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VOL. 27. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1899.

In the Spring Meadows.

A bell in the dim valley rings Mystical—silver-sweet;
The lark feels the will of his wings

Clapboards, Spruce & Cedar Shingles, Cement, Cal-What though our earthly friends g

dreary,
In love appears,
And chides us gently for our earth-born sor-Also agents for the "Cleveland" Bicycle.

Firm in the faith, until His glad to-morrow,
That all is best.

Best, though our hopes lie crushed and torm and broken Beneath our feet; Though every prayer for help and guidance

We'll patient wait until our Father maketh
The perfect day.
That day shall dawn in peace and free from are the best that has ever been offered in this town for

ness The Master's call.

Again shall bloom, cherish,
No more find room.

- Ellen E. Miles in Folded Hands.

Select Literature.

A Lover of Music.

He entered the backwoods village of Byown literally on the wings of the wind, oody's "Sportsmen's Retreat," as if he Rennie's Recleaned Timothy, Mammoth Red Clover, direction had long since retreated to their Cow Corn, and a large stock of by the wind through the cracks in the the strain; the bellows creaked; the notes grew more and more asthmatic.

FLOUR, Meal & Feed

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SEEDS!

SEEDS!

Alsike Clover,

Black Eye Marrowfat Pea,

Canada Beauty Pea,

small Seeds.

Just arrived, a large stock of Tilson's Delight Flour,

" Whitecoat Flour,

" Pride Flour. " Pilgrim Flour.

Five Roses, Hungarian, and Hornet Flour. Cornmeal in bbls. and bags. Middlings, Feed Flour and

TEA! TEA!

Don't forget that we sell Union Blend Tea with a key in each pound package. Buy a pound and take your chance of getting anythin' cept the toon, and they don't al-\$100.00 in Gold.

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Millinery

Tuesday and Wednesday, April 11th and 12th,

when we will show the latest novelties in Pattern Hats and Bonnets. A cordial invitation

is extended to the ladies to MISS A. LeCAIN.

NOTICE!

ersons having any legal demands agains tate of WILLIAM M. FORSYTH, lat dgetown, in the County of Annapolis

Poetru. cruel wind still poured out of the northwest. driving the dry snow along with it like a mist of powdered diamonds. Enveloped in this dazzling, pungent at-

Wild winter hath wounds to heal—
But color had crimsoned the clod.
The maples the thrill of the slow sap feel
And the world's in the light of God.

O winter, with tempest tost skies, See what a miracle now; Spring, with the light in her eyes, And blossoms on bosom and brow —From the Atlanta Consti

and weary
With our sad fears?
There liveth One, who, though the

And bids us rest

Boot and Shoe Store Seems incomplete;
Best, though our path with thorns
of flowers
Is thickly spread;
Best, though the thunder roll and
clouds lower

No shadows fall until the glad light break

sadness
At last, for all,
And we shall answer, with an unknown glad-

No more shall earth, with all her

conversation for the next hour. dropped by the tempest at the door of girls. Moody's "Sportsmen's Retreat," as if he were a New Year's gift from the North Pole. His coming seemed a mere chance; but perchanted by the coming seemed a mere chance and the coming seemed a mere chance and the coming seemed a mere chance and the coming seemed His coming seemed a mere chance; but per-haps there was something more in it, after must a come down from Canady, workin' on always ready to bring it out, and draw all all. At all events, you shall hear, if you a lumber job up Raquette River way. Got kinds of music from its strings, as long as will, the time and the manner of his arrival. | bounced out o' the camp, p'raps. All them It was the last night of December, some thirty years ago. All the city sportsmen who had hunted the deer under Bill Moody's peared to command general assent.

It made no difference whether the command of listeners, or only a couple, Fiddlin' Jack was just as glad to play. With a It was the last night of December, some | Frenchies is queer." direction had long since retreated to their homes, leaving the little settlement on the border of the Adirondack wilderness wholly under the social direction of the natices of the patient of the patient of the social direction of the natices.

