Barristers, - - Solicitors Notaries Public. rs for the Province of New Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency. Jeneral Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life surance.

mbers of the United States Law Association

OFFICE: BANK OF NOVA SOOTIA BUILDING. ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gat

OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, (Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store) Every Thursday. Consular Agent of the United States. Consular Agent of Spain

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s. Money to loan on Real Estate security. MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCI-ETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX. Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of II years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum. Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly installments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.

If doe of central loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

LAND SURVEYING C. F. ARMSTRONG,

QUEEN'S SURVEYOR. ADDRESS: MIDDLETON, N. S. RESIDENCE: GATES ST., NICTAUX. 3m

L. R. MORSE, B.A., M.D., C.M. OFFICE AT PRESENT: RESIDENCE OF DR. MORSE, LAWRENCETOWN.

F. L. MILNER, Barrister, Solicitor, &c. ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE. MONEY TO LOAN.

Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.

Office over Medical Hall.
Residence: Revere House. Telephone No. 10.
Orders left at Medical Hall with Mr. S. N.

O. T. DANIELS. BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

H. F. Williams & Co.,

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS. AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples Potatoes, Beef, Lamb Pork. and all kinds of Farm Products. Special Attention given to

Handling of Live Stock. Returns made immediately after disposal of goods.

J. B. WHITMAN. Land Surveyor,

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M. Specialties EAR.

ROUND HILL, N. S.

THROAT. Telephone No. 16.

OR. M. G. E. MARSHALL. DENTIST. Offers his professional services to the put

A. A. Schaffner, M. D., LAWRENCETOWN, N. S. Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S, three doors east of Baptist church. TELEPHONE No. 8E.

James Primrose, D. D. S. Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its ranches carefully and promptly attended, o. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

DENTISTRY

DR. T. A. GROAKER, Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month. Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Real Estate Agent, etc. BANDOLPH'S BLOCK,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

The Best Returns For the Least Money ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMPY, THE

Canada Assurance Life COMPANY. Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.

S. E. MARSHALL,

Nov. 28th, 1894, tf Agent, Middleton



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 24. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1896.

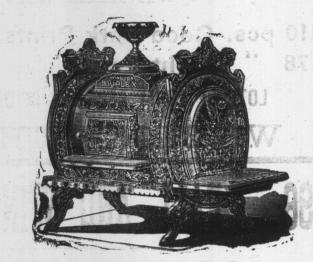
NO. 32.

ITS LECTRIC **NERGY** VERLASTINGLY RADICATES Inflammation Irritation

Every Mother should have it in acts promptly. It is always ready for use; It is the oldest; It is unlike any other; It is superior to all others; It is used and seconmended by physicians everywhere;

OHNSON'S DYNE ANODYNE LINIMENT

LATEST OUT!



DUPLEX"

Hall Stove, Base Heater for Wood.

I have a larger stock of Stoves of all kinds than ever before, which I am selling cheaper than ever.

CALL AND SEE. FURNACE HEATING & PLUMBING A SPECIALTY.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

Money to Loan on First-Class STARTLING INDUCEMENTS!

As the Spring Season is now rapidly approaching, doubtless there are many households in the town, county and elsewhere who have decided upon placing in their dwellings new appointments in

FURNITURE~ and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B. REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Undertaking! Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened at Hampton, under the management of MR. JOHN E. FARNSWORTH, who will give every attention to the requirements of the public.

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.

Will sell the balance of my stock of DRY GOODS at amazingly low figures. 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 inpect my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

J. E. BURNS, - Bridgetown.

A SUPERIOR To My Customers! ARTICLE

LOUR, CORNMEAL,

Rolled Oats and Oatmeal, Feed Flour, Middlings, and Barley Chop ow in stock and for sale at A SMALL AD VANCE ON COST at the store in the Masonic Building, Granville Street

ALSO A NICE ASSORTMENT OF Standard Groceries, such as Tea, Sugar, Spices, Canned Goods, etc.. etc.

Soaps from 4c up.

