Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894. NO. 36.

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.
On arrival of Morning Accommodation Train.
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.*

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.
GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.
ommissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
ommissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
Jeneral Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.
OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING,
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

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

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
☞Office,—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
esigns, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings.
Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., 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

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, he last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd. 1891.

P. C. MELANSON,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY SILVERWARE, SPECTACLES, Etc.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
NOTICE.—Any goods sold by me which do not prove to be as I represent them, the purchaser upon returning the article will receive the sum of $20.00.
Middleton, N. S., September, 1893.

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

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

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1891. 29tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of SINCLAIR HOLSON, late of Havelock, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
WILLIAM WORTHYLAKE,
Administrator.
Brighton, Digby Co., N.S., June 27th, 1894. 1y

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of ELIAS BEALS, late of Williamston, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
JAMES R. CURRELL,
of Bridgetown, or
ROBERT FITZRANDOLPH,
Lawrencetown.
er 12th, 1894. 6m *Executors.*

ED SALESMAN!
and complete line of Nursery Potatoes, &c. both. Permanent itions to Good Men. We can give territory if you wish. If write us for terms. Address,
AWKS NURSERY CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS: 22-25 Court St. FACTORY: 30-36 Albert St.
—THE—
Bridgetown Foundry Co.,
[LIMITED.]
BRIDGETOWN, - NOVA SCOTIA.
MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Stoves, Stove Pipe, Hollow Ware, Tinware and Enameled Ware.
WE HAVE ON HAND A COMPLETE STOCK OF
COOK STOVES, RANGES and HEATING STOVES
for all purposes, which we are selling at **very low rates.**
Call and examine our stock of Peerless, Agate, White-White and Aluminum Cooking Utensils.

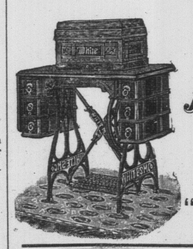
COME TO-DAY
AND LOOK AT THE NEW LOT OF
Light-Colored Winter Overcoatings
IN BEAVER AND MELTONS,
$17.00 AND $18.00,
Made and Trimmed Complete and Warranted.

EDWIN L. FISHER,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles.
Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

R. ALLEN CROWE
—Has in Stock, a Full and Complete Line of—
Parlor, Hall, and Kitchen Stoves!
CALL AND INSPECT.

The "WHITE" is King!



To fill the cup of your happiness,
A "White" in the home should be found;
Then life will be one of cheerfulness
And sunshine the year around.

J. A. GATES & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
MIDDLETON, - N. S.
Also Manufacturer's Agents for the
"THOMAS" AMERICAN ORGAN
which gives such universal satisfaction.

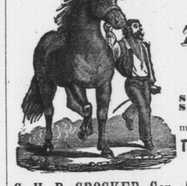
—THE—
INTERNATIONAL BRICK AND TILE CO'Y,
LIMITED.
Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.
Correspondence solicited.

F. A. McPHERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR
MIDDLETON, N. S.
Spring & Summer Suitings
IN THE LEADING PATTERNS.
ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS
FOR 1894.
Also Fine Worsteds, and a Large Assortment of Fashionable Trimmings.
GENTS' FINE SUITS A SPECIALTY.

Do You Want
A BARGAIN IN GOODS?

If you are looking for bargains in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries and other general merchandise, together with a large variety of knick-knacks, the place for you to obtain them is at the store of **MRS. ETTA MILLER, on the corner of Granville and Court Sts.,** known as the Cameron Store, and now conducted by Mr. J. E. Burns.
The stock is new, was bought at right figures, and is offered at prices that will meet the approval of all purchasers.
On and after Saturday, 20th instant, Auction Sales will be held every **Wednesday evening** and **Satur dayafternoons and evenings** until further notice.
GIVE US A CALL WHEN YOU WANT BARGAINS.