"Yass," said Hose Ransom, "did ye take homes, leaving the little, quiet audience, he loved to try the quaint, plaintive airs of the old French songs all the time? Wouldn't let go on it. Wonder the social direction of the natices. under the social direction of the natives, der what 'twuz' Seemed kinder holler 'n The annual ball was in full swing in the light, fer all twuz so big an' wrapped up in bits of simple melody from the great comdining-room of the hotel. At one side of lots o' coverin's." the room the tables and chairs were piled up, with their legs projecting in the air like a of the younger boys; "find out later on. thicket of very dead trees. The huge stove | Now's the time fer dancin'. Whoop 'er up!" in the southeast corner was blushing a rosy red through its thin coat of whitewash, and full flood. The men and maids went career So the sound of revelry swept on again in exhaling a furious dry heat flavored with the ing up and down the room. Serena's willmell of baked iron. At the north end, ing fingers labored patiently over the yellow however, winter reigned; and there were keys of the reluctant melodion. But the tiny ridges of fine snow on the floor, sifted ancient instrument was weakening under

ball-room did not appear to mind the heat terously bad fit. The figure was tangled up or the cold. They balanced and "sashayed" like a fishing-line after trolling all day withfrom the tropics to the arctic circle. They swung at corners and made "ladies' change" best, determined to be happy, as cheerful as swung at corners and made "ladies' change" all through the temperate zone. They possible, but all out of time. The organ was stamped their feet and out double-shuffler whirring and gasping and groaning for until the floor trembled beneath them. The breath. Suddenly a new music filled the

tin lamp-reflectors on the walls rattled like room. There was only one drawback to the hilarity of the occasion. The band, which was usually imported from Sandy River

Musk, played jubilantly, triumphantly, irresistibly—on a fiddle!

The melodion gave one final gasp of sur-Forks for such festivities - a fiddle, a cornet, a flute, and an accordion—had not arrived.

There, in the parlor door, stood the stranger, There was a general idea that the mail- with his coat off, his violin hugged close unsleigh, in which the musicians were to travel, der his chin, his right arm making the bow had been delayed by the storm, and might fly over the strings, his black eyes sparkling, reak its way through the snowdrifts and arrive at any moment. But Bill Moody, tune. who was naturally of a pessimistic tempera-Don' spik. Don' res'! Ah'll goin' play de

ment, had offered a different explanation. "I tell ye, old Baker's got that blame' makin' 'em play fer his party. Them music fellers is onsartin'; can't trust 'em to keep

ways keep that. Guess we might uz well | iety-polkas, galops, reels, jigs quadrilles; fragments of airs from many lands—"The Fisher's Hornpike," "Charlie is my Darl-At this proposal a thick gloom had fallen ing," "Marianne s'en va-t-au Moulin,"
"Petit Jean," "Jordan is a Hard Road to over the assembly; but it had been dispersed by Serena Moody's cheerful offer to have Trabbel," woven together after the strangest the small melodeon brought out of the parlor and to play for dancing as well as she could.

It was a magical performance. No one could withstand it. They all danced together. It was a magical performance ould withstand it. They all danced together. "Where'd you get your fiddle, Jack!" the small melodeon brought out of the parlor and to play for dancing as well as she could. girl, and prepared to accept her performance er, like the leaves on the shivering poplars with enthusiasm. As the dance went on, when the wind blows through them. The

anybody—outside o' city folks."

