# Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1877. NO. 1



## Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

*Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.*

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

**Advertising Rates.**

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion, $1.00; each continuation, 50 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11.00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.


## NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator on the estate of NATHANIEL LANGLEY, late of Bridgetown, Annapolis, deceased. All persons, therefore, having any demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement and all indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

tf n45 JOHN A. ABBOTT.

## Notice. Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING, Senr., late of Wilmot, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

R. B. DURLING, } Administrators.
E. DURLING, }

Lawrencetown, Jan. 24th, '77 6m n43 t17

## NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having any legal claims against the estate of EDMUND PARKER, late of Nictaux, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested within twelve calendar months, and those indebted to make immediate payment to

GEORGE A. PARKER, } Executors.
WM. J. H. BALCOM. }

Nictaux, Feb. 8th, A. D. 1877 n43 3m t4

## NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Wilmot in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within six months, from this date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to Austin R. Woodbury or

EGBERT S. WOODBURY,
Administrators.

Wilmot, March 16th, 1877.

## Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the Estate of John H. Barteaux, late of Nictaux, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within three months from this date; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

W. A. MORSE,
Administrator.

Nictaux, Oct. 30th, '76. n29 tf


## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax,
Wholesale Agents.
Sold by DR. J. DENNISON and W. H. CHESLEY, Bridgetown.

## Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Tuesday, 12th of Dec. 1876.

**HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.**

| Miles. | STATIONS. | | Exp. | Pass. and Frgt. | Pass. and Frgt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| 0 | Halifax | Leave | 8 00 | 7 45 | 3 15 |
| 8 | Bedford | " | 8 22 | 8 13 | 3 43 |
| 13 | Windsor Jnctn | " | 8 45 | 8 45 | 4 10 |
| 26 | Mt. Uniacke | " | 9 30 | 9 35 | 4 53 |
| 36 | Ellerhouse | " | 9 57 | 10 12 | 5 28 |
| 39 | Newport | " | 10 06 | 10 24 | 5 40 |
| 45 | Windsor | " | 10 28 | 11 00 | 6 20 |
| 52 | Hantsport | " | 10 50 | 11 28 | 6 45 |
| | | | | P. M. | |
| 63 | Wolfville | " | 11 24 | 12 20 | 7 23 |
| | | | P. M. | | |
| 76 | Kentville | " | 12 00 | 1 10 | 7 50 |
| 82 | Berwick | " | 12 35 | 1 56 | .... |
| 87 | Aylesford | " | 12 52 | 2 19 | ..... |
| 98 | Wilmot | " | 1 24 | 3 04 | ..... |
| 101 | Middleton | " | 1 33 | 3 17 | ..... |
| 107 | Lawrencetown | " | 1 50 | 3 40 | ..... |
| 110 | Paradise | " | 1 59 | 3 53 | ..... |
| 115 | Bridgetown | " | 2 20 | 4 14 | ..... |
| 122 | Round Hill | " | 2 38 | 4 42 | ..... |
| 129 | Annapolis—Arrive | | 2 55 | 5 10 | ..... |
| 190 | St. John by Steamer | | 8 00 | ..... | ..... |

**ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.**

| Miles. | STATIONS. | | Pass. and Frgt. | Pass. and Frgt. | Exp. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | A. M | A. M. | A. M. |
| | St. John by Steamer | | ..... | ..... | 8 00 |
| | | | | | P. M. |
| 0 | Annapolis | Leave | ..... | 7 00 | 1 45 |
| 7 | Round Hill | " | ..... | 7 24 | 2 02 |
| 14 | Bridgetown | " | ..... | 7 48 | 2 20 |
| 19 | Paradise | " | ..... | 8 09 | 2 34 |
| 22 | Lawrencetown | " | ..... | 8 22 | 2 43 |
| 28 | Middleton | " | ..... | 8 47 | 2 59 |
| 31 | Wilmot | " | ..... | 8 59 | 3 08 |
| 42 | Aylesford | " | ..... | 9 46 | 3 42 |
| 47 | Berwick | " | ..... | 10 06 | 3 55 |
| 59 | Kentville | " | 6 30 | 11 30 | 4 40 |
| | | | | P. M. | |
| 66 | Wolfville | " | 6 57 | 12 16 | 5 01 |
| 77 | Hantsport | " | 7 39 | 12 59 | 5 34 |
| 84 | Windsor | " | 8 15 | 1 45 | 6 00 |
| 90 | Newport | " | 8 37 | 2 10 | 6 15 |
| 93 | Ellerhouse | " | 8 50 | 2 24 | 6 23 |
| 103 | Mt. Uniacke | " | 9 35 | 3 10 | 6 46 |
| 116 | Windsor Jnctn | " | 10 25 | 4 05 | 7 20 |
| 121 | Bedford | " | 10 45 | 4 25 | 7 35 |
| 129 | Halifax—Arrive | | 11 15 | 4 50 | 8 00 |

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Express trains run every Wednesday and Saturday, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "SCUD" leaves St. John every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns same day, on arrival of S. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

International Steamers leave St. John every THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John 8.15 a. m. daily for Bangor, Portland, Canada, and all parts of United States, and the Provinces.

Through Tickets and Reduced fares by above routes to all points in the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis St., Halifax, at Richmond, and the principal stations on the Railway.

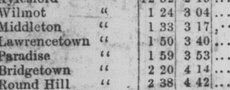
KENDALL INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Dec. 7th, '76

## Three Trips a Week.

## ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

*STEAMER "SCUD."*



**For Digby and Annapolis.**

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock,—returning same day,—connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| FARE.—St. John to Halifax, | 1st class | ... | 5.00 |
| do do do | 2nd class | ... | 3.50 |
| do. do. Annapolis | | ... | 2.00 |
| do. do. Digby | | ... | 1.50 |
| Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class) | | ... | 7.50 |

Return tickets to Clergymen and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd, '77.

## STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

*WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.*

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7 a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received after morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates, &c., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
Agents, 39 Dock Street.

ap18


## GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates,

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied [illegible] at 22 *Germain St.*

BLAKSLEE [illegible]



## ADAM YOUNG.

38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.

and 143 Prince William St. St. John, N. B.,

Manufacturer of

**Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves,**

*Ranges, Furnances, &c.*

Marbleized Slate Mantle Pieces,

—AND—

Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y



## GEORGE WHITMAN,

*Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,*

**Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.**

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

☞ No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.

may 22 '73 tf



## CARD.

## Jno. B. Mills,

**Barrister, &c., &c.,**

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.



## MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y



## *ROYAL HOTEL.*

*(Formerly STUBBS')*

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

—:—

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y



## WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver, and Brass Pater,

**ELECTOR PLATER**

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

*No. 60 Charlotte St.... St. John, N. B*

sept30 y



## THOMAS PEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

**Monuments, Grave-Stones**

TABLE TOPS, &c.

*South Side King Square,.... St. John, N. B.*

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y



## Great Bargains

—IN—

## DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

## SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

48 Prince William St., St. John. N B.



## ALBION HOUSE.

## FALL AND WINTER!

We have now completed our importations for this Season's Trade, and are showing a Full Assortment of

*Fall and Winter*

DRY GOODS.

in each Department, which we offer

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

upon the most Liberal Terms, and Solicit Inspection.

BEARD & VENNING.



GILBERT'S LANE

## DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new.

*Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,*

dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a speciality.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, MISS WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.



## Dental Notice.

## Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

## BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made; persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36


## NOTICE.

[illegible] persons having legal demands against [illegible] CHRISTIAN WHEELOCK, deceased, will re[illegible] within [illegible]


## L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.

Wholesale Merchants,

*ST. JOHN, N. B.*

**Dry Goods Department**

93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of

**Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,**

from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

—ALSO—

AMERICAN GOODS,

such as Prints, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.

