# Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1877. NO. 30



**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, 25 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.


## Dissolution of Co-partnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between the subscribers—Isaac M. Shaw and William Hart, both of Middleton, carriage builders, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

ISAAC M. SHAW.
WILLIAM HART.

Dated Middleton, September 1st, ,77. [9it29


## CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

**Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,**

and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

OR, Flange Tooth, PLANET TOOTH, CHISEL TOOTH AND SOLID **SAWS**

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH Agent....Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ....St. John, N.B.

**Waterous Engine Works Co.,** BRANTFORD, ONT.

*** State where you saw this advertisement.

**DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.**

The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,* and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision,* Premature Old Age, and After Taking, many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave.* ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

The reputation it has attained, in consequence of the marvellous cures it has produced during the last half century, is a sufficient assurance to the public that it will continue to realize the happiest results that can be desired. In almost every section of country there are persons, publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs, by its use. All who have tried it, acknowledge its superiority; and where its virtues are known, no one hesitates as to what medicine to employ to relieve the distress and suffering peculiar to pulmonary affections. CHERRY PECTORAL always affords instant relief, and performs rapid cures of the milder varieties of bronchial disorder, as well as the more formidable diseases of the lungs.

As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

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. DENNISON and W. W. CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

## FLANNELS —AND— BLANKETS!

—:o:—

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL, GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

**BLANKETS!**

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,

FOR SALE BY

**W. G. LAWTON,**

*Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.*

October 1876.

## UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,

**ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.**

INTEREST allowed on Deposits. Drafts on New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax, at City rates.

STERLING EXCHANGE BOUGHT and SOLD.

COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

ALEX. SHEARER, Agent.

Jan. 10 n38 tf

## FLOUR! FLOUR!

Lately received from Canada West.

100 BBLS. Flour, "Benefactor," "Major," "Dominion" "Rings." 100 bbls do. to arrive this week by Intercolonial, *Beaver, White Swan,* and *Avalanche.*

**BARRELS CORN MEAL**

daily expected per *Home* from Boston. Also, Bag Meal and Cracked Corn, from Portland. Always in stock, Oat Meal, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Hulled Barley and Rice. Groceries of every description. Salt, coarse and fine. Pickled and Dry Fish.

Selling at lowest cash prices.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO.,
Opposite Railway Station.

Annapolis, July 25th, 1877.

## 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 Plater,**

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

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

sept30 y

## 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

## Three Trips a Week.

## ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

*STEAMER "EMPRESS,"*

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 "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

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 Clergyman 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 attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

## VISITING CARDS.

Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

## FLOUR, FLOUR.

THE subscriber has just received from Toronto,

**100 BBLS.**

**CHOICE CANADIAN FLOUR,**

which will be sold at the Lowest Cash Price. Warranted to be good or no sale. Also:

**50 bbls. American Corn Meal.**

A. ELLIOTT.

Port George, Aug. 19th, '77 n17 tf

Agent at Middleton,.....JOHN GULIVAN.

TRY THE

**DUFFERIN FLAT 12'S**

AND THE

**ACADIA TWIST, TOBACCO,**

And you will not want any better.

R. B. MACKINTOSH & CO.,
Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.

Oct. 17th, '76. n27

## 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 on reasonable terms at *22 Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.

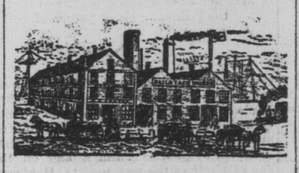
sept30 y

## S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

**Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works**

ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

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 specialty.

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

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

**CATARRH**

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. B. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Dropsiage in Throat Disappear.

ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1875.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING,

DEAR SIR—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 39 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe increases and pains under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SNIDER

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BRIDGETOWN

## Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

**FALCONER & WHITMAN**

are now manufacturing

## Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

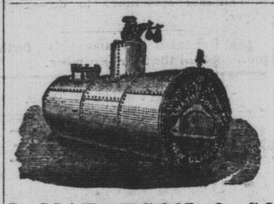
ALSO:

**Granite and Freestone Monuments.**

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN



## I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

—AND—

**BOILER MAKERS,**

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

## Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Guages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

## Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

## Time Table,

COMMENCING

Monday, 15th of Oct,, 1877.

| Miles. | GOING WEST. | Steamb't Express Mon. Wed. and Saturday. | Passengers and Frght. daily. | Pass. and Freight daily. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. |
| 0 | Windsor—leave..... | 8 00 | 11 15 | 5 00 |
| 7 | Hantsport..... | 8 28 | 11 43 | 5 25 |
| | | | P. M. | 6 53 |
| 15 | Grand Pre..... | 8 55 | 12 12 | 6 10 |
| 18 | Wolfville ..... | 9 07 | 12 28 | 6 20 |
| 20 | Port Williams..... | 9 14 | 12 83 | 6 40 |
| 25 | Kentville—arrive..... | 9 30 | 1 00 | |
| | Do—leave..... | 9 45 | 1 20 | |
| 34 | Waterville ..... | 10 15 | 1 52 | |
| 37 | Berwick ..... | 10 26 | 2 05 | |
| 42 | Aylesford ..... | 10 46 | 2 37 | |
| 49 | Kingston ..... | 11 09 | 3 04 | |
| 53 | Wilmot ..... | 11 23 | 3 20 | |
| 56 | Middleton ..... | 11 33 | 3 35 | |
| 62 | Lawrencetown ..... | 11 49 | 3 58 | |
| 65 | Paradise ..... | 11 59 | 4 10 | |
| | | P. M. | | |
| 70 | Bridgetown ..... | 12 15 | 4 38 | |
| 78 | Roundhill ..... | 12 37 | 5 07 | |
| 84 | Annapolis—arrive ..... | 1 00 | 5 30 | |
| | St. John by Steamer | 8 00 | | |

| Miles. | GOING EAST. | Passengers and Freight daily. | Passengers and Frgt. daily. | Steamb't Express Mon. Wed. and Saturday. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | A. M. | A. M. | A. M. |
| 0 | St. John—leave..... | ..... | ..... | 8 00 |
| | | | | P. M. |
| 0 | Annapolis—leave ..... | ..... | 7 00 | 2 15 |
| 6 | Round Hill..... | ..... | 7 24 | 2 33 |
| 14 | Bridgetown ..... | ..... | 7 48 | 2 53 |
| 19 | Paradise ..... | ..... | 8 08 | 3 06 |
| 22 | Lawrencetown ..... | ..... | 8 22 | 3 15 |
| 28 | Middleton ..... | ..... | 8 47 | 3 34 |
| 31 | Wilmot ..... | ..... | 8 58 | 3 42 |
| 35 | Kingston ..... | ..... | 9 14 | 3 53 |
| 42 | Aylesford ..... | ..... | 9 40 | 4 11 |
| 47 | Berwick ..... | ..... | 10 02 | 4 25 |
| 50 | Waterville ..... | ..... | 10 24 | 4 34 |
| 59 | Kentville—arrive ..... | ..... | 11 05 | 5 00 |
| | | | P. M. | |
| | Do—leave..... | 8 00 | 11 45 | 5 10 |
| 64 | Port Williams..... | 8 20 | 12 05 | 5 26 |
| 66 | Wolfville..... | 8 28 | 12 25 | 5 33 |
| 69 | Grand Pre..... | 8 42 | 12 40 | 5 43 |
| 77 | Hantsport ..... | 9 17 | 1 15 | 6 08 |
| 84 | Windsor—arrive ..... | 9 45 | 1 45 | 6 30 |

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 8 a.m. every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John, These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

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

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

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Oct. 10th, "77.


## Lawyer's Blank Executions.

A FRESH stock just printed and for sale at the "MONITOR Office."

September 1st, 1877.


## Poetry.

### THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed,
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's
And the fountains of feelings will flow
When I think of the paths, steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of faith blowing wild:
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, those truants from home and from Heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun:
Would pray God to guard them from evil.
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction.
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the good nights and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers,
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid the good-night and be kissed.

