Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1899. NO. 47.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 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 instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

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

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

F. L. MILNER,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf
TELEPHONE NO. 11.

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the first and second weeks of each month, beginning January 1st, 1898. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

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

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

ST JOHN
Semi-Weekly Sun
CASH IN ADVANCE, 75c. a Year.
The Cheapest and Best Newspaper for Old and Young in the Maritime Provinces
Twice a Week,
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Reliable Market Reports,
Full Shipping News,
Sermons by Dr. Talmage and other Eminent Divines,
Stories by Eminent Authors,
Despatches and Correspondence from all parts of the World.

Call and see our Type-setting Machines in operation. Greatest invention of the age.

ST. JOHN DAILY SUN
IS A NEWSPAPER
First, Last and all the time.
2 Cents per Copy. $5.00 a Year.
In the Quantity, Variety and Reliability of its Despatches and Correspondence, it has No Rival.
Using Mergenthaler Type-Casting Machines THE SUN is printed from New Type Every Morning.
Established in 1878, it has increased in circulation and popularity each year.
Advertising rates furnished on application.
ADDRESS: THE SUN PRINTING CO. LTD.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

POSITIVE SALE.
We are instructed to sell that Superior Farm at West Paradise, belonging to Mr. McCloskey. Has Two Hundred Acres, including 60 Acres under tillage, and 7 of Marsh, with excellent well-watered Pasture; good Orchard, mostly young and nearly all in bearing. Average crop at present, 130 barrels of prime Shipping Fruit; cuts 30 tons Hay. Modern House; good Barn and Outhouses. Also, all the Farming Utensils, nearly new, and the entire Crop, now growing, including two hundred bushels of Oats, now harvested and all the stock in hand. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Will be sold at a again.
ERVIN & ALCORN,
Valley Real Estate Agency.

ARCH C. HICKS,
Painter and Decorator.
Graining, Kalsomining, Coloring, and Fresco Painting a specialty.
Estimates given. Work promptly attended to.
Bridgetown, Oct. 12th, 1898. 30 tf

BRIDGETOWN BARGAIN STORE!

CLOTHING
at CUT PRICES

	Former Price.	Cut Price.
Men's Ulsters,	$5 00	$3 50
Boy's Ulsters,	4 25	3 25
Men's fine extra-lined Overcoats of best make and quality	12 00	10 00
Men's Heavy Blue Overcoats	8 00	6 00
" " Black Pilot Cloth Overcoats, satin lined	10 00	7 25
Men's fine Brown and Grey Overcoats,	10 00	7 50
Men's Canadian Tweed Suits,	9 00	5 50
" " " "	10 00	6 25
" " " "	12 00	8 00
" Heavy Reefer Suits in blue, black and brown,	10 00	6 80
" Heavy Working Pants,	1 25	99
" " Tweed Pants,	1 50	1 20
" " " "	1 95	1 35
" " " "	2 00	1 65
" " " "	2 50	2 00
" " " "	2 75	2 25
" " Dress Pants,	3 00	2 40
" " " "	4 00	3 10
" " " "	5 00	4 00
Boys' Suits,	3 50	2 75
" "	5 50	3 50
" "	6 50	5 25
" "	7 00	6 00
Youths' Suits,	2 50	1 75
" "	3 50	2 75
" "	4 50	3 75

☞I have a line of Boys' Overcoats which I will close out at cost.

☞Also I have a few Ladies' Fine Cloaks and Coats Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.

BOOTS & SHOES
at CUT PRICES

	Former Price.	Cut Price.
Men's Long Boots,	$4 00	$3 50
" heavy Bellow Tongue Boots,	1 50	1 15
" " Wax " "	2 25	1 88
" long Oil-tan Felt-lined "	2 75	2 00
" ankle Felt-lined Boots	2 50	1 75
" extra grained, bel.-tongue,	2 50	2 00
" Long-legged Lace Boots	2 75	2 25
" Rubber Boots,	3 55	2 98
Lumberman's Rubbers,	1 75	1 25
Men's Extra Buff Boots,	2 25	1 75
Men's Fine Dongola, extra value	3 00	2 38

A quantity of Ox Blood and Tan Boots will be closed out **at cost.**

I have a complete line of **Ladies' Button and Lace Kid Boots.**

Oxford Ties,	$1 75	$1 25
Fancy Slippers,	1 50	1 00
Fancy Slippers,	1 75	1 20
Ladies' Long-legged Rubbers	2 25	1 85

Overboots and Cardigans at **10 per cent discount.**

Full lines of Boy's, Youth's and Children's Boots at prices that cannot be beat.