*Canadian and Domestic Goods.*

**GROCERY DEPARTMENT,**

*34 & 36 Water St.*

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobocco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y



## MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission

MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6man27



*LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.*

**BARNES, KERR & CO.**

INVITE especial attention to their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—Sheetings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, torquoise and satins, umbrellas and parasols jet and silk buttons, trimmings.

*3 and 4 Market Square,.... St. John N. B.*



## THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

## BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

*IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,*

**Cor. King & Prince William Sts.**

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

**COST PRICES.**

MAGEE BROTHERS.

St. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y



## Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.



## June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs: Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

**Manchester, Robertson & Allison.**

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.



## VINCENT & McFATE,

PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.,

HAVING received about $5,000.00 worth of the Finest Quality of Oil-Tanned Larrigan Leather from Wm. Peters, one of the Leading Tanners in the Province of New Brunswick, we will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of

**LARRIGANS AND SHOE PACS,**

And believing this Stock to be far superior to to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a Superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada Also having received one of the LATEST IMPROVED TURN SHOE MACHINES, at a cost of $1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the Americans or Canadians in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Childrens' SLIPPERS of all kinds.


☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal [illegible] 12,154 [illegible]

## Poetry.

### THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

The characters of great and small
Come ready made (we can't bespeak one,)
Their sides are many, too,—and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life,
Some love their hobby till it flings them,—
How many love a pretty wife
For love of the *eclat* she brings them!

In order to relieve my mind
I've thrown on this disjointed chatter,
And much because I'm disinclined
To venture on a painful matter;
I once was bashful; I'll allow
I've blushed for words untimely spoken,
I still am rather shy, and now—
And now the ice is fairly broken.

We all have secrets; you have one
Which mayn't be quite your charming spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiars who exhaust their days
And nights in plaguing pops and fogies,
And who, excepting spiteful waps,
Are blameless, unassuming fogies.

We hug the phantom we detest,
We rarely let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest,—
Now are we not afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich, and bold as Hector,
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees to see his specter.

Old Dives fears a pauper's fate,
And hoarding is his gloomy passion;
And some poor souls anticipate
A waistcoat straighter than the fashion.
She, childless, pines,—that lovely wife,
And hidden tears are bitter shedding;
And he may tremble all his life,
And die,—but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!
The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles;
We toil, we groan—the cry for love
Mounts upward from the seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A Father, infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,
When sunbeams play, when shadows darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
A ghastly carnival—but hearken!
How dry the rattle of the bones!—
The sound was not to make you start meant,
Stand by! Your humble servant owns
The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

## Select Literature.

### The Mate of the Desdemona.

*(Concluded.)*

Gilbert's leave was up—the "Desdemona" was taut and ready for sea, bound for Java. Robert Alleyne had left his friend's home a fortnight before. Meg, who had begged a holiday of her employers for the last day of her brother's stay, walked to the Chilling station with him. In these last moments a secret trembled on her lips many times before it found utterance.

'Gilbert,' came at last, half sadly, half shyly, 'I ought to tell you that Mr. Alleyne——' Meg came to a pause. Gilbert looked at her quickly.

'I think I can guess the rest, Meg. Robert Alleyne has asked you to be his wife,' he said tenderly.

'And I have refused,' she said, with an effort.

There was a long pause.

'Was that well, Meg? He is very wealthy.'

'Gilbert, can you ask? My earning will be almost our only settled means. How could I leave mamma and all the little ones? And do you think I would bring such a burden upon a generous man's bounty?' The pain found utterance in the passionate words and tone. The white lips quivered.

'My darling, my heart bleeds when I think of what your sufferings may be this coming Winter. Meg, I would throw up my berth, and stay in England if I had a chance of earning anything; but I have been to sea so long, what am I fit for but to be a sailor?'