But Serena's repertory was weak, though her spirit was willing. There was an unspoken sentiment among the men that "The Sweet By and By" was not quite the best tune in the world for a quadrille. A Sunday-school hymn, no matter how rapidly it was rendered, seemed to fall short of the necessary vivacity for a polks. Besides, the wheezy little organ positively refused to go faster than a certain gait. Hose Ransom expressed the popular opinion of the instrument, after a figure in which he and his partner had been half a bar ahead of the music from start to finish, when he said:

"But Serena's repertory was weak, though her spirit was willing. There was an unspoken sentiment among the men that "The best tune in the world for a quadrille. A Sunday-school hymn, no matter how rapidly it was rendered, seemed to fall short of the necessary vivacity for a polks. Besides, the wheezy little organ positively refused to go faster than a certain gait. Hose Ransom expressed the popular opinion of the instrument, after a figure in which he and his partner had been half a bar ahead of the music from start to finish, when he said:

"But Serena's repertory was weak, though her spirit was willing. There was an unspoke? Were you in the College? What'd you go off to the weods for?" "Ah'll set in findler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jac go off and the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jac go off and the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jac go off and the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jac go. "Ah'll set and to know! Were you in the College? What'd you go off to the weods for?" "Ah'll set in fiddler, "Ah'll not lak' dat so moch. Rader be out-door—run aroun—mek' dem danee at ma musique. A-a-hi Dat was fon! Praps you t'ink dat feedle you onch, hein?" You t'ink Jacques one beeg fool. Ah suppose?" "I dunno," said Serena, declining to commit herself, but pressing on gently, as women do, to the point sh

as rock, was like a vast, smooth bed, covered | round here. Guess we'll call him Fiddlin' in the day-time, an' play the fiddle at night." This was the way in which Bytown came to have a lover of music among its permanent inhabitants.

mosphere, half-blinded and bewildered by it, buffeted and yet supported by the onrushing Jacques dropped into his place and filled corrent of air, a man on snowshoes, with it as if it had been made for him. There light pack on his shoulders, emerged from the shelter of the Three Sisters' Islands, and was something in his disposition that seemed to fit him for just the role that was vacant staggered straight on down the lake. He in the social drama of the settlement. It sed the headland of the bay where was not a serious, important, responsible part like that of a farmer, or a store-keeper, the kitchen sewing. Moody's tavern is ensconced, and probably or a professional hunter. It was rather an marsh at the lower end of the lake, but for addition to the regular programme of exthe yellow glare of the ball-room windows istence, something unannounced and volun-tary, and therefore not weighted with too ced and volunand the sound of music and dancing which came out to him suddenly through a lull in heavy responsibilities. There was a touch He turned to the right, climbed over the of the transient and uncertain about it. He seemed liked a perpetual visitor; and yet he low wall of broken ice-blocks that bordered

stayed on as steadily as a native, never showing from the first the slightest wish or the lake, pushed up the gentle slope to the open passage-way by which the two parts of the rambling house were joined together. intention to leave the woodland village. I do not mean that he was an idler. By-Crossing the porch with the last rem town had not yet arrived at that stage of his strength, he knocked and fell heavily civilization in which an ornamental element supported at the public expense. The noise, heard through the confusion

He worked for his living and earned it within, awakened curiosity and conjecture. He was full of a quick, cheerful industry; and there was nothing that needed to be cabin, it is turned over and over, and many done about Moody's establishment, from the guesses are made as to the handwriting and wood-pile to the ice house at which he did the postmark before it occurs to anyone to not bear a hand willingly and well. open it and see who sent it, so was this rude "He kin work like a beaver," said old knocking at the gate the occasion of argu-ment among the rustic revellers as to what it might portend. Some thought it was the Moody, talking the stranger over down at the post-office one day, "but I don't believe arrival of the belated band. Others suphe's got much ambition. Jess does his work and takes his wages, and then gits his fiddle posed the sound betokened a descent of the out and plays."
"Tell ye what," said Hose Ransom, who Corey clan from the Upper Lake, or a change of heart on the part of old Dan Dun-ning, who had refused to attend the ball because they would not allow him to call out the figures. The guesses were various; but no one thought of the possible arrival of a

numbed along the threshold.

they went on with the dance.

