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Owing to my desire to make a change in my business I am offering to the public my entire stock of goods comprising a full line of Boots, Shoes and Ladies' Fancy Slippers. Also GROCERIES of a high grade below cost

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have a few PARLOR AND DINING ROOM PICTURES left. Forner price, \$1.50, which I now offer at 85c I invite the public to call and see the low figures and inspect my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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### A SUPERIOR To My Customers! ARTICLE

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Standard Groceries, such as Tea, Sugar, Spices, Canned Goods, etc., etc. Soaps from 4c up.

Call and examine our stock, W. M. FORSYTH

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All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or

E. BENT, J. B. GILES, Executors

I wish that you would call and see my Millinery. I have a nice line of Goods, and Miss Newcomb is now at work doing her best to please both in price and style.

said Fred.

and grapes," said Dora.

Mrs. Fessenden, when the pile of dimes,

nickels and pence had been counted, and sh

had admitted the adequacy of the sum total.

nan while Fred asked, with mock severity

if she thought she was doing right to trampe

norning, and right after breakfast rolled up er sleeves and set about making the Indian

dding, which was the first thing on the ogram, and which was to be a regular old-

ned "grandmother" affair, more than

on the noble impulses of her children

My assortment of Ladies' Sacques is the best that I have ever shown

ranging in price from \$3 to \$12. I have also a fine line of

Fur Capes, Cloth Capes, Fur Collars, Boncle Dress Goods, Plaids, etc., and in Gents' Wear

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OFFICE: Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry. Thanksgiving With the Old Folks.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE. Oh, of all the days in the good long year,
There's one in the wintry weather
That's best of all, and it's in the Fall
When we meet at the farm together.
Thanksgiving Day with the kind old folks
Is a day filled with joy and with pleasure
You would open your eyes at Grandmother
pies.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Since

pies, For each is a wonderful treasure!

We all gather 'round the well-laden board, From Grandpa to sweet little Fannie; And faces are bright and spirits are light, But no one's more happy than "Granny. She beams on us all with the kindest of smile As eating we merrily chatter; She laughs at the noise of the frolicso

And lets them just clatter and clatter!

Oh, joy! when the pudding and pies are brought in!
Oh, then such a shouting of voices!
You never did see boys more happy than we,
And Grandmother laughs and rejoices.
No happier time in the whole lovely year
Than this in the crisp wintry weather,
When all of us go thro' the storm and the And meet at the farmhouse together!

Select Literature.

A Chapter of Accidents.

A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY L. ROBBINS, IN THE LADIES' WORLD.

"Who can be writing to me from Ne York?" queried Mrs. Fessenden in great perplexity, as she scrutinized first one side and then the other of the letter her husband had just brought her from the post-office. " Might find out something about it by looking inside," suggested Mr. Fessenden, as

he unfolded his evening paper.

"Do open it, mother," said Dora Fessen den, who was putting the finishing touches to a dress she had been making. Mrs. Fessenden cut off the end of the en

velope and drew out the letter.
"Dear me!" she exclaimed after reading it, and then began to re read it. "What is it?" asked Fannie Fessenden. oming to the door, that led to the kitchen, with a pitcher in one hand and a dish-wiper

in the other, for it was her week to wash the "Who's it from, mommer?' said Philip Fessenden, who was doing something to one of a pair of skates.

Fred Fessenden, who had been studying a

oblem in algebra, said nothing, but rising and going around the table to where his mother sat, relieved the family curiosity by reading aloud over her shoulder, in a nasal

"DEAR NIECE: I have planned to spend Thanksgiving Day with you. If not conven-ient to have me come, please send telegram. Your aff. uncle. EVANDER FERGUSON." "Mother's paralyzed," added Fred, resun ing his natural tone of voice. "We're all

"No, it isn't that," said Mrs. Fessenden, ing to think. Uncle Evander being all the relative left on my mother's side, and never having been here before, I should like to have an extra good dinner, but-" "But what?" questioned Mr. Fessenden.

she paused. "I had planned to have a very plain dinner Thanksgiving Day." "Well, can't you change your

arsned Mr. Fessenden "That is the worst of it," said Mrs. Fesenden, with a rueful laugh. "There have thing to make up?" been so many large bills to pay this month that I haven't but just sixty four cents to finish the week with "

"Well, get trusted, then," suggested Mr. ssenden, with a twinkle in his eye. "Never!" declared Mrs. Fessenden, with most tragic emphasis. "1 made up it again till Mrs Fessenden declared it my mind when we were marred that would be all tasted away. So they relucwouldn't ever buy anything I couldn't pay tantly decided it would do, and she carried the agateware kettle containing it into the No," she added, taking up her sewing and pantry and set it by the window, which was speaking cheerfully, "Uncle Evander will left open a few inches. have to take us as he finds us."

