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Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

The business known as The Hicks & Sancton Manufacturing Company has this day terminated by Harry S. Sancton selling out his interest to John H. Hicks, who will now carry on the business in his carry on the business hound drove rapid there was no sign of fire dout the however to rate and was used only for the business in him here to colors and trove rapid these carried to the part and to coeliar, and one late of the part and drove rapid these calciments in the coeliancy of the business in him there of the carry on the business in his

own name. JOHN H. HICKS, HARRY S. SANCTON. Bridgetown, N. S., Sept. 3rd, 1897.

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All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Law rencetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer deceased, are requested to render the same duly Or BURPEE S, FITZRANDOLPH,

Administrator,

Dec. 13th, 1897.

Poetry.

Few are the Davids to these harps of ours!
Few learn the cunning of the instrument!
And those to whom the gift have been spent. But God's large gift of love is showered a-Let us be thankful. Earth were too like heaven,
If, with the power of loving deep and long,
That other gift of sympathy were given.

— Hamilton Aide.

[From Harper's Weekly.] It is not that they never know
Weakness of fear who are the brave;
Those are the proud, the knightly few
Whose joy is still to serve and save. But they who, in the weary night,

Amid the darkness and the stress, Have struggled with disease and blight, With pitiful world weariness; They who have yearned to stand among
The free and mighty of the earth,
Whose sad aspiring souls are wrung
With starless hope and hollow mirth

Who die with every day, yet live Through merciless, unbrightened years, Whose sweetest right is to forgive And smile divinely through their tears; They are the noble they are the strong,
They are the tried and truest ones.
And though their way is hard and long—
Straight to the pitying God it runs.

Select Ziterature.

Sairy Spencer's Revolt.

the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in one hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiff-ly and slightly bent forward from the hips, asks you where you was?" as do most hard working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set his heavily shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well

as mental decision He scanned the house sharply as he apalmost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray eyes. green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and by that last?" he meditated, uneasily. Then corn were two feet above her nead. She though he pounded on it with his horny his flat, straight-cut lips closed in a hard line, his flat, straight-cut lips closed in a hard line, and neared out he tween the stalks; but the startled "cuk, cuk, cuk, cuk, rom an old hen "But I ain't agoin' to ask her. When a low sun beat straight into her eyes, and the down on her blankets. with a broad of downy chicks wallowing in | man can't be master in his own house, it's | higher ground of the meadow, full of hay-

"Now this is mighty strange," he mut- brains out." tered, perplexedly. "I wouldn't've thought

"What on earth's the matter, Sairy? demanded Abraham Spencer, in a high-

pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north medder, and I've come clear home Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade, and

lifted the sash with hands that trembled. "Come, now, speak up quick," added her husband, impatiently, "for I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know Mrs. Howard held up her hands."

and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out the lane to be milked, and you not here to earn the bare to be milked. The bare to be milked, and you not here to earn the bare to be milked, and you not here to earn the bare to be milked.

and worn out that you can't hardly drag one scard'lous doctrine since I was born!"

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if the sound of receding footsteps died away. there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. "There, I hope she's gone, with her croak-Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhy in'. I was that afeared that she'd hang nearsons; I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from o'clock a-ready!"—as a timepiece in an inner room gave four hard, metallic strokes. She home or asleep, or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another; so just tell me what to say, and be quick hurried into the bedroom and came out rolling a pair of heavy gray blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bottle from

"Shoo! Shoo!

She hesitated and looked back at them

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm, don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophrony to come over and do the work while they're here."

foot after the other, and-"

"What, hire her?" "Why, of course. You wouldn't ask poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for nothin'. I reckon?"

