Weekly Monitor.

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Weekly Monitor,

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HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

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

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Co-partnership hitherto existing under the name and style of SANCTON & PIPER, Printers and Publishers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the senior partner, Jno. E. SANCTON, retiring from the late firm. The business will in the future be conducted by HENRY S. PIPER, who assumes all liabilities against and for the late firm.

JOHN E. SANCTON.
HENRY S. PIPER.

Bridgetown, April 20th, 1879.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

July 17th, 1878. n13 y

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Me.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint feed.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

For Internal and External Use.

CURES—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic, and for curing Costiveness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Biliousness, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, for Purifying the Blood,

Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but effectual in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain. Although gentle in their operation, they are still the most thorough and searching cathartic medicine that can be employed: cleansing the stomach and bowels, and even the blood. In small doses of one pill a day, they stimulate the digestive organs and promote vigorous health.

AYER'S PILLS have been known for more than a quarter of a century, and have obtained a world-wide reputation for their virtues. They correct diseased action in the several assimilative organs of the body, and are so composed that obstructions within their range can rarely withstand or evade them. Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also formidable and dangerous diseases that have baffled the best of human skill. While they produce powerful effects, they are, at the same time, the safest and best physic for children. By their aperient action they gripe much less than the common purgatives, and never give pain when the bowels are not inflamed. They reach the vital fountains of the blood, and strengthen the system by freeing it from the elements of weakness.

Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates, containing neither calomel nor any deleterious drug, these Pills may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar-coating preserves them ever fresh, and makes them pleasant to take; while being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

AGENTS WANTED!

THE NEW STYLE

'FAMILY'

$25 SEWING MACHINE!

THE USUAL $65 MACHINE REDUCED TO $25

$150 per Week Made Easy. Horse and Wagon Free to Agents.

The Cheapest and Best in the World!
Too Long in Use to Doubt its Superior Merits.

No money to pay until the Machine is delivered to you and examined.

It makes the shuttle, double-thread lock-stitch (the same on both sides of the work,) which received the HIGHEST AWARD at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, Pa, 1876. And is complete with a LARGER ASSORTMENT OF ATTACHMENTS for fine work than any other machine, and reduced to only $25.

It is an easy and pleasant machine to operate, requires the least care, produces every variety of work, and will last until the next century begins. Strong, Simple, Rapid and Efficient.

Use it once, and you will use no other. The money cheerfully refunded if it will not DO WORK and OUTLAST any machine at double the price.

Agents sell them faster than any other in consequence of their being "the Best at the Lowest Price."

Each machine thoroughly warranted with a *Written Guarantee* for five years. Kept in order FREE OF CHARGE; money refunded at once if not satisfactory.

It is the most solid, reliable, and satisfactory machine ever invented for all kinds of family work. It is an acknowledged unequivocal success, thoroughly tested, and used in thousands of homes. An efficient, silent, rapid, reliable, and every ready helper to wife or seamstress, it will do the work of a family for a life-time, or it will earn from $4 to $5 per day for any one who wishes to sew for a living. This machine costs less than HALF THE PRICE of any NEW machines of like quality. Has extra long, large-sized Bobbins, holding 100 yards of thread, doing away with the frequent rewinding of bobbins. It is built for strength and constant hard work. Interchangeable working parts, manufactured of fine polished steel. Will run for years without repairs; it is simple to learn, easy to manage, understood perfectly in an hour, and always ready in a moment to do every description of heavy or fine work at less cost or trouble that any other machines *at any price* ever did, or can do. It will sew anything a needle can pierce, from lace or cambric, to heavy cloth or harness, with any kind of thread, and will run off twenty yards per minute; it uses strong, straight needles, and never breaks them. It cannot miss or break a stich, ravel or break a thread. If you have any other machine, buy this and have a better one. The ease and rapidity of its motion and quality of its work are its best recommendations. It will hem, fell, tuck, braid, cord, bind, gather, quilt, ruffle, pleat, fold, scallop, shirr, roll, baste, embroider, run up breadths, etc., with elegance, ease and quickness, unsurpassed by any machine ever invented.

BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

The Prices for our NEW machines are less than those asked by dealers in second-hand, rebuilt and refinished machines, or those selling out old stock to close up business, many such inferior and old style machines being offered as new at reduced prices; beware of imposition and only buy NEW machines. There are no NEW first-class machines offered as low as the "Family," by many dollars.

Machines sent for Examination before payment of Bill.

Extraordinary inducements offered to Clergymen, Teachers, Storekeepers, etc., to act as agents. Horse and waggon furnished free. For testimonials see descriptive books, mailed free with samples of work, liberal terms, circulars, etc. Address,

"Family" Sewing Machine Co.
755 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

1879. AUTUMN AND WINTER. 1879.

W. M. TUPPER.

JUST RECEIVED AT

London House!

PLAIN and Check Wincyes,
Grey, White and Printed Cottons,
Black and Colored Dress Goods,
Table Napkins,
Towels,
Scarlet and White Flannel,
Rubber Coats, Braces,
Boots and Shoes,
Nickle Clocks, very low,
Whips, good value,
Looking Glasses,
Gold Bar, Napoleon and Crown Tobaccos,
Tea, Sugar and Molasses,

100 bbls. FLOUR & MEAL,

☞ The above will be sold very low for Cash or short credit.

W. M. TUPPER.

October. 1879.

DENTISTRY.

DR. JAMES PRIMROSE,
Lawrencetown.

MECHANICAL and OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended in all its branches.

Lawrencetown April 9th, '79. 51tf

JOB PRINTING

Of every description at the office of this paper.

Cloths and Clothing,

A Speciality.

B. Starratt.

Paradise, July 7th, '79.

☞ SIDE DOOR.

John H. Fisher,

(Late of Mechias, State of Maine.)

Merchant Tailor,
MASONIC HALL.
GRANVILLE STREET.....BRIDGETOWN

IS prepared to make all kinds of Clothing to order or from Cloth found.

Broadcloth, Doe Skins, Tweeds, Tailor's Trimmings, etc.,

in variety, now in Stock. No Delay. Prices Moderate. Latest Fashions. First-class Workmen. Garments WARRANTED TO FIT.

TERMS:—Cash or approved credit.

Bridgetown, May 28th '79. 52ly

35 PER CENT!

AS 35 per cent is now the duty imposed on American Furniture, the Subscriber wishes to inform the public generally that

HE DOES NOT INTEND

raising the prices of his FURNITURE, as may be seen in his list below; but intends making

Still further Reduction,

as he hopes his Sales will increase under the New Tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time. He also intends adding to his now large STOCK, and can offer better inducements to Customers.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suits, from $60.00 to $120.00.
BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from $25.00 to $40.00. A good suit for $28.00.
SOFAS, $19.00 to $24.00.
WALNUT CHAIRS, $3.50 to $6.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in solid Walnut, $8.00 to $10.00.
CENTRE TABLES, in Marble Tops, $14.00 to $16.00.
BEDSTEADS, $2.50 to $3.00.
WASH STANDS, $1.00 to $1.25.

Please call and examine my STOCK, and you will find as good an assortment as is generally kept in large Cities, and as times are hard I will sell at Prices that will DEFY COMPETITION.

JOHN B. REED.

Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879. 50tf

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and on capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address: H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.
July 30 y

MORSE & PARKER

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76.

FURNITURE!

THE subscriber wishes to inform his customers and the public in general that he has in his warerooms a choice lot of

PARLOR FURNITURE

in all the Latest Styles, which he offers

In Suits, from . . . $45 to $80
Sofas, from . . . 19 to 32
Italian Marble Top Tables, from $6.50 to $16.00
Walnut Tables, from 5.00 to 10.50

Marble Top Walnut Bedroom Suites,
LOUNGES, RECLINING CHAIRS,
Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs,
SIDE BOARDS,
CANE SEAT CHAIR, MIRRORS, &C.
all of which will be sold low.

Undertaking in all its branches.

JOHN Z. BENT.

Bridgetown, April 9th, '79. 51tf

C. T. Bohaker,

Barrister & Att'y-at-Law,

Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.,

has opened a new office in the store now occupied by E. H. Phinney, Esq., at Middleton Corner, where he will promptly attend to all kinds of legal business.