'Do not think of it, Gilbert; it would ruin your prospects, dear.

'I will send home my pay as soon as we get out there—every farthing, Meg, you may depend upon it: but meantime——'

'We shall get on somehow, Gilbert.'

'And for yourself, my little sister, is not this hard to bear?'

The tone was tender. He took her hands and looked down at her face. Meg's lips quivered, but she lifted her eyes bravely.

'Not too hard. You must not pity me; you, too, have to bear. Gilbert, I have known your secret long.'

'Guard it well, Meg; it is an untold secret yet,' he said, solemnly. 'Now good bye. Let me have one smile to take across the sea. God keep us all till we meet again!'

'Till we meet again!' repeated the girl, trying to still her heart's wild beating as she watched him away. 'My Father, give me strength till then.'

A few days later came a letter with the Plymouth postmark—only a few hasty words.

'MY DARLINGS—We are fairly off. Robret Alleyne goes with us again—for the sake of my company, he says. I am glad of his. Wish me *bon voyage*. Mother, my thoughts are with you in all and through all.

'GILBERT.'

So he went, leaving behind him sad hearts all the sadder for his going—hearts that looked forward, trembling, doubting, dreading to ask themselves when and in what misery the next meeting would come us home again. And since then another life drama is over for me—over; and the curtain has fallen for good this time, I think. Yes, she is brave and steadfast. She, by her deeds, has put to shame my shrinking, cowardly life—my mean unbelief. I am punished: my very words rise up and condemn me. Only one thing I know—she is noble and brave, and because of it my passionate love and all hope of happiness on earth lie buried in the waves beneath my feet.'

* * * * * * *

On the deck of a homeward-bound ship—homeward-bound in the Indian Ocean—a little group were gathered round a fair-faced man, who was reading, in clear and solemn accents, the burial service over their captain. They covered him into the waters that were gleaming in the sun, the bright dancing waters of the great ocean, that closed up again after gathering one more to the multitude of her dead, and left no trace upon her sunlit bosom. There was a moment's hush. Then the gangway was drawn up. The rough men, who had no time for weeping, returned to their work, and the ship sped on, with her flag half-mast high, to the old country, whence one had gone out who would never return.

In the cabin lay another man, with the shadow of coming death on his bronzed brow, and lips parched with fever. Over him bent the one who had read the burial service, and clasped his hand.

'It is almost over, dear friend.'

A look of intense agony met the sick man's upturned gaze.

'Be brave, old fellow,' he whispered. 'It was the skipper you buried just now, was it not? I shall be the next. Tell her I loved her to the last; her face has been in my dreams so often lately—her name will be the last on my lips. She will think of me sometimes in the days to come.'

'There was a long pause; then he resumed, speaking with difficulty—

'I trust you will get safely to England, Gilbert. The craft is in your hands—the skipper gone, the first mate down with this pitiless fever. Please God, the men will be spared. You are a good seaman, Gilbert—you do not fear?'

'If I might save you, my friend, my friend!'

'It is very easy for me to go, Gilbert—I do not suffer. I am anxious for you, or I would have perfect peace They are waiting and watching for you—no one will miss me.'

* * * * * * *

The gale was coming up with fearful strength. 'Deep called unto deep.' Waves mountains high rolled each other with terrible wrath. Bending the storm rode a ship, labouring more and more as the night advanced. Bronzed cheeks grew pale when the mast fell away and the rent sails came down upon the deck. One among the little crew walked amid them fearless where all was fear—one who yet bore on his calm face 'the lingering light of his boyhood's grace.' He walked among them, bidding them work while there was hope, urging, encouraging the rough men whose hearts he held by the power of his brave and kind words. As the night wore on there was a sudden alarm, and fearful words were spoken by one with white lips.

'The ship has sprung a leak!'

There was a lull—a moment of despair too deep for speech or cry. Then the voice of the young mate rose high above the storm.