"Mommer feels bad, just the same," con mented Philip, commiseratingly.
"Yes," said Fannie, "I can tell by her

Mr. Fessenden took out his pocketbook In the middle of the night the frantic barkand emptied his contents on the table. Ing of the Fessenden dog, confined in the There was a postage stamp, a square inch of shed, awoke Mr. Fessenden, who arose and sallied torth to reconnoitre the premises, but elastic bands, a newspaper clipping, three coppers and a dollar bill.

as everything seemed quiet, excepting the dog, he concluded that the too faithful quadruped had made a mistake, and went back With all my worldly goods I thee enlow," murmured Fannie to bed.

When Mrs. Fessenden entered the pantry "Not quite all," said Mr. Fess the next morning a heart-rending signt met e pushed the dollar toward his wife and rerned the other precious relics to the pockether eyes. A pane of glass in the lowest row of the lower sash, which had for weeks been book, joining good-naturedly in the laugh that went around the family circle and then. held in place by a few tacks only, had fallen betaking himself again to his paper. or been jarred out, and some creature had That will be some help," said Mrs. Fesapparently inserted its head through the den. "I can get a turkey, at least."

ppening and had a feast of mince. "We ought to have pies," said Dora. "'Iwas Culverson's dog!" cried Fred, "And oranberry sauce," said Fannie.
"And a spare-rib," muttered Mr. Fesser wrathily, picking a coarse black-and-white hair from the little mincemeat left in the kettle. "I'd just enjoy shooting him "Every dog has his day, they say," laugh-d Fannie. "This one seems to have made "And all kinds of vegetables," said

"And onions, and oysters, and olives, a night of it." "Fannie Fessenden, I believe you'd laugh "And Indian pudding, and plum pudding if we didn't have any Thanksgiving dinner at all." burst out Dora, indignantly "I say!" exclaimed Philip. "Let's give "Well, it begins to look as though I might commer the money in our banks, and trust have a chance to try," retorted Fannie, im-

perturbably.
"Come, come, girls," said Mr. Fesse "Oh, no!" protested Mrs. Fressenden. "I couldn't tbink-" "Look not mournfully into the future, but "Oh, yes, you could," came in a chorus set the table, so I can eat my breakfast and rom her offspring, as Philip made a rush to get off to my work." Before breakfast was over the family had

the closet for the banks—cocoa-tins with the covers soldered on; Fred bastened for chisel recovered its spirits, for as Mrs. Fessenden truly said, they might as well laugh as cry, and the dog had doubtless enjoyed his midnd hammer with which to enlarge the slits n the top, Dora cleared a place on the table, while Fannie disappeared to make short night revel. There were four squash pies, with a suffi-"I don't think I ought to take it," said

dinner. Two of them came out of the oven ooking beautifully perfect. The third not being quite up to the mark in color, they had it for dinner that day, and the fourth was burned as black as the blackest hat ever thought of, through Fred's filling the stove So she took it protestingly, and lay awake half the night planning her work for the two days left before Thanksgiving. She was up bright and early the next he in the kitchen to tell him not to

The four apple pies were all good.

In the middle of the afternoon the marketman came with the turkey, spare-rib and

An hour later Deacon Walker came to tell of discovering a family named Wilkerson with absolutely nothing to eat in the house, and actually faint for want of food, and Mrs. All went smoothly until the meal had been stirred into the boiling milk, the molasses, chopped suct and cold milk added and the D. C. overcomes it. Indigestion is stubborn, but K.

whole poured into the big earthen pudding dish. But as Mrs. Fessenden stooped to put it in the oven, holding it carefully between her outstretched palms suddenly there tween her outstretched palms suddenly there.

she forthwith packed up the spare-rib, two loaves of bread and two of the apple pies, also half a pound of butter, for the afflicted never know what he was eating."

"Tis most train time—you'd better go and change your dress. Fan and I can do they can be," she said, as she saw the deacon to the door.