Cardigan Overshoes
Keep out the Cold,
Cardigan Overshoes
Save Doctor's Bills,
AND ARE FOR SALE AT THE
BRIDGETOWN BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
Also all the latest styles of Ladies' and Gents' Rubbers and Overshoes.
Our Ladies' Skating Bals and our Oil Grain Buttoned Boots cannot be beat.
Larrigans, oil-tanned, only $1.25.
Fleecy Soles, in Ladies', Misses' and Children's, for bedroom Slippers.
Gaiters for Ladies and Gentlemen.
Cork Soles for all, and Laces in great variety. Call and inspect stock.
E. A. COCHRAN.
Bridgetown, Nov. 14th, 1894. MURDOCH'S BLOCK. Telephone 16



$100 Reward
—IF NOT CURED BY—
TUTTLE'S ELIXIR
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
For Man or Beast it has no Equal.
Sure Cure for Colic, Black, Spinal Meningitis, Sprains and Joint Affections in Horses and Cattle.
Don't fail to try TUTTLE'S FAMILY ELIXIR for Rheumatism and all Aches and Pains.
The Latest Discovery of the Age.
Sold by all Druggists.
C. H. R. CROCKER, Gen. Ag't, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N.S.
☞AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.☜

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

"QUALITY"
Our Leading Feature.
It will pay you to call here and purchase your
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Crockeryware, Fur Goods, etc.
Now in stock, a Fine Selection
TWEEDS AND SUITINGS,
from which you can have Suits made to order by MISS E. L. BROWN, whose work gives splendid satisfaction.
FLOUR, FEED, MIDDLINGS, &C.,
in stock, and sold low for cash.
Always wanted, Good Butter, Eggs, Grain, Dried Apples, Homespun Cloth, at highest market prices.
TERMS—NO CREDIT.
C. H. SHAFFNER.
South Farmington, Oct. 8th, 1894.

Teas. Teas.
I am now offering to my customers the
FINEST LOT OF TEA
ever imported to this market, direct from one of the best London Tea Houses.
Teas! Teas! Teas!
In caddies or by the half chest, at wholesale prices.
50 Packages, small and large, FIRST-CLASS TEAS!
J. R. ELLIOTT,
LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.

Our Course of Study is the result of over 20 years' experience in selecting and rejecting; ever ready to adopt any new feature of value; always rejecting the false and worthless.
The test of our teaching is the success of our graduates. They are a host, and we are proud of them.
As you will only attend a Business College once, a mistake in making a selection may be a serious matter.
Send for our catalogue.
S. KERR & SON,
St. John, N.B.
Odd Fellows' Hall.

HIDES AND PELTS WANTED
WANTED by the Bridgetown Larrigan Co., a large number of Hides and Pelts, for which the highest market rates will be paid. Place of delivery.—the Murdoch Tannery.
W. H. MACKENZIE, *Manager.*
BridgetowF Oct. 10th, 1894. 28tf

AWFUL HEADACHES.
2 YEARS OF SUFFERING.
LIFE A TORTURE.
Kendrick Outhouse, of Tiverton, N. S., says: For several years I suffered from severe attacks of biliousness, which came on periodically, about every ten days. I had *awful headaches* and the smell of anything cooking turned me sick. I became *weak and nervous,* and had no ambition or strength to work. I passed *many sleepless nights,* and for days could not retain food on my stomach. I suffered intensely with piles and hives, and my life was a *constant torture* to me. I became so weak that my friends *gave up all hopes* of my recovery. My brother brought me a bottle of
HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC,
and a box of
HAWKER'S LIVER PILLS.
I had not taken them long before I commenced to improve and in a short time I was *completely cured.* I grew *strong* and *vigorous,* my appetite returned, I *slept well* and in a few months had *gained 30 pounds* in weight. I have not suffered from piles or biliousness since, now 2 years, and am as *strong* and *hearty* as any man could wish to be. I firmly believe that
HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC AND LIVER PILLS
Saved My Life.
I hereby certify the above statement is correct in every particular.
HOLLAND OUTHOUSE.
Sold by all Druggists and general dealers.
TONIC 50cts.; PILLS 25cts.
Manufactured by
HAWKER MEDICINE CO., Ltd.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEARBORN & CO.'S
Absolutely Pure
SPICES, HERBS, EXTRACTS.
USE THEM IF YOU WANT THE BEST.
Whole Pineapples in Syrup.
INDIA CHUTNEY PICKLES.
An Unequalled Relish.
DEARBORN & CO.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

H. F. Williams & Co.,
Parker Market, Halifax, N.S.
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.* 27 y

Poetry.

The Dormer Window.

A little dormer window in a cottage on the hill
That looked out o'er the river and the valley green and still,
Long years ago I loved it, but I never can forget,
For in my heart the sunbeams bright, shine through that window yet.

The ivy grew about it in a tender, loving way,
As if it longed to whisper all the wind would bid it say,
When it swayed the creeping branches so gently to and fro,
With a rhythm and a music I often longed to know.