Call and examine our stock. W. M. FORSYTH. Bridgetown, April 1st. 1896.

CAUTION!

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. My assortment of

Ladies' Sacques is the best that I have ever shown, ranging in price from \$3 to \$12.

I have so a fine line of Fur Capes, Cloth Capes, Fur Collars, Boncle Dress Goods, Plaids, etc.

and in Gents' Wear A BIG RANGE OF CLOTHING Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters and Fur Coats.

ATThe prices are right, and quality first class. Please give me a call. Respectfully yours, MRS. WOODBURY. Kingston, Oct. 7th, 1896.

JOHN ERVIN. BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC.

Commissioner and Master Supreme Court Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co. OFFICE: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Poetry.

The Singing Shepherd. The shepherd climbed the hill through dark

and light,
And on and on he went,
Higher and higher still,
Seeking a pasture hidden in the height.
He followed by the rill,
He followed past the rocks,
And as he went, singing, he shepherded flocks. low wide those upland pastures none

knew;
But over the wild hills
A stretch of watered grass,
reading, though half hidden from view, Invites all that may pass. He sees the weary way, Yet while the shepherd sings, how brief the toilsome day.

tand thou with me and watch his He stays not for the drought, Nor lingers in the shade, where the clover and the stream

meet;
There, quiet, unafraid,
The tender lambs may feed; While the calm noon gives rest to those who

Again I see his figure cut the sky,

Then sink, and reappear
Upon a lofter plain,

Where far beneath his feet the eagles cry.

I cannot hear his strain,
But in a moving drift,

I see the snow-white sheep follow the mus

The climbing shepherd long ago has passe
Yet in the morning air,
For those who listen well,
His song still lingers where his feet ma haste;
And where his music fell
The happy shepherds know
His song allures them yet beyond the field
of snow.

O climbing shepherd! I would follow th Over the dizzy heights, Beyond the lonely pass Thy piping leads; the path I always see! I see thee not, alas!
Because of death's rude shock,
Yet thou, dear loving shepherd, still
shepherding thy flock.

Select Titerature.

A Summer's Vacation.

BY L. ROBBINS. Miss Josephine Packard and Miss Albert Hathaway were resting from their arduous studies at the Normal School, under the great elms on the grassy slope in front of the Packard farmhouse, the one, half reclining and slowly swinging in a hammock, an close beside her in a garden chair the other, eading aloud from the latest crase in novels, sing now and then to discuss what had een read, or from pure enjoyment of the pleasant landscape, the fragrant air and the

upon, with fair hair, blue eyes, a supple form and a dainty gown. Alberta, her friend, a year older, large, dark, dignified, stylish, was also good to look upon. Both were in the enjoyment of perfect health, and each prided herself on her muscular developnent and powers of physical enduranceand intelligence.

In the farmhouse, in the kitchen, with a

very hot stove for company, was Josephine's mother, ironing a much beruffled white musn dress belonging to the aforesaid Jose

She was a plump, busy, cheerful little woman, whose greatest happiness in life was to have other people "take comfort." She had two ideals of comfort; the one for her own exclusive use, the other for the rest of the world.

The first was work; she believed, or pretended, or imagined that only in keeping everlastingly at it could she be happy. Her deal for everybody else was idleness. no! I don't need any help," she would say when anyone offered a helping hand. "Go and sit down and take comfort," and she was so emphatic in her protest that the would be helper generally went and sat down, even if he or she didn't obey the other admonition.

almost universal acquiescence, and as Mrs. Packard, having finished the muslin, began nrolling a pink cambric morning gown with a cascade of lace up and down the front and around the neck, this exception appeared in the doorway, and resting his hands high up on either side of the door, looked into the kitchen-a well built young man with a frank, pleasant face.
"Well, Aunt Elizabeth, you look as

though you were about done up. Here, let me try it-I've got ten minutes while the rses are resting. Go and sit by the win-