drink of whiskey with a little hot tea in it-

to rise in the world; don't care fer anythin' ez much ez he does for his music. He's jess stranger at such an hour on such a night, like a bird; let him have 'nough to eat and until Serena suggested that it would be a a chance to sing, and he's all right. What's he 'magine about a house of his own, and a biddened guest was discovered lying bebarn, and sich things?" Hosea's illustration was suggested by his There was no want of knowledge as to own experience. He had just put the profit what should be done with a half-frozen man, and no lack of ready hands to do it. They and his imagination was already at work carried him not to the warm stove, but into

the semi-arctic region of the parlor. They shape of a kitchen L. rubbed his face and his hands vigorously But in spite of his tone of contempt, he with snow. They gave him a drink of tea had a kindly feeling for the unimaginative flavored with whiskey-or perhaps it was a fiddler. Indeed, this was the attitude of retty much every one in the community. and then, as his senses began to return to A few men of the rougher sort had made fun him, they rolled him in a blanket and left of him at first, and there had been one or him on a sofa to thaw out gradually, while two attempts at rude handling. But Jacques was determined to take no offence; and

"Who is he, anyhow. I never seen 'im He had literally played his way into the

> anyone wanted to listen or to dance. Errant," and "Isabeau a'y Promene"-and posers, and familiar Scotch and English bal-

lads-things that he had picked up heaven knows where, and into which he put a world of meaning, sad and sweet.

He was at his best in this vein when he was alone with Serena in the kitchen—she with a piece of sewing in her lap, sitting be side the lamp; he in the corner by the stove. with the brown violin tucked under his chin, wandering on from one air to another, and perfectly content if she looked up now and

then from her work and told him that she "Hold the Fort" was the tune, "Money liked the tune. smooth, silky hair, and eyes the color of the nodding harebells that blossom on the edge of the woods. She was slight and delicate. The neighbors called her sickly: and a great doctor from Philadelphia who had whirring and gasping and groaning for spent a summer at Bytown had put his ear to her chest, and looked grave, and said that she ought to winter in a mild climate. That The right tune—the real old joyful Money

was before people had discovered the Adiron-dacks as a sanitarium for consumptives. But the inhabitants of Bytown were not in the way of paying much attention to the theories of physicians in regard to climate. They held that if you were rugged, it was a great advantage, almost a virtue; but if you were sickly, you just had to make the best of it, and get along with the weather as well

So Serena stayed at home and adapted herself very cheerfully to the situation. She feedle fo' yo' jess moch yo' lak', eef yo' h'only other girls, and had a quieter way about her; but you would never have called her The music gushed from the bow like water an invalid. There was only a clearer blue from the rock when Moses touched it. Tune followed tune with endless fluency and varher cheek. She was particularly fond of reading and of music. It was this that made her so glad of the arrival of the violin. The violin's master knew it, and turned to her as a sympathetic soul. I think he liked

when the wind blows through them. The gentle Serena was swept away from her stool to encourage her in the labor of love.

"Sereny's doin' splendid, ain't she?" said the other girls.

To which the men replied, "You bet! The playin's reel nice, and good 'nough fer anybody—outside o' city folks."

But Serena's repertory was weak though.

When the wind blows through them. The gentle Serena was swept away from her stool at the organ as if she were a little cance drawn into the rapids, and Bill Moody stepped high and out pigeon-wings that had been forgotten for a generation. It was long after midnight when the dancers paused breathless and exhausted.

But Serena's repertory was weak though.

"Wat you get your nadie, Jack!" said Serena, one pight as they sat together in the kitchen.

"Ah'll was get heem in Kebeck," and were distributed anyone spoke of it. "Vair' nice violon, hein? Wat you t'ink! Ma high transport." to de college, he was gif' me dat violon, wen swered Jacques, passing his hand lightly over the instrument, as he always did when anyone spoke of it. "Vair' nice violon, hein? W'at you t'ink? Ma h'ole Teache to de college, he wae gif' me dat violon, w'e breathless and exhausted.
"Waal," said Hose Ransom, "that's jass Ah was gone away to de woods."

her experience; like a chapter in a book. She was lady enough at heart to respect his silence. She kept away from the forbidden ground. But the knowledge that it was there gave a new interest to Jacques and his music. She embroidered some strange romances around that secret while she sat in the kitchen sewing.

