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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1898.

and paper, hard upon her task.

out to make it 'pay the rint'!"

"It's nothing at all," she protested, guilti-

had to commit it to paper before I could

rest. It would never have done to deprive

Chilton was out.
"I hope he has found some other means of

' paying the rint,' so that you will no long-

thing to do yesterday, but was just too late.

Wasn't that unfortunate? When he does I

really will obey orders, because I have no

mind at all for death, and leaving my poor

need to wake up with 'notions' when you should be sleeping."
"He almost succeeded in getting some-

now, dear!"

among her pillows.
"I feel tired," she said.

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term of it years and? menths, with interest the monthly balances at 6 per cent per terms of the monthly balances at 6 per cent per cent of the monthly balances at 6 per cent per cent of the stallments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for the calle F. L. MILNEB

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Bridgetown Sant '82d 1801 25 to AGENCIES .. Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891.

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A GREAT PROGRAMME.

The Story of the Revolution by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, to run throughout the year. (For the first time all the modern art forces and resources will be brought to bear upon the Revolution. Howard Pyle and a cornee of artists are making case in water

Capt A T Mahan's "The American Navy in the Revolution." to be illustrated by Carl-ton T. Chapman, the marine artist; Henry Fenn, and others.

Thomas, "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Re-Nevel, "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Re-construction." Mr. Page has devoted four years to the story, and he considers it his best work. (Illustrated by B. West Cline-

Robert Grant's "Search-Light Let-ters"-replies to various letters that come in consequence of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher."

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has lately been established in connection with the Bridgetown agency where deposits will be received from one dollar upwards and interest at the rate of 3½ per cent, allowed. C. H. EASSON, Agent.

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I do not fix a price on Goods I do not have in stock, and sell an inferior article at a higher price; but I do keep as good a selec-tion of Flour, Feed,

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money refunded. W. M. FORSYTH. Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S. November 23rd, 1897.

The business known as THE John H. Hicks, who will now the kitchen and the nursery—her proper do "W carry on the business in his main-will be graced by her perpetual presown name.

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

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Or BURPEE S. FITZRANDOLPH, Dec. 18th, 1897,

Grandmother's Counsel.

Grandmother says in her quaint old way:
"World wasn't made in a day...a day.
And that blue sky where the white clouds flit.

"The way ain't sunny,
But don't you fret!
Cheer up, honey!
You'll get there yet!"

Grandmother says in her quaint old way: "World wasu't male in a day—a day. The meadow there, where you love to sit, Why, the Lord took time to carpet it? "The way ain't sunny, But don't you fret! Cheer up, honey! You'll get there yet!"

"The way ain't sunny,
But don't you fret! Cheer up, honey! You'll get there yet!"

Belect Ziterature.

Mr. Chilton's Wives.

CHAPTER I. A few years since I was summoned to the edside of a patient by the following note:

bedside of a patient by the following note:

"Pear Madam: If you can spare half an hour for the succor of a distressed sister worker, pray do so. I have been to half the doctors in London, and they one and all persist in taking an adverse view of my osac. I want a fresh and more hopeful opinion. I have heard myself discussed from the masculine standpoint. Please come and prospect me through feminine glasses and give me a verdict more in accordance with mine own beliefs. Yours sincerely.

treet in Bloomsbury.

"My dear," I answered her, "I have presented a guilty eye on mine.

Some stuned it away unit.

Some stuned it away unit. 'Marchioness" type. She opened it "on ordered only rest. And, though I mean to the chain," with an air of caution and an supplement it with a more or less nauseous

"Does Mrs. Chilton live here?" She answered my question by another.
"Ab, you are jealous," she cried roguishly,
her eyes sparkling half with laughter, half
with tears. "Ah, you are envying me my
with tears. "Ah, you are envying me my
with tears."

'He is in," she said; "I can smell the the valve failure of the poor heart. erbaker. Mr. Chilton ull come 'isself. and "Of course I am jealous," I mumbled from

hearth a baby terrier tumbled and flung it-

self toward me with yelps intended to ap-

it does anybody's eyes good to see him, he's out of my bag. "Who would not envy you ed it myself. Though to mend it at all were that 'andsome. A real gent, he is, every so magnificent a masculine possession?" The man who responded to her summons she questioned. "Where is the joy of workwas certainly handsome -a fine, stalwart- ing when there is nobody to share results looking fellow. On seeing me he removed with ?"

that aggravatin' this mornta'.'

tender ground." ing himself, rolled up a bundle of manuscript nd carried it to her.