Mrs. Packard protested, but her nephew's will was much the stronger and he had his way. She drew a long breath as she sank into the rocking chair he placed for her, and admitted that it seemed good to sit down. The young man handled the irons with remarkable deftness, and the horses rested till the pink gown, lace and all, had received

meanwhile remonstrating with his aunt in a half joking, half vexed way, for doing the work of "those two lazy, good-for-nothing "They are much better able to do it than

you are, and I have half a mind to go and tell them so-when I get Miss Alberta's dress ironed," he ended, laughing. "Oh, well, they're young," said his aunt, indulgently. "Do let them take comfort while they can. Hard work will come to

them soon enough."
"I wish it would come right now," said Sam, as he went out of the door. "They deserve a good shaking, and I'd like to be Mrs. Packard took from the basket

the window.
"It's 'Sigh Willetts, coming back

ched white skirt, embellished with tucks

and Hamburg galore, and went to work with new energy after her brief respite. She glanced at the clock. "A quarter of it. There are two men to help us, and haymaking is hungry work."
"The two men will be here to dinner," he four," she murmured. "I guess I can get it all done to-day. Let's see—four more of these skirts, two shirt waists and that fancy waist, and Sam's bosom shirt? He told me it's little enough he'll let me do for him." Just as she finished the shirt, she heard the sound of wheels, and as it is a moral im-

possibility for a person in the country to let this sound pass unnoticed, she hastened to the Center. Why, he's stopping—"
Mr. Willetts alighted and came up the alope with an envelope in his hand, which he gave to Josephine, and Mrs. Packard, hearing the word "telegram," hurried to the door.

spoiled. I forgot to put it down cellar," observed Josephine. "I will go and you can stay here and keep house."

"But I'm afraid of tramps," walled the finished product presented so sorry an appear-Josephine looked over her shoulder as she read the message, which was an urgent summons to the bedside of a dying sister.

"How can I go?" exclaimed Mrs. Packlignified Alberta.

ard, in great distress of mind.

"What is to hinder your going?" cried
Josephine warmly. "I should think it was
great if Alberta and I couldn't do the house-Well, you can go, then." the timid one. So they both went. work for a day or two. You must go-you

shall go."

Josephine was an only child and had early trained her mother to habits of obedience.

When she said "must" and "shall" in this "I don't know-I hadn't thought. think I'll have roast beef." positive way, therefore, Mrs. Packard began at once to plan for her own departure with-out a thought of consulting Mr. Packard, who was a pattern of docility in his family fire, which had gone entirely out. and seldom interfered in any domestic ar-

the chamber work.

So Mrs. Packard stayed up half the night, cooking and sweeping and getting things into such shape that the dear girls might not have to hurt themselves with work in her absence, and Sam took her to the railroad station very early in the morning, speaking comfortably to the anxious little woma who felt almost like a criminal in thus spoil ing the sorely needed vacation of the two fragile maidens whom she left behind.

"Now, don't you worry, Aunt Elizabeth he said, as he bade her good-bye. "I'll keep an eye on the girls and give them a lift now and then, and if they show signs of collapse, I'll take hold and do the work myself." All that day Sam acquitted himself in a way that would have done his Aunt Elizabeth good to see. He hung about the house, and was so extremely helpful and so trans-cendently agreeable that Josephine told him she didn't know it was in his nature to be so

nice, and Alberta confided to her friend that Mr. Waite was very different from what she had thought him, and quite the reverse of Mrs. Packard was to telegraph on read ing her sister's, and after the early tea Sam harnessed the black horse into the carryall and drove the girls to the Center. They found that Mrs. Packard had arrived safely and would return on Saturday if the folks at

home could get along without her until then. Her sister's illness had taken a favorable turn, and she was likely to live after all. "Aunt Elizabeth seems to think you girls are a pretty helpless lot," observed Sam carelessly, as they drove slowly homeward,

enjoying the dewy fragrance of woods and hedge-rows and the refreshing coolness. "I know to," returned Josephine, half rexed. "I don't see but what we get along beautifully, and I believe that nine-tenthe of the complaining about housework being so hard and disagreeable is clear rubbish." "I am surprised, really, to find it so easy and pleasant," said Alberta. She always spoke very deliberately and gave each sylla ble its full value.

