# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1894. NO. 7.



## Professional Cards

H. F. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

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**Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.**

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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

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*BARRISTER - AT - LAW,*
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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882.—

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Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
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PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
**Pianos & Organs.**
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Visits Annapolis Valley twice a year. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

**DENTISTRY.**
**DR. T. A. CROAKER,**
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

THE ST. JOHN BUSINESS COLLEGE SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

The best test of any school is the patronage it receives from those who live in its vicinity, and are in a position to judge of its merits.
Our local patronage is greater than ever before.
We hold out no false inducements.
People judge of our institution by the breadth and thoroughness of its courses of instruction, and especially by the success of its graduates.
For terms, etc., call at the College, or send for circulars to KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

**A. B. PARKER,**
**SOUTH FARMINGTON,**
CAN SUPPLY
*PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE,*
*ALEXANDRA CREAM SEPARATOR,*
AND
*THE STEEL HARNESS,*
For Farmers and Lumbermen. No Whiffletree.
ALSO
*THE POPULAR DOOR CATCHER.*
All the above will be delivered at manufacturers prices. 48 26

**NOTICE!**
**LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON**
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
**THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY**
every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by
ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, ESQUIRE.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49tf

**O. S. MILLER,**
**BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,**
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
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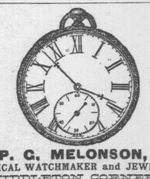
Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf



**P. C. MELONSON,**
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches Clocks and Jewelry.

**PALFREY'S**
**CARRIAGE SHOP**
—AND—
**REPAIR ROOMS.**
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29ly

**Potter's Liniment**
IS SOLD AT
**W. W. CHESLEY'S.**

**Dr. J. Woodbury's**
# HORSE LINIMENT
**Is Infallibly the Cure for**
**Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,**
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.

In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.

F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

# HATS! HATS!

Every Christian wears a Hat on Easter Sunday, and the place to get the
**Largest Range,**
—AND THE—
**Latest Styles,**
—IS AT—
**A. J. MORRISON'S,**
MERCHAN TAILOR - - - MIDDLETON, N. S.
His stock of SPRING CLOTHS is complete.

"Once a King." "Always a King."
STEP BY STEP **The "WHITE"** Triumphantly Progresses!
The Pride of its Friends!
The Enemy of its Competitors!

CINCINNATI, 1888. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.
IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

# LOOK HERE!

Now is the time to order your Spring Suits. I have now in stock some of the
**FINEST GOODS**
that can be seen anywhere Call and see them. The
**Prices are Away Down!**
I guarantee every garment to be a good fit, well-made, and the best of trimmings used.

FRANK SCOTT,
CUSTOM TAILOR, - ROOMS OVER MONITOR OFFICE.

# SPRING GOODS
—ARRIVING AT—
H. E. REED'S.
***GROCERIES, FRESH AND NICE,***
at H. E. REED'S.
A Few Nice Lamps will be sold Low, to clear, at
**H. E. REED'S, Middleton, N. S.**
PRODUCE HANDLED.

**Carriages**
—AND—
**AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!**
As the season for Carriages, Road Carts, and other appliances for the spring and summer travel is again approaching, I take the liberty of informing past patrons and intending purchasers that I am in a position to supply them with anything in that line they may desire, and that I am also interested in the sale of all kinds of
**Agricultural Implements**
from the well-known firm of
BLIGH & PRINCE.
**Mowers (single or double), Rakes, Ploughs, Harrows, Forks, &c.**
Call and inspect. Prices as low as any or all dealers.
W. C. FEINDEL.
Middleton, March 6th, 1894. 48 13i

**FARM FOR SALE!**
One of the best in this vicinity, at a big discount, containing 90 acres of upland, part under good cultivation, and a large waterlot; two apple orchards, choicest of fruit; 120 Plum trees beginning to bear, besides Peaches, Cherries, Pears, etc.
Buildings only 4 years old, with modern improvements. Thousands of tons of mineral paint, of good quality, on the premises, handy for shipment. Apply to
I. F. JONES.
Deep Brook, Annapolis Co., April, 1894.