I keep a fine line of Horse Blankets, Woollen Robes, Wolf Robes, Harnesses, Halters, Whips, Combs, Brushes.

Also Top Buggies, Concord Waggons, Carts, Plows, Harrows, in fact all kinds of Farming Tools.

Flour, Meal and Feed at lowest Cash prices.

5 p. c. Discount on above prices for Cash.

See my stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HATS, CAPS, TIES, Etc.
WANTED—Any quantity of good Butter, Oats, Eggs, Wool and Cash.

J. E. BURNS.

CURRY BROS. & BENT,
Manufacturers and Builders,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Evangeline Sash, Door & Planing Works,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Are ready for **1898** building operations, and are prepared to enter into contract for buildings of every description, including excavation, heating and plumbing.
We manufacture Church, School and Office Furniture, Wood Mantels, Bank and Store Fittings and building materials generally, and have a large and well assorted stock of **Fancy Woods** such as **Cypress, Whitewood, Quartered Oak, Ash, Walnut, B. C. Cedar, Douglas Fir, etc.**
Having two large **Dry Houses,** we can guarantee delivering **Dry Stock.**
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

BRIDGETOWN
Boot & Shoe Store!
FALL AND WINTER STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

OVERSHOES!
Men's Manitobas,
Ladies' Manitobas,
Misses' Manitobas,
Children's Manitobas,
Men's Snow Excluders,
Men's City Jersey Arctics,

OVERSH'OES!
Men's City Jersey Excluders, 2-buckle,
Men's Drab Gaiters,
Men's 2-buckle Snow Excluders,
Women's Carnival Overshoes,
" Gipsey Queen Overshoes.

RUBBER BOOTS!
Men's Rubber Boots (Canada),
Men's Rubber Boots (pebble-legs),
Men's Rubber Boots (Woonsocket),

RUBBER BOOTS!
Ladies' Rubber Boots,
Misses' Rubber Boots,
Children's Rubber Boots.

WHITE KID SLIPPERS,
A large stock of LEATHER GOODS, all of the best makes.
WOOL SOLES, all sizes,
MURDOCH'S BLOCK, GRANVILLE STREET.
E. A. COCHRAN.

EARN A WATCH
Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty **Topas Scarf Pins,** at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topas has all the brilliancy of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.
THE GEM PIN CO., Freehold Building, Toronto, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE!
The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm situated 2½ miles from Bridgetown. This is an A1 hay farm, two large orchards, one small plum orchard, good pasture and wood land. House and outbuildings in good order. About two-thirds purchase money can remain on mortgage. Apply to
W. M. SCOTT.
Bridgetown, May 2nd, 1898. 51 tf

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 notes.
E. BENT, J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

Venus and its Mysteries.

The most beautiful planet, and the one that comes nearest to the earth, and most resembles the earth in size, is at the same time the most mysterious. Is Venus a living world or a dead one? That is to say, is it in a condition to support inhabitants, and is it probable that such inhabitants are there, or, on the other hand, is it unsuited for their presence and barren of living forms.

These questions astronomers are at present unable to answer, but their efforts to answer them and the observations that they have made of the mysterious planet, possess an almost startling interest.

First, let us briefly recall what Venus is. It is a globe like our earth, and of very nearly the same magnitude, having a diameter of about 7,700 miles, while that of the earth is a little more than 7,900 miles. So nearly of the same size are the two planets that if we could view them from an equal distance we should be unable, without the aid of instruments of measurement, to detect any difference between them. The substance of Venus is slightly lighter, bulk for bulk, than that which composes the earth; but the difference in this respect is so little that again it would require special examination to distinguish by weight between a cubic foot of the soil of Venus and an equal amount of the soil of the earth. It follows that on Venus the force of gravitation, or the weight of bodies, does not greatly differ from that on the earth. If we could step upon Venus we should find that we had parted with a few pounds weight, but the difference would not be very noticeable, except perhaps on the race-track.