"I wish mother didn't make such hard work of it," continued Josephine, with pensive regret. "She keeps trotting all day long, and there isn't a bit of need of it. But of course," she added, excusingly, "she can't move or think as quickly as a younger per-

Sam turned his head to hide a very broad "It seems a pity she should hurry home, when it is so wholly unnecessary, now doesn't it?" he questioned musingly. "She so sel-

dom gets away, and there are a host of relatives around there that she has been waiting to visit for years." "Why not write and tell her to stay," said

"I could do that," said Josephine. "It would be great fun. Can we get the letter to her in time?" "I'll see to that part of it," said Sam with alacrity. "I'll take it right out to the post-

office this evening, as soon as you have written it." So the letter was written-indeed, each member of the family wrote a letter, even Mr. Packard, who detested letter writing from his very soul, and " Mother " was given to understand that everything went on swimmingly without her, and that her presence in the family circle was not desired for

six weeks at the very least. Sam posted the letter, after applying special delivery stamp, and chuckled neelf all the way home. He very kindly offered the girls the of his alarm clock, and set it for them at half-past four, for Mr. Packard was to be-

gin on the meadows the next day, and they would want an early breakfast. It seemed to Josephine and Alberta as though they had hardly fallen asleep, when "whir-r-r-r-r-rrrrr---r-r-ra--r-r" went

the alarm clock, and it was time to get up. They rose reluctantly and with many sighs. It would have been so pleasant to take one more nap.

They set the table with warmed over food "It looks bare," said Josephine. "I be-lieve I'll have that custard pie I decided not to have for supper."

She had taken it off a long board set across

bowls that were set in plates of water, and had thoughtlessly placed it on the shelf above. She reached up now with both hands and carefully took down the pie, which seemed strangely light.

The next instant there was a blood-curd-

ling screech and a crash that caused the other members of the family to hasten to the There on the floor was the broken

plate and a small remnant of pie, from which enormously great black ants were scurrying in all directions, while poor Josephine, with wild eyes, was frantically ridding herself of a few real and a great many imaginary ants, to an accompaniment of little staccato "Ohs!" Alberta wrung her hands in sympathy, but dared not approach her friend, while the two men looked on and—laughed.

The agony was over in less than a minute, and every ant having disappeared, quiet was restored.
"Won't you put us up a lunch, Josep said her father. "Doughnuts and cheese and bread and butter will do, only plenty of

added casually, as they started off.

When Mr. Packard and Sam were gone the girls sat down to their breakfast, which they are very leisurely, looking over the daily paper Sam had got the night before. Then they washed and wiped the dishes leisurely, and Josephine swept up the pieces

"We will have string beans and squash and potatoes for dinner," she said, and they went and picked the beans and squash and prepared them and set them on the stove to

"Now somebody will have to ride to the Center for some meat. What we have is Indigestion is stubborn, but K. D. C. overcomes it.

The man gave her a large roasting piece and when she reached home she put it in a pan and then in the oven and rebuilt the After that they proceeded together to do

"Now we'll begin to set the table," said Josephine, "for father is very particular about having his meals on time." once, but Josephine had put in more water and hoped the dreadful burnt smell would not affect the taste. The squash was literally boiled to pieces, and when Alberta at

so there was no squash. The potatoes came out in pieces. Promptly at twelve o'clock the four men came in to dinner, hungry as bears.
"Why—this meat isn't done," said Mr. Packard, in an aggrieved tone. "It isn't

within forty miles of done. "Dear me! what shall I do?" said Jose phine in dismay. "Boil us three or four eggs apiece," said Sam, coming to the rescue.

