

GOOD AUNT BETSY

[SAN FRANCISCO MONITOR.]

The shadows of twilight had gathered around the Carson plantation. The tall trees in front of old Aunt Betsy's cabin loomed up like great gray ghosts, and the few bunches of goldenrod by the broad fence nodded and ran maliciously. But Aunt Betsy was not afraid of ghosts, so she did not care how the trees waved or the weeds nodded. She placed her brass candlestick on the three-legged table, and striking a match, rejoiced in the wan light of the little cabin.

Aunt Betsy's home was poor like the other cabins on the great plantation, but it was clean and neat. In one corner stood a bed with its bright patch-work, and beside it, in a little cradle, slept a tiny black child of four or five years. The great fire-place was open winter and summer, for Betsy did her cooking here, and the pans and skillets, her only ordinary utensils, were hung with ordinary precision on either side. On the shelf which served as a mantelpiece hung bouquets of autumn leaves, green gold and scarlet, in improvised vases of broken crockery, and above, a large picture of Our Blessed Mother—in strange contrast to the rest of her possessions—brightened the humble home with pictures of wood and meadow and thoughts of heaven.

After lighting her candle, Betsy closed her cabin door and drew the calico curtain across that small window with unusual caution. Then, stooping down before the great fire-place, she carefully removed several of the rough, uncut stones of the hearth and drew from beneath an old tin box. This done, she returned to the table, and looking stealthily around the room several times, she raised the lid and began to remove the contents.

A photograph, a rosary of some old gems, an old Bible, a lock of soft gray hair folded jealously in its time-worn wrapper, several documents and some scraps of silk material revealed themselves as Betsy's hand pried nervously to and fro.

Raising the lock of hair and the crucifix while a precious moisture dimmed her small shiny eyes, the old negro replaced the treasures and fastened the lid on the box. Then to the cradle, with a tender kiss to the little black face lying all unconscious against the soft white pillows, and Betsy, folding the box in her blue cotton apron and closing the door noiselessly after her started towards a thicket below the negro quarters.

The crescent moon, the secret teller, sailed out from behind a mass of clouds while far above the thicket the lights shined brightly through the open windows of the Carson mansion made a mocking contrast to its suggest-ive light.

"Massa Carson ain't nobby gwine ter get this," was Betsy's whispered soliloquy; when Massa Frank and Miss Nelly come, den old Betsy's gwine to know a thing or two some white folks don't count on."

Betsy took a small trowel such as stone-masons use, from her pocket, and began to dig a hole beneath the great oak that stood at the entrance of the thicket. Chink! chink! it grated against the stones and sand, when suddenly Betsy stopped, for a step sounded beside her.

"My good laws!" Miss Jennie! she exclaimed, as her eyes met those of the overseer's daughter. "I thought you was a sperrit."

"Oh, no, Aunt Betsy," laughed the girl. "I'm not a sperit yet. You seem more the ghoul of the two. What can you be looking for?"

"Diggin' out roots an' yarbs," answered Betsy with commendable alacrity. "Little Cato an' sick an' I'm gwine to make him some yarb tea."

Mr. and Mrs. Carson and the overseer's daughter were standing in the hall.

"Betsy," said Mrs. Carson, sternly, "did you bury anything in the thicket last night?"

"I didn't bury nuffin' belongin' to you," answered Betsy, with sobs of mingled fear and resolution.

"Take care, Betsy—tell me just what you did bury."

"I'm nobby gwine ter tell nobody but de proper person."

"Well then, since you will not tell I have determined to look you up until you are driven into some sort of subjection. I must be obeyed in my own house."

Mrs. Carson threw a cloth over Betsy's eyes, lest knowing the place of her imprisonment the instinct of her race might tell her a mode of escape.

"Oh, laws, laws I nussist lak me go," wailed the poor creature; "let me go back to Cato. He's gwine ter die; let me stay wid 'im, please."

But her cries were unheeded. Dragged forcibly away and thrust into a dark damp closet, old Betsy might plead to God alone.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "help me out! Send an angel to help old black Betsy out. Oh, my Lady! help me!" and the hard hands were clasped tightly together while the toil bent figure rocked wildly to and fro in grief.

Receiving no answer to her entreaties she sobbed and wailed in silence for some time; then her anger rose and she kicked the floor in her fury and struck it with her hands until the blood flowed down upon her faded dress.

Still no answer to her fierce appeal and despairing and exhausted, poor Betsy sank down upon the damp floor, dazed and helpless, she moaned wildly for Cato, while the day wore on.

and greater trouble stared them in the face. The great evil war was just bursting out in all its fury.

Day after day troops went forth to swell the Confederate ranks and Mr. Carson saw that he could no longer delay so one bright morning in spring he bade adieu to his weeping wife and left the old plantation.

Betsy had long ago been liberated from her prison and went about her tasks with a sad heart. Her poor cabin so lonely now, so cheerless without the little black face that used to smile on her daily labours—the empty cradle, the broken toys, were almost more than she could bear.

Golden Summer reigned over the land and one by one the slaves encouraged by the presence of the Federal troops camping in the neighborhood, ran away until but three or four women remained.

Mrs. Carson went about the house with fearful eyes and with pale face, for with the troops but a few miles away, she could scarcely escape plunder. One day in fact a party of Federalists driven almost to despair by continued privation and defeat, rode up to the door and demanded something to eat.

