J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

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. AT Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCI payable by monthly instalments, covering a rm of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on to monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum. Balance of loan repayable at any time at tison of borrower, so long as the monthly in-all ments are paid, the balance of loan cannot realled for. Balawce of loan repayable at any time at excition to be rower, so long as the monthly installments 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

F. L. MILNER, Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

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

A. A. Schaffner, M. D. LAWRENCETOWN, N. S. Office and residence at MRS. HALL'S TELEPHONE No. 8E.

O. T. DANIELS. BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

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

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS 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 dis

J. B. WHITMAN,

ROUND HILL, N. S.

W. G. Parsons, B. A., Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

FOffice,-" Dr. Gunter" building.

R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M. EYE, Specialties

MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16.

OR. M. G. E. MARSHALL, F. L. SHAFNER, DENTIST,

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 ranches carefully and promptly attende 0. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891.

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. GROAKER.

Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

Optical Goods

NEW JEWELRY. P. G. MELANSON,

of Middleton, has now on show the largest and most varied line of Superior Spectacles and Eye-Glasses ever shown in Annapolis County.

His stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver-plated ware is second to none, and is marked at astonishing low prices. Give him a call and verify the truth of the above statement. Repairing a Specialty.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC

Real Estate Agent, etc.

RANDOLPH'S BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Direct Evidence

Weekin



Monitor,

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 23.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Have it in the House

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

If you do, call at the old stand of J. B. REED & SONS, where you can inect an immense and comprehensive stock of Furniture, and where you will be nvinced that a little money will go far towards furnishing your house in all the cest, handsomest, and most approved designs.

I wish to call your attention to some of the leading lines, as below:-Hardwood Bedroom Suites in Elm, 7 pieces, from - \$18.00 to \$38.00 Hardwood Bedroom Suites in Oak, from ___ - \$28.00 to \$65.00 Parlor Suites in Plush, Brocatelle and Silk Tapestries, \$30.00 to \$110.00 Sideboards in Elm and Ash, for - \$12.00, \$18.00, \$22.00, \$25.00

Sideboards in Oak, for - - \$25.00, \$32.00, \$45.00

All other lines at equally reasonable rates. I am also selling a fine line of CARPETS at Halifax prices.

H. S. REED.

Frank Scotte

Tashionablo Teulor Brielgetown

ever shown and at prices that defy competition for the quality. I have also

THE CELEBRATED "TYKE" AND "BLENHEIM" SERGES

The workmanship, fit, finish and style of every garment I guarantee to be

Call and Inspect Goods. It is a pleasure for me to show them.

Dr. J. Woodbury's

Land Surveyor, HORSE LINIMENT

Is Infallibly the Cure for Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys.

IT HAS NO EQUAL: In 1892 this Limment 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.

MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.



CURRY BROTHERS & BENT,

Bridgetown Wood-Working Factory.

We beg to notify the public in general that we have recently purchased the premises of ranville street, formerly known as the J. B. Reed & Sons furniture factory, and are now equippg it with additional machinery for carrying on a general business in

Contracting and Building.

Doors, Sashes, Frames, Stair Work, Mouldings, Clapboards, Sheathing, Flooring, Shingles, Laths, etc., and will constantly have on hand a full stock of Lime and all other Building Materials. Our motto will be "give every man a good job." We have come to stay, and if you want a ding of any kind put up let us know, and we will give you a figure that will suit the times.

WANTED: -Seasoned Spruce and Pine Lumber. Correspondence from all points respectfully solicited.



\$100 Reward TUTTLE'S ELIXII

BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A. For Man or Beast it has no Equal. Sure Cure for Colic, Black Water, Spinal Meningits, Sprains and Joint Affections in Horses and Don't fail to try TUTTLE'S FAMILY ELIXIR for Rheu The Latest Discovery of the Age.

C. H. R. CROCKER, Gen. Ag't, South Farmington, Annapolis Co., N.S.

Poetry.