"The fire has gone out." "Oil stove," said Sam, lace The cucumbers, which Josephine had thought of at the last minute, were good though warm, and the potato was eatab even if fragmentary, and the bread and doughnuts and cookies and gingerbread and pie that Mrs. Packard had left cooked were of the best, so the men managed to appear their voracious appetites. The beans Mr. Packard pronounced unfit to eat, and they

emained uneaten. osephine. "Do you know, Alberta, they've not left a single thing cooked in the house except a barrel of orackers and half a dough-

"Well, let's begin on the crackers," said Alberta, cheerfully. "I'm almost scarved."

After their repast they rested awhile and was an appalling quantity.
"Doesn't the kitchen need sweeping?" ntured Alberta.

"Dear me, I should think so! I forgot it resterday," said Josephine. "I'll do it, and ou can sweep the pantry and entry." This done, the question of what they hould have for supper arose. "There must be pie. Father would have

a fit if there wasn't pie," said Josephine.
"What kind can we have?" queried Al-"We'll have to pick the huckleberries?" "True."

heated and weary, with three pints of ber of flour, lard and water, but she didn t know which kind of flour to use, so choose the

'Pillsbury's Best," and had an inte time rolling it out, in consequence.
"It acts like India rubber, doesn't it?" ommented Alberta. At last the under crusts were stretched

the herries and sugar put in, and the top crusts put on. "Now let me make the biscuit," said Al-

berta. "I think cooking must be great "They say bread needs to be kneaded long time, and as the dough evinced a cling-ing affection for the board and her fingers, she dredged on a plentiful amount of fle and kneaded it in. Then she divided and sub-divided the lump of dough till the pieces were quite small, and rolled each piece

around in the palms of her hands till it was quite round. "We ought to have some kind of sauce, said Joseph

"Rhubarb would be nice." and "Would it?" returned Josephine, doubtfully. "It is rather late in the season." Nevertheless she went out and pulled a quantity, and carefully removing the skin and cutting up the stalks, she put it on to ook in an iron kettle with plenty of water.

Mr. Packard and Sam were on hand at with the biscuit," said Alberta, anxiously. They didn't seem to rise at all." "What did you make them of?" inqu

Sam, eyeing the pyramid of brown balls in the plate before him. "Flour and water and cream tarts " No saleratus?" "Why, no, they are cream tartar biscuit,

you know," explained Alberta, in her slow "I beg pardon, but-did you expect that

"Why, yes, of course," returned Alberta They all tried to eat the biscuit, but the aking had been faithfully performed, and they might as well have tried to eat stones. The pie was fairly good though somewhat flat, owing to the fact that a good part of the juice had run out into the oven, but the rhubarb sauce proved to be only made to look at, having a peculiar, medicinal taste lit road.

The new course of its having been stewed in iron, and cracker and milk formed the staple of

the banquet. Immediately afterward, Sam went out and stretched himself at full length in the ham-mock, with his hands clasped behind his head. He seemed to be very much amused

something.
"Oh, dear," mouned Josephine, when her ather came in with the night's milking, "I nust skim the milk. I ought to have done it yesterday. Here are two pans all moldy. I shall have to make butter to morrow, sure." When the two girls sought their beds that night they agreed that it was the longest day they ever lived, and that they had never before felt so tired.

"And all we've got to show for it," said

worker and then to the butter mold, and the finished product presented so sorry an appear-ance that Mr. Packard, after viewing it with an inscrutable expression, advised Josephine to use all the cream she could on the table

and in the cooking.

Saturday was not unlike Friday. The work dragged fearfully. Though Josephine was learning wisdom from experience in the culinary line, the food was still execrable,

pression of settled gloom.
"I must wash the kitchen floor to-day," Josephine had said, and as she arose from her knees after this performance, late in the afternoon, Alberta who had been dusting the sitting-room, appeared with the information that the "depot carriage" from the Center

was "coming up the drive."
"Oh, it's mother!" cried Josephine, rushing to the door regardless of disheveled hair. Alberta, retiring to her room for the purpose of making herself presentable, heard the murmur of strange voices, the carrying of trunks up-stairs, the hurrying to and fro tempted to strain out the water through the colander, the squash all went through too, emerged from her retreat just as the family were taking their places for the evening

> Her friend looked so savage that Alberta didn't venture to question her, but Sam was less timorous. "Well, Cousin Josephine," he asked cheerfully, "what has happened

Mr. Packard looked at his daughter in consternation and groaned, while Sam gave a dismayed "Whew!" and declared that Mrs. Wynne was "the worst pill in the whole box."