"I have scarcely anything for myself," said the poor frightened mistress.

"Well, we don't care; give us what you have."

The black women carried out part of the little store of provisions and the men rode sulkily away; but that night when the silence of midnight reigned over the earth the Carson mansion was in flames.

The negro women rushed to and fro wringing their hands and wailing dimly, while Mrs. Carson ran in and out, frantic with grief and vainly striving to save a few of her treasures.

But all in vain for long before the rosy flush of dawn the house was a mass of smouldering ruins.

Mrs. Carson sank down beside a tall tree and wept alone and unheeded for some time. By and by a large brown hand was laid on her shoulder and a pair of shiny eyes looked into hers.

"Come long wid me, missis Betsy's cabin ain't berry fine but it's better dan de camp ground."

moments and presently the black box was unfastened and found.

Frank opened it reverently while tears streamed from his eyes as he gazed on the picture of his uncle's face and the lock of soft silver hair.

"Poor dear uncle," he said sadly. "What a brute I was to quarrel with him. Oh, if he were only here to-day. But what is this?" he exclaimed, as a large document fell from between the time stained leaves of the old Bible.

He picked it up and examined it while a strange expression which Betsy did not fail to note crossed his face.

"Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!" she cried excitedly.

"It's a will," exclaimed Frank, dated just two months before my uncle's death, leaving me the plantation and all his property in New York city."

"Oh, Massa Frank, but I see glad I see feel like shoutin' and screamin'!" and Betsy fairly did scream "I know'd things I turn out all right. I's just been a waitin' for de Lord to set 'em right."

Together they entered the little cabin where Frank greeted his grief-stricken sister-in-law kindly and affectionately. Mrs. Carson was deeply affected and embarrassed by his arrival and the good news, for she had acted with great duplicity towards him. But as Betsy said, "The Lord set all things right," and when the great war was over Frank took Mrs. Carson and Betsy to his New York home.

Long ago Betsy was laid away beside her little grandchild at the old plantation home, and over her humble grave Frank erected a suitable memorial to the faithful black creature who served him so unselfishly and so well.

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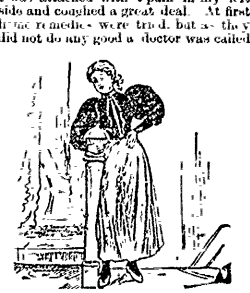
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A WIDOW'S CHANGE

THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS

Her Health was Daily Suffering. Suffering from a Bad Cough and Constant Pain to the Chest and Almost Bloodless. Her Health Again Restored.

"I know that if I had not begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have lived much longer. These words were uttered by Mrs. Mossop, a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Mrs. Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of general rejoicing among her friends. A general remark was made by her friends, 'I never knew that your illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face, and I became pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and coughed a great deal. At first I thought it was a cold, but it did not do any good, a doctor was called



Could not Climb Stairs Without Resting.

in, and I was under his care for about a year. But the treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to go upstairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all interest in life, and at last was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating to the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly. Now I feel that I have recovered my old-time health, can now walk a long distance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know that had I not begun on the Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer."

Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she feels towards this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter a health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Bizzing in the operation of the heart, nervous headache and vertiginous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 60 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Healthy Parent: "What! Engaged yourself to young Tapester? Outrageous! The idea of a Van Juneyberry marrying a mere shopman's daughter!" But he isn't a shopman, now, papa. He is a gentleman of fortune. "Parent: "Eh? Daughter: "Yes, he's been discharged."

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and the same has happened since. I have used them several times and they have never failed me." Parmelee's Pills are antibilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

No ancient pagan writer contains, in any part of his works, a single allusion indicating that he recalled his childhood's days with pleasure, while references to the joys of childhood are in modern authors innumerable. The accents had no child, their boys were little old men, their girls were little old women. Christianity has given the world real boys and girls, rejoicing in their young life.

THE PRIZES AWARDED.

The final awards in this literary competition offered by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont., have just been announced. The decision as to the order of merit of the five stories selected was left to the vote of the readers, and that great interest was taken in the matter as a result of the fact that 10,728 votes were recorded. "A Night on Crookback," by Dna. (Mrs. R. S. Smellie) Toronto) received 4055 votes, the largest number cast and its awarded first prize.

"The Lady of Beauce," by Othman, (Thos. Swift, Ontario) was second with 3045 votes. "The Fall of the Leaf," by Alicia Douglas Brodie, (The Herbert Chestnut, Toronto), takes the third with 3044 votes. "The House of Eulalia" by Margery Tooker, (Mrs. G. F. Fraser, Halifax, N. S.) has the fourth place with 2500 votes. "The Old Man" by Ingo, (C. B. Kooningside, Brantford) 2160 votes is awarded fifth prize. The prizes are \$100, \$75, \$50, \$40 and \$25. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. deserves much credit for so liberally assisting in developing a Canadian literary talent.

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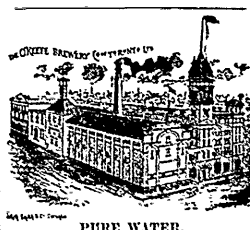
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Appended is a copy of analysis just taken: Toronto, Nov. 10, 1895. The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd. Dear Sir:—I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it of first-class purity, being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities.

(Signed) THOMAS HEYS, Consulting Chemist. R. O. KEFFE, Pres. and Mgr. W. HAYES, Vice-Pres. and Asst. Mgr. JOHN G. GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

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