**BRIDGETOWN LIVERY STABLES.**
**N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.**

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire outfit and good-will of the Livery Business enjoyed by Mr. Wm. C. Bath for a number of years past, begs to notify his many friends and the travelling public that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, to furnish any kind of an outfit in single, double, tandem, or other styles, with or without drivers.
The capacious stables are roomy and centrally located, affording every facility for boarding and baiting.
Teams always on hand at station on arrival of all trains.
A specialty will be made of Trucking with moderate charges.
When you want a nobby fit-out, a place to bait your horse, or any information connected with the livery business, ask for
N. E. CHUTE,
Proprietor of the Bridgetown Livery Stables.
Bridgetown, April 25th, 1893.—4

**WANTED TO HIRE!**
A man, with wife, to take charge of large farm on salary. Man to manage farm and, wife to do usual indoor work. Satisfactory wages to right parties. Permanent employment. Apply at this office.

**LAST DROP**
—IN—
**FLOUR AND FEED!**

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|---|---|---|
| Five Roses Flour, | " | $4.75 |
| Delicate Flour, | " | 4.25 |
| Acadian Flour, | " | 3.90 |
| Success Flour, | " | 3.70 |
| Ansonia Flour, | " | 3.70 |
| Extra Quality Feed, | | 1.45 |
| Corn Meal, | " | 2.80 |
| Middlings, | " | 1.20 |

We have also a full line of
GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, CROCKERY, HATS, CAPS,
**Hardware, &c.**
All of which we will sell very low, for cash or trade.
We POSITIVELY will not be outdone in the way of LOW PRICES by any firm in the Valley.
GEO. ARMSTRONG.
Kingston, N. S., March 14th, 1894.

**BAD BLOOD**
CAUSES
**Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula and Skin Diseases.**
**B.B.B.**
CURES
**BAD BLOOD**

MR. FRED. CARTER.

DEAR SIRS.—I was covered with pimples and small boils and after obtaining no relief from a doctor tried different remedies without success until one Sunday I was given 2 of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. I made up my mind never to be without B.B.B. in the house, and I can highly recommend it to all.
FRED. CARTER, Haney, B. C.
I can answer for the truth of the above.
T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C.

MIDDLETON
**Box Factory,**
S. F. and W. E. ROOP,
PROPRIETORS,
MIDDLETON, N. S.
MANUFACTURERS OF
**Mouldings,**
BOXES AND KILN-DRIED SHEATHING.
Boxes and Cases of all kinds made to order at short notice.
Berry Crates of every description kept on hand and made to order.
Berry Baskets, including Strawberry, Grape, Plum and Peach Baskets. Also, Shooks for same.
Having purchased a machine expressly for making strawberry and grape baskets, we are prepared to give better value at a cheaper rate. The fastening on these baskets is a great improvement over the tacks.
Berry box tacks in stock. Also crate and box nails in all sizes. Crate hinges and fastenings.
Turning in all the latest designs. Newel posts a specialty.
Custom Planing and Matching done at all times. 48 6m.

**CONSUMPTION**
is averted, or if too late to avert it it is *often cured* and *always relieved* by
**Scott's Emulsion**
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.
Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

**Special Inducements in Cloths for Suitings.**
Having decided to dispose of the balance of my stock of
**Cloths and Gents Furnishings**
I now offer to anyone wishing a suit for the Spring and summer wear, their choice at the invoice prices. No such bargain has been placed before the public for years, and those who wish to save from $6 to $8 on a suit of clothing, should give me a call.
WM. C. BATH.
Bridgetown, April 3rd, 1894 1 tf

**WANTED!**
1000 Hides to be delivered at the Murdoch Tannery, Bridgetown. Highest cash price paid. JOHN H. MacLEAN.
Bridgetown, [illegible] 1893. 1tf

**BEFORE MEALS I OFTEN SAY: "GOD BLESS GRODER'S SYRUP."**
Such are the words of JOHN WHITNEY, of Avondale, Carleton County, N.B., in a letter written to The Groder Co., January 25, 1894. He says: "I had dyspepsia for three years so badly, that distress at stomach caused vomiting once in twenty-four hours and sometimes more often. A year ago last fall, I became much worse, though I tried many remedies and was attended by our physician. It was then that I bought your medicine on guarantee. Six bottles did me a lot, went back to my druggist in Woodstock for my money. Your traveller sold me two bottles more and gave them away, telling me to lessen the dose—and I did—anything I craved. To my coming I comprise the two bottles made a cure. Nothing that I eat ever hurts me. I eat pork and beans do not cause me any distress. I am gratefulto you for your medy."
C. A. McKean, druggist, Woodstock, endorses Mr. Whitney's statements in letter to above company.