But this planet, so like the earth in many respects, is very different from our globe in its situation. The earth's distance from the sun is 93,000,000 miles; the distance of Venus from the sun is 67,000,000 miles. This distance becomes a matter of great importance when we consider the effect which the sun produces upon the two planets. Heat and light, as everybody knows, vary inversely as the square of the distance. When we compare the square of the earth's distance from the sun with the square of Venus's distance, we find that the former is about double the latter. This means that Venus, on an average, gets twice as much heat and light from the sun as the earth gets.

But, on the other hand, we know that all forms of life depend for their existence upon the radiant energy of the sun. On the earth, when we pass from the arctic regions towards the equator, we find the number of living forms and the variety and intensity of the manifestations of life continually increasing, until in the equatorial zone, earth, sea, and air are all crowded with animate and growing things. The touch of the sun everywhere produces life, and in the absence of sunshine is death. It is but natural to infer that Venus, having twice as much sunshine as the earth, should be proportionately more crowded with animal and vegetable inhabitants, and that the intensity of life there should be correspondingly greater. Some geologists have thought that there was a time when the climate of the earth was so hot that tropical plants and beasts lived abundantly around the poles. A similar condition of things might be supposed now to prevail upon Venus.—*Harper's Round Table.*

TEN YEARS A CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM.
NOW CAN WALK.
BRILEY'S BROOK, Antigonish Co., N S.
Oct. 25th, 1898.
To Egyptian Rheumatic Oil Co., Ltd.:—
DEAR SIRS,—For ten years my daughter Barbara Ellen has been a sufferer from the effects of rheumatism; the last two years of which she had not the use of her limbs and has been totally unable to walk.
Early in September I purchased a bottle of EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL and after the external application of one bottle my daughter was able to walk across the house without any assistance whatever. I could scarcely believe it at first, and I feared a relapse, but after some weeks, she still continued to improve, and is now recovering rapidly the former use of her limbs. It therefore gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL, which has wrought such a wondrous cure on my daughter. Yours truly,
ISABELLA CHISHOLM (Cutter).

Poetry.

Faith and Love.

The darkened chamber held the maiden dead.
Her name was Faith. Of long neglect she died.
And now men rose and shook themselves and cried,
"O Faith, come back,—come back ere Hope be fled!"
But she lay silent on her solemn bed,
And men grew piteous at their prayer denied:
They said "No more is man to man allied:
We fall asunder—and the world," they said.
And while they talked, behold a gracious form,
And Love beside the pillow bending low:
"We live and die together, she and I."
So then he kissed her, and her flesh grew warm:
She woke and faced them with a ruddy glow.
If Love be living, Faith can never die.

—*Edward Cracroft Lefroy.*

"It's Not My Way."

"It's not my way."
How often is this heard.
"It's not my way, to speak the kindly word.
I feel enough, but 'tis not well to speak,
To tell my loving out it seems so weak."

"It's not my way."
How often hearts have broken
Because the loving word has been unspoken,
Because the smile we looked for was a frown,
The hand that should uplift, but held us down.

"It's not my way
To speak the word that craving love requires,
To voice approval, foster vain desires."
Hearts often faint and fall out by the way,
Because to speak is not your way.

"It's not my way."
Ah, well, when death shall come
And touch the best loved lips and make them dumb
Sad will it be for you if grim regret
And stern remorse upon your heartstrings set

Their fingers firm,
Because it is their way to torture and to wring.
Then you'll remember every little thing,
The smile you did not give, the word unspoken.
Which might have gilded life and kept a heart unbroken.

Select Literature.

Borrowed Plumes.

BY E. NESBIT.

It was the ideal place for a summer holiday—a pleasant old farm with a red roof, where lichens grew in patches of yellow, and the stone-crop and house-leek in patches of green; a house with long, low rooms, furniture that shone with bees wax and elbow-grease, and beds whose coarse homespun linen sheets smelled of lavender.

There were, indeed, two lavender bushes in the garden, as well as roses and stocks, sweet clove-pinks and "old man." The farm was stocked with interesting live creatures—cows, pigs, chickens, turkeys and pigeons; there were sheep dotting the downs behind the house, and from the front windows, across the orchard, where the apples were beginning to grow hard and round, you could see the long, shining, blue line of the sea.

