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S. E. MARSHALL,



married herself by this time."

up t' the old place same's ever."

ile on my back for doin' on't."

Finally he gave up trying and established

"So you're gwine t' marry Marth' Snell,

be ye, Cap'n?" he soliloquized. "Waal,

foolin' 'way his time gettin' a new one when

dreamed that she had married him and was

aring for him and the house in a most de-

oody else'll git there fust."

thet's right, Cap'n. A man can't hev tew

business no more.'

" Marth' Snell."

the redoubtable widow in Lizy's place.

But the Captain had no such inter

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 25.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAST MONTH

FOR AN

DON'T FORGET

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1897.

Some of these days all the akies will be brighter— Some of these days all the burdens be lighted Hearts will be happier—souls will

If you must bet a hat on the Election buy it from I I Foster

Some of these days! Let us bear with our Faith in the future—its light we may bor-

that the competition for the Brantford "Red Bird" Bicycles (four, new, \$100, 1897 Ladies' or Gentlemen's Wheels at option of the winners) to be given away by The Welcome Soap Co., closes May 1st, 1897, when the Wheels will be awarded promptly for the four largest numbers of WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS sent in from the Maritime Under the snow in the dark and the cold A pale little tendril was humning; Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mold Of the beautiful days that were coming.

clay;
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at these walls between you and the

But under the ice and under the snow
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I cannot tell how, but I know, I know
I know what the days are bringing; "Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me '
Bloom on the meadow, and buds on th

And the great, glad sun to love me." Then a pebble spoke up: "You are quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence;
For I never saw a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence."

But "I know, I know," the tendril cried
In beautiful, sweet unreason,
Till lo, from its prison glorified
It burst in the glad spring season!
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Select Ziterature.

Marth Snell.

Waal, what'd the Cap'n say 'baout it?' What'd he say 'baout it? Why, he was i's mad's anybody could be. Thet's what of such slight importance that he didn't even

Ogunquit from Boston, whither he had gone to notify Capt. Sam Bell that Mrs. ATWe have just received direct from British Columbia one carload B. C. Cedar, and the way Whitewood and Quartered Oak. Bell was dead. The Captain was the master of a coastwise schooner, and sailed past the village of Ogunquit, bound from East-tr'do arter the fun'ral." On hand: Shingles, Clapboards, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Laths, Nails, Paper, etc., and a lage stock of port to Boston, the very day that his wife died. From the roof of the Captain's barn, buried the Captain found himself alone in of death by waving an enormous piece of came to him. He tried to drive it off by crape tied to a stick, but the signal was not properly read by the Captain, and he kept on his course and did not know that he was a widower until Joe Paine, who had been particularly directed to break the news could came at him Baston with a "Say of the part tall on the Captain, as he climbed out of his wagon. "Thet's boout the awkidest thing 't I ever ters to that when he should get ready to came at him Baston with a "Say of the part tall on the Captain's wat it, and placed it on the Captain's Can'n I'm tur'ble sorry t' be obleeged t' t

ye on it but the old woman's dead." "What old woman?" demanded the Cap-"Thunder'n lightnin', whose 'd ye spose

Captain that Mr. Paine was questioned by one of the company of Ogunquitters, which store at the corner. "So he was reel mad 'baout it, was he?" queried Deacon Butterfield.

"Thet's what I said," impatiently an-"Don't blame him a bit," mused the

Deacon. "Lizy was a very extryordinary woman. The Cap'n 'll hev toler'ble hard work fillin' her place." "That may be," responded Mr. Paine, but I guess he's got one pooty nigh picked

out, 'cording to what he said when he'd got over s'prise 'baout Lizy's death." Why, what'd he sey?" demanded half a dozen, all at once. "He jest axed me a question; thet was all," answered Mr. Paine. "He an me knowed that I was purposin' to marry was agwine daown into the cabing when all Marth' Snell's quick's this!"

of a sudding he turned squar' 'round, an'

Whar's Marth 'Snell naow?" Martha Snell had been a widow for a sort of modus vivendi with her. great many years. She had lived by herself, managing the farm Snell had left her, growing a little more forehanded as each Winter passed away. She had had chances enough to take on a new lord and master, but she had turned a cold shoulder on every one who had suggested matrimony to her. Everybody in Ogunquit could name at least in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Martha; indeed, she never drove up to the Post Office for the mail that somebody did not recount to the storeful how she had "sot daown" on some one of the villagers who

had undertaken to marry her. On such occasions many an Ogunquitter had registered a vow in his inmost soul that ose his wife, he would lay siege to Martha. This did not signify that Martha was a much-admired woman, but that a sentiment was prevalent that somebody should be able to conquer her. It was not meet, the Ogunuit men thought, that Martha should go

bout the village, year in and year out, hold-Capt. Bell had made his conditional vow "Tain't 'tall likely 't I'll do any more marryin'," he said only six months before, The largest stock in the two Counties,

marryin'," he said only six months before, when he was home for a couple of days between voyages, "but 'f I do, Marth' Snell's my woman."