## Poetry.

### The Winds of Memory.

Upon the western shore to-night I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless sea,
And watch the white ships inward, outward flitting.
And wonder when my ship will come for me,
And where it lies, and whither it is going;
I only hear the winds of memory blowing.

Across the cliff of yesterday they're coming,
They fan my forehead with the forest air,
Remembered melodies the hills are humming,
A scent of pine trees hovers everywhere.
I hear again the bank side brooklet flowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Blow on sweet winds! your singing or your sighing
Bring back to night a half-forgotten tune:
Beneath the apple blooms once more I'm lying,
I feel the breath of girlhood's happy June.
Life's early dawn, again I see it glowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

A summer song now faint, now fuller growing,
A far off lullaby from mother lips,
Love, living love, receiving and bestowing;
I listen, listen! Oh, ye white-winged ships,
I do not heed your coming or your going,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Upon the western shore to-night I'm straying,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless sea,
And watch the billows upward, downward swaying,
But I do not care how near the tide may be,
Or, if the waters touch my feet, not knowing,
While I can hear the winds of memory blowing.

What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humanity,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence, and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways;
No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm heart of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!—
A life that stands as all true lives have stood
Firm rooted in the faith that God is good.

## Select Literature.

### Hulda.

"Heard the news, Miss Huldy?"

The woman addressed looked up from under a big blue sun-bonnet. She had been shelling peas as she sat on the front doorstep of her pretty dwelling. Her beautiful eyes glittered, her set but handsome features were alive with interest for one brief moment. Her heart told her that something was coming that concerned her directly.

"No, I haven't," she answered, the flash in her eyes fading out, and her fingers trembling. "I 'spose it's Lishe Webster's marriage. I heard he was engaged."

"No, 'tain't that—it—it's nearer home."

It was an honest, sunburned face, that of her neighbor, Farmer Harvey, who had come a mile out of his way to tell the tale that had been told to him. He flushed to his ears, though he was red enough before, as he went on stutteringly.

"Miss Bellair, Dan's wife's had a fall. They say her back's broke. 'Twas from Satan's ledge, where she was picking blackberries. A stone rolled, and she went over, —twenty feet down, I guess. An' ther's all them children! I swear I feel bad for Dan. 'Twas hard pickins enough before, but it's the devil's own luck now."

Miss Hulda's handsome lips were set with a sterner curve as she bent over the pan of glistening pea-pods.

"I thought it would come! I knew he'd be punished for marrying that creature," she muttered, her whole woman's nature in arms. "I told him no good'd come of it, and there ain't. I declared I wouldn't help him, come what might, and I won't!"

All the color and grace of beauty died out of her face.

The farmer wiped his forehead with a heavy red-and-yellow silk handkerchief. Then he clapped his straw hat on with something that sounded like an oath hurled from between his teeth.

"Ain't you a leetle hard, Miss Huldy? Ain't you jest a leetle hard! She's ben a good wife and mother, fur as I kin see. I know she was wild and foolish in her younger days, and got herself talked about, but she's all right now. Poor Dan! The place down there is hard farmin', as you'll 'low, all stone an' rock ledges. 'Tain't like these acres up here, cleared an' planted 'fore you and I were born."

"Roger Harvey, don't you say a word!" and now the woman's eyes were ablaze. "We've always been an honest family. Not much money among us, but always a proud name, so far as I ever heard of the Bellairs. But now it's dragged in the dust. Why, I never was so thankful in my life that the old folks were dead, when Dan come home with the news that he was going to marry Fan Taggart. The world seemed fallin' round me. If the hills had melted an' run down and covered us, I would a' been thankful. Fan Taggart! a big, brazen, handsome, vulgar girl, whom nobody would speak to on account of her character, and our Dan! such a delicate, high-minded man! the idol bro- [illegible] and that I loved—as—I—" She sat down then, and turned to take up the pan that she had set aside in her wrath. A tear actually rolled over her smooth cheek.