Mabel Roscommon liked that sea line, and she liked the garden, the orchard, and the rest of it—almost but the turkeys. She was a little afraid of these, because she was by profession a high school teacher, and had been taught how to manage children, but not how to manage turkeys—an art, by the way, much simpler. Now she had come to the farm for her summer holidays. To be alone was new to her, for she was one of a large family, and to be for whole weeks in this country was new to her too, for she had never before been near the sea for more than a week at a time. The down country was to her a revelation.

She had a big sitting-room to herself, and shared the simple meals of the farmer and his wife. The laborers and the maids ate at the lower end of the long table. Mabel thought it was such a nice plan—it reminded her somehow of the feudal system. The dignified simplicity of farm life appealed to her. Gradually a passion of love awoke in her for the little, ordinary, useful everyday things—the needful work repeated at the appropriate hour, the changing magic of morn and noon and evening, the restful distances of down and sea, the intimate foreground of hedge and orchard. At first she read a good deal, but gradually more and more time was spent with Mrs. Fry. Mabel followed her in and out to the dairy, to the kitchen, to feed the pigs, to collect the eggs. And the eyes of the faded, middle-aged woman grew tender, though her words were always the explanatory commonplace or the mournful biographical.

But one day—it was the day when Miss Roscommon first churned the butter—Mrs. Fry sighed, and said:

"My little Alice would ha' been about your age if she'd lived. I own I should ha' dearly liked to ha' taught her to churn."

It was that night that Mabel kissed Mrs. Fry when she said, "good night," and almost wished, as she crept between the cold lavendered sheets that she had been born a farmer's daughter. She had discovered her vocation. It was not teaching as she had steadfastly believed, nor literature, as she had secretly dreamed; her true vocation was the pastoral life— not to forget the great life of the world, the hurry and bustle, the cleverness and bravery, the wise and the great; not to forget them—to honor them from afar, but to take no further part in the strife and struggle of strenuous life; to watch it from the safe haven of the little life, the quiet, ordered, placid life of the farm. This was her vocation—her fate was high school teacher.

When Robert Fry came home—the only son of his mother, the farmer's wife—Mabel shared in the bustle of glad preparation that heralded his coming. He was in business in London, but he was coming home for his holidays, his mother said.

"But he hates the business," she went on. "He got a scholarship to go to Oxford, for he's very clever, my dear; but it was not enough to keep him there, and it was the year we did so badly with the wheat, so father couldn't spare enough to let him go; so then Bob gave in, and he said: 'All right, I'll go into business, for I don't want to stay at farming.' So his uncle took him into the mantles, where he might be doing well; but I wished he'd never gone to school, I do, then he'd a been content to stay and help his father about the old place that's belonged to the Frys no one knows how long. You can see their names in the churchyard."

It was in the churchyard, amid the moss-grown headstones, that Miss Roscommon not only saw the names of many dead and gone Frys, but made the acquaintance of the new comer. He came to her across the field that lay between the house and the church, and she could see his fair hair shining in the sun. He was tall and handsome, she thought.

"My mother sent me to tell you that tea is ready. It's half an hour earlier than usual. Yes, I've just come down. It all seems very beautiful, after London, doesn't it?"

"It's so beautiful," said Mabel, "that I am beginning to wonder how I shall ever be able to leave it."

He walked beside her for a while in silence, then he said:

"You were at Girton, my mother tells me. Don't you find this sort of thing strange after the stirring intellectual life there?"

She laughed a little.

"I don't think we were very intellectual!" —she began.

"I feel so much all I have missed," he said. "If only my father had not sown wheat that year."

"Yes," she said, "I know; it was very hard."

She was interested in the boy, for, though he was of her own age, he seemed to be infinitely young. His naive, blundering anxiety to let her see that he, too, knew all about the "intellectual life," his respect for her as a Girton girl, and, above all, a certain wistful sadness about his blue eyes, stirred her half amused sympathy. His presence seemed to promise a new interest to life at the farm.