It was sitting in its shadow I dreamed my childish dreams,
How my life would be as happy as ripples on the streams,
When like the thoughtless, dashing waves that flow on glad and free,
Twould end in something great at last, as wavelets find the sea.

And then again the ivy would bend its listening head
To hear the childish troubles and the sorrows that were said.
And sobbed away in secret on the great broad window seat,
Where the little dormer window gave shade and comfort sweet.

Long years ago I loved it as a treasure held in store,
But I think in looking backward I learn to love it more,
My little dormer window with its ivy round the sill,
In the cottage that was nestled 'mid shadows on the hill.

Select Literature.

A Genuine Love Match.

A LITTLE SURPRISE WHICH AWAITED A COUPLE AT THE ALTAR.

"Ha!" said Uncle Obed, with his most disagreeable and forbidding air. "So you expect me to pay your debts, do you, sir?"

"I thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to help me," answered his nephew Jim, humbly.

"Did you? Then you thought wrong, young man. Do you suppose I have nothing better to do with my money than to squander it on an idle young reprobate like yourself?"

"I admit that I have been—er—what you say in the past, uncle, but I have given it all up now and taken to steady ways. I have, upon my honour, and I believe that if I could once get rid of my debts I should do very well."

"That's the old story," sneered Uncle Obed. "Penitence and reformation when the sinews of self-indulgence fail and while the discomforts of debts are pressing. But once set free, with a rehabilitated credit, you'd launch out like a lord. I know you, Jim."

"Upon my word, uncle," replied Jim earnestly, "you wrong me, indeed you do. My one aim and object now is to settle down into a quiet, steady fellow."

"And there's another thing," the old gentleman went on, without noticing his nephew's protest. "What takes you down to Bigham so often, eh?"

"I go down there to play golf," said Jim, coloring, however, under his uncle's scrutinizing gaze.

"A nice occupation for a struggling young barrister to be wasting time and money upon even if the excuse were true! But it isn't, sir. A girl is at the bottom of your constant journeys to Bigham, and you can't deny it."

"Uncle!"

"Don't 'uncle' me, you reprobate, you silly, philandering young idiot! I always knew you were a fool, but I hardly suspected you of such abject folly as this. To think of running after a penniless girl, a pauper, a poor relation, dependent entirely on her aunt's bounty, and you situated as you are. It's worse than suicide, sir!"

Uncle Obed by this time had grown very red and was evidently working himself up into one of his most violent rages.

"I do not quite know what you have heard or from whom you have heard it," began Jim, nettled by his uncle's overbearing tone, "but"—

"Never mind the buts," the other interrupted him rudely. "It's no use, your trying to throw dust in my eyes. I heard the whole truth only yesterday from Miss Bailey, the young lady's aunt, and with whom she lives as companion. And properly disgusted the aunt is, too. Says she shall send the girl away unless she gives up her insane engagement to you. And serves her right. Poor relations have no business to fall in love with one another."

"Look here, Uncle Obed," exclaimed Jim, firing up, "you may pitch into me as much as you please. I'm used to it from you, but not a word against Gladys Boyd. She's everything that's good and true and pure and"—

"Ugly," interposed his uncle, stopping Jim's outbreak. "She has monopolized all the plainness of the family."

"And all their brains," retorted Jim.

"She has none of their money, you idiot!"

"And none of their vulgarity."

Uncle Obed was now very red—indeed almost purple.

"This is a nice tone to assume to your uncle," he said, "especially when you come asking favors from him."

"I can't help it uncle. It's your fault for abusing Gladys. She's the best and dearest girl in the world. I love her with all my heart, and I mean to marry her."

"How do you propose to marry on nothing a year?" demanded his uncle. "Perhaps you think the girl will get some of her aunt's money. But she won't—not a penny. That I have ascertained."

"No difficult matter," said Jim, scornfully. "Miss Bailey never ceases to impress that fact upon all her acquaintances."

"She is quite right, you puppy, in spite of your sneers," retorted Uncle Obed. "In these matters a little present candor saves great future misery. You had better be equally candid with that silly chit of a girl and tell her that your prospects as regards my fortune are, to say the least, remote."

"She knows it," answered Jim curtly, too much annoyed now to think of diplomacy. "I told her that when I asked her to marry me."

"Yes, I have no doubt you represented me to her in a pretty light. But you don't suppose I care, do you? Your bad opinion of me is infinitely more flattering than your good I assure you."

Jim acknowledged the compliment with a sarcastic smile, which made Uncle Obed's red face turn a distinct shade redder.