## Select Literature.

### FLORA.

It seems so strange to me to have a day all to myself. The children are out for a holiday, and are spending it at the elms, and John will not be home till evening; and here am I sitting by the window on this bright morning all alone.

Alone for once; and how many women are alone their whole lives long!

My thoughts begin to travel away back to the time before my marriage; and naturally think of Flora, who was so much bound up with my life then. Sweet Flora Cameron, with her clear hazel eyes and her braids of bonny brown hair. We were at school together, she being a governess and I a pupil. She was four years my senior; and partly on that account my love for her was mingled with a considerable amount of respect.

She had been brought up from girlhood in the expectation of having to earn her own living; and perhaps that accounted for her sedate, self-restraining manner when with us school girls. I remember being perfectly astonished at her gaiety and girlishness the first time I had her home with me after I left school. She was an orphan, and had no home, so she did not want much persuasion to come. My twin brother, Charley, who was articled to a civil engineer, managed to get his holidays at the same time, which completed our little gathering.

The day after Flora's arrival our neighbor and papa's friend, Mr. Heron, walked over from Beechgrove, as his house was named, to see us. He was a tall, thin man, with a dried-up appearance, and a manner something sober and sedate. He was a bachelor, and as old as papa.

He was delighted to see "his young friend," meaning me, looking so well; but I was amused at the way his eyes followed Flora about the room, and I decided at once in my own mind that it was going to be a case of falling in love—on his side at least.

'What do you think of Mr. Heron?' I asked of Flora, after he had left.

'I really do not know what to think of him,' she replied. 'I could not judge of his conversational powers, as I did not hear him say much.'

'His eyes were eloquent enough, at any rate,' I said.

Flora looked up surprised. She had evidently not observed him as I had; but I did not enlighten her further.

Mr. Heron came frequently after that, and his gaze was always upon Flora, but he did not seem to pay her any other attentions.

It was hot summer weather, and we often had tea on the lawn.

Papa and mamma, with Mr. Heron, would sit quietly under the shade of a tree, while Charlie, Flora, and I made preparations.

We carried chairs, arranged cups and saucers, and assisted the servant generally in the open-air-meals, while on Flora particularly devolved the duty of grouping the flowers to ornament the tea-table. On one of these occasions Flora had twined a spray of ivy round a vase in the centre of the table, and after tea Charley took her hat and wreathed it round with other ivy. She sat for some time with her hat in her lap, and I observed Mr. Heron say something to her in a low tone of voice. She immediately broke off a leaf, and gave it to him, laughing all the time. I was much amused. It seemed so unlike his general behavior to ask for anything in the shape of a flower.

I looked at Charlie, fully expecting to see amusement depicted on his face also; but I saw instead an expression of anger, while his lip curled contemptuously.

It was a revelation to me. Could it be that Charley was in love with Flora? Why he was a mere boy, and she was a woman! I whispered to him—Mr. Heron and Flora were at some little distance from us.

'I believe Mr. Heron is in love with Flora.'

'He's a fool, and she's a flirt,' he returned, in an angry, outspoken tone.

'Why, I think it would be a very good match for her!' I remarked. 'It's a dreary thing for a woman to be obliged to work all her life.'

'She needn't work,' he retorted, and then stopped. After a little he added—

'Even if she had to work, it would surely be better than to marry an old fossil like that.'

'But perhaps she loves him, Charley.'

'I don't believe a word of it.'

Flora and Mr. Heron now came up, Flora shivering, and saying it was growing chilly; so we went indoors.

I was sincerely sorry for Charley, although I could not help laughing at the absurdity of his falling in love with Flora.

Nineteen and twenty-three! Absurd! It would never do.

Time passed on, and Mr. Heron still continued his visits, which I could see were gall and wormwood to Charley.

He ridiculed his gait, his manner, and all his little oddities, which was exceedingly foolish and boyish of him, and gave Flora many opportunities of lecturing him in her capacity of governess.

It wanted about four days to the time when she must return to her duties at Sheldon. Flora, Charley, and I had long planned an excursion to Beliarn Hill, where Flora meant to make a sketch of a ruined tower.