'According to His Excellent Greatness.' I"He appointed singers unto the Lord that should praise the beauty of holiness."—2 Chron. xx. 21.]

Like to a strain of music strong and sweet,
There calls a voice along life's busy ways —
"Oh! ye who walk with heavy-laden feet
And low-bent heads throughout your toilsome days, Where is your song of praise?

"Ye He created, ye He did redeem, Gave to you every precious gift ye had, Gave you His sun with its refulgent beam, And fruitful seasons when your hearts were sad, And yet ye are not glad!

"Did He take anything away from thee, One tender lamb of all your well-filled fold, But that it might more safely guarded be, When days were short and winter nights

'Hath He not smiled on joy, made young hearts light, Yea, all this gracious world to give you zest?

Doth He not promise victory after fight,

And, when ye weary even of earth's best,

That He will give you rest?

'Lo! He created love your lot to cheer, Gave wife and child and kin and faithful friend; Nay, furthermore, than closest ties more He did Himself for you most freely spend Unto the bitter end.

He made a living way for you through death,
A swift short passage to His Kingdom fair,
And touched forever with Divinest breath
Your very sorrows, for in all your care
He did Himself have share.

Oh! thankless hearts, and faith grown cold and din,
The earth herself hath made a better choice;
With angels and archangels, scraphim,
And all the saints of heaven she doth re-

Have ye alone no voice? "The king chose singers in the days of yore,
The praise of God's great glory to confess;
Ye from the King of kings commission bore,
And will ye do for Him so much the less
To laud His holiness?

'Oh! singers, be ye tuneful, be ye strong, Lift up your voice for Him who loved you So;
One day ye too shall sing the glad new song—
On high the perfect harmony doth flow,
The parts are learnt below."
CHRISTIAN BURKE.

Select Witerature.

The Mystery of Sarah Brice.

CHAPTER III (CONTINUED.) Meanwhile, Sarah Brice made her way nome. She walked slowly, for she felt very weak. She panted as she walked. It was quite dark now, and freezing again; the slush was turning to ice: it cut through her thin old shoes, but she kept on steadily. She had to pass the church, which was brilliantly lighted; people were hurrying in, talking and laughing in gay groups. There was some sort of a Christmas festival going

Sarah was not a church member: she never said anything about her religion, but she read a chapter in the Bible every night before going to bed. She had always done so ildhood; it seemed a part of the day's

As she drew near her home she saw that ed out from the windows across the snow covered back yard in two long, bright rays. She quickened her steps, wondering who had lighted the lamp.

As she opened the door she said: "Fath-

er, you here?" but received no reply. She peered around sharply and presently the bolster end of the old haircloth sofa. He was sitting on the floor, his chin on his

"Why, father, what you doin' there?" she The old man said never a word. He sat still and looked straight before him, his lips empressed in a thin straight line. "You ain't sick, be you, father? I

nothin' to eat, hev you!" She moved toward him as she spoke. Then the old man raised his voice: "Don't you tech me," he said. "You go

n to bed if you wanter; I'm done with "Don't you want no supper, father?"

eat if you wanter." father, you come outer that corner an' set up in a chair like you'd oughter;" Sarah's with these stubborn spells in him.

The old man shook his head scowling; didn't move. Sarah laid aside her bonnet and shawl and took hold of his hands.
"Now, father, you get up," she said.

You hadn't oughter act so; you'll be all stiff settin' here so long."

The old man resisted; he jerked away his ands and set his mouth. Sarah found she hadn't the strength necessary to pull him

up. "Very well," she said, "you o'n set there if you wanter; I'm goin' to get supper."

She opened the door of the little pantry; n the lowest shelf was a tray containing plate on which were scraps of vegetables, turkey bones and crumbs of cake. She stood looking at it.

The old man on the floor was watching her "I guess you muster had a reg'lar Christner, father. Ann Starr brought it, didn't she?"