"This is enough of your impudence," he said, angrily. "I will give you my ultimatum without further waste of words. Although you're an idle, worthless fellow who deserves no assistance, yet for your poor mother's sake I should be sorry to see you drift into the workhouse. On that account—and on that account only—I am willing to help you. But I make one condition. You must break off your engagement with that penniless girl, and then I'll pay your debts, set you on your legs and perhaps mention you in my will. If you refuse you'll not get a farthing from me, either now or hereafter."

"I do refuse," answered Jim unhesitatingly. "I had rather starve than touch your money on such terms."

Uncle Obed's face was a study.

"That is final!" he demanded in an awful tone.

"Quite!"

"Very well. Then clear out of this immediately! I'll never see you or speak to you again! And you may go to the devil as fast as you please!"

"Thank you," said his nephew, bowing himself out. "I'd even do that before I'd give up Gladys Boyd.

A few seconds later he banged the street door behind him, to the great scandalization of his uncle's sleek butler, and hurried away at the rate of five miles an hour in the attempt to walk off his disappointment and indignation.

"Never knew him quite like that before," he muttered to himself as he went. "What has come over him? He used to be rather a decent old boy, though he was always hot tempered and a trifle stingy. But to-day he was beyond everything. I didn't go the right way to propitiate him perhaps. Only I couldn't stand his saying those things about Gladys. I'm glad I gave him beans for that. I should do just the same again. And as for giving up my darling for his dirty money, I'd rather spend the rest of my natural life filing petitions in bankruptcy. It's a devil of a nuisance all the same, his cutting up so infernally rough. For how I'm ever to appease my creditors, Lord only knows!"

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the lodgings in Bruton street. He there found a telegram awaiting him, which, his landlady told him, had arrived about half an hour before. On opening it and reading its contents, all the ill humor vanished from his face. The message which effected the change was thus:

"Am coming to town to-day. Meet me Victoria at 2.40. Gladys."

He looked at his watch. It was scarcely 1 o'clock. So there was still ample time for a light luncheon at his club, whither he accordingly repaired.

"By Jove!" he thought to himself as he discussed this meal. "I am glad little Gladys is coming to day! By Jove, I am! She's coming alone evidently, and that is a mercy. I so seldom get a chance of seeing her except in the presence of that female ogre, Miss Bailey. Purse proud, exacting old snob! I wonder how my darling has managed to escape from her this afternoon? She scarcely ever gives the poor child a holiday. Dear little Gladys! What a trump the girlie is. I ain't half good enough for her, by Jove! Give you up for Uncle Obed's gold, my little brown eyes? What do you think, eh?"

With these and such like reflections did Jim Trevor beguile his solitary meal, looking the while as pleased and happy as if he had just inherited a plum. A school-boy out for a holiday could not have showed a jollier, more beaming face than Jim's. The waiter noted it and thought that, in defiance of regulations it would mean a tip, wherein he was not deceived. Several of the young man's friends noted it and came across to rally him.

"Has the Uncle stumped up handsome, then?" asked one.

"No, my boy. Refused to part with a brass farthing and kicked me out of the house, with his special commendation to the devil.

"Upon my word, laughed another. "You take the disappointment uncommonly well, Jim, considering how you stand."

"Life's too short to worry over such trifles," said Trevor philosophically, lighting a cigarette.

"By Jove, you've changed your tone since last night. You were glum enough about your affairs then, and that was while you still had hopes from Uncle Obed."

"Yes," said Jim. "I'm like what's his name in what d'ye call it. As long as the life of my hopes was trembling in the balance I fasted and wept, but now that death has supervened I consider it foolish to fret.

He did not tell them the reason of his hilarity. They would only have, to use his own expression, "rotted" him, for they could not be expected to understand a phase of feeling which he scarcely understood himself. What made him fall so utterly in love with Gladys Boyd? She was not pretty—somewhat the reverse. People, indeed, admitted that her bright, expressive eyes quite redeemed her race, but then the very word would "redeem" carried with it something uncomplimentary to the rest of her features. Her nose certainly inclined to a snub; her complexion was sallow; her mouth too large to satisfy aesthetic canons. In addition, she was short of stature, and though her figure was trim and graceful, as far as it went, it gave you the impression of not going far enough by several inches.