We decided on going while the weather was fine, as the day of her departure might come without our having attained our object. We set out, Flora making odious comparisons between the hillock, which we thought quite a toilsome ascent, and her grand Scotch mountains.

We reached the summit; Flora began her sketch and I my book, while Charley devoted himself to our companion.

I had become quite absorbed in my reading, sitting in a cozy nook at some distance from the two, when I heard Charley exclaim—

'There is Mr. Herring on the road beneath; he is evidently going to our house, but he won't find what he seeks.'

'I wish you wouldn't mispronounce his name, Charley,' said Flora, looking down on the road; 'it is very disrespectful of you.'

'Disrespectful indeed! Do you care so much for him?' asked Charley.

'I am sure he has been very kind to me,' said Flora.

'Kind!'

'What makes you echo my words? He has been kind.'

'Do you know, Flora, I believe he is coming just now to propose to you.'

Flora was silent; I thought it was quite time I came to the rescue.

'Flora—Charley,' I called out, 'do you know what o'clock it is? It is time we were home.'

The walk home would have been a silent one, had I not chatted incessantly.

I thought that Flora must be pondering what she was going to say to Mr. Heron, and Charley's face was a study.

When we arrived we found papa and Mr. Heron on the lawn. After shaking hands, we were about to enter the house, when Mr. Heron said to Flora—

'Will you take a short walk with me, Miss Flora?'

Flora's look as she turned to me was like that of a lamb going to the slaughter, and I began for the first time to think she might possibly refuse him. Charley hurriedly disappeared indoors, and I saw no more of him that night.

Flora came to me shortly afterwards with such an unreadable face that I really could not guess whether she had accepted Mr. Heron or not.

'Well,' I inquired, 'has he asked you to marry him?'

'Yes.'

'Have you accepted him?'

'No.'

'It would have been a good match, Flora.'

'I am not afraid of work. He told me he thought I should make an excellent housekeeper, and he entertained me with the shortcomings of his present one. Unfortunately I am a little romantic, and believe that love is essential on both sides.'

'It certainly is not your fault that he asked you.'

'No; and I should scorn myself did I think that anything in my manner had encouraged him. But I am not surprised. You have all of late led me to suppose he meant to ask me to marry him.'

Here Flora broke down and began to cry. I was surprised.

She evidently did not care for the man, but did she cry because of his disappointment? I had never before seen tears in her eyes. I was puzzled.

Next morning it was known all over the household. Charley began to brighten up, and I was continually on the outlook for some indiscretion.

The day before Flora's departure we had tea on the lawn as usual, but no Mr. Heron was there. It seemed like the ghost of a former event when Charlie again wreathed Flora's hat with ivy and begged her for a leaf.

'Do you know what it means?' she asked.

'No, I do not.'

'It is a token of friendship—I will give it you as that.'

'No, no!' he returned. 'Give me a rose instead.'

Flora laughed merrily, and Charley turned away with a flushed face.

The house was rather dull after Flora went back to school. Charley too was in town. But Flora and I corresponded constantly.

My mother was somewhat old-fashioned in her notions of a woman's duties and obligations in life, for she maintained that the education of any such was quite incomplete if she could not cook and sew, and if she did not know a great deal about household economy generally. I was therefore put through a course of practice in the several branches of domestic work.

After Charley's departure I came upon a great many scraps of poetry in his room, evidently original, and displaying much fervency of feeling, an also an acrostic on Flora's name.

Time passed on till it was again midsummer. My mother had formed the project of once more having Flora and Charley at our house during the holidays. But, before they arrived, there had been rumors of some great engineering works that were to be undertaken abroad, and Charley was proposed as one of the assistants. By the time Flora visited us the matter was settled, and Charley was to leave shortly.

Flora and Charlie arrived the same day, Charley looking handsome and manly, and Flora—well, certainly not appearing older than my brother. As they stood together my old feeling as to the disparity between them seemed to fade away. What her feelings were I could not guess, but his, I judged, were unchanged.