Then, "I will tell my wife that you are past?" I demanded.

She could not say I did. She laid a thin h re. Dr. Ramsey," he said, and went into

The room in which I sat was shabby to an my face. "I am sorry," she said. extreme and aggressively untidy. On a table stood a tray, bearing an empty dish chop bones. Two tumblers, to which an woman There are women and women. unwholesome-looking froth clung, and a And not one woman in fifty knows anything

"Then you are wasting good sympathy, bottle labelled "Stout" betrayed the nature of lave, except as a convenient sentiment of the beverage which had accompanied the which leads to an establishment. And the meal. The air was redolent of tobacco re- woman who does," I added viciously and mote and recent. The chairs and table were sorto voce, as I severed the limbs of my strewn with manuscripts and proofsheets. 'binaural' "generally gets her heart brok-Coats, sticks and masculine boots further lit- en !" tered the place. From a basket on the

CHAPTER II. I was interviewing Mr. Chilton in the When presently summoned to the other room. The terrier accompanied me room. I found the invalid smling on her with tuneful "yaps.,'

"He is such an energetic little brute," his bed. She was a pretty, fragile creature, with brilliant dark eyes and a tangle of curly
hair.

master apologized, bundling him into his
basket. There was a curious heavy languor "Oh, doctor," she cried, with the softest of brogues, "how charming of you to come pearance common to a certain class of big lay. It was just between seasons, I remindso soon! I really am not a bit of an urgent | men of being too small for their bodies. He case, though they all look so grave over me. And isn't it just nonsense to shake their | ing the pup lazily over and over with a foot. | it in her fickle mind to make.

ture like me? I tell them I shall outlive them all." She laughed brightly, winding up with a cough which lasted some minutes.

"The ethics of me last article have to me throat," she explained, challenging me with abnormally brilliant eyes, the while "I am sorr

mo with abnormally brilliant eyes, the while she strove for breath; "It's a wonder it didn't entirely choke me. 'I look forward not have absolute rest I will not answer for be ill much longer? And have you noticed HICKS & SANCTON MANUFAC- she strove for breath; "It's a wonder it only too serious, so serious that if she does TURING COMPANY has this day tentirely choke me. 'I look forward to the time,' says I, 'when woman will revert to the ratural position, when bicycles and latch keys, professions and "rights" will be an obsolete as noted in the consequences. You know, of course, the condition of her heart?"

"That has been wrong a long time," he I shook my head emphatically. I had not

ence, and the outside world will know her no more.' Isn't that sentence enough now 'He ceased from rolling the pup. no more.' Isn't that sentence enough now "Is it so bad as that?" His face whiten-Girton, worked hard for her living, and sent | el. I meant to alarm him, but I did not mean to take all the nerve out of him. for a doctor of her own sex to prescribe for "She has had too much on her hands her? But the "new woman" is my editor's She is thoroughly worn out. You must not bugbear. If he only knew, he wouldn't have me write a line. He thinks Tom-that let her make any more efforts-certainly not ment or a Cabinet Minister. Those are capuntil she has had a long rest." is my hsuband-he thinks him the perpetra-There was a pause.
Then, "Did she tell you how we are placright, Chilton,' he says, 'give it 'em hot.

ed?" he asked, embarrassed.
"She told me something." rousers and put down this new woman bus-He shifted from one foot to the other. ess with a strong hand.' Of course, it's "I haven't been able to get anything to principles, but it isn't so easy to find work. do; I was never brought up to anything, And, really, I take off me coat and tuck up and I'm not clever as she is. I couldn't me trousers to such purpose against the poor | write to save my life." creature that I am honestly sure I enlist

people's sympathies for her." people's sympathies for her."

So she rattled on, her eyes gleaming, her

He was aware that I was not regarding So she rattied on, her eyes gleaning, her cheeks flushed, her soft brogue rounding off the edges of her speech.

"What is one to do?" he broke out, sudthe edges of her speech.