Yet here was Jim Trevor hopelessly in love with her—Jim Trevor, the handsome, dashing youngster who had turned up his nose at a hundred prettier girls and had always chaffed his friends without mercy when they had developed symptoms of what he contemptuously styled "spooners' disease." He was going the pace like a regular young rip, falling into the fastest bachelor pursuits, earning himself a reputation which made dowagers shake their heads and strait-laced duenas look earnestly into shop windows when they met him, which caused his name to be shuffled dubiously by Hebrews in dusty offices and his signature to be regarded as an old friend by the secretaries of assurance companies. Then in the middle of it all, while the fun was still hot and the pleasure still sweet, he was pulled up short, converted, reformed, revolutionized. And by what?

By the brown eyes of a demure little puss, who had scarcely a personal attraction and absolutely not a shilling to bless herself with. It was, as Jim himself had phrased it, "the rummiest go alive." He couldn't explain it. He simply accepted it, conscious that it was by far the most elevating sensation he had ever experienced and that—"pon my word, it did, by Jove!"—"it gave his past pleasures such a sickening taste that he chucked them one and all from sheer disgust.

He reached Victoria in plenty of time and had been standing on the arrival platform quite ten minutes when the train steamed in. He soon caught sight of Gladys, who thrust her head out of the window of a third class carriage, and hurried forward to greet her. As he held her hand and looked down into her uplifted eyes he detected traces of tears. "What was the matter?" he wondered. He was not long left in ignorance.

"We must see about my luggage first, Jim," she said. "It is in the van next the engine."

"Your luggage, Gladdie? Are you coming to stay in town, then?"

"Yes, I—I have left Aunt Louisa, Jim."

"Left Aunt Louisa!" he ejaculated, "How is that?"

"I should like to go for a walk with you, Jim, and tell you all about it, but, first of all, let us put my luggage in the cloakroom. I must leave it there until—until I know where it is to be sent."

This task was soon completed, with the assistance of a suave porter, who took Jim's shilling with the affected abstraction characteristic of his order. Then the two set out from the station and turned down one of the quiter streets. As they walked Gladys told her tale.

"It was only this morning, Jim," she said, "that Aunt Louisa asked me point blank whether or not I was engaged to you. I told her that I was, and you can't think how furious she became. She said all kind of furious things about us both—told me that if I married you your uncle would cut you off with a shilling, and that she had no idea of helping us—as if I had ever asked her—and that I must either break off my engagement with you immediately or leave the shelter of her roof forever. I—I chose the latter alternative, Jim, and here I am, you see."

"My darling!" he said fondly, pressing the little hand that lay upon his coatsleeve. "Do you know I have had much of the same interview with Uncle Obed this morning. He ordered me to give you up or abandon all hopes of help from him. I gave him beans for his insulting proposition and left the house under the ban of his avuncular curse, and here I am, you see."

"But what shall you do, Jim?"

"Don't know. Suppose I shall knock along somehow. A man can always fend for himself. It is you whom we must think about. What shall you do, Gladdie?"

"I have some great friends living in Thurloe square— the Greenaways. You know them, don't you. I shall go up and see them and ask them to put me up for a short time, and then, of course, I must look out at once for something to do. Perhaps I could get a situation as governess or a lady clerkship, or"—

"Don't Gladdie! I can't bear to think of such a thing for you. I—I—say (Jim's color heightened, and his eye sparkled with the sudden brilliancy of a fine idea) I—I—say, Gladdie, we—we—could face this wretched world better—in—in—company, couldn't we? Why—why shouldn't we be married at once?"

"Oh, Jim"—what a rosy color suffused the brown little face—"it is impossible!"

"No such thing, Gladdie. We need only wait a week or two to comply with the legal formalities and then goodby forever to all attempts to sever us. Won't you—won't you consent?"

Jim was very persuasive, and Gladys was very lonely, and love was very strong. And somehow between the three it was practically settled by the time they reached Thurloe Square. The awful imprudence, the desparate fatuity of this sudden step, which good, motherly Mrs. Greenaway tried to impress upon them both, they simply lost sight of in their ridiculously childish happiness. And that tender-hearted matron after scolding them both soundly for their folly and prophesying the most miserable results from so rash a marriage, inforced her lesson by offering Gladys a temporary home and permission to be married from Thurloe Square if she really was bent upon that insane step.

"It would look very bad for you, my dear, circumstanced as you are, to be married from lodgings or a hotel," Mrs. Greenaway said. "And, though I am strongly opposed to this most imprudent union, yet if it is to take place, as you both seem obstinately determined, I should like to see it celebrated in a respectable way.