Middleton, March 1st '79. 49y

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address

1y30y TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

We live in a reading age, which is distinguished for the almost interminable multiplication of books. The most of them are either frothy fictions or the foggy exhibitions of vague thories that my excite a transient interest, and then sink into merited oblivion. The greater number of volumes in modern libraries are mere literary chaff.—The acquisition of knowledge, on the part of readers, depends not so much on the number of books read, as on the character and subetantiality of their contents, thoroughly studied and understood. We call the attention of our readers to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a new edition of which is now being published. It is a library in itself. It gives a clear and comprehensive view of philosophy in all its many aspects, and pours a flood of light on the physical sciences. It imparts an extended range of information as respects literature, biography, political economy, and all matters of which engage the thoughts and activities of men. It leaves no subject unmentioned, that is of theoretical or practical utility in our busy world. In it there is an ocean-fulness of information. As a book of reference, to say nothing of every day study, it cannot be over-estimated. There is scarcely any thing in it, from beginning to end, which is not fraught with instruction. It contains the concentration of all knowledge which has been imparted to our world by earth's mightiest intellects. Such a book in a reading family, is a living spring—an ever flowing fountain of information. Its teachings are inexhaustible.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

Poetry.

The Free-Lunch Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many an unpaid bill within the drawer,
While I added, and grew mad, did suddenly there come a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my bar-room door,
'Tis some bummer,' then I muttered, 'tapping at my bar-room door;
Just a bum, and nothing more.'

But open wide I flung the shutter, when with many a grunt and mutter,
In there stepped a man I'd seen full many a time before;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped nor stayed he,
But rushed for the lunch bowl on the table as of yore,
Rushed for the box of cheese behind the door,
Munched it till it was ne more.

Then this free-luncher, beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the quaint and owlish gravity of countenance he wore;
Though I must be shorn and shaven,
'thou,' I said, 'had best be lavin,'
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from door to door,
Tell me, Cully, what your game is on the night's Plutonian shore?'
Quoth the luncher, 'Gimmemore!'

'Be that word our sign of parting,
luncher,' then I shrieked, upstarting;
'Get thee back into the street, and come prowling here no more;
Leave this ranch, or by the Hokey, your head will surely broke be!
Leave, or surely I will choke ye—quit the lunch behind my door;
Take thy beak from out my door, and thy form from off my floor.'
Quoth the luncher, 'Gimmemore.'

The Three Deaths.

Lay the dead Hope amid the flowers to rest,
Smooth tenderly the daisied turf above it;
Watch by the grave by memory's rays caressed,
Recalling how we used to guard and love it,
From its sweet dust from fancies may awake,
Till a new dream its gentle semblance take.

Though passionate tears fall fast as Summer rain,
Where the dead Love lies in eternal sleep;
Though life and joy may never wear again
The glory buried with it, dark and deep;
Just for that dead things unforgotten bliss,
A chastened charm may soothe a watch like this.

But when the shrine where we have garnered up
Trust, pride, devotion, shivers at our feet
When poison, lurking in the loving cup,
Turns into stinging gall what was so sweet
What solace broods above such bitter death?
What future comforts us for murdered Faith?

Select Literature.

The Rightful Heir.

For some weeks past the engagement between the Earl of Beauvray and Miss Millicent Moyle had been chronicled in the fashionable intelligence of newspapers, and the marriage was to take place in July. Beauvray House, Piccadilly, had been placed in the hands of the decorators; Beauvry Castle, in Northshire was being refurnished and beautified by the combined energies of upholsterers, painters, and landscape gardeners; and grand subscriptions had been set on foot among his Lordship's tenants, his brother officers of the Guards and his fellow members of the Northshire hunts, to make the new Countess some handsome presents. There were many who considered Miss Moyle a lucky girl, for Lord Beauvray was not only of ancient family, young, immensely wealthy and well-looking, but he was popular everywhere, owing to his sunny temper and perfect uprightness of character. There are young noblemen who make their grandeur consist in throwing away their money and making there reputation into ducks and drakes. But Lord Beauvray had been merry without being dissolute. He was the most irreproachable of gentlemen just as his betrothed, Miss Moyle, was the fairest flower among the boquet of pretty girls who had been at the court in the same season as herself. Millicent Moyle was a rich heiress as well as a pretty girl, but that was about all that could be said about her. Her father Josias Moyle, a bill discounter of Lombard street, was a "new man" of the city plutocracy—one of those financiers who have made such rapid fortunes that everybody expects to hear of them next in Bankruptcy Court. It was said that he and Lord Beauvray had become acquainted while travelling abroad and that the Peer's relatives had been much scandalized on hearing of his Lordship's intention to marry the daughter of a man whose antecedents were just a little misty.