When Fannie went to light the lamp for

swishing sound. The bottom of the pudding dish had parted ompany with the sides, and the pudding the supper table she found a bad crack in the chimney. "I don't dare to use it," she soliloquized, "and still, in the course of that now, alas! was never to be, filled Mrs Fessenden's lap, trickled on the hearth, and spread about the floor. seven years it might come in very handy. There was a three-fold exclamation of dis-Guess I'll save it, anyway." And getting a chair, she reached up and carefully sheved ay. "Well," said Fannie, philosophically, bethe chimney onto the top shelf in the pantry.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

ing the first to recover, "there's no earthly "There, I've broken it after all," she exe crying for spilt—pudding."
"Not a bit," said Dora cheerfully, as she claimed, as it hit against some object and there was a sound of broken glass. astened to get the floor mop. "Look out what you do! the squash pies are up there for safe keeping," said Dora,

"I don't suppose we really need two puddings," said Mrs. Fessenden, with a sigh, as at that moment coming in, "What is to be will be," exclaimed Fanshe set the remains of the dish on the table and began untying her apron.
"Of course we don't," said Fannie, nie, in sepulchral tones. "Do bring a light."
"Yes," she said a moment later, "it has promptly, "any more than a cat needs two tails." frosted the two pies. Such is life." Mrs. Fessenden came in as the ill-fated When the kitchen was in order again, Mrs. pastry was placed on the table. The large pieces of glass were easily removed, but

Fessenden set Dora to making the cranberry sauce, while she herself proceeded to put on there were left many tiny bits. the stove the meat for the mince and the "If we skin them, I think they'll do," squash for the pies." said Mrs. Fessenden, reassuringly.
"What! Set skinned pies before Uncle "You can use that powdered sugar for th Evander?" cried Dora, horrified.
"Well," faltered Mrs. Fessenden, "percranberries," she said. "It's in a paper bag beside the spice boxes."

"All right," said Dora. "I've found it, haps it wouldn't look very well." but there isn't enough. I'll have to piece "Of course it wouldn't." said Dora, in a out with common sugar." tone of conviction. "We'll have one for Fannie did the regular housework, and the supper to-night and the other for breakfast boys were kept busy going to the store or in the morning." market and on other errands.
"I don't see why this doesn't jell," said "I am thankful the pudding is a succ

said poor Mrs. Fessenden. "Do let us be careful what we do with that turkey. If Dora, after dinner, going for the fifth time to look at the cranberry.
"Perhaps you didn't use sugar enough," anything should happen to that, I should give up. said her mother. "Let me taste it. Oh, good gracious me!" she exclaimed, her face sively.

Thanksgiving morning, Mrs. Fessender

puckered with anguish. "What could you have put in it?" ent Philip down cellar for the turkey. She hastened to the pantry. "You put He came up with a blank face. "The in a whole pound of cream of tartar," she turkey isn't down there," he announced, posftively. "One of the girls must have brought cried, "and here's the sugar, untouched." "Oh, what an idiot I am!" groaned Dora. it up.

"If 'sweets to the sweet,' why not 'sours But they had not, and the whole tribe of to the sour?" quoth Fannie.
"Never mind," said Mrs. Fessenden con-Fessendens descended to the cellar in a body to investigate. solingly. "There's another quart of cran-The turkey, a noble specimen of his kind, berries. Go right to work on them, so you

was unmistakably gone. can stone the raisins afterward." 'Depar-arted ne-ever to-oo return," as "Ah! this sauce is going to be just love Fannie sang, under her breath. ly," said Dora, later on, as she poured her The bulkhead, which had been closed bu ond attempt into the glass dish. not fastened the night before, was now wide "Better not leave it so near the edge open, and it was only too evident that the

the table," warned her mother. premises had been visited by a thief. As the words left her lips, Philip came in with a huge armful of wood. There was a Mrs. Fessenden suddenly remembered that the night had been cold, and hurried to excrash, a splash, and then "silence, chill and amine the beets and onions, which Fred had utter" as the novelist hath it. spread on top of a barrel close beside the "I think you might be more careful, Philip bulkhead. Fessenden!" cried his sister, reproachful. They were frozen.

"Well if you leave things hanging off the "We'll have to fall back on that old root table, you must expect they'll get knocked ter that we were intending to have in the off," retorted Philip, resentfully.
"'Tis dogs' delight to bark and bite," befirst place," said Mrs. Fessenden, as she wearily climbed the cellar stairs, "though gan Fannie. without ripening, and only an hour or two "And the pitcher that goes too often to to cook him. He'll be as tough-" well gathers no moss," ended Fred. "As a b'iled boot," said Fred.