He looked away whenever Sarah turned toward him. Sarah made herself a cup of tea and a lit-tle porridge; she ate hungrily. She was still sitting at the little pine table against

the wall when there was a knock at the doo and Ann Starr came in. "Oh, you're home," she said. "I just an over to get my tray."
"I'm sorry I had to be out all day; it just happened so," said Sarah. "I worried a good deal 'bout how father was gettin' along. You're real good, Ann, to see to him."

"Oh, that ain't anything," said Ann, in a careless tone, and then she looked around What under the sun is he settin over there "He's jest settin'," said Sarah. "He's got one o' his stubborn spells on him.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1896. "Well, I guess I do; but 'tain't 's if he | Main street, her big bundle under her arm. | stairway and found herself in a long, wide

Ann stayed about half an hour. She didn't ask Sarah any questions about where she had been or what she had done. pairings.

"I've got plenty of time she whispered to didn't say that she wanted to go herself, but had stayed home in order to look after old Ezra. Such was the fact but it. Starr's way to speak of the unselfish things

When she left, the old man was still sitting in the corner. He hadn't uttered a word, but occasionally he had grunted a lit-

ready to put him to bed," Ann whispered to Sarah at the door. "It'll do him a sight o' good to get enough of it for once." But by the time Sarah had closed the door and fastened it, old Ezra had struggled stiffly to his feet. His pale blue eyes glittered

"I ain't goin' to hev Ann Starr tellin' you what ter do," he said, with deep resentment.
"She's got 'nough ter do ter 'tend ter her own affairs, 'thout comin' in here interferin' I ain't no use for folks thet talk behind my back. I heared what she en you was whisperin', 'n' I ain't goin' ter take no more Christmas dinners from her; I'll starve

CHAPTER IV.

In March Mrs. Shaw went to the city to pay Mrs. Lucas a visit. She was to be away three weeks, and a cousin from the next county came to stay with Ann Starr. She was very good company, Ann said, and she was young and pretty. Her figure was small and compact, her yellow hair crinkled closely around her forehead and hung in loose curls on her neck. She had a good deal of pink in her cheeks, and her eyes were blue as forget-me-nots. Her name was Almira 1y, and he came more frequently than ever to call on Ann. He and Almira spent hours at the melodeon, singing and trying over new pieces, while Ann sat by the center table and sewed, or busied herself in the kitchen. She didn't seem in the least jealous of Almira; she appeared glad to see the girl

Almira was one of nine children, and her ather was poor. At home she sewed by the day for a dressmaker, and made just enough to keep herself decently clothed. She had knack of fixing herself up, however, and always looked neat. She found it very pleasant to stay with Ann Starr and meet new people. It was quite a disappointment to her when Ann received a letter from Matilda saying she was coming home almost a week sooner than she expected. A sisterin-law of Mrs. Lucas was ill, and as Mrs. gloves lying in her lap. tilds thought it better to return home at

room talking the letter over. Almira had gone to the post-office before breakfast. She said she liked the walk, and Ann never needed her in the kitchen. "I know Matilda's provoked enough," Ann said. "She won't feel 's if she'd got the worth of her trip."

"And I'm awful sorry to have to go home so soon," rejoined Almira. "But I've had street now, and Matilda still followed. A a splendid time, Ann." "I'm afraid Matilda mightn't like it." "Oh, she wouldn't care; she'd be glad to

have you, and then you've promised to help you know." "I hadn't remembered that; I suppose I

really ought to stay for that." "Of course you ought. And then there's Sam; what he's goin' to do when you're gone I don't know." "Now, Ann, you hush;" Almira's cheeks