The promise was fulfilled. He attached himself frankly to Miss Roscommon's apron-strings—walked with her, drove her in the market cart, sat with her under the gray apple boughs, and talked without ceasing. He was well-read, was acquainted with modern as well as classic literature—he quoted almost incessantly. When he was not quoting he talked of authors, of editions, of style and of form. How should she know that he had his own dreams which he managed to disguise under these quotations from the dreams of others? Miss Roscommon was the first educated woman he had ever met, and he seemed agonizedly anxious to lose no chance of showing her that he too had been educated, that he was not merely the foolish boy she might have expected to find in the "son of the house" at a farm. At first this sensitive, insistent egoism amused Miss Roscommon, then it irritated her, and at the end of three days she was as near hating Robert Fry as she had ever been to hating any one—even the least-loved professor at Cambridge. Yet, after all, it was not possible to Mabel quite to hate any one, nor was it possible that Robert Fry should ever be by any one quite hated. She had a very manly vein of tolerance—and he a timid, appealing manner, which, if not feminine, was at least childlike. But his quotations got on her nerves, and the quiet charm of her holiday was shattered. It was on the fourth evening that she spoke. He had been standing beside her, looking at the sea, and suddenly broke the calm of the great silence to quote Matthew Arnold's lines:

The sea of faith
Was thus once at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now—

"I wish you wouldn't," she interrupted, almost peevishly.

His blue eyes turned on her with the appealing look a child's wear when one whom it trusts speaks with sudden harshness.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, her patience and her pretty manners giving way together under the strain of that absurd appeal. "It's only that I came into the country to rest, and"——

"I see, you don't like me to talk to you. I am very sorry. I never meant to bore you. It's very good of you to tell me straight out." He raised his cap and turned to leave her.

"Oh, don't!" she said again. "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to be rude—but, don't you feel it too? One wants to rest from literature and all that sort of thing. I am sure you feel it too, only you think a person from Girton wants this sort of entertaining. She doesn't, I assure you; she just wants to look about and see things happen, see how the flowers grow, and what the pigs eat, and how the sheep come into the fold, and wonder how the chickens know when it's time to be fed."

He stood looking at her, still wistfully.

"You're not angry with me, are you?" he said.

"Angry? No, of course not; and you mustn't be angry with me. It was very bad-tempered of me, because I know you were only doing it to please me. But you won't any more, will you? It's not necessary."

"What am I to talk about, then?"

"I have an idea," she said, flashing a brilliant smile at him. "Let us never talk at all, unless we have something we very much want to say."

He smiled back at her but his smile was a little sad. Yet he accepted the new basis of conversation. In the first day or two their talk lost in bulk, but in quality it gained. Then Miss Roscommon awoke to the fact that he was talking as much as ever, and she more than ever before. And now she began to perceive glimpses of the real man, of the passionate love of all things beautiful that had lain beneath his veneer of cheap culture. He talked no more of Literature and Art. Nor did he talk of himself. But he spoke of his father, and she respected him. He spoke of his mother and the little dead sister, and something like tenderness began to soften the respect. She saw how the pastoral peace of the old place held his soul, and she wondered how he could ever have torn himself from it to "go into the mantles." To go to college, yes; but "into the mantles!" But this was one of the things of which he never spoke.

Her time of holiday was nearly over before she learned that he wrote verses. Trembling, and yet happy, he read them to her one golden afternoon in the orchard. And they were good verses. They accentuated her curiosity as to his choice of a career. The two were now so nearly friends that she dared to speak her wonder.

"Why," she said, "you must love the country in your heart, or you could never write like this; you make dear little pictures in your verses. I can't think why you ever chose to go into business instead of living here."

He flushed hotly, and began to pull the dry grass from the roots of the apple tree.

"I didn't know," he said. "I had no idea what business meant. I thought that in London I should have some chance of meeting intellectual people."

"That's a hateful phrase," she said sharply.

"Then I'll change it," he said, and the voice was a voice she had not heard before. "I wanted to get to London because I thought I had no chance here of meeting You. Oh, of course, I don't mean Miss Mabel Roscommon; but you don't suppose I have never dreamed of a woman like you, a woman who knows all the things I want to know, and never had the chance to know; a woman I could worship, as I worship you, my scornful lady?"

His voice was hard, defiant, and her eyes were hard and scornful. She was very angry.

"And so you thought you would meet me, or my like, among the young ladies who serve 'in the mantles.' Thank you."

"You aren't a snob, really," he said quietly. "Please don't talk like one just to annoy me."

It was hard hitting—the gloves off on both sides. Each drew a long breath. The level shadows of the tree trunks lay thick and black across the orchard grass.