'All hands to the pumps! Boys, keep a good heart, for the sake of those at home!'

They needed to do so. But for him, they had never done it. So the night wore on, with the storm and the darkness. Would the day ever dawn for them? It came at last—first a gray streak, then a lurid red in the east. The wind had sunk, the fury of the waves had abated, but the leak remained a dreadful reality. A very little longer and——

Suddenly from the mast-head came a shout—clear, strong, joyous—that rang through the gloom and rose above the sullen sound of broken surges—

'Land ahead!'

The words rolled through the dismantled ship, and after the hush of joy too deep for words came the answering shout from many throats. The crew left their labours and crowded round the 'lad' who had saved them—whose brave words and example had borne them up. They bared their heads to bless him, they pressed close to clasp his hand—hard, weather-beaten men, to whom he was scarcely more than a boy. Then he spoke, in a voice tremulous for the first time. He had but to speak to be obeyed. They knelt around him on the wet deck, and many there who had long forgotten to pray answered 'Amen' to Gilbert's thanksgiving. A few hours later the *Desdemona*, stripped of her glory, and looking like the ghost of herself, rode in safe waters.

* * * * * * *

'It is the last resource, mother.'

'It is none the less hard.'

'Mother, it breaks my heart to see you fading before our eyes day by day for want of proper nourishment and a doctor's care,' wept Meg, despairingly.

'I am but a burden to you, darling,' was the wistful answer.

It was Christmas week. More than a year had elapsed since Gilbert left them—a year of such intense suffering that even Kate's sunny smiles were quenched. The family were living in Ripston now, in a dingy little house, one of many such in a narrow street. Gilbert had sent home his earnings for the outward trip. These with Meg's slender salary and a trifle Kate earned by taking plain needlework, were all the helpless family had to live upon. But worse than the struggle with poverty—worse than the sight of the four young children, now, indeed, almost shoeless—was the increasing weakness of the mother. The two girls looked on in speechless agony.

'I would give my life—do or suffer anything!' Meg had said one day passionately.

'We have done everything but beg—I suppose that will be the next thing,' Kate had answered sadly.

'If Gilbert would only come!' It was the cry of their hearts by day and night; but the months wore on and he came not.

[illegible] three weeks' holiday at Christmas [illegible] had obtained a little daily [illegible] for the time. It [illegible] this afternoon, and she [illegible] the sofa while she but[illegible] waterproof cloak.

[illegible] said about it, [illegible] only thing for us to [illegible] said [illegible] so. She

'Then I may go to Mr. Farncombe now, and tell him I will accept the offer he repeated last week of engaging me at his theatre?'

Meg spoke steadily, bringing out the words distinctly, as willing to face them in all their stern reality. It was, indeed, the last resource. She went out in silence not even pausing to speak to the children whose voices she heard in an upper room. Yet as she walked through the snow a vague indefinable feeling that was not all pain came to her.

'Something is going to happen,' thought Meg.

Mr. Farncombe was delighted to engage his children's pretty governess as a novelty. He undertook to give her the necessary instruction—they [illegible] be trifling, he knew. The girl [illegible] well educated, and he offered [illegible] more than double her present one.

'The weekly payment will be better to us than the quarterly,' she thought as she walked away, trying to tell herself she was glad.

'She will make a fortune with that face and voice,' said the manager to himself as he closed the door after her. He had no need of persuasion to think he was glad.

It was quite dark when Meg got home. She let herself in quietly. The children were still at play in the upper room. Meg went to the door of the sitting-room and turned the handle. A single gas jet from the fire showed her the figure of her mother standing before the hearth with something in her hand. The baby boy was crying on the rug, but she did not seem to hear him.

'Come,' she said sharply, gasping for breath—'come and open this. I dare not—I have waited for you. Kate is gone out to buy bread. Come, open it quick, quick, or I shall die! It has just come.'