"It is evidently meant that we shall go "I'll let you have a pair of my Brahma without cranberry sauce," said Mrs. Fessenpullets, mommer," said Philip. "They'll be "Oh, no, child. It would be wicked to think no more about it." "Thanksgiving without cranberry sauce! kill them." "No, it wouldn't."

Impossible!" exclaimed Philip. "I'll run down to the store for another quart. The "Well," said his mother, relucantly third time never fails." don't kill but one.' He was gone a long time, and returned empty-handed, at last. "Not a cranberry "That would't be a bite apiece for sever

folks," to be had in this everlasting one-horse town, "I don't care," said Mrs. Fesser he explained. cidedly. "They can make up on something "Dreffle sorry I did the damage," he added repentantly, to Dora. "Can't I do some-So Philip killed one of his dearly belove

pullets that had just begun laying, and picked "Yes," answered Dora, good-naturedly, and dressed it, and brought it in. chop this meat, while I cut up the apples "Why, where's that squash I saved?" said The mince was mixed and stewed late in Mrs. Fessenden. the afternoon, and all the Fessenden progeny must taste it, and criticise it, and add this, "Oh, were you saving that?" said Fred, in nocently. "I thought it was some old stuff that and the other, to improve it, and taste you wanted eaten up.

"You-pig!" said Dora. "Dora, come here a minute," called Mrs. essenden from the pantry. "Do smell of these oysters," she said anxiously, when Dora obeyed. "Are they spoiled, or is it my imagination?"

"Dear me! They don't seem just right do they?" said Dora. "Wait a minute and I'll Then they ate supper, after which Mrs. Fessenden put the crackers to soak in the milk for the pudding, Dora set the sponge find out for sure," she added, and taking the for a batch of bread, and the family went to bowl she returned to the kitchen with it, and set it on the table in a matter-of fact way, while she went to look at the fire. "Oh can't I have one?" begged Fred.

"I suppose so," returned Dora, with a wellassumed air of reluctance, "if you'll eat it as it is, without any fuse or condin "All right, then," said Fred, spearing th largest oyster with a fork and conveying it to his mouth, "here goes."

The next moment he hastily left the room

Dora laughed. "It wasn't imagination, mother," she called. "You, Dora Fessenden, why didn't you tel me those oysters were bad," demanded Fred on his return, half laughing, half inclined to

"We only suspicioned they were bad, and it was necessary we should be sure," said his sister, composedly.

"Well, I can 'sure you there's no doubt of it," said Fred, making a wry face. "Forty cents gone to-" began Dora "Glory," ended Fred.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave said Fannie, coming in and catching the last "I don't believe Uncle Evander is coming," said Mrs. Fessenden, dejectedly,
"Oh, yes, he will," said Dora, with all the
irony of which her gentle nature was capable.

"His coming is going to be the climax of eur misfortunes. "And misfortunes never come singly, robably he'll bring some one with him," said "Don't look so sorrowful, mommer," said

"I can't stand it, you know." "I'm not really sorrowful, only a little "She has that feeling of sadness and long ing that is not akin to pain," said Fannie.

"'All's for the best, be sanguine and cheerful; trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise,' as saith the immortal Tupper," came

feet by the sitting room fire, in a most comfortable frame of mind. " This, too, will pass," quoted Fannie. "Oh, cheer up mother, and get a smile n," pleaded Fred.

mounced that she was cheered up.
"Of course it's all for the best," she added,

"A little faded flower," suppl Fred. "We must make up to Uncle Evander fo the lack of a good dinner by the warmth of our welcome," said Mrs. Fessenden.

and change your dress. Fan and I can do the rest all right," said Dora, when the din-

NO. 35.

ner was well under way. "And you can tell the old gentlems ow it hall 'appened," said Fred. it a rule never to apologize."