"Roger Harvey," she went on, as she rose and stood against the dull umber background of the door, a slight, symmetrical, graceful figure, in spite of the ample apron and the prim dimity gown; "perhaps you thought I'd care but I don't. That's come to pass that I told him would. 'If you bring that girl here' I said 'I go.' Mother told us on her dyin' bed never to part. He was all I had. I was all he had. He was weakly, and I'd a' worked my fingers to the bone for him and for his wife, too, if he had married the right woman, but to bring that—oh!" she cried shrilly, "don't let me talk any more about it. I should go crazy."

She walked a few steps into the sombre kitchen, then some impulse of hospitality arrested her steps, some fine instinct, also, of having overstepped the bounds of delicacy.

"Come in, Roger, and don't mind my quick temper," she said in an altered voice, "there's green-apple-pies and new bread and caraway cakes. I'm sure you must be hungry.

"Not this mornin', Miss Huldy," the farmer said. "I left my horse over to the blacksmith's to be shod. He cast a shoe, comin'. Good mornin'."

He walked slowly down the path, stopped a moment at the gate to look at the bright, many-gabled house, the thrifty, up-hill acres beyond.

"She's well fixed, anyway," he muttered; "fine business woman, too; the rock on her place is a help, rather than a hindrance. Well bless the Lord of she ain't got the grit of all the Bellairs, boiled down. I suppose if Dan had broke his back it would a' ben different. Poor Dan! with all them little children!" and he moved steadily down the road.

"Broke her back! broke her back!" muttered Hulda, yet the words hardly conveyed the terrible meaning they covered. She set the pan of paste on the kitchen table, and went to the window that looked into the back yard.

A pile of rocks that she had taken great pains to make ornamental struck into view, as if to supplement her words. Wild strawberries grew in all the crevices and graceful vines ran from top to base, interlacing with other delicate plants, till the whole thing was one spicy bloom just now. Hulda's taste was supremely critical. She possessed, by nature, an insight into colors and their harmonies. The house itself was a picture from the way the trees framed it and the ivy overlapped its brown sides. Everything was prospering. There had been no blight, no hurtful frost in the early spring, so that the money in bank was safe and very likely to be doubled in another year.

It was this sense of culminating prosperity that gave an added horror to the bad news her neighbor had brought. She had taken a sort of ill-regulated interest in her brother's doings. She knew that he taught school at Dickson's Corners and did a little farming, enough to keep the family in vegetables. She knew that every year brought new responsibilities, and that there were already seven children, but to her knowledge she had never seen one of them.

"I don't want to see you or your wife, or your children, if you have any," she had said in her wrath when she left her brother's house. It seemed to her that her heart was broken, that disgrace had set its seal upon her forehead. She would not visit the neighbors, would not go to church, and for a time refused to meet the man to whom she had been engaged for two years.

All this had happened ten years before. She was now thirty-one. Her business transactions had been prosperous. The farm she bought for a song was increased in value and she was comparatively a rich woman.

During all this time she had never met her brother, who lived more than five miles away. Her lover, Lishe Webster, as the whole community called him, wearied of her stubborn determination to live a single life.

She had never forgotten the evening when he announced his determination to leave the town and go into a new business, of which he had been some time thinking.

"I have worked as hard, if not as long, as Jacob for a wife," he had said as he stood by the wooden mantel, and he was so tall that he could rest his elbow upon it, "but now I am utterly discouraged. If you would give me any hope, if you would say not now, but in so many years, then I could take heart and try to make a name for myself. You say your marriage with me would disgrace me. Well, Hulda, that is the sort of disgrace I would wear upon my sleeve with perfect impunity. It seems to me you are cold as well as hard of heart, my dear."

If he had but stopped there, the result might have been in his favor, but he was incautious, and, like many men lacking in tact.

"I really don't see anything to grieve over in your brother's marriage," he went on. "They appear to get along together, he and his wife. She's a very pretty woman, no one can deny that, and he seems proud of his choice, so why not relent? If I don't care why should you?"