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She | feet and impeding her progress. was a tall, stoop shouldered, weak chested woman; her scant hair was iron-gray; her hands were hardened and swelled at the waved the pie at them frantically; but they joints with years of toil; and her face was chirps that went to her heart. near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a ook that stopped the words on her hus- to feed 'em. Like as not nobody else 'll do band's lips. He broke off abruptly, and it." looked at her in stern surprise and displea-

pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She "I never knowed you to act up so cranky, went on again, striving to redouble her Sairy. I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell speed; but the blankets were cumbersome

Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?' Her arms were near to breaking, and tears "Tell her anything you like," was the

green rows. She dropped the blankets and a tremor. "But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin'. What you goin' to tell Mis' Rhynearson when she The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for

"She won't ask me." "Well, now, I'd like to know how you of a cornhill. "Because I'm not goin' to give her

The window sash slid down to the sill, proached, and his shaggy brows were drawn and the shade dropped back to its place. about her, and the voice of a meadow lark again, resolutely. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and singing from the top of a tall, charred stump tried the back door and found it fast, and by that last?" he meditated, uneasily. Then corn were two feet above her head. She was beating down mercilessly on her retreat, knuckles, there was no response save a and he added, as he turned shortly away: and peered out between the stalks; but the weeping, she crept back into the bin and lay

man can't be master in his own house, it's higher ground of the meadow, full of haytime for him to burn it down or blow his
brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard-beaten path as he went
sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she
she had wept a great
deal and slept a little, she opened her swoiing in above the door.

"Twenty-four hours," she said to herself,
she dragged herself to the sheet-iron stove, Keeping keen watch of the sheet-iron stove, Keepi Sairy 'd go away from home this way all of sounding on the hard-beaten path as he went sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she edita- timid note of his movements at the edge of bide her time.

She did not heed approaching footsteps, What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" and she scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her

to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? hardened, as she met the woman's inquiring er breeze that came whispering among the Didn't you hear 'em knock?" eyes.

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em." monstrated. "Now, I don't know what's thought of the potato cellar and the lonely Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of night. leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. | tryin' to find out; I only beg of you not to

We don't any of us know what death is."

We don't any of us know what death is."

Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a-purpose."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spenoer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with rediction on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with rediction on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with rediction on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with rediction on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with rediction of the care that had served him well for nearly threescore years.

"I kep' 'em out a purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the bands, let alone all that Rhynearson gang. I've worked so hard today, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast, and breakin' down, Abra'm. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spenoer's She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with rediction her knees, and the was a too pitiful. In all her fast pathering night the way to the potation of the fresh bread and cakes and ples that I care to know," in the fast-gathering night the way to the potation of the fresh bread and cakes and ples that I care to know," is differed by wild blackedry vines that we must be could said an entrance.

"No, we don't even know what goes we have we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' spencer, except that it turns us cold and to the vision was for a time shours of the was too pitiful. In all hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin' to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what's you always when we was in your grave on."

"Now, Abra'm, that's what's you always with us in the grave, so that we hear and know the grave and the house, and she knew him by the forward and some matches, as she groped her way within and pulled the door shut. As she did so there came a great roar and crash of grave and the house, and she knew him by the forward why she had not forseen the need of a candle and some matches, as she groped her way within and some matches, as she groped her way within and some matches, as she groped her way within and some matches, as she groped her way within and some matches, as she groped her way within and some matches, as she groped her way within and some matches, as she groped her way and some matches,

and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out silm if I went to bed, Abra'm."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to be dor else 'hatt up your complaintir."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only, would be a little reasonable. All I sak is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There sair ho seems fu me havin's o much comp'ny, now, since the giftle are married and you, you since the giftle are not of the day out, year in and year on the way went to all the six mad at me to be milked, and you not here to milk 'm; and your bushand trudgis' home, slim, I' you only would be a little reasonable. All I sak is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There sair ho seems fu me havin's o much comp'ny, now, since the giftle are married and hangy, and a come other woman's house-callilis' the chicked has a simple for your husband. You'd most like-sing of the dayout. The sair is a simple for your husband. You'd most like-sing work, 'specially town comp'ny. Them high-fight 'town folks don's care a manp for us, Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key' over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key' over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key' over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water on, and key over night and over.