"You despise me," he said; "don't try to make me despise you. Not that you could. I know you better than you know yourself. How could I know what chance there was for me in London? I have found you, and found you here. If I had gone to college—if my father had not sown wheat that year, I should be your social equal, and a gentleman."

"You have a good deal of faith in Oxford," she said, with cold malice.

"You'll only be sorry afterward," he said. "Why hit a man when he's down? I love you from your head to your feet. I love your voice, and your dear brown eyes, and that smile of yours. I love you, body, soul, and spirit; but I'm not worthy to tell you so. Forgive me and forget it. It was for you I wanted to go to college, for you I went to London. I was a fool, but it was for you, because I have dreamed of you all my life. Now I've told you, and it's all over."

"What are you going to do? Shall you go back to London?" Her voice was low, and not quite steady.

"No, I've had enough of that. I shall stay here and help my father to work the farm. Yes, I shall have books—I know you despise them, but that's because you have got all you want out of them. I shall help to farm the land, and look after my mother, and read, and try to forget you."

He had risen and stood looking down at her. She rose, too. They stood looking at each other. He was no longer a boy in her eyes—he was a man, and her master. She perceived now how the affectations that had annoyed her were not part of the man, but merely the trappings he had put on—foolishly, vainly put on—to gain her approval. She thought of his life, alone at the farm; she thought of her life, alone in the crowded high school. She raised her eyes to his, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Don't be unhappy about me," he said, eagerly. "I ought never to have told you, and it is not so hard, really, as if I had never known you, for then I could never have settled down here, where I really belong, and have done my plain duty. I should have wandered all over the world looking for you. Now I shall have the memory of you to keep me company, and I can do what I ought to have done long ago, and what I should have wanted to do but for wanting to find you. You are not to be unhappy—I am not; I am glad."

Her tears brimmed over and fell. This, then, was the nature he had thought too poor to show her; this the soul he had covered up with borrowed plumes.

"Forgive me," he said again. "I ought not to have told you, but I never thought it would hurt you like this. Believe me, I shall be glad all my life that I have known you, and all the farm and the fields about will be dear to me forever now. You will do me good, and not evil, all the days of your life."

She made two steps toward him, and laid her arm on his shoulder and her wet cheek to his.

"I will, please God," she said.

The borrowed plumes had fallen away, and there was nothing now between his soul and hers.—*Sketch.*

—W. W. Stetson, the Maine superintendent of schools, speaks forth words of truth and soberness when he says, in respect to the increase of illiteracy in that state; "We are studying too many things; we are not doing anything thoroughly, and our children are suffering from the effects of doing a little of everything and doing nothing well. The scope and purpose of common schools have either been forgotten or not properly conceived. We must have more drill, more mastery, more definite knowledge; and these conditions can never be realized until the vagueness which surrounds the work of the schools has been replaced by definite aims, thorough work and intelligent instruction." In fact, the expansion mania has raised the mischief with our educational methods, and in spreading the scholar's course over a wide and comprehensive area, it is everywhere very thin. The true mission of the school is not to inculcate concrete facts, but to teach the scholars how to teach themselves.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. 7 1y

Housekeepers
have been vexed when using cream of tartar and soda to find their work uneven. If sometimes good, at others the biscuit and cake will be heavy or sour or full of lumps of soda that set the teeth on edge. Flour, eggs and butter wasted. This is because the cream of tartar is adulterated or cannot be used in the proper proportions.
Food always sweet and light can be assured only by the use of Royal Baking Powder exclusively. Royal is absolutely pure and healthful and does even work at every baking.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S.

The Modern Ships of War.

OBSERVATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS OF AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.

In a modern battleship the captain is condemned to imprisonment during action in a steel conning tower 10 inches thick and 6 feet 10 inches in diameter, compared with which the prison of the Man With the Iron Mask was a palace.

I tried the conning tower in the Massachusetts during the first bombardment of Santiago, but soon abandoned it for the bridge, finding it difficult to grasp all the varying conditions of the action from the narrow peepholes often blanketed by thick smoke. One did not feel really in touch with the action or with his own ship in such a position, and the movements of the men were controlled by an unseen spirit. Of course, when in close action with another ship and a hailstorm of rapid fire and machine guns is falling upon your vessel it would be unwise not to seek its shelter, but from great gun fire alone I prefer to do as we did in the civil war and to take my chances on the bridge in the open. Other commanding officers thought the same way, and at the bombardment of San Juan, Captain Taylor sat upon the bridge of the Indiana calmly smoking a cigar.