Other people at Bytown were less forbearing. They tried their best to find out something about Fiddlin' Jack's past, but he was not communicative. He talked about Canada. All Canadians do. But about himself?

No. No.

If the questions became too pressing, he would try to play himself away from his inquisitors with new tunes. If that did not succeed, he would take the violin under his arm and slip quickly out of the room.

and Bull Corey had come down from the Upper Lake and filled himself up with

Canada's Foreign Trade.

without even the faintest praise.

But the majority of the audience gave him ed very strongly, and the Porto Ricar

Then Bull returned to the attack, after the American government to the gove having fortified himself in the bar-room. Porto Rico to permit all vessels, French were, in his opinion, a most despicable race. They were not a patch on the much, and their language was ridiculous. They had a condemned, fool habit of taking off their hats when they spoke to a lady.

ments in a loud voice, much to the interrup tion of the music, he marched over to the last five years, to 1898, from \$240,999,000 to and grabbed the violin from his hands.

with rage. His face was convulsed. His showed a growth in goods entered for coneyes blazed. He snatched a carving-knife sumption for the nine months' period ending from the dresser behind him, and sprang at March last of \$112,790,006, as against \$34,

**Tort Dieu!" he shrieked, "mon violon! ports for the same period had grown from \$92,044548 to \$122,872,347. A slight falling But he could not reach the enemy. Bill off this year as compared with 1898 would combatants. There was a dead silence, a

danger was past, and a tumult of talk burst But a strange alteration has passed over hornet's nest in the feminine world by the

gratia plena, ora pro me!"

The others did not understand what he

tempt at knifing—a detested crime? He might have gone at Bull with gun, or with a club, or with a chair, or with any recognized

mos' trouble-us cuss 'round these hull woods? And wouldn't it be a fust-rate thing ef some o' the wind was let out'n him?"

quiry. "And wa'n't k'iddlin Jack peacerable 'nough's long's he was let alone? What's the matter with lettin' him alone now?" The argument seemed to carry weight Hose saw his advantage, and clinched it. "Ain't he given us a lot o' fun here this winter in a innercent kind o' way, with his airth he loves better'n that holler piece o' wood, and the toons that's inside o' it. It's

jess like a wife or a child to him. Where's that fiddle, anyhow?"

Some one had picked it deftly out of Corey's hand during the scuffle, and now all kinds of dairy products, he said as nearly avery variety of conding

the books were closed for the night.

There was something in the way he said it that gave a check to her gentle curiosity and turned it into pity. A man with a secret in his life? It was a new element in her experience; like a chapter in a book,

arm and slip quickly out of the room. And tioned therefor. The question arm and slip quickly out of the room. And if you had followed him at such a time, you would have heard him drawing strange, melancholy music from the instrument, sitting alone in the barn, or in the darkness of his own room in the garret.

Once, and only once, he seemed to come near betraying himself. This was how it happened.

And therefore. The question as to machine try for the enforcement will not be included in the resolution, but will remain for the bill itself. Two propositions have been made in this resolution, one of which would leave the enforcement in the hands of municipal, provincial and Dominion authorities. The general impression, however, seems to be that as the statute is to be a Dominion

Bull was an ugly-tempered fellow. The more he drank, up to a certain point, the something of a concession to Canada in re steadier he got on his legs, and the more gard to the coasting trade of Porte Ricc necessary it appeared to him to fight some. That island has been definitely annual set up for the village philosopher, "he ain't got no imagination. That's what makes traight set that night toward Fiddlin' Jack.