"Mrs. Wynne," answered Josephine quickly and crossly, "is a middle-aged semi-nicer." At which Josephine blushed and invalid, who spends all her time in visits to her long-suffering acquaintances and all her income on patent medicine. She talks about herself from morning till night, and needs ore waiting on than a baby. I have made and administered to her a slice of cream toast and a cup of tea and put her to bed for the night; and she's going to stay six weeks?"

After this there was a long silence. Sam came into the kitchen in great haste we hours later, and finding it dark and still was somewhat startled, on striking a light to see his cousin lying tace downward on the ounge.
"What is the matter, Josephine?" he ask-

ed, going to her.
"Nothing," was the muffled reply. "There is something-you are crying," he "I'm disgusted with the horrid, hateful, everlasting, abominable housekeeping, then, if you must know," she exclaimed peevishly.

"Oh, that's it is it? Well, I'm about to start to the post-office—you can send for your The taunting way in which he spoke stung Josephine to the quick, and she bounced to a sitting position, her eyes blazing indigna-

"I know you think pretty meanly of me, Sam Waite," she burst forth, "but in this one instance I don't deserve your contempt. I haven't for an instant thought of sending for mother. I'm going to write to her to morrow and paint everything rose-colored, and not tell of my failures, or of Mrs. Wynne being here. And I am going to insist on her staying six weeks longer. She's been working here like a slave for twenty-five years, and if I can't stand it for a few weeks, I'll-

I'll perish in the attempt!" "Josephine, you're a trump-a regular "I'm proud of you and I beg your pardon. Come now, I wouldn't cry-I don't wonder you feel a bit blue, but bless you

this isn't going to last forever. Cheer up, He had seated himself beside her and was helping her wipe away her tears. Center," he commanded. "It will do you good to get out into the air. Where's your

"Alberta! She's gone to bed with a tired "Then you can go as well as not. I'll tell your father. "Doesn't Miss Alberta help you any?" he

asked, as they rode slowly along the country "Ye-es, of course," answered Josephine little dubiously, "but-well, you know how she talks?" Sam laughed.
"I believe I've had the ex-quis-ite pleas-

ure of listening to her ve-ry de-light-ful conver sa-tion," he drawled in imitation of Al-"You mustn't make fun of her," said Jo-

Sam laughed again, but said nothing. He had several errands at the village. The last one was at the public library, and as he got into the buggy he gave Josephine three "Novels?" she asked.

to do anything—except cook."

"Cook books," he answered. "Lincoln, "Oh, Sam!" she cried gratefully. "How good of you. I don't believe mother ever had one in the house. Let's hurry home." So Sam spoke to the horse, who pricked up

his ears and went like a bird along the moon-The next day Sam sacrificed himself on the altar of cousinly affection by devoting him-self to Mrs. Wynne, who in virtue of its be-ing Sunday, departed from her week day. custom of enlarging on her different illness-es, the medicines she had taken and their effect on her system, and described with minute particularity and at great length, her religious experiences, from infancy up. She was tall and thin and sallow, with a very large nose and near sighted eyes; she dyed her hair and endeavored in other ways day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to create an impression of youthfulness on the beholder; her speech and manner were martyr-like and resigned.

Josephine and Alberta had been perfectly reckless about " putting things in the wash," and as a result it required their united ef-Josephine disgustedly, "is an underdone forts and two days to do the washing that required their united efforts and two days to do the washing that week, and their united efforts and three days for the ironing, after which they decided that fastidiousness and light, cotton dresses.