As for Mr. Moyle, conscious of how great a piece of luck had befallen him, he could not refrain from bragging before his city friends about his future son-in-law, "the Earl," and of retiring from business, of obtaining a seat in Parliament through Lord Beauvray's influence, and devoting himself thenceforth to the assiduous study of conservative politics and the cultivation of aristocratic connections. The poor man had been admitted on Lord Beauvray's presentation, to one or two first-rate clubs, and he had been introduced to so many ladies and gentlemen of title that his head was turned. He sighed over his business ledgers from twelve to four every day, as if he had begun to realize the degradation of commercial pursuits; and as soon as his counting house closed he would hurry off in a white waist-coat and with a flower in his button-hole, to take a drive round the park in his spanking phæton, drawn by a pair of bays which he could ill manage. It was honest Moyle's delight in these drives to meet the finely-appointed barouche, which carried his wife, his daughter, and Lord Beauvray, and to note the number of hats that were lifted as it passed. Such bows made him grin in pure glee.

One sunny afternoon, just a fortnight before the date fixed for the marriage, the bill-discounter's phæton was drawn up as usual alongside the pavement of Lombard street, waiting till the stroke of four from an adjoining steeple should bring out the plutocrat from his office, when a brougham, with a coronet on the panels, clattered up behind, and Lord Beauvray alighted. He was ghastly pale. The hall porter, who knew him by sight, and had always admired his pleasant smile was startled by his appearance not less than by the broken voice in which he inquired if Mr. Moyle had left. Just then Mr. Moyle himself strutted out, all glorious with a geranium in his coat and a hat perched on his potted gray head. Ah! Beauvray! cried he, with cheerful welcome but perceiving the look on the Peer's face, he exclaimed, 'Why, what's the matter? Not ill, I hope?"

"No, not ill; but I want to speak to you in private," said Lord Beauvray, hoarsely.

'Shall we go off in the phæton?' stammered Mr. Moyle, full of uneasiness.

'No, into your room; but let us be quite alone,' repeated the Earl, and he himself led the way toward the sanctum, where the discounter transacted most of his business.

Mr. Moyle had a trick when agitated of grasping his nose with the whole of his hand and working it up and down as if it were made of India-rubber, which he wished to elongate. His nasal organ underwent a deal of pulling in the brief interval that elapsed before he and Lord Beauvray were closeted together. Then, plumping down in the arm-chair at his writing table, Mr. Moyle stared in bewilderment, while the peer sat down opposite and produced a long blue envelope with several black seals. Laying this on the table, Lord Beauvray placed his hand on it, and looked into the financier's eyes.

'Mr. Moyle,' said he, sadly, 'I have a painful communication to make; but I will not beat about the bush. I find that I have no legal right to the title which I bear, or to the fortune which I am using.'

'Eh! what?' exclaimed Mr. Moyle, with a gasp.

'I made the discovery this morning in looking through a box of deeds,' continued Lord Beauvray, whose voice grew steadier, 'You know that I inherited the title from my uncle. He was the eldest of three brothers. My father, the youngest, died while I was a boy: my second uncle died a few years later, and we fancied he had been a bachelor, but it appears that he was clandestinely married, and left a son—have seen him in your house. His name is Timburel.'

'Timburel?' echoed Mr. Moyle, with a start; 'young Timburel who used to be a clerk in our firm, and whom I dismissed for presuming to make love to our Millie?

'I was not aware of those particulars,' said Lord Beauvray, 'but young Timburel is the man; he bears his mother's name, (she was an actress), and was the son of my second uncle; and it seems that his parents were lawfully married."

'And do you mean to say that Timburel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wits at this moment, with not a shilling in his pocket, I'll be bound—do you mean to say he has become Earl of Beauvray?