Her bed, like the outer room, was strewn with manuscript pages, printer's proofs and not find an opening. And she writes so "It's just the dark before the dawn," she with manuscript pages, printer's proofs and not find an opening. And she writes so newspaper clippings. From a hook on the easily—laughs and chats all the time. Tell newspaper clippings. From a hook on the door hung a faded pink dressing gown, with a fresh frill of lace in it, and from beneath a fresh frill of lace in it, and from beneath a fresh frill of lace in it, and from beneath a fresh frill of lace in it, and from beneath a fresh frill of lace in it, and from beneath a fresh hope from the fresh hope from the fresh hope from the fresh hope from the fresh frill of the fresh hope from the fresh frill of the fresh hope from the fresh frill of the fresh frill of the fresh frill of the fresh frill of the friend chest of drawers which did duty for a dress- It takes the backbone out of us."

ing table a row of boots peeped forth, pathneat and fresh and had an atmosphere of daintiness about it which a certain type of daintiness about it which a certain type of for a little plain speaking. He did not reading the dawn.

I was a woman's doctor, not a man's men have new coats and I will assess the was right. It was the dark before the dawn.

She was right. It was the dark before the dawn.

"I have been trying to teach Tom to mend them," she said, "but he does not get on. I in."

I'll tramp Loudon over before I give I'm afraid I shall have to take to glasses in."

Shall have been trying to teach Tom to mend them," she said, "but he does not get on. I in." "I am sure you will," I said, and shook hands heartily with him. I was pleased with myself in the capacity of mentor.

started up trembling. "I don't see you at all now," she wailed. "Oh, Tom, come! Come to me! Do you remember when you am afraid he isn't a bit domesticated. The only thing he can do in that direction is to But the next morning tound her with pens

I was jointing my stethoscope and taking " Mr. Chilton is at home, I suppose, look-

ing after you?"
"No," she answered a little shamefacedly, the world of so brilliant a notion, especially a notion which needed only a little padding "he is generally at home." She cast a rue-ful glance about her. "You see, I have een the breadwinner of the establishment for the last two years. Tom was well off when we married, and had not been brought up to a profession. So when he lost his money it was fortunate I could write."

stockings." "I only wish he could," was her gay reoiner. "It would take them off my hands. But nobody would expect a big, splendid fellow like Tom to become a Dorcas.

Though I have to do them, I believe I should despise him if he could. We are terrible

"Hum !" said I, "and so he mends the

Tom all alone by himself." Two mornings later I found her poor Tom illogical creatures—we womeu," she added, at his old vocation—lazily rolling the terrier over and over with a foot. "I hope he will soon succeed in doing He met my eyes defiantly, vouchsafing me a mere "good morning." The air was heavy something," I said, when my investigations with tobacco fumes, and a half-smoked cigar lay mouldering on the mantlepiece, where had been made-poor little woman ! poor little woman ! ' because if you do not wish me to echo the men doctors' depressing views he had just placed it.

"He bas been in such wretched spirits all of you, you must promise to take absolute rest. You must have rest, absolute rest of the morning," Mrs. Chilton said. "I had to cheer him up with a box of cigars I was brain and body." Her lips quivered weakly like a child'e. saving for his birthday. He has trudged nearly all over London these last few days She shook her head. and met with the rudest rebuffs. I don't "I know," she said a little bitterly, mean him to try again. And it is no use. He has a splendid head for business, but, as

the Riviera. What prodigal imaginations you doctors have! Freedom from mental without capital. And doctor don't scold me, he says, you can't do anything in business whatever you do, because I really couldn't stand it this morning. I've been pitching of air—these are the impossibilities you or-der in a light and airy fashion to the care- She laughed a rather me She laughed a rather melancholy laugh, JOAN CHILTON." | worn mother of a clerk's children. Isn't it | which wound up with a cough. Her hand | which wound up with a cough. Her hand | which would up with a cough. Her hand | which would up with a cough. Her hand | which would up with a cough. Her hand | which would up with a cough. "My dear," I answered her, "I have pre- She stuffed it away under the bedclothes

Another day she was in the gayest spirits.
"Tom thinks he knows somebody who'll bny eye belligerent, as though she had reason for regarding the outside world as a force to be thought I should ruffle that fine composure two guineas for it. Of course, we should two guineas for it. Of course, we should of yours-I am not suggesting the impossible.

That big splendid fellow' of a husband"—— are two guineas in this hard world, and Tom

accepted it silently and with so helpless an air that I was sorry after all I had not mendnow lost labor.