He said it to a small circle of his particular friends, one of whom had just recounted how Martha only the day before had "sacked Si' Good'in."

The Captain's friends laughed at him.

"We've hearn slathers o' talk like thet."

But really it was the great lonesome house that was making captive of the Captain and compelling him to ponder on a matter which he was decidedly averse to thinking of-Poor old chap, how lonesome it was for him!

"I ain't never comin' back t' this haouse ag'in," mused the Captain one night, just as the great lonesome house that was making captive of the Captain and compelling him to ponder on a matter which he was decidedly averse to thinking of-Poor old chap, how lonesome it was for him!

"I ain't never comin' back t' this haouse ag'in," mused the Captain one night, just as going to bed. "Sot raound here all the evenin' thaout hevin' nobody t' talk to!

We've hearn slathers o' talk like thet, Got t' git up 'n the mornin' an' git my own Cap'n," said one of the group, "but they ain't none on 'em got away with the old breakfast! Cuss it all, a man'thaout a wife's

critter yit. She's jes's peart to-day as she was ten year ago. They've be'n at her all tways 'f a Sunday but she's Marth' Snell ways 'f a Sunday but she's Marth' Snell still, an' as the minister said t'other Sunday but she's Marth' Snell still, an' as the minister said t'other Sunday but she's Marth' Snell still, an' as the minister said t'other Sunday she's An endless variety of Spring Cloths day, she'll be Marth' Snell yist'day, t'day, an' f'rever. Haow'd you purpose gwine t' work, Cap'n, any diff'rent from any o' the A. J. MORRISON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S. "I ain't purposin' nothin' jest yit," answered the Captain, "an'I hope I shan't

swered the Capsain, and the solution of the gracund 'n Lizy Bell is, but I want you to understan' one thing—"
"An' thet is?" prompted one of the list-

eners, the Captain hav

NO. 9. "Yes, I'm comin'," answered the Captain.
"I heerd ye an' hollered back 't I'd be

with most any on 'em milkin'," said the Captain when he had had his look out.

"Yes, Cap'n; but haow 'baout what you was sayin' 'baout Marthy? You was jes' "Cap'n !" called the voice again, and last cry awoke the Captain and ended the tellin' on us they was one thing 't you wanted us t' understan'. Naow what was't Snell calling to flapjacks who had awakened bus'niss an' try'n not remember nothin' anted us t' understan'. Naow what was't san't understan'. Naow what was't the Captain, but Joe Paine, who wished to bus'niss an' try'n not remember nothin' the Captain, but Joe Paine, who wished to bus'niss an' try'n not remember nothin' bus was 'ludin' to?"

"Why," answered the Captain, "it's jest know if he could "borry that four-tined never forgit one thing. I'll never forgit you was 'ludin' to?" this. They ain't no use scratchin' your head 'fore you hev to. When the time

forty years 'thaout larnin' they's nothin' too hard for a man t' do thet's got courage au' a

agree with himself that as soon as the "proper" time should come be small come be smal proper" time should come he would seri- and strode hastily to the door. "proper" time should come he would seriously consider the matter of marrying Martha Snell. The "proper" time he placed pretty well ahead, not designating a particular day, nor week, nor month—simply saying "bumbye."

The Captain had forgotten all about crand. His only thought now was to get out of the house as quickly as possible and put an end to the spectacle of a full-grown making a baby of himself.

"Thet's the wrong door, Cap'n!" cried Whoever has taken note of the curious things that happen through the association of ideas must admit that it did not betoken heartlessness that a thought of Martha Snel

with sorrow at the loss of his wife. The quick's anybody. Arter all, come to think | Captain was letting himself into the cellar on't, it's a compliment t' Lizy thet I should git t' thinkin' so soon 'baout hevin' somebody t' take her place — shows she was a good wife, an' so she was — nobody never was after him like a flash. Through the for. She had been a strong, well woman all three weeks before in perfect health. What could be more natural than that, after the hed no better."