'Not only that, but he becomes absolute owner of all estates and property. My poor father left me a mere pittance. When I have put Timburel in possession of his own, I shall have nothing but my commission in the Guards, and about three hundred a year.'

'Come, come, don't say such bosh,' blurted out old Moyle, grasping his nose again. It had just occurred to him that Lord Beauvray was hoaxing. 'He wants to find whether our Millie loves him for himself or for his title,' reflected the money man; but in a moment this idea was dispelled by Lord Beauvray displaying the contents of his envelope—a marriage certificate, and a number of letters which substantiated his story. Then he entered into explanations. It seems that his uncle the Hon. Colonel de Vray, being in garrison at Malta, had privately married an Italian actress named Timburelli. After a year's union this fickle person deserted him, leaving her child to his care: and soon afterwards she died. Under the circumstances the Colonel, though he provided for his son's maintenance, deemed it convenient to conceal his marriage, and he died suddenly without having acknowledged it. Apparently, however, his conscience had tormented him, so that, while lacking the moral courage to speak the truth during his lifetime, he had left evidence by which it might be known after his death. Unfortunately, the envelope containing his marriage certificate had lain mixed up with some other documents in a box, which Lord Beauvray (who inherited the deceased papers) had never thought of examining till that morning, when he had begun to sort his family papers in the view of marriage. These were the facts which the young peer explained. While old Moyle with a series of wheezes like moans, ruefully examined all the documents one by one.

Suddenly the bill-discounter crumpled all the papers in his hand with fury and looked at Lord Beauvray.

'I say,' he whispered, 'have you told anybody beside me about this secret?'

'No; I came to you first, as in duty bound.'

'Then what prevents us from destroying these papers? I shan't say anything about it. The young Timburel is a skunk and a snob; it will be ridiculous to see him a lord, and he'll ruin himself, or become mad with conceit—so foolish is he. I say, Beauvray, if I throw this envelope into the fire, who will know anything about it?'

'I shall,' answered Lord Beauvray, quietly, and he held out his hands for the papers.

The shifty glance of the money man quailed before the light of the unquenchable honesty in the eyes of one who happened to be a nobleman in something more than a name.

II.

There was a pretty hubbub in society when it became known that the Earl of Beauvray—or George de Vray, as he now simply called himself—was going to abandon his titles and estates to a man who had been a city clerk. Lord Beauvray did his utmost to make the thing public; for as the legal formalities for reinstating his cousin in his rights would require some time, he was anxious that the new peer should obtain at least social recognition of his rank, as soon as possible. For this purpose he placed the amazed and elated Mr. Timburel in possession of his mansion in Piccadilly, and a large sum in ready money 'to go on with.' Mr. Timburel was decidedly a snob; Lord Beauvray could not like him, so he forced himself to be friendly, and he was soon forced to reflect, with a sigh that the house of De Vray would be poorly represented by its new chief. But this did not check his diligence in doing his duty, and he quite dismayed his solicitors, who were advising him to defend his action for ejectment that was going to be instituted, and to dispute the claim for the title that would be laid before the House of Lords.

'I wish to have no dispute,' said George de Vray. 'Even if a legal flaw were discovered, I should not avail myself of it so long as a moral certainty existed. And that certainty does exist.' The lawyers grumbled, but they were faln to own that the marriage certificate was genuine, and that nothing but chicanery could spoil the suit of Mr. Timburel, who now described himself as Ralph de Vray, claimant to the earldom of Beauvray.'

Of course George de Vray's marriage was postponed. The turn in his fortunes had thrown so much business on his hands that it was impossible for him to devote a month to honeymooning until it was all disposed of; beside which, he felt bound to make Mr. Moyle the offer of releasing his daughter from her engagement. At first this statement was pooh-poohed equally by the bill-discounter and by Miss Moyle herself. Millie, who was not quite so sensible as she was pretty, wept a good deal at not becoming a Countess; then she wept at the nobility of George's action, which everybody was praising. In fact, during a week or two she bedewed a good many pocket-handkerchiefs with her weepings over one thing and another. But, in the main, she was disposed to remain faithful to George, and took some credit to herself for her fortitude.