The intended buyer discovered that the "Ah, why haven't you married, doctor?" pup had a crook in one of his legs-a crook

which came, I honestly believe, of the indomitable little creature's efforts to intimilooking fellow. On seeing me he removed his pipe and bowed.

"It is rather gingerbread without gilt," I a lmitted. "But sometimes one gets more gingerbread, my dear."

Marchioness announced, "and ef the coy's ready, sir, perhaps you'll let me 'ave it now, "Oh you are never so selfish, I know. I "Clinton, having time and to spare, devoted to commanage him. He needs a little "He was married before. You attended his first wife, I believe. He was not then in good circumstances. I dare say she did not Clinton, having time and to spare, devoted know how to manage him. He needs a little

s, becos that there boy he's am a reader of faces. Perhaps there was some portion of it to instructing the pup in the higher education of tricks. He begged, walked on his hind legs, fetched slippers and I turned my stalwart inches breadside on opened doors. He barked for the Queen, her. "Do I look like a person with a tender ssed biscuits from his nose and caught them again in mid-air. He sat up and smoked a pipe and carried his young mis-

tress her bundles of proofs. It was a pitiful hand on mine and looked pathetically into business enough-my poor patient in the one

coom keeping the wolf from the door with her pen and dying wits, in the other the man and two plates, whereupon lay denuded D not read your failings into others, little who depended on her teaching the terrier

ed her, and there was no knowing what trestood lounging against the mantlepiece, roll- mendous innovation fashion might not have "It is possible even," I said, "that wide, high crowns will come in, and if you were to

spend your money on one of the present flat with a cough which lasted some minutes.

She has been strong and well, and always has shapes, where would you be?"

She has been strong and well, and always has shapes, where would you be?"

"I should be in despair," she cried, tragically, "and Tom would be ashamed to be

"It can't be so noticeable as I feared," she said, relieved. He must have a new coat, though, when I have my bonnet."

"He could not possibly get anything to do so long as he wore that shabby coat," she explained. "And he thinks of applying for the post of secretary to a member of Parliaital appointments if one is lucky enough to get them.

With all his selfishness he was kind-hearted. He read to her when her eyes were tired. He kept a pillow cooling at the window to refresh her poor hot cheek. Though his pence were scarce—and, it is true, of her making—he rarely came in without bringing her a bunch of violets or such fruit as came within his means; he took pains to concoct soups for her and to vary the fashion of her for his chops. But she steadily declined.

The money set aside for the new bonnet pro-

panted, with a flickering smile. "When I It takes the backbone out of us." more in denunciation of the new woman "Work is not a thing that can be done vitically small and shabby.

Cariously. The fact that one person works does not relieve another of the obligation."

I was a woman's doctor, not a man's men-

daintiness about it which a certain type of woman lends to any room she occupies.

A pair of slim black stockings, with a darning needle and worsted attached, lay over the bed-rail. She pointed to them, smiling.

To, but I thought the circumstances called for a little plain speaking. He did not readily take offence.

"I'll try again," he said. "I'll find something to do, even if it's only sweeping a orossing. I'll take away her pens and pashe faltered. "My eyes are giving out.

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

SOLICITOR.

IONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

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and you wouldn't like me in glasses." She used to kiss my eyes, dear? Kiss my eyes She lifted her hot cheek and laid a wasted ly. "I woke up early with a notion and I arm about his throat. Her dark head, with had to commit it to paper before I could its tangled curls, was at rest for a moment

pocket envelope profusely scented.
"I was to give it into your very hands with Mrs. Chilton's compliments, ma'am, and could you come at once?"

cidence. I wonder what has become of my Mr. Tomas Chilton, I reflected, as I drove.

India will likely adopt a gold standard

Mr. Tomas Chilton was a plump and handsome blonde, whom I found reclining on a couch in one of a well-furnished suite of rooms.

"Excuse me rising, doctor," she apologized, holding out a fleshy, pallid hand. "I am trying to collect a little strength for my drive. I feel it would do me so much good. I am a perfect martyr to nerves; that you will see at a glance. The merest triffs unfise me. Do you know the fact of your being a stranger has set me all of a tremble? I am so stupidly sensitive."

I bad no difficulty in making a diagnosis. But I did not shock her delicate sensibilities by stating it. The while I pursued my investigations, she ran on:

"The truth is I require carriage exercise. I cannot live without fresh air"—I opened a window the air was heavy with musk and mindow to a couch in one of a well-furnished suite of rooms.