Then the lightnings of her wrath struck terror to his soul. Instead of the slender, sweet-faced girl, attired in his own favorite color, a blue gingham, her eyes matching its azure, her lips provoking dimples whenever they moved, stood a Fury, her hands clenched, her glances fire, her lips white with wrath.

He to talk in that way to her of her enemy, who had worked the ruin of her life! He to excuse her brother's miserable sin! that was the way she put it—to find any words of praise for that shameless girl, whose own family had disowned her. He of all others whom she had loved and honored to insult her by allusion to one who had changed the whole current of her future and doomed her to a cheerless future!

So they parted more in anger than in sorrow. She never forgot his last words, spoken as he stood, hat in hand, on the threshold of the door; "When you can forgive," he said in his quiet even tones—and he had never in her despairing eyes looked so handsome—"I will claim my own. Now I don't know you, Hulda. An evil spirit holds possession of the woman I have loved so dearly. You have been the light of my very life for two years. I shall always love you, but it will be a love mingled with fear."

Then when she was alone and felt that she had lost him, her agony was intolerable. Bitter days and troubled nights were hers for long and weary months; but forgive Dan for marrying that miserable creature? Never!

Did all these things pass through her mind as she stood looking at the pile of rocks? Perhaps, for the picture of that [illegible] view was always with her. She had not seen Lishe since, and only [illegible] she had heard [illegible] married; "h[illegible] fiercely calle[illegible]

The rocks took on another form as she gazed, like the great blocks of gray granite that bounded her brother's stony farm. Their aspect was grim, and beyond them rose the rugged hills. Indeed, the old place that her brother had inherited was a wilderness of rocks. They rose in jagged masses, outlining the spare little field; they towered upward and blotted out the sky.

On one of them stood a woman in a blood-red jacket. That much Hulda knew, that red was her sister-in-law's favorite color. She saw her move stealthily, sinuously, catching at the sides of other rocks blacker and more dreary. Then the arms waved wildly above her head, the shriek as of a lost soul penetrated the atmosphere, and lo! space! The woman had gone down to her death.

Hulda gave a little scream, and the blood left her cheeks. She was not going to be a coward now, however, and tremble at her own fancies. It was nothing to her that a life had gone out. It was only her brother's wife, the woman whose name had been a horror to her.

Nevertheless it was terrible. She twisted the handkerchief in her hand, and, almost without knowing it, tied a knot in it. Tighter and tighter she drew it, saying to herself, with set teeth, "when that knot unties itself, then I will forgive."

As she turned to leave the window the handkerchief slid from her hand. It settled for a moment on the sill, and fell, facilitated by a light breeze, outside, exactly on the nose of Sprite, a fine dog of the greyhound breed, who seized it and shook it and tugged at it, only satisfied when the knot was loosened, to leave it on the ground.

Hulda went on with the preparations for her dinner, which, it is needless to say, she had not much appetite for. In vain she strove to busy herself with her usual engagements. Nothing suited her or lent itself to her requirements. Her thoughts obstinately followed the bent of her imagination and that was down at Ditson Corners.

How drearily the day passed! Was that woman dead? she wondered. How was it possible for her to live with a broken back! And yet she had heard of such marvels. Well, Dan should not want for money. She would send it to him whether he asked her for it or not.

How terribly heavy the time hung on her hands! How tasteless were her meals! With many a sigh she prepared for rest.

"He might have written," she said, brushing the neatly redded hearth and picking up the few bits of dust-rolls that spotted her carpet. Then she called in the gray cat that almost wound itself about her feet in its excess of feline affection, closed the blinds and went to bed, knowing that she could not sleep.

"I declare to grace!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her pillow, "it does seem as if I am never to have any peace of my life, sleeping or waking; what does make the dog howl?"

And then again to her confidante, the pillow.

"I'd a gone, perhaps, if Dan had sent for me. Almost any other woman would, anyway, but I can't go back of my word. I said I wouldn't and I won't!"

Morning brought no consolation. Head and heart ached alike. While doing up her hair, still brown and abundant in its silken coils, she was startled at the deepened lines in her face. For the first time in her life, came the dread that comes to every woman once, if not oftener, of growing old. Of course all the hope that had made her life beautiful had vanished, but still she was a woman, and at her best, a very womanly woman.