Well, you know he likes you. "Just as he likes lots of other folks, I uess." Almira had walked to the window and was looking out. It had snowed the previous night, and everything she looked come early and clear a path to the gate. only the ground floor was occupied. Perhaps that was why Almira had on her

nerino wrapper in the morning, keeping her blue dress for evening wear atchin' for him right now," said Ann. "Ann, you stop! You'd oughter be

lookin' at Mrs. Brice; she's just come out of her gate with a big bundle -rugs, I guess." window and stood just behind Almira, looking out, a troubled expression on her face. Sarah Brice didn't see them. She walked lowly along the narrow board walk in the little path which earlier pedestrians had

stout twine. "I wonder where she's goin'," said Almira She glanced at the clock in the corner. "It's only seven o'clock," she added. Ann said nothing. Almira looked around at her and saw that she was staring before

her with a strange fixity of gaze, her lips pressed close together. 'Why, Ann, what's the matter?" she

" Nothin' " "Then what makes you look like that?" "Like what? I look just the way I al-

ways do, I guess." "No, you don't; you're real pale, Ann,' her pretty face growing troubled. "You ain't worryin' about what Matilda said when she was goin' away, are you?"

"You mean 'bout you bein' likely to cut ain't that foolish. Sam Boswick ain't nothin' to me, 'n' never will be." "Really, Ann?"

"Yes, really." "But Matilda said he liked you." "Don't you pay no attention to Matilda; she gets wrong notions, sometimes. You just go with Sam Boswick all you want to."

"But haven't you ever cared for anybody, 's if you'd a met somebody to suit you." "If I have, it hasn't come to anything," said Ann, looking out of the window with an absent, dreamy expression. "There's some girls cut out for old maids, I guess," and then she went into the kitchen and Almira heard her poking the fire vigorously.

"Ann's queer sometimes," she thought,

"but I guess she don't care anything for
Sam Boswick. It was just Matilda's no-

She smiled, her cheeks dimpling, and went to the little mirror over the stand between the shock she had received. "And to think thoulders.

Meanwhile, Sarah Brice had walked along

her."

She went slowly back to the big building which had been a failure; she went up the light of the standard of the st the windows. She stood there looking at

down the cross street.

The Brice lot was in sight from the ceme tery gate. Mr. Brice and a baby which had died before him were buried there. Sarah lingered and looked in; finally she entered, picking her way through the snow to the and a comb. She set her lips when she saw

There was room in the lot for two more graves. At the head of the baby's grave was a very handsome slab, with a marble dove desk. She had to get on one of the broken poised upon the top. That which marked the grave of Mr. Brice was perfectly plain, gleam came into her pale blue eyes as she bearing only his name and the date of his birth and death. On each side of the lot out—only a bundle of old clothes—a purple birth and death. On each side of the lot were two evergreens, the snow-laden branches hanging low; there was snow on the hanging low; there was snow on the es hanging low; there was snow on the gravestones, too. Sarah brushed it off with shoes. Things even a beggar would not have the corner of her old shawl. She gave a lit- cared to own. Matilda looked at them a tle moan when at last she turned away.

"If it warn't for Jim, I'd wish I was layin' there too," she muttered. At the cemetery gate she hesitated a little; then she went straight on down the street. There were very few houses along this street; there was no path broken at all, but Sarah Brice didn't seem to mind. She pushed on through the snow until she in the depot. ached a large white cottage set in a deep vard. It was an old building, and set unevenly down into its place. There were four ront windows and a wide porch; the yard was full of evergreens and lilac bushes; some swayed backward and forward in the light

wind, making a faint, rustling noise.