Mrs. Fessenden came down-stairs just as

The boys had gone into the sitting-room to be ready with their share of the welcome, and the girls peeped from the window to see their great-uncle. "My! isn't he large!" said Dora. "Yes," said Fannie, with a melancholy inflection. "But, then he's fat, too, so it

won't be so bad if there isn't enough to eat. He can subsist for a while on his adipose tissue, as the hibernating animals do in win-

"I wonder if he's rich?" she added, as they turned from the window.
"Mother thinks not," said Dora. "It

eems he married a widow with quantities of children; he was poor, then, and as she died soon after and he kept the children and brought them up and educated them, it is likely he is poor now." "Where are they at the present writing?" "All married. Don't you want to begin

setting the table while I pare the potatoes?" "Certainly, beloved. Soon ye'll hear the festive board groaning beneath its load of lelicacies," returned Fannie. "Kennest thou, fair sister, where reposeth the staff of life?" she asked, a few min-

utes later. "I fail to discover it with my piercing eye." "Oh, oh!" cried Dora, wringing her hands. "I forgot all about mother's giving away two loaves, and I toasted the rest for break-

"Then will we have the luscious brown "Oh, Fan, do stop your nonsense and be serious for one minute. Is there time to

nake biscuit?" s the trouble with brown bread? If brown bread's good enough for we, why, then it's just as good for he."
"Well, slice the pudding nicely and have

it ready to set in the oven to warm the minute I take out the chicken." "Um-m-m!" exclaimed Fannie. "This pudding has escaped the malignant fate that has pursued our Thanksgiving dinner. Mark

those plums-how plump, and how evenly distributed. Yea, verily-"Oh, Fannie, do stop! Can't you stir up the thickening for the gravy while I am making the coffee? "I can, and will."

"There," said Dora, at length, "everything is ready but the potatoes, and there'll be just time for us to slip up-stairs and change our dresses before they're done."
"Our uncle hath a jolly laugh," said Fannie, as they passed through the entry.

Dora was dressed first, and hastened down-

stairs. Almost immediately she came bounding back.
"Oh, Fannie! what ever shall we do?" she cried, despairingly. "Father has passed through the kitchen and let in those wretch ched cats, and they have clawed the pud-

ding out of the hot-closer, and eaten it and gnawed it, till it is just spoiled and not fit for the pigs!"
"Have they touched anything else?" " No. I should think that was enough! "All is not lost then," said Fannie, coolly.

Still, I think perhaps it would be well to get the folks down to the table as soon as sible and forestall destiny, as it were." "There's someone knocking," said Dora. "I'll go," said Fannie. She returned very soon. "Our luck has

nanged at last," she cried jubilantly.

declared he would not neglect them so long

Then the train whisked Uncle Evande away, and the girls walked home. Their mother met them at the door.

Fannie was needed at home to assist nother, and consequently had to leave

Dora, having obtained a chance to substi-tute for a friend who was a school teacher, had been for nearly three months the only wage-sarner in the family, and Mrs. Fessen-den had been obliged, perforce, to break her cherished rule of never getting in debt. They were all sitting about the fire the night before Thanksgiving, talking and jok-

Fannie declared it was perfectly ridicu-

gan on the last bar to-day

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

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Co**mpani**e

"Well, anyway, 'it might easily be worse,' as Mrs. Sangster has it," said Mr. Fessenden. "While we are all spared to "You won't have to fatigue yourself to

any-great extent preparing the Thanksgiving dinner this year, mommer," said Philip. "What is it to be, mush and milk?" "Poor Uncle Evander," said Mrs. Fesser den. "His death came very suddenly at last. It makes me sad to think he will not

be with us this year." the depot carriage drove up to the door. At that moment a gentleman rang door bell and asked to see Mrs. Fesser alone for a few minutes. She received him in the dining-room He stayed nearly half an hour, and when

he had gone and Mrs. Fessenden had reshowed traces of emotion, and she se greatly agitated.
"What dire calamity has befallen us now?"
asked Phillip. "Has the railroad company
in which our millions are invested gone to

everlasting smash?" "Or the orange trees on our Florida plantations all frozen?" demanded Fred.
"Relieve our suspense," implored Fannie,
"or we shall perish of curiosity."

"Uncle Evander has left us twenty thousand dollars," said Mrs. Fessenden, The rest stared at her for full thirty se-

conds. Then Mr. Fessenden covered his eyes with his hands; Fannie fell on her knees, and hurving her face in her mother's spread Dora's features; while Fred leaped into the air with an exultant whoop and was seized by Philip who shook him and ir-ritably bade him behave himself, "if he

"And the greater and Mrs. Fessenden, half laughing, half crying, "Salawyer says that before Uncle Evander came here he was intending to leave all his property to his step-children, but that we gave him such a cordial welcome, and he liked us so well, he changed his mind. He told Mr. Deane that what he especially liked about "No, you old precious, there isn't. What us was that, though we evidently had hard work to make both ends meet, we made the best of everything and didn't complain, and -and he was pleased most of all that we didn't get up an expensive Thanksgiving dinner for him.