One day we three walked to Beliarn woods. The sun was hot, and the road dusty; and, when we reached the green shade of the woods, the soft rippling sound of the stream, combined with a sense of fatigue caused me to fall asleep.

I do not know how long I may have remained so, but, when I awoke, a feeling of rest made me sit still, with my head leaning against the trunk of a tree. Charley and Flora were talking softly near me.

'Flora,' said the former, 'will you give me no encouragement when I am going away for so long? If I had the certainty of your love, how it would cheer me!'

'I cannot,' answered Flora. 'Think of the difference between us.'

'Oh, that is nothing,' broke in Charley. 'Tell me just once—do you care for me, Flora?'

'I cannot—I cannot,' repeated Flora.

'You are cruel! Imagine the pleasure it would be to have letters from you when I am far away; and yet you won't even promise to write to me.'

'Charley,' said Flora, in a low, grave voice, 'you will one day marry some one younger and more suitable for you than I could ever be.'

'Never—never!' exclaimed my brother. 'I have always loved you, although you have only laughed at me, and treated me as a boy. Does that look like changefulness! My darling, will you not believe me, trust me?'

'Hush! Hush!' said Flora. 'You will wake Alice.'

I made a feint of waking, and called out—

'Have I slept long? Is it time we were going?'

And soon after we left the woods.

I believe Flora thenceforth avoided my brother. Mr. Heron once more made his appearance, but Charley was never jealous of him again, I think.

The time approached for Charley to depart, and the shadow of the coming 'Farewell' deepened. At length the morning arrived — breakfast was eaten almost in silence.

Then came the rumble of wheels, and we knew but few moments were left.

Mamma clung round Charley's neck, and then let let him go, saying—

'Heaven bless you, my boy!'

Again and again he kissed all around; but it was Flora he clasped last in his arms, embracing her passionately.

Flora broke from him, sobbing, and ran away to her room.

After the carriage had turned the corner of the road, and I could see him no longer, I went to find Flora.

I opened softly the door of her chamber. She did not hear me. She was kneeling on the floor, with her head on a chair, and her hands were clasped over her eyes.

'Oh, my love—my love!' she cried. 'I have sent him away without a word—a single word!'

I closed the door again, and hastened quietly away.

When we assembled at luncheon Flora was the most cheerful of us all. I was amazed at her power of self-repression after what I had heard. I supposed it was due to her governess training.

We talked constantly of Charley after that; but I could not have guessed from anything in her manner that she thought of him otherwise than as an ordinary friend.

One or two letters reached us from him while she was with us, and he always sent a message to her, and she one back to him. I hope that comforted them.

Not long after this he who was to become my husband came upon the scene, and my thoughts were fully occupied.

Months passed on, and Flora was at my wedding as bridesmaid; Charley sent home presents and messages innumerable.

How quickly the time seemed to fly after this happy event!

I had been married about three years when Flora came on a visit to me. During that long period she had been acquiring fame as an artist, and already her pictures brought good prices. My husband was away at the time of her arrival, and Flora and I had many a chat about days gone by.

'Do you know, Flora,' said I one morning, 'in his last letter Charley talks of coming home on a visit?'

'Does he indeed?' exclaimed Flora; and her face flushed.

'I shouldn't wonder,' I went on, 'if he takes back a wife.'

'It is very likely,' said Flora, softly; and her voice trembled slightly.

That afternoon's post brought me a letter from my brother; and, after I had read the first few lines, a feeling of faintness came over me.

'Have you received bad news!' asked Flora, starting up, while her face became deadly pale.

'Flora,' I answered, 'Charley writes that he is to be married shortly to a Miss Brooke he has met abroad.'

I looked keenly at Flora.

Her face became, if anything, paler; but there was no other sign of feeling. She was right. Charley had forgotten her.

* * * * * * *

Charley came home five or six years ago with his wife, a young, gentle creature, but I always feel she should not hold that position.

Flora has all that can help to make her happy. She is surrounded by the society she loves best—men and women famous in art and literature; and, when she sighs for the delights of nature as a change, she retires to her beautiful cottage home among the hills and glens of her native country.