Now there was staying at the house of the Moyles a poor little cousin of Millie's named Gertrued Brown. She was a soft-eyed brunette of eighteen, very quiet and loveable, who acted as a companion to Millie, and had to bear much from the whimsical humors of this spoilt child. Gertie had always received marked kindness from Lord Beauvray, who treated her as if she had been his sister; and she looked upon him with admiration as the most noble being she had ever seen. His renunciation of rank and wealth had struck her as an act of surpassing heroism, and she could not allude to it without tears gushing from her eyes. Gertie Brown had a heart that beat in unison with all that was good and great. A shrewd, merry little thing, too, in her way, she was capable of discerning the difference that existed between a genuine man of honor like Lord Beauvray, and a mere man of money like her uncle Moyle. When she saw George de Vray after his 'run,' as old Moyle called it, behaving with the same cheerful grace as usual—not seeking praise, but shunning it—giving himself no airs of a hero, but talking and laughing simply like a man who has done his duty without any fuss, and as glad of it—she thought her cousin happy among all other girls, and sighed to reflect that Millie did not, perhaps appreciate her treasure as fully as she ought.

It was this enthusiasm of poor Gertie Brown's on poor George de Vray's behalf which first began to make the cup of Mr. Moyle's bitterness overflow. That worthy gentlemen had talked of his chances of sitting in Parliament, getting a baronetcy and all that. George de Vray might remain a pet in society, and by means of Moyle's money keep a sumptuous town house; but this was not the same as being an earl, with an enormous rent-roll and influence over a whole country. Old Moyle hinted as much to his daughter, and to make the lesson more forcible, threw out gloomy suggestions that his own fortune was not very secure, and that Millie might some day find herself constrained to live on her husband's three hundred pounds a year, and to make her own dresses with the sewing machine. The lamentable prospect caused Millie's tears to burst out afresh, peevishly, so that she flew at Gertie when the latter happened to make some remark in the praise of George. Mr. Moyle also scolded his niece, saying that she was a foolish girl to think that there was anything grand in throwing one's money out of the window, so that the world might talk about it.

Poor Gertie held her tongue, though her heart throbbed woefully. She had heard that the new Lord Beauvray, the ex-Mr. Timburel, had been invited to dinner for that evening; and she began to suspect that her precious uncle was forming a plan for making his former clerk a suitor for Milly's hand.

Her intuition was not at fault.

Old Moyle had hastened to make peace with his discharged clerk; and the latter, whose vanity was tickled by seeing his quondam tyrant cringe before him, gradually become a regular guest at the discounter's though he took care never to come at times when he was likely to meet Gertie Brown, who could feel no admiration for the vulger manners and purse-proud ostentation of Ralph de Vray.

This young man was handsome, however, and was not devoid of talent.

It was no secret to Milley that he had aspired to win her hand at a time when such a hope was folly, and he exercised over her that fascination which saucy assurance and a bold 'gift of the gab' ever do over girls who are weak and giddy. One day, after he had been talking to Millie for an hour in his most brilliant vein, some recollection of a droll sally of his made the girl laugh after he was gone, and she exclaimed;

'He is decidedly very amusing.'

'I find him most wearisome,' answered Gertie, dryly.

'You are not bound to sit and listen to him, then,' said Millie, with a flash in her eyes.

'I will withdraw, then, on another occasion—with great pleasure,' was Gertie's reply.

'That's it; do—we shan't miss you. By-the-by, you never make yourself scarce when George de Vray comes here.'

'There was not the same reason for doing so; Mr. George is a thorough gentleman.'

'And you mean that Mr. Ralph is not?'

'Certainly not, to my mind.'

'Ah! ah! pray, is it simply because Mr. George has given up property that was not his that you consider him so superior to his cousin? I see nothing wonderful in that. If I found one of your trinkets among my things, I should restore it without crowing all over town about my honesty. Indeed, I think it rather strange that Lord Beauvray should not have discovered that secret until he should have enjoyed his property for several years; it looks much to me as if some other people had discovered it, too, and as if he had only acted under compulsion.'

'Oh, Millie, you are casting an aspersion on one of the most noble acts I have ever seen.'

'Well, it's your fault,' screamed Millie, exasperated; 'I am sick of hearing you always harp on the same string. If you care so for Mr. de Vray, why don't you get him to marry you? that would be two beggars together!'

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