> "Didn't I tell you it was all for the best?" said Mr. Fessenden, triumphantly.
> "And we were sanguinary and cheerful," said Fred, reminiscently. Fannie arose from her knees and wiped her eyes.

> "Sorry you take it so hard," said Philip. dryly.
> "Fan shines only in adversity," said Dora. "Well, now you will see me shine in prosperity," said Fannie, "and if you boys will go to the market and bring home the biggest turkey they've got, I'll agree to produce it nicely roasted and deliciously stuffed, with

a lake of gravy, on the festive board tomorrow at one o'clock precisely. "We go," returned Phillip and Fred, in

"Get a peck of cranberries," too, said But the boys were already out ise and half way down the street

The Good Work Done THE EVANGELISTS, MESSRS. CROSSLEY AND HUNTER AT CANNING-THE CLO MEETING-SOME RESULTS.

A Canning correspondent to the Chronicle writes:

"The evangelists, Crossley and Hunter, closed four weeks of very successful services here on the 8th. The interest deepened night after night and the attendance, considering the unfavorable weather, was wonderful. Sunday afternoon fully 1,700 people were present. The service was a very impressive one, the vast audience being deeply moved by the earnest addresses and appeals of the evangelists. Scores arose for prayers and changed at last," she cried jubilantly.

Mrs. Wilkes has sent us the elegantest celery in the beautifullest pitcher you ever did see. Look at it!"

"That's nice," said Dora, "but it hardly fills the gap made by those detestable cats."

"Don't excite yourself over trifles, dear, but set the food on the table, while I carry the pudding out to Towser. Then, when you have regained your composure, and can smile and be a villain still, we will announce the banquet." the pudding out to Towser. Then, when you have regained your composure, and can smile and be a villain still, we will announce the banquet."

"I suppose there's enough, such as 'tis," said Dora, when everything was ready.

"Enough! Why, 'tis a veritable feast," laughed Fannie. "Chicken, potatoes and gravy, brown bread, mashed turnip, celery, apple pie, cheese, grapes and coffee. Who could desire more!"

Uncle Evander was introduced to his nicees, gave each a hearty handshake, demanding to know, pathetically, as they all sat down to the table, why he had never visited his relatives before.

Mrz. "essenden looked flushed, and her daughters observed that she tasted each dish apprehensively, but as everything was perfect of its kind, she ceased to remember past trials and regained her wonted cheerfulness. Indeed, taken altogether, it was a more than usually merry crowd.

Uncle Evander sat in the kitchen while the girls cleared away the dinner, saying he wanted to visit them a part of the time.

After that they all sat in the sitting room for a while, and then Dora and Fannie, at their uncle's request, walked with him to the station, where he kissed them good-bye, and declared he would not neglect them so long again.

Death From Churches in the michoey, sitting and standing filled every inch of remaining space. After short of remaining space. After short of remaining space. After short of committees of the work done, the elergymen present, expressive of the work done, the elergymen present, expressive of the work done, the elevgmen present, expressive of the work done, the elergymen present, expressive of the work done, the elevgmen present, expressive of the work done, the elevgment present with the elevet interest

Death From Suffocation.

ALMOST A FATALITY BUT FOR DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—STRANGE STORT OF A NORTHWEST LADY. Their mother met them at the door.

"What became of the pudding?" she asked.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a story like this would here come to a natural and peaceful close, but being, as it was, a hundredth case, there is a sequel to this one.

It happened a year afterward, the evening before Thanksgiving Day.

It had been a hard year for the Fessendens. Mr. Fessendens was only just recovering from a long illness. Fred had fallen from a shag-bark tree and broken his arm. Philip had obtained a position in a store and, the firm failing, lost four months' wages.

Fannie was needed at home to assist her

-If starting with moderate means, a farner must often buy where and what he can; but it is better to buy a small rich farm than a large poor one. It requires a better farmer state of cultivation, than it does to make the

small farm pay. More Curative Power
Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation.
It costs the proprietor and manufacturer
more. It costs the jobber more and it is
worth more to the consumer. It has a record
of cures unknown to any other preparation.
It is the best to buy because it is the One
True Blood Purifier.