when gentle dignity and cheerful serenity are more becoming than sparkling vivacity or any affectations will save us from being ridiculous.—Ladies' Home Journal.



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