She had not yet gone down stairs when she heard some one knocking. Again and again it sounded,—a quick, impatient rap. Hurrying a little, she opened the front door, with a sudden apprehension that her brother had sent for her.

A little girl, her face beyond all beauty beautiful, stood on the door step. Hulda had never seen her before and yet her face was a revelation. Over the small gray scarf about her neck floated curls of a color so golden that they seemed to have borrowed their lustre from the sun itself. A troubled but engaging smile beamed from the small face, bringing deep dimples into play. Pure, confiding, innocent, lovely beyond the power of language to describe, she looked up in Hulda's face.

"Is this your handkerchief?" she asked. "I found it down here."

Hulda's face grew gray. It was the very handkerchief she had tied, and that the dog had pulled asunder, and the dew had moistened, till all the lines of the knot and the dog's tugging were effaced, though sundry rents showed here and there.

"Gracious heavens!" she cried, then turned to the child.

"Did you undo the knot?" she asked.

"There wasn't any there," was the reply.

"Who are you?" faltered the pale woman, stepping back a pace, for the girl pressed forward.

"I think you are my Aunt Hulda," was the reply, with a confiding smile. "I have come to—to see you," she added, simply.

"Oh!" the woman shivered. "You must have got up before candle-light, to walk that distance," she said.

"No, indeed, I started last night to go to Mrs. Hale, the nurse; father sent me for her. She wouldn't let me go back with her because it was late and I was tired, so I stayed there all night. This morning I thought I would try to find you and tell you all about our trouble. You are my father's own sister, aren't you?"

"Yes," Hulda answered apathetically. "Come in. Sit down, and I'll get breakfast. You must be hungry. Take your bonnet off, child. So there is trouble at home?"

"Oh, dear, yes," and the pretty piping voice grew plaintive. "The baby makes it worse, you see. It's only three months old, and it cries and cries. Mother she can't do anything because"—the child's voice trembled—"she's hurt in the back, and we're most afraid she won't live. And papa has to give up his school and walk the baby all night. And I 'spect he had to undress the children last night. I always help, there are so many of them," she added in an old-fashioned, womanly way. "But then, we're all very fond of 'em. Poor papa! he does try so hard, but everything goes against him. Mother, when she was up, tried to keep him cheerful, and told me always to be bright and happy before him, 'cause I'm the oldest, you know. My mother's a good woman" and the child's words ended in a sob.

The tears began to run over Hulda's [illegible] face away. Her [illegible] man he [illegible] with poverty [illegible] That was the [illegible] presently the [illegible] her. Blessed be [illegible] childhood!

"Who told you to come here?" asked Hulda as she brewed the tea to keep herself from yielding to the new impulses that thronged upon her.

"Nobody. I knew you were my aunt. Papa showed me your picture once. He keeps it locked up in a little box, and once in a while he looks at it. I guess he loves you; don't you think he does? and—so—I—wanted to tell you our trouble. I'm ten years old, and I never saw you before. Are you angry with my father?"

Hulda, turning round, fell on one knee, and held out both arms.

"Come here, child," she gasped, and there they were together, the child cuddled in Hulda's arms, Hulda herself swaying and sobbing.

"The cruel, cruel rocks!" she said to herself, "but not crueller nor harder than my heart."

Before noon of that day there was a transformation in Dan Bellair's little home. Everything was swept and garnished, and the baby was quiet. Dan himself sat and feasted his tired eyes on Hulda's transfigured face. She had always been his idol, and grief for the loss of her love had made him old before his time. It was astonishing the change that had come upon Hulda. She was sweetness itself to the pale creature who suffered so bitterly; she was a mother to the children. And when months after, the broken woman, that woman, moved [illegible] about the house, disfigured for life, [illegible] had her great farm wagon brought [illegible] and bundling them all in, drove fr[illegible] damp, unwholesome dwelling, where [illegible] was scant room, to her own high, br[illegible] upland home and installed them all there.