Today the majority of men in a battleship are shut up in a tight steel box in which are immense boilers heating the atmosphere to a stifling temperature and where they can only hear but cannot see. They work away in their floating dungeon without any inspiring vision to lighten their labors.

It is related that during the destruction of Cervera's fleet, when there came a lull in the firing on board the Oregon, the chief engineer came up from the fireroom and said to Captain Clark "For God's sake, captain, fire another gun so as to keep up the spirits of my men." These devoted souls, far down in the depths of the ship, facing the fiery furnaces, knew only by the sound of the battle raging above them, and the heavier the fire the harder they worked. In order to realize the exhausting condition under which men fight in a modern warship it is only necessary to see them when the hatches are opened after action, pour up from below, perspiring and half naked; to see with what relief they breathe the fresh air and how eagerly they run to look at the battery or ship which has been engaged. Modern science, with all its tremendous resources and increase of power, has not lightened the conditions under which men labor during action.

George Francis Train's Way of Helping.

"I was once an eye witness," said a visitor from New York the other day, "of an occurrence that I would have regarded as remarkable had I not understood it. Late one afternoon I was sitting on a bench in Madison square. On another bench near by were a man and a woman, both young. The man was thin and pale, and I gathered from such of his talk as I overheard that he was recovering from a long illness, that the woman was his wife, and that they were in desperate need of money.

"George Francis Train came along and sat down beside me on the bench. I knew him well, and told him about the young people and their troubles. Presently he went on his way, and I saw him go into a store on the south side of the square. A few minutes later he came back to the square and took a path that led past the young couple. As he passed them a shower of gold and silver coin dropped from his pocket, directly at their feet, jingling musically on the asphalt. Mr. Train walked right along, paying no heed. The young man sprang up and called Mr. Train's attention to his loss, saying, 'You've dropped a lot of money sir.' 'You're very much mistaken, young man,' Train replied, and he walked rapidly away.

"The young people were utterly dumbfounded, and, after they had gathered up the coins, seriously talked of turning the money over to the police. Fearing that they would really be so foolish, I went to them, and advised them to keep the wealth, as the man who had dropped it had a way of doing just such eccentric things, which he could well afford, as he possessed a great fortune. They left the square soon after with smiling faces.

"Train undoubtedly had gone to a store, obtained a lot of coin, cut the lining of his coat pocket, holding the gap together with his hand to keep the coin within until he reached the young couple, when he let go and the coin fell at their feet. It was his way of helping them without embarrassing them with an offer of charity."—*Washington Star.*

—A lady who had an Arabic glass cup of the fourteenth century, and did not know its value, took it to the British Museum. After due consideration, the expert, to her surprise, said that, though the museum did not want it, it might be worth £400. The lady shuddered because she had been carrying in a crowded London omnibus a bit of glass worth so much money, and it had miraculously escaped smashing. Finally, wanting money more than Arabic glass, she sent the object to Christie's. Fancy her amazement when, starting at £500, the Arabic cup went by leaps and bounds up to £1000 and was finally knocked down (with applause) for the nice sum of £1300. Actually the Arabic cup was worth very much less than $6500, but it so happened that there were two rivals at the auction, who bid against each other.

—If a certain class of boys could only rid themselves of the notion that to be "tough" somehow endows them with manly qualities, they would speedily become more hopeful candidates for success in the future and less of a source of present worriment to their families. There are boys in every community who think themselves very smart and yet are not wise enough to recognize the fact that to be mean and cheap and disreputable, is cowardly and unmanly. Later on there may come wisdom, and with it regret.

An Explanation.
The reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla lies in the fact that this medicine positively cures. It is America's Greatest Medicine, and the American people have an abiding confidence in its merits. They buy and take it for simple as well as serious ailments, confident that it will do them good.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

—An exchange says: A man who does not advertise simply because his grandfather did not, ought to wear knee pants and a queue. The man who does not advertise because it costs money, should quit paying rent for the same reason. The man who does not advertise because he tried it once and failed should throw his cigar away because the light went out. The man who does not advertise because he don't know how himself should stop eating because he don't know how to cook.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.