The good old lady further insisted upon one condition, which both Jim and Gladys willingly accepted. This was that each should write, the one to his uncle, the other to the aunt, apprising them of the intended marriage. She impressed upon them—even these foolish young people saw the wisdom of her remarks—that any appearance of secrecy in the matter would be the worst possible thing for them, and that moreover it would be entirely useless, since they were both of age, and no one could possibly stop their marrying. Therefore, on all accounts, the less concealment the better.

So Jim wrote to Uncle Ober and actually had the nerve to ask him to the wedding, while Gladys wrote to Aunt Louisa a tender, loving letter, which might have moved an ogress. No reply, however, was vouchsafed to either missive.

The time soon slipped away, and the day of the wedding—the earliest possible date allowed by law—arrived. The marriage was to be solemnized early—at 10 o'clock—and very quietly, no one being invited except the Greenaway family and a friend of Jim's to act as best man. Mr. Greenaway undertook the empty formality of giving away the bride, who was to be married in a simple travelling dress, and immediately after the ceremony the happy couple were to proceed to Victoria, en route for Brighton, where they proposed to spend a week's honeymoon—the needful for which was one of kind Mrs. Greenaway's presents—before returning to the cares of a penniless existence.

Jim and his best man were the first to arrive at the church. While they were waiting in the vestry, the window of which overlooked the approach through the churchyard, Jim's friend, watching for the first signs of the bridal party, gave vent to a sudden exclamation:

"Hello, who's this spruce old Johnny in the white waistcoat!"

Jim started and turned pale.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "It's my Uncle Obed. He has accepted my invitation, after all, then. I hope to goodness he does not mean to make a useless disturbance."

Before he had time to say much more, Uncle Obed, very smartly attired, his white waistcoat contrasting strongly with his red face walked into the vestry.

"Ha, you reprobate!" he cried, scowling at his nephew. "I have come to witness the consummation of your ruin you see."

"You are very kind, I am sure, uncle," answered Jim, holding out his hand, with all the cordiality of excessive happiness.

Uncle Obed suddenly changed his tone.

"Look here, my lad," said he. "There's not much time for explanations. The brides will be here in a minute, and we must be moving up to the altar. I may just say this, however: Blood is thicker than water, you rougue, and love's a divine thing, after all. And to show that there's no ill feeling and that it is all comfortably settled we have arranged a joint wedding, in which Miss Bailey and I have agreed to assist."

"You—you are going to be married, uncle!" cried Jim in amazement.

"And why the devil not, sir? If I'm an ass so are you. And if, as I'm inclined to think we are both playing the——idiot the old fool will help to keep the young fool in countenance."

With these words Uncle Obed caught his astonished nephew by the arm and led him away to the altar. Only just in time, for they had scarcely taken their places when the brides and their following entered the church and the poor relations was all turned off together.

"Nothing like testing you young lovers," said Uncle Obed in the course of a subsequent interview with Jim. "You were both—pardon my saying so—a trifle green, and had it been known that either of you was heir to a fortune you would have been marked out as a safe prey by matrimonial speculators. Then you went and got engaged to one another. We elders were both delighted at the upshot of events, but we thought we would just satisfy ourselves that it was a genuine love affair, and so, my dear boy, we have."—*London Truth.*

India Forty Years Ago.

In the course of a lecture on India on the 22nd ult., in Dundee, Lord Roberts gave an interesting description of that country as he saw it in 1852. The mode of travelling was almost as primitive as it had been a hundred or probably five hundred years before. The post was carried by runners over the greater part of India, and letters from Calcutta to Peshawur, a distance of nearly 1500 miles, took about 12 days en route. There was only a monthly mail with England, and less than fifteen million letters passed through the Indian post-office annually, as against nearly a hundred and eighty millions at present. Little had been done in the matter of railways before he reached India, and the only line completed was that between Bombay and Tauna, about 20 miles in length. Even in 1857—the year of the Mutiny—only 275 miles were open for traffic. Now there were nearly 17,000 miles of railway in India, and upward of 600 miles in Burham alone. There was no telegraph in India when he landed, and even in 1857 there was only 3044 miles throughout the county. Now there 40,000 miles. (Applause.) Lord Roberts briefly described the changes which had taken place since 1857. They were, he said, indeed, marvellous, and many of them owed their origin to the foresight, determination, administrative ability of that great stateman, Lord Dalhousie, who had been for more than four years at the head of the Government of India when Lord Robert first joined his regiment at Calcutta.

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—"Robbie," said the visitor, kindly, "have you got any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied Robbie, solemnly "I'm all the children we've got."

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