Never was transformation more complete, or more appreciated. Hulda wondered how she had lived so long without the love of those loving hearts, without the noise, the rush, and the laughter of merry, beautiful children kissing and fondling her at every turn.

Lishe Webster had come home! He had probably brought his wife with him, but the sore heart of Hulda was tender as well as chastened, now. She only hoped she might not see him, for the old love was strong yet.

He came straight to the house on the hill, his face bright, though bronzed. The ten years had scarcely changed him.

"I have come to claim my own," he said simply, "I have heard all from my sister."

"But—your wife," stammered Hulda, scarcely knowing what she said.

"I have no wife," he said. "My cousin is lately married. His name is the same as my own. Come Hulda!"

And she went straight into his open arms.


—I am glad in the interest of any, who may be suffering from Dyspepsia, to bear testimony to the fact that I have been greatly benefited by the use of K. D. C., when other medicines prescribed as remedies afforded no relief.
(REV.) JOSEPH HOGG,
Minister of St. Andrew's Church,
Aug. 16, 1893. Winnipeg, Man.
Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.


### Jefferson Davis's Goodness.

HE FOUND THAT SOME OF HIS SLAVES WERE MASONS AND SET THEM FREE.

"I guess you never heard of how Jefferson Davis freed a lot of niggers long before the thought of freeing the blacks in this country was anything more than a chimerical dream in the minds of some New England Puritans, did you?" inquired Major L. H. Carson, of Nashville, Tenn., of a St. Louis reporter. "It may be a fairy tale, or it may not, but, anyhow, it will bear repeating:

"As I received the story direct from my grandfather, who claimed to know all the circumstances, it ran about this way: While a young man, and soon after moving from his native home in Kentucky to his plantation in Mississippi, Jeff Davis bought a cargo of blacks, just brought over from Africa by a slave-trader, who ran the blockade and landed them in New Orleans. While they were working in the cotton field one day, Mr. Davis observed his new negroes making Masonic signs of distress to the overseer. That individual, not being a Mason, thought the negroes were carrying on a system of signals preparatory to revolt, and was about to have them whipped.

Mr. Davis stopped this proceeding. He tested the negroes thoroughly, and, to his amazement, discovered that they were Third-Degree Masons, though brought from the very heart of Africa. Being a Mason himself, you can understand that he lost no time in giving them their freedom and the choice of either returning to Africa or remaining on his estate until he could provide for them in some other way. Most of them shipped to Africa at Davis's expense, though some of them remained with him until the end.

"Now, if this story is true—and I don't doubt it—how did Masonry find its way into the heart of Africa? I have often thought it strange that the Masons have never investigated this matter"


—Skin diseases are more or less directly occasioned by bad blood. B.B.B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples and Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.


### Exodians, Take Notice.

EASTPORT AND VANCOUVER TO BE EXAMINING DEPOTS FOR EMIGRANTS.

Washington, April 27.—Superintendent Stump, of the Immigration Bureau, has made arrangements to have all immigrants that are brought to Boston by ships of the International Steamship Co., sailing from St. John, N. B., examined at Eastport, Me., and an immigration inspector will be appointed for the purpose. He will be stationed in Eastport and will have the assistance of the customs officer of that port. The immigrants coming from New Brunswick by rail will all be examined at Vanceboro, on the Canadian border, in like manner.


Severe Headaches are instantly relieved by laying on the forehead a piece of brown paper wetted with Dr. Manning's German Remedy, the universal pain cure. All druggists sell it.


### A Valuable Cow.

Providence, R. I., April 30.—One of the Holstein cows owned by P. Arnold of Lincoln died Saturday, and when examination was made a glove buttoner was found embedded in one lang, while the stomach and intestines contained no less than forty-six articles, including a gold ring that had been lost a year ago, another glove buttoner, pieces of wire and crockery, nails and a three inch staple.


—By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded, or discolored hair assumes the natural color of youth, and grows luxuriant and strong pleasing everybody.

—There are more than a thousand different ways in which a conceited man can brag of himself.

—No other medicine has equalled Hood's Sarsaparilla in the relief it gives in severe cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, etc.

—How much easier is it to tell others how they ought to walk than it is to keep in the middle of the road yourself.

—No other preparation so meets the wants of a debilitated system as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

—Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

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