India will likely adopt a gold standard within the next few months.

The British army will be increased by 15,-000 men this year.

Since the beginning of the year, 39 families from the United States have taken up their abode in Toronto. Out of one hundred tenders for timber betchs in the Yukon, nine have been accepted by the department of the interior at an everage of one thousand dollars boins for five miles. Sir Charles Tupper's Co., has secured one berth on Lake Teshin.

The Lozier, Massey Harris and Gendron manufacturers of bicycles have shipped from canda to the European market \$80,000 worth of wheels already this year.

The new Yukon mining regulations increase the size of the claims from 100 to 250 feet frontage, and while the royalty of 10 per cent. is retained, no royalty will be charged on any claim where the annual return is less than \$2,500 a year.

Italy and the United States are discussing a realty of commerce.

"The truth is I require carriage value I cannot live without fresh air"—I opened a treaty of commerce.

The Russian army has sent a costly sword The Russian army has sent a costly sword to Russian army has a costly sword army has a costly sword army has a costly sword army has a costly "Be you the laidy doctor?" Curiosity banished belligerence.
I confessed myself. She looked me up and down with widening eyes.
"Why, of course I am." I turned and if my cynicism in my instrument bag. My in the said caudidly, "You don't look not so very much different from other folks." Whereupon she admitted me.

She took me up a flight of dingy stairs and she in the feet (which struck so pathetic a note)

Her bed was strewn with papers and ene was writing rapidly as she spoke.

The undarned stocking, with its needle and worsted, lay over the back of a chair. I caught it ap and carried it into the other room. There I presented it to him.

"That, I think, is your work!" I said, spitefully.

The bed was strewn with papers and ene was writing rapidly as she spoke.

The undarned stocking, with its needle and worsted, lay over the back of a chair. I caught it ap and carried it into the other room. There I presented it to him.

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"That, I think, is your work!" I said, spitefully.

"The bed was strewn with papers and ene was writing rapidly as she spoke.

"Abysinia.

Canada, since 1894, has supplied 50.4 per close it," she objected peevishly; "Iget neuralizes from the slightest draught. Thank you. Do you know I am so dull and moped from being continually in the house. I do not expect to be well until I am able to get carriage exercise. My husband is not weal-thy, and unfortunately, I loet my little in-the other room. There I presented it to him.

"The undarned stocking, with its needle and worsted, lay over the back of a chair.

I caught it ap and carried it into the other room. There I presented it to him.

"The undarned stocking, with its needle and worsted, lay over the back of a cha window; the sir was heavy with mean and aromatics. "Oh, pray be kind enough to close it," she objected previshly; "I get neu-Canada, since 1894, has supplied 50.4 per thy, and unfortunately, I lost my little in-come before we were married, but he hopes

soon to give me at least a dogcart. I need fresh air so much, and I cannot live without While turning a civil face upon her complainings my eye was caught by a photo-graph on the wall.

"I think I have met your husband," I good circumstances. I dare say she did not know how to manage him. He needs a little

stirring up." very valuable rings, it is true—and the ban-gles jingling at her wrists were more numergles jingling at her wrists were more numerous than they were costly. But she wore a handsome tea gown of satin and lace, her stockings were silken, showing the pinkness of flesh through a perforated pattern; her high heeled shoes were silver-buckled. It was plain she had "stirred up" Mr. Tomas to some purpose. She was halfway through the second volume of a sensational novel, which she supported in one limp hand. The

who depended on her teaching the terrier tricks.

"Tom is so clever with animals," she said, proudly; "he can do anything with them. And, of course, if we should find a buyer for the pup, his tricks would make him so much more valuable."

"We are in luck's way this morning," she said once. "A friend of Tom's gave him a five-pound note yesterday. And, doctor," she submitted, "do you think if I were to spend a little of it on a bonnet, the fashion would have changed by the time I should be well enough to wear it? I do so love new bonnets," she added, wistfully, "and it seems such an age since I had one.