Abra'm. They just like to be cocked for and water of the dayout, year in and year out, the first that have no large the day out, year in and year out, the first that have no large the day out, year in and year out, the first that have no large the day out, year in and year out, the first that have no large the day out, year in and year out, the first that have no large t

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1898. NO. 48.

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in? I never heard such for him," droned the reproachful voice of her rat. He scampered away to his corner, and neighbor, running like a dirge through the She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and wretched, haunting nightmare.

other sounds and making of the dream a her, watching and listening lest he should return. She told herself that he would house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until "Drat that Mis' Howard! I'll never

speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight, all the nights after, when her poor body with the yellow glint of a well-risen sun in | might lie there lifeless, at his mercy. around and hinder me too long. Land, four it, was forcing its way into the cellar through voluntarily Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened for the familiar sounds of her dream. But she heard only the bickering of a pair of wrens in the blackberry vines outside, and staggered across to the opposite bin, and a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in she suddenly stopped and listened, then opened the corner. This served to draw her attention At the first hint of m sweet milk. As she put the cork in she sud-

to her surroundings. door a little way and listened again, intent-"Wheels!" she ejaculated. "Now, if it potatoes, with long, ghostly white sprouts all over the land, and no vaguest outline of should be them, goodness help me to get into and a winding sheet of cobwebs. Near the her home was visible to her. centre of the earth floor stood a battered old She caught up the blankets and snatched a raspberry pie, in its tin plate, from the pipe rising shakily to the roof, ten feet her face. table. Thus equipped for flight, she opened above. The hired men had set it up during the door and went hurriedly out. At the the cold snap in March, and built a fire in it from the bitter depths of her own experience. foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her tates for seeding. A dozen matches and a know how short life is, after all, how little

its hearth forgotten.

Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed She pushed them aside with one foot, and followed close at her skirts, with dismal "Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper-time. if I'd only had time

noon of the preceeding day. She looked about for the pie and bottle of milk. The | monotony of her home duties, both unconlatter was intact, but the former had vanished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible | watcher at the crevice. evidence that it had existed. Two little, knowing, exultant eyes were shining up from the rathole in the corner. Mrs. Spencer When her head swam and her trembling looked troubled.

cert'nly said I wished I was dead, but slow But no sleep came, and no rest; and after a starvation is a little more'n I bargained for. She spoke aloud and shrunk from the she could no longer mount upon the box. sound of her voice, it was so shut in and Then she lay still and gazed at the strip of reply, in a strange, still voice, that suited and perspiration mingled in the hollows of sepulchral. She turned to the door and light above the door until it seemed a streak the look in her face. "I won't contradict her cheeks, when at last she reached the strove now with all her strength to push it of fire scorching her eyeballs. cornfield and stumbled in between the tall, open, but it withstood the onslaught without And all the time she was listening, listen

She desisted at length, and sat down on an The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for upturned apple-box, exhausted and gasping themselves, and the latter poured out the for breath. The place was stifling. Oh for last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots | a breath of pure, sweet air! Her outraged lungs seemed burning in her breast, and her Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound the bottle of milk, and took a portion. She of wheels, nor any sound save the rustling of was tempted to drink it all at one welcome the millions of corn blades in the great field draught but refrained and corked it up

During the long hours of that forenoon sh "Ncw, what in blazes can she 've meant see the house; but the tassled tops of the August sun had passed the meridian and

Hours later, when she had wept a great time for him to burn it down or blow his cocks, intervened. She crept back and took deal and slept a little, she opened her swoi-

a sudden. She didn't say a word about it around the house, and each relentless step had put half the width of the field between and a great longing came upon her to know a sudden. She didn't say a word about it around the house, and each relentless step at noontime. She's never done such a thing before, as I know of."

around the house, and each relentless step had put half the width of the field between how Abra'm and the old home were doing herself and the house she felt safe for the never done such a thing before, as I know of."

around the house, and each relentless step had put half the width of the field between how Abra'm and the old home were doing iron of the stove and the rickety pipe clear without her. She dragged the apple-box time being, and sat down again to rest and without her. She dragged the apple-box to the roof were red and roaring. The altively rubbing his thumbs and forefingers to always been a dreadful thing to her. But now she opened the outer door and stood "Couldn't be ssleep, I reckon," he con-

to the sky, with a deep-drawn breath of rest

close environment of tall corn shut out the

in I hope nothin's gone wrong?'