Meg sprang forward and took what she held forth. It was a large blue envelope with a strange seal, and addressed to 'Mrs. Langston, the Rectory, Chilling.'

'Mamma, be calm—sit down,' she urged.

'Open it,' uttered the white lips.

Meg bent forward to the flame and obeyed, her hands trembling. She read the missive in silence—she could not read it aloud while her heart throbbed madly, and the blood rushed swiftly through her veins and her brain was hot and dizzy. Mrs. Langston sat cowering with her eyes covered. Meg's hand fell on her shoulder.

'Mother, can you bear me to tell you something?'

She looked up. The girl's voice was so strange.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'I think I can.'

'It is ours, mamma, yours—the fortune! Do you hear, mamma? The suit is decided in your favor. We are no longer beggars.'

'Oh God, this is too much!'

With a sudden cry she fell forward and lay at her daughter's feet. A terrified shriek rang through the house, bringing the children from their play, and Kate, who had just returned, hastened upstairs.

'Meg, what—what is it?'

Springing forward, she lifted the fragile form and laid it on the sofa, sending Dora for a candle while she chafed the thin hands in her own tender fashion.

Consciousness at length returned, and with it the wondrous gladness that flooded into the seared heart, making it beat as it had not for many a long day. Then they told Kate the glad tidings, who caught up the baby boy to kiss him and weep over him for very joy.

In the midst of it all a swinging step sounded on the uncarpeted stairs, making the mirth suddenly cease. The door was burst open—there was a glad cry of 'Gilbert!' and he stood among them, a powdering of snow upon his shoulder, and his own bright smile answering the torrent of welcomes. He broke from them to bend over the tearful face on the pillow.

'My dearest boy, they will tell you that something has happened,' she murmured; but he was heedless of her words.

'Mother, I bring good news. I am promoted—I am captain of the prettiest little craft on the ocean—and better than that, my salary is redoubled. Dear ones, I can help you at last!'

'Oh, Gilbert, we have won the Chancery suit—uncle Grant's money is ours!' sobbed Meg.

'And Meg need not go on the stage,' said Kate.

'And mamma can have nice things to make her well,' said Dora.

Gilbert kneeling, bent the sunny head in his mother's lap, as he had done often in the old days, and, covering his face, remained silent a long time.

What a Christmas that was! What fires roared in the cramped chimneys of the dingy house! What savoury feasts Kate's dexterous hands prepared! And amid it all they did not forget those poor ones to whose suffering no bright ending had come. Many a crammed basket found its way to sad hearths and desolate homes.

All the brighter was the Christmas for the presence of Robert Alleyne. He was an invalid still, and it would be many weeks before he recovered from the effects of the terrible fever which had brought him so near to death. [illegible] Gilbert roasted chestnuts on the narrow, inconvenient bars, from which they kept falling into the coals to the delight of the children! How eagerly they listened when Mr. Alleyne told the story of how Gilbert brought the ship and the cargo safely home himself, after the skipper died and the first mate, like Mr. Alleyne, lay sick; and of how his uncle, the owners, had presented Gilbert with the command of one of their finest ships, together with a purse of gold and a gold chronometer; adding, that the whole affair was printed in the London newspapers.

Often was Mr. Alleyne besieged for the story, and so often was Gilbert called upon to show his chronometer, that he declared he would hang it up over the mantelpiece for public inspection during a whole week, after which no one should ever persuade him to exhibit it. How tremulously glad was Meg, when, on Christmas eve, as she stood upon the narrow doorstep listening to the Christmas chimes, Robert Alleyne came to her, and, asking no question, speaking no word, drew her to his breast in a silence more eloquent than speech, and held her so while the snow fell in soft flakes before them, then, taking her hand, led her to join the others.

'My brave Meg—mine at last!'

Those were the only words she heard, although they were all laughing and chattering while they kissed her, and wished her so much happiness in her new life. And how shyly happy was Kate when Gil-

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