The next day was Friday and bore a strong family resemblance to its predecessor, a main feature being the butter making. The cream showed a decided disposition to re-

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

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

kirts, which of course must be changed each

the work grew less hard, though it still took both of the girls all of the time to do with

difficulty and very imperfectly, what Mrs. Packard had done well and with apparent tic, but there were many nights after Josephine was abed with Alberta asieep, that she cried like a child with longing for her mother. She had never loved he ters and her insistence on that mother mak-

But if there is no lane so long but it has its turning, so in good time Mrs. Wynne be-took herself to pastures new, and Alberta tore herself away in order to pay a promised visit to another school mate, and Mrs. Pack-ard wrote that she was homesick and was

"I'm going to the station for her," an-counced Sam, when the auspicious day ar-

"Indeed you're not," protested Josephine indignantly. "I am going."
"You are neither of you going," declared
Mr. Packard decisively. "I shall go my-

"We might take the carryall and all go," foolish people did.
"I didn't expect you'd be so glad to see

"I've enjoyed every minute of my visit," "And who is Mrs. Wynne?" asked Al. she said a little later, as they all sat around era in her most deliberate and pleasant | the tea table, "but it does seem so good to get home. And how nice everything about the house looks, Josephine. It couldn't look felt well paid for the muscle and energy she had expended in making it look nice.
"These biscuit, too," her mother went on;

"I never tasted better ones in my life.
"Don't praiseme, mother," begged Joseph ne, "I don't deserve it." "Yes, she does," said Sam. "She's done

" Mother, you little know. I could a tale "Better not," interrupted her father; "at east, not now."
"No," added Sam, "let us 'look not mournfully into the past; it cometh not again."

Josephine, and the subject was dropped.

The next morning Mrs. Packard was up up bright and early, also, at which her mother seemed surprised, as well she might for

early rising had never been one of Joseph ine's strong point's.

Mrs. Packard tolerated her daughter's assistance in getting breakfast, though it evidently made her uneasy, but when it came could stand it no longer.

gently, "I don't need any help. Go and sit down and rest and take comfort. "I'm as fresh as a daisy, and I don't need rest any more than a cat," said Jo "Supposing you go and sit down and rest, and see how you enjoy it."

"Why, Josephine! you know I should be perfectly miscrable." "So should I be perfectly miscrable." "Oh, I guess you wouldn't."
"Mother, I have been looking forward almost ever since you went away, to these a perfectly lovely time we would have working together. And now you want to shut

want-my-company-"
"My child, of course I want your company!" cried her mother, in a shocked tone, "but I didn't suppose you really wanted to help me. Why, Josephine, I've always

"Always wished what?" "But I want to know. What have you always wished?' "Well-that you liked housework, and that we could take comfort working to

the shoulders and giving her an affectionate shake, while she laughed through the tears which had risen to her eyes, "you are a hum bug-a regular little humbug.

" Mother," cried Josephine, taking her by

The Potato Yield. A smaller acreage and a decreased rate of yield are resulting in a decidedly smaller ver sa-tion," he drawled in imitation of Al-berta's speech. "I suppose she works in the The New England Homestead, in its final report published last week, says that the sephine repreachfully, though she couldn't help laughing a little, too. "Alberta is just as good as she can be; if she had a disposition like mine, she would get mad and go bushels, a decrease of more than 50,000,000 bushels, a decrease of more than 50,000,000 bushels compared with a year ago. The total acres harvested approximates 2,865,000 acres. This report reckons the Canadian crop at 55,300,000 bushels, a decrease of nearly 13,000,000 bushels compared 1895. In view of the shortage on this side and England, the Homestead says that the outlook for prices to farmers is certainly better than a year ago. While still low nearly everywhere many markets report an advancing tendency.

Of the great sales attained and great curse accomplished by Hood's Sarasparilla is quickly told. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and gives strength and vigor. Disease cannot enter the system fortified by the rich, red blood which comes by taking Hood's Sarasparilla.

The Whole Stor

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, ndigestion, billiousness. All druggists. 25c. get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like

-"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bott of Puttner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cen spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor bill, bye and bye.