This house had been the home of Sarah lived in it now. It was for sale. Sarah stood looking at it, remembering the past so full of comfort and happiness. She often stopped here. Sometimes, when she had time, she went around to the back porch and climbed in at a window, the catch of which was broken. Then she would wander from room to room like a poor, forlorn ghost,

emories pierced her heart. She didn't have time to day to go in. She lingered only a few moments at the gate. She was at the station, waiting, when the seven-forty train stopped on its way to the city. She got in, dropping into the first va-

It was a run of just four hours to the city All those four hours Sarah sat silent and alost motionless in her seat, staring straight before her, her thin hands in her shabby old When she reached the city she hurried

along the platform without looking to the right or left. She therefore failed to see once. Ann and Almira were in the sitting Matilda Shaw, who stood in the doorway of the ladies' waiting-room, a most respectable figure in her black merino, heavy gray shawl and black bonnet trimmed in lilac ribbon and

"Why, there's Sarah Brice!" she exclaim ed. "Sarah!" She hurried after the little old figure with the big bundle. Sarah didn't hear, she was out in the

"It's now or never to find out about her." she muttered. "I c'n take the four-o'clock train just as well; there ain't no hurry about gettin' back." She kept Sarah well in sight. She had

an excuse all ready in case she should be discovered in her pursuit. She would say she wanted to ask if they couldn't just as well go home on the same train; she was going to offer to wait. But not once did Sarah look back.

She kept straight on for several squares, then turned off the street on which the depot was located, into one more quiet. It was a short street ending in a high brick half way down was a large, many-storied brick building which had been erected for apon was white. Sam Boswick had promised office purposes. It had not been a success;

blue dress. Generally she wore a brown a flight of stairs leading to the second storey of this building. She didn't dare to follow farther; she crossed the street to a grocery, "You know better'n that; I b'lieve you're and going inside made a purchase of a pound of raisins, keeping her eyes upon the oppo site building all the while. Then she lingashamed. I ain't watchin' for nobody. I'm ered about, looking with well-feigned interest at preserves, pickles and lemons, always close to the door.

After what seemed a long time, but was really only twenty minutes by the grocery clock, she saw a woman coming down the stairway up which Sarah had disappeared. The woman was dressed in a black silk; the make was a fashion ten years before, but made through the fresh snow. Under one arm was a large newspaper bundle, tied with cloth cape edged with fur, and her bonnet blew back Matilda saw that there was bead trimming around the bottom of the basque

of the dress, and lace in the sleeves. The woman was old; she stooped a little and Matilda gazed at her with puzzled interest. There was certainly something familiar in that walk. Suddenly she uttered a startled exclamation, so low, however, that it attracted no attention. The next oment she was in the street, following along after the old woman in the black silk. "Of all the doin's I ever see in my life,

guess Ann won't never tell me again that I ain't no business to be curious."

The little old woman, not suspecting that ly nervous. Several times when crossing a street she was almost run over; several times she collided with persons coming from an opposite direction; often she looked around

this beats 'em all." she muttered once. "I

did she see Matilda, who followed like a bloodhound on the track of a criminal. The little old woman stopped at last. Her destination proved to be a great stone buildamazement as she saw her disappear within gates through which she could not-dared not—attempt to follow.

But she had seen enough to satisfy her.

She knew Sarah Brice's secret now. Things that had for years seemed mysterious about light of this awful revelation. For a few minutes she stood perfectly still, staring at the big iron gates, almost paralyzed with the magnitude of her discovery.

"I might a knowed it!" she muttered,

door on each side. All were locked fast ex-

cept one at the end of the corridor. This

half filled with old boxes, a broken chair or

except a box that stood on the dilapidated

gleam came into her pale blue eyes as she

moment with a triumphant expression on her

face, then made the bundle up again, drop-

ped it into the box, and went down-stairs

frugal lunch; the rest of the time she waited

Sarah Brice came into the car just befor

the train started, and sat down in a seat

Her face lookod wan and haggard; she

and out into the street again.

them and her eyes brightened. At length she had examined everythin

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

Geoffrey could hardly repress a smile, even though impressed himself with the gravity of the situation.

two, a discarded desk, an old stool and a de-Matilda looked at everything with eyes of eant: she walked to Dandy's head and took keen suspicion. She opened all the drawers of the desk, one after the other; there was hold of the bridle with one hand, while with nothing in them except torn paper, rusty pens and an old glue bottle. In the drawer of the table she found a piece of looking glass