"Got a notion t' drive over t' Marthy's cellar floor. the Captain's mind should dwell upon the haouse an' take a look at her," mused the unexpectedness of the sad event, and that he Captain a little later; "sorter sail raound her oncet or twicet an' see what she's like these days. Wouldn't let on nothin', though, ccustomed himself to the expectation that he was to die first, and not Lazy. Of course The more he thought of this scheme the

certain time when he had given expression better he liked it, and next morning he pro-"It's funny," mused the Captain, "thet ceeded to put it into execution. The sun had barely risen when he drew his Concord the very thing 't I was speakin' 'baout only last Fall, when I was t' hum, should 'a' tuk ceeded to wash and grease it. After break-fast he washed and greased himself, and put on his best pilot-cloth suit. Then he put on his best pilot-cloth suit. Then he place so soon. Why, I never the't nothin' diffrent 'n' thet Lizy'd aoutlive me ten year. I never tho't when I was talkin' t' Clim hitched up his horse, got into the wagon and Bascom an' George Hatch an' the rest on 'em and sung out, "Gitap!" 'baout marryin' Marth' Snell, Mebbe she's

"What be I gwine t' say t' Marthy?" the Captain suddenly asked himself after he had Then came the question to Joe Paine been riding along for half an hour. "Haow be I gwine t' make it look nat'ral for me t' "Whar's Marth' Snell naow?" the ques-tion which Paine had interpreted as indica-ting that the Captain intended to establish come ten mile t' make a call on her?" He was in sight of the Snell place before

he had solved the problem and marked out his line of conduct. In his customary abrupt way he had asked "Haow d' do, Marthy?" the Captain the question that was in his mind, and the called out as he stopped his horse in front of the "end" door of the Snell house and chances are that he considered the question

caught a glimpse of the widow as she stood gazing at him out of the attic window.

"Feelin' pretty smart t'day, Marthy?"

"Why, Cap'n Bell!" exclaimed the widow, "'s that you? Where's M's Bell?

Widow, "'s that you? Where's M's Bell?

"Guess I'd better put a leetle painkiller" hear Mr. Paine answer, "Guess she's livin' The Captain went home leaving the schooner in charge of the mate. "You'll hev t' make the next run 'thaout me," he Why didn't ye fetch her 'long too?"

To the Captain's great relief, Martha did

So it happened that when Lizy had been went on to bid him welcome. died. From the roof of the Captain's barn, which commanded a view of the sea, one of the neighbors attempted to signal the news of the n leetle t' see 'f they've got plenty o' camphire your forehead a bathin'."

tently, came at him in Boston with a "Say, close the house they might be able to co-'baout Lizy's death. Thet upsets my cacker- temples. thing and everything that he could think of doing. But it was all in vain. "Ain't no use," he said to himself, "I've

an awful good mind t' burn up the hull place an' never set eyes on't agin. I never kin then his confidence returned to him. Be erhaps another wife might make the old

ing it quite improper. He was ashamed that he could not banish it from him perderfully, as it turned out.

"I must be consider'ble broke up t' be Lizy. "Skasely buried one wife, an' thinkin' loin' this sort o' bus'ness. I wisht I'd 'a' 'baout another!" he exclaimed one morning, stopping short in his work. "I wish t' died instid o' Lizy-" That was the thought that came to him, and before he knew it, he thunder I could put a good, big dose o' strap was biting his lip to keep from crying.

When Martha entered the room she fo The Captain's wrath against himself was the Captain with his handkerchief to his even greater when the inevitable thought eyes, apparently weeping. The Captain didn't know that she had come to him. came that Martha Snell was decidedly a

capable woman, and would take prime care "Why, Cap'n Bell!" exclaimed Martha, "Confaourd Marth' Snell !" he burst out. "Wonder what Lizy'd think o' me 'f she left. As he grasped Martha's hand he sobbed

But " Marth' Snell " had come to stay in years, Marthy, but you never see me cryin his mind, and he couldn't get rid of her. fore this. I ain't the man I was, Marthy, naow't Lizy's gone."
"Lizy gone! Where's she gone to?" "Guess it's like persecutin'," said he. "Folks thet's persecuted gits their dander

the angels naow, if they is any, an' I'm left up, an' up, an' up, an, fust thing ye know all alone in the world, an' I'm an awful they're good deal powerfuller'n they would 'a' b'en 'f nobody hedn't done nothin' to 'em. Martha was not, strictly speaking, a soft-Reckon I hadn't better worry 'baout this

hearted person, but she could not but be touched by the sight of a big six-footer weeping like a school girl. She, too, felt set to work fishing for one in the pocket of tain still held one of her hands in his and she felt that it would indicate that sh lacked pity for him should she take it away