To this momentous question I advised delay. It was just between seasons, I remind.

he bell for Eliza if the fire wants a poke it's ringin' the bell for Eliza if she wants her powder puff, not but what her complexion alls for it, and her never takin' a good wholesome spin. It's nothing all day long but ringin' the bell. I declare, ma'am, I'd never stand it, not if it wasn't for Mr. Chilton, who's the nicest, well-manneredest gent you ever saw, and as handsome as she's goodand peaky it would make anybody's heart ache. She rates him from mornin' till night, and from night again till mornin', because he ain't rich enough to please her, though my husband says he's doin' uncommon well. works like a drayhorse, but he don't satisfy her. He's got to fetch and carry like a dog,

city. It's too much grumble and too little
do. It's too much feedin and too little and brings her titbits and fineries from the bustlin' after things, like other people has to. That's what's the matter with my lady!" On the doorstep I encountered a familiar tions or tracts on this subject. The mat-On the doorstep I encountered a familiar face. But now it was worn and lined, and those stalwart shoulders of his stooped. There were symptoms of gray in his hair, and he had lost his debonnaire look. But there was neither languor now nor indecision in his movements. He carried in one hand a heavy leather bag, in the other a basket of hothouse grapes and a small bonnetbox. Despite his less fine physical condition, he somehow looked a better man. Where before he had presented an appearance of having shrunk within his body, now he seemed fore he had presented an appearance of hav-ing shrunk within his body, now he seemed sonal v

properly to fill it.

He raised his hat with an embarrassed air and hurried into the house.
"Now," remarked I to myself, "Mrs. Chilton No. 2 is, to all appearance, a super-fluous factor in the scheme of things, yet, to my knowledge, she has served to the wrongs of poor, brave-hearted, dead lit-tle 'Joan'; in the second, she has made a

The Italian minister of the treasury, Sig-nor Branca, in the Chamber of Deputies in-troduced last week a decree reducing the duties on cereals, in view of the bread fam-ine prevailing.

Russia has offered China a loan on the same terms as Great Britain.

The Russian fieet at Port Arthur, according to a special despatch from Shanghai, is helpless for want of coal, being unable to steam to Valdivostock.

Lieutenant General Sir Fredericton Dobson Middleton, keeper of the crown jewels, is dead. He was in command of the forces during the Riel rebellion in the Northwest territory of Canada, is 1885.

Henderson's directory just issued places the population of Winnipeg at forty-two thousand.

among her pillows.

"I feel tired," she said.
The dog in the next room started howling piteously.
A minute later she was dead.

"CHAPTER III.

It was three years after when a boy in buttons shambled bashfully into my consultingroom. He tendered me a crocodile-skin-pocket envelope profusely scented.

with Mrs. Chilton's compliments, ma'am, and could you come at once?"

The note ran thus: "Mrs. Tomas Chilton presents her compliments to Dr. Ramsey, and could she kindly see Mrs. Tomas Chilton as early as possible, as she is extremely unwell, and trusts, as the morning is so exceptionally fine, to be strong enough for a drive, if Dr. Ramsey will be good enough to time her visit before 12 o'clock."

The name seemed familiar, despite its forlorn ring. Then I remembered where last I had heard it. I dismissed it as a mere coincidence. I wonder what has become of my Mr. Towas Chilton I reflected as I desay.

PROVINCIAL PARAGRAPHS. The town of Wolfville began its last fiscal

"As there is no argument on the side of is no excuse for its encouragement by even the most frivolous of women," the St. Paul Pioneer Pressays. "They have had presented to them over and over and in every form of appeal the cruelty of the custom as well as for nothing. And he's got to look that pale it is asserted on good authority that the deappreciable effect on agriculture. Yet the killing goes on, opparently with no diminution. Europe uses 300,000,000 song birds in millinery annually. One Chicago firm She will have everything of the best. Break-buys and sells every year 62,000 birds and 300,000 wings. The pitiful story of the fast in bed, and wines, and little dinner par-ties, till I'm wore out with cookin'. He the hats of thousands of wealthy women and are shown every day in our own shop winlike a murderess every time she does so.
"We do not need societies, pledges, ora

> An Album Verse. By Pastor J. Clark. Little acts of kindness, Done with tender grace,
> Make this world of sorrow
> Seem a brighter place.
> Hearts that think no evil,—
> Hearts that trust and love, Feel a sacret pleasure Like to that above.

Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, son of the

frank De Witt Talmage, son of the famous preacher, remarked in a sermon on "Rich Men's Sons:" Do you know that as a rule the greatest misfortune happening te one is to be lullabled in the lap of luxury? The only dead fallures some of the merchants have ever made are their sons, of whom they are ashamed."