"Hurry up, the old man may die while you're "Some pauper from the poor house, or a wretched, homeless tramp, I suppose," Geof. frey said, as he bent over the

"There won't be room for all three of us." You can hold the poor old creature while I

a baby, and carried him to the sleigh. When Alice got in it was a tight'squeeze. She couldn't start home until four o'clock, and it was only a little after two now. So

we're not likely to meet anyone."
She put Dandy through his best paces, and the train started, and sat down in a seat near the door. She was dressed as usual, in her purple calico and rusty black shawl. the beginning of Main Street, another sleigh coming from the opposite direction appear

Brice for more than twenty years. No one her. She had not made any sign of recog- of his own accord. There was a girl beside nition as Sarah passed down the aisle. She him with a thick shawl around her and a had looked steadily from the window until little turban hat pressed down on her golden the old woman had found a seat, but she curls.

turned her eyes very frequently toward her during the journey.

She waited, on the arrival of the train at Rockford, until Sarah had left the car. It sprang out of the sleigh. was long after dark; the clock on the town hall struck eight as they turned into Main Street. Sarah was several yards in advance; she walked hurriedly and did not once look around. Just as she reached her own gate, father.' some one came running around the house from the rear. It was Ann Starr. The moon was very bright, and she saw Sarah as

stopped and gave a little cry, then came hur- he's pretty nearly gone." "Oh. Mrs. Brice." she said, "something's happened! I don't know how to tell you." Sarah Brice grasped the top of the gate

''Tain't-'tain't Jim,' she gasped. 'No! it can't be; I've jest— Oh, what is it?' as she marked the anxiety in Ann's face.

with both hands.

on, and he's gone!'

left behind.

'It's just the night for a sleigh ride; this moonlight is supberb?' Geoffrey Corey said, as he tucked the fur lap robe closely in about ''I'm

pawing the snow beneath his feet. 'Now The horse sprang forward, the bells on the harness jingled merrily, and the big brick nouse with its twinkling lights was quickly

the young girl in his sleigh.

to rest his eyes, which had been troubling him lately, and his mother fearing he would State. She was a high-spirited, sweet-tempered girl, and very pretty. Her auburn and leaving him that way. She had felt in her that she pleased his artistic sense, and they were very congenial. They had known each other since childhood. Lately Alice ever. When Almira came home she asked

Nightingale, or to emulate Lady Somerset. She used to talk to Geoffrey about it, and felt much flattered that he listened with respect to her views and opinions. It comorted her a great deal, too. 'I wonder why all those people are gathred around that gate,' she said, as the sleigh flew down Main Street, the snow scat-

ering in every direction under Dandy's iron shod heels. 'Do you suppose anything has happened, Geoffrey?'
'Of course not; nothing ever does happen in Rockford,' answered Geoffrey, 'Probably those people are just home from prayer

eeting.'
'It doesn't seem late enough for that.' Oh, they hold meetings at all hours. ever saw such a place for church-going. The group at the gate—it was Sarah Brice's gate—all looked at the sleigh and its two handsome occupants as it flashed past.
"'That's Geoffrey Corey and the young "I'm going to—oh, Mr. Corey," she called, running out a little way into the road.

But the sleigh was already so far away that Reoffrey did not hear her. He drove as far as Hudson, which lay four miles east of Rockford, then homeward by

could answer.

The old man lay motionless under a fir tree, the moonlight shining down through the snowladen branches on his white, still face. He was a small man, and very frail-looking; his white hair hung to his shoulders; in one hand he clutched a little bundle done up in an old red silk handkerchief. He didn't move nor utter a sound as Alice spoke to could answer.

The old man lay motionless under a fir tree,

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRSITER,

SOLICITOR!