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased, and her face hardened, as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

Mr. I tain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "I't ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, "For a long time she stood with her eyes at the crevice and her hands grazping the rough is pails and, falling upon his knees, crept charged his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept the crevice and her hands grazping the rough is pails and, falling upon his knees, crept charged his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept charged his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept charged his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept charged his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept charged his pai She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh. We don't any of us know what death is."

The spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh. We don't any of us know what death is."

To think of her there, a livin' high quickly as might be she gathered up her be
figure he found they are the death stand with his own plood, were read in the call and standed with his own plood, were read the call and standed with his own plood, were read to the call and standed with his own plood, were read to the call and standed quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the off the fresh bread and cakes and pies that I figure he found there.

It was hours afterwards that Mrs. Spen-

dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what's you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the and bake the bread and pies, and keep the and bake the bread and pies, and keep the and bake the bread and pies, and keep the and bake the bread and pies, and keep the and wour husband tradgin' home.

Tain fallin', and feel the sun shinin' above us. Now, a'posin' you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin' ground in the medlanche, and she congratulated herself on lanche, and she congratulated herself on lanche, and she congratulated herself on having escaped it.

The atmosphere of the little cave-like place was close and musty from long lack of ventilation, and Mrs. Spencer found the was not quite sure; he was so far away, and the shrunt change from the pure outer air almost.

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

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

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come back to-morrow night, when she would

She wondered, with an awful, shuddering wonder, whether it could be that her soul must linger near and witness the degrading maddening horror of death seized her. She the scurry of a rat that scampered across the | made a desperate attempt to eat one of the

At the first hint of morning she was again on the apple-box, with her eyes at the crev-In an opposite bin lay some sorry looking | ice. But now there was a thick, white fog

The wrens were bickering spitefully over sheet-iron stove, with some rusty joints of their nests, not an arm's length away from "Oh, hush!" she said to them, piteously,

clay pipe half full of burnt tobacco lay on it matters if things don't go just to suit you." The small pair were struck motionless and when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since the father bird went away to his day's work, and the little mother settled down to the

Many times that day she crept back and forth between the bin and the apple-box. knees gave way beneath her, she would stag "Well,,-a long, quivering breath-"I ger to the bin and fall upon the blankets.

> ing, for the sound of a footstep or a voice. Thus the night found her, and again added its horror of darkness and rats. The fever of hunger and thirst was upon her. Her tongue and lips were swollen, and a devouring flame burned in her vitals. Her senses were no longer normal, and she heard

tence in reality. All night long she watched the dark corfancy magnified him into a monster of the watched them cluster together again, with a slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray eyes.

slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray eyes. made plans to frighten him and keep him at bay; and finally, in the dark hour before dawn, she crept stealthily from the bin,

crawled on hands and knees across the

"Now, if I was near enough to hear the stove-lids rattle," she whispered, "I could 'most imagine I was dead and in my grave, like Mis' Howard said."

tato cellar's a fire! He was away, with two great pails of water in his hands, before the men were fairly awake. When they followed him they found him on the roof of the cellar. He had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and

he asked; and she felt the strange tenderness that vebrated in his rough voice. "Whe's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is it

"Whe's in the Kitchen, Advances on Mis' Rynearson?"
"No, Sairy, it ain't. Mis' Rhynearson went home double quick when she found there wasn't supbody here to wait on her. You knowed her hetter than I did, Sairy. That's Sophrony Selwood in the kitchen, and she's goin' to stay there till she dies —or gets married."