The don't know what it means that the united States, and as a part of the body. The tide of his pugnacity took a the United States, and as a part of the United States the coasting laws which present the don't know what it means the don't know which pre-Bull began with musical criticisms. The vent foreign vessels from trading fiddling did not suit him at all. It was too one part of the country and another was sx quick, and it was too slow. He failed to tended to Porto Rico, apparently as a matter perceive how anyone could tolerate such of course. The Canadian music even in the infernal regions, and he in the trade between the United State expressed himself in plain words to that Porto Rico under the Spanish regime were

of his last summer's guiding into a new barn no support. On the contrary, they told him Suffered. The protest has been effect the majority of the authority of the summer's guiding into a new barn no support. On the contrary, they told him Suffered. The protest has been effect to the summer's guiding into a new barn no support. to shut up. And Jack fiddled along cheer. The finance minister announced in the

he was so good humored, so obliging, so the was so good humored, so obliging, so the was so good humored, so obliging.

They are frogs.

Having delivered himself of the much to the The Finance Minister, last week, gave the

table on which Fiddlin' Jack was sitting, \$304,475,736. Another statement showed Canada' foreign trade for the same period or Gimme that dam fiddle," he cried, "till a basis of goods entered for consu I see if there's a frog in it." Jacques leaped from the table, transported 747 to \$275,246,668. Another stat

Moody's long arms were flung around the probably be made good before the year struggling fiddler, and a pair of brawny closes. Canada's trade import and export, guides had Corey pinned by the elbows, but not including coin and bullion, increased hustling him backward. Half a dozen men between 1878 and 1896, eighteen years, by thrust themselves between the would-be \$57,666,993. scuffling of feet on the bare floor; then the Dresden, May 5.—The minister of educa-

Jacques. He trembled. He turned white-issuance of a decree whereby all girls and Tears poured down his cheeks. As Moody let him go, he dropped on his knees, hid his and colleges in Saxony must abandon the face in his hands, and prayed in his own practice of wearing corsets and stays. The

tongue.

"My God, it is here again! Was it not enough that I must be tempted once before? Must I have the madness yet another time? My God, show the mercy towards me, for the Blessed Virgin's sake. I am a sinner, but not the second time; O, for the love of Jesus, not the second time! Ave Maria, gratia plena, ora pro me!"

practice of wearing corsets and stays. The wearing of corsets by girls of tender age and the habit of tight lacing have become so prevalent, particularly in Dresden, that the state foresees in the corset a grave menace to the well-being of posterity. Although girls and their mothers protest against the measure, and even threaten to boycott the schools, the officials stand firm.

The others did not understand what he was saying. Indeed, they paid little attention to him. They saw he was frightened, and thought it was with fear. They were already discussing what ought to be done about the fracas. It was plain that Bull Corey, whose liquor had now taken effect suddenly, and made him as limp as a strip of cedar bark, must be thrown out of the door, and left to cool off on the beach. But what to do with Fiddlin' Jack for his attempt at knifing—a detested crime? He

club, or with a chair, or with any recognized weapon. But with a carving-knife! That was a serious offence. Arrest him, and send him to jail at the Forks? Take him out, and duck him in the lake? Lick him, and drive him out of the town?

There was a multitude of counsellors, but it was Hose Ransom that settled the case. He was a well-known fighting-man, as well as a respected philosopher. He swung his broad frame in front of the fiddler.

"Tell ye what we'll do. Jess nothin! Ain't Bull Corey the blowin'est and the mos' trouble-us cuss 'round these hull woods?

This is a question of vast importance to all who wish to be well. If your blood is General assent greeted this pointed en impure you cannot expect good less you begin taking Hood's Sar once. This great medicine mak-pure and puts the system in g cures spring humors and that tir

passed it up to Hose.
"Here, Frenchy, take yer long-necked, pot-bellied music-gourd. And I want you boys to understand, ef anyone teches that fiddle agin, I'll knock hell out'n him."