the stock's run aout. I'd wait, though, six weeks or so 'fore I started in to do much courtin'. Guess they ain't no danger 't any-Martha. "Guess it must 'a' happened while I was over 't my sister's place in Agamenti-If the Captain had known where safety lay he wouldn't have taken up with this cus. B'en up there a week takin' keer o' her eldest boy. Come nigh hevin' pneumony, but we pulled him through. Did Lizy hev Ogunquit. In the end he found that he

pneumony?"
"No; she went off pooty nigh's quick's ouldn't get Martha Snell out of his mind by joking.
"Jokin's 'baont's bad's persecutin'," he
said to himself. "I can't laugh Marth'
Snell daown no better'n I could skeer her you could say scat! Heart guv aout, doctor

his judgment, the circumstances demanded,

But really it was the great lonesome hous Nobody t' talk to; nobody t' cook the vit though I'd go'n jump daown int' the well. I stood it jes's long's I could, an' then I ride. I didn't keer tew cents where I went to; any road thet took me away from thet ouse was good 'nough. Fust thing I knowed, I was gwine by your place, an' thinks I, I'll go in an' see Marthy a minute, an' here I be. Ain't a very entertainin' caller, but I reckin you know haow to make 'lowances for thet, Marthy. You've b'en there yourself, ain't ye, Marthy? I know

as she spoke. "I know what your feelin's is. It's teejis businees bein' left all-alone in

you'd better be gittin' up 'thaout ye want t' eat your flapjacks cold. I'm gwine t' begin cookin' on 'em right away."

hold of Martha's hand. He made no answer blood to her last speech. He buried his face in his handkerchief and wept, rocking himself pure to and fro.

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

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IONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

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shoulder and heard Martha say in sympa-thetic tones: "Don't Cap'n; I can't bear to

nee ye takin' on like thet." "You're right, Marthy," the Cap

dungfork."

The Captain was angry enough to kill

Faine, but he managed to control himself,
and gracionally gave Paine provision to o' gittin' on her, an' don't you be 'larmed thinkin' 't I won't. I want you t' understan' one thing — I ain't follered the sea for forty years 'thaout larnin' they's nothin' too hard for a want to do thet's get, courage an's agree with himself, that are seen to the sea for forty a want to the sea for forty years 'thaout larnin' they's nothin' too

"I've got t' hev' a wife, an' Lizy'd say so's out Martha, as she saw with alarm that the open door she saw him in a heap upon

She was quickly down the stairs, and at brushed the hair back from his forehead. The Captain feebly opened his eyes. "Where be I?" he inquired almost inaudi

"Be you hurt, Cap'n?" asked Marth

"Jest a bit dizzy," answered the Captain; "thet's all. I guess if you'll kinder stiddy didn't it, Marthy?" "Skeered me! I should think it did. I

was dead, fust off. "Naow you jest lay daown on the sofy few minutes 'fore you start again," continued Martha. "Wait till I fix thet piller.

"Guess I'd better put a leetle painkille onto it, Cap'n," suggested Martha.
"Wouldn't bother to do thet, Marthy." "Ain't no bother 'tall. It's right night

nute, Cap'n, an' I'll mix a leetle on it

ing his horse to the staple in the big elm husband's death, twenty years before, she that which he had often experienced out at similar import. It came into her mind, too, sea when trouble had come upon him out of that it was a shame for a woman, so capat A little spasm of grief which seized upon to have one about the house. Further still, him while he was waiting in the parlor for her thoughts ran. She actually wondered

Meanwhile the Captain lay still and si-

lent. At length, however, he reached up. "Yes Marthy," replied the Captain, "1 Marthy, but sence I've be'n layin' here, I've "What be you doin' on?"

The Captain extended his right hand, still go aout into the lon'some world agin. Do you think's wrong for me t' feel thet way, word you have the world were he willin' to take care. Marthy? Would you be willin' to take care of an' old good for nothin' feller like me all the rest of his life when he wa'n't follerin long 'nough so's people wouldn't talk 'baout "Gone 't heaven, Marthy. Lizy's with us an' say we was in a good deal of a hurry. "You ain't afeared o' people's talk, "No, I ain't, but I tho't mebbe you migh

But on reflection Martha decided that it

ORS COULD NOT HELP HIM, BUT TWO

They were sitting on the haircloth sofa now. The Captain had relinquished his hold of Martha's hand. He made no answer to her last speech. He buried his face in his handkerchief and wept, rocking himself