"Come on, then."
Alice Sterling had never known what fear the other she patted his neck.
"He isn't hard to manage," she said, as
Geoffrey looked at her a little doubtfully.

"No, but he's pretty near it."
"Get him in the sleigh then, as quick as

he lifted the little old man as if he had been

she spent an hour in a restaurant, eating a said.

Her face looked wan and naggard, and coughed whenever the door was opened, and in sight.

"We'd better stop and ask if they know the seat and closed her eyes, as if tired out.

Matilda Shaw sat several seats back of But the driver of the other sleigh drew up

> "Sam, there's old Ezra now," she said, in a shrill, excited voice. "Oh, I'm so glad." Sam Boswick handed her the reins and "It's Mr. Corey, ain't it?" he said, and as Geoffrey nodded in response, he added: We've been looking high 'n' low for the old

recollecting something. "Well, the sooner we get him under shelter and some hot blankets around him the better. I'm afraid soon as she came in sight of the gate. She by the stove when old Ezra was brought in. Ann Starr and several other women were when they saw Geoffrey Corey and Alice

was sitting close to him, and he was trying 'Yes, it's your father,' answered Ann. to assure her that he would never run away I came just now to see how he was getting again. But his voice was so weak that few It was midnight before the neighbors began to go home. They dropped off one by

one. Ann Starr had said she would stay all

Sterling. Geoffrey had to tell them what to

do. He went home and got brandy, and on his return found old Ezra conscious. Sarah

'Whoa, see how he is," Alice said, as she bade Sarah woman's withered, work-hardened hand She turned to go out, a vision of youthful loveliness in her heavy cloth dress and rich

Matilda stared at her, resent chagrin in her sharp face. She had been at find his enforced vacation very dull without the window of her sitting-room the whole company, had sent for Alice Sterling to pay evening, her face pressed to the pane, staring across the road. She had said to herself Alice was a niece of the Governor of the | that she didn't care if old Ezra was lost; it served Sarah Brice just right for going off hair waved thickly over her small head, her a measure disappointed when she saw him eyes were brown, her features regular, and brought home. She had been wild with complexion good. Geoffrey often told curiosity to know if he were alive or dead. had been a little dissatisfied with life in gen- no questions, but there was no need; Almira eral; she felt that she was doing no good in | toldeverything without being asked. Among the world. She longed to be a Florence other things she said that Ann Starr was to stay with Sarah all night.

> "Goin' to stay all pight!" she repeated. "Yes; the old man might be taken worse, Matilda set her lips hard: she rose, with grim resolution stamped on every line of her hard face, and crossing the room, took her shawl and hood from a peg in the sitting-

"Where are you goin'?" asked Almira.

Matilda, who had been leaning back in her

rocking-chair, listening with an appearance

of not being at all interested, now sat up

straight.

"I'm goin' to bring Ann home." (Continued on fourth page.) NEAR TO DEATH'S DOOR.

This was the Condition of the Young Son of Mr. John Eng-lish, of Lakefield, Ont. HIGHEST MEDICAL SKILL WAS UN-ABLE TO BATTLE WITH HIS

He drove as far as Hudson, which lay four miles cast of Rockford, then homeward by the river road.

"Isn't this glorious?" Alice said. "Inever had a nicer ride. Geoffrey, you make me feel glad I am aiive."

"In spite of all the sin, ignorance and woe there is in the world?" Geoffrey's smile was mischievous as he gazed down at the pretty, animated face of his companion.

"Geoffrey! how mean—oh, what's that?" for the horse had suddenly snorted and swerved to one side.

"There's something under that tree, "Geoffrey said, nodding to the left, as he pulled the animal in. "Can you see what it is?" "Geoffrey! it's a man—a poor old man with white hair;" Alice leaned out of the sleigh. "Oh, suppose he is dead! Let me get out. You hold Dandy;" she had thrown the fur robe aside and was out in the road before he could answer.

The old man lay motionless under a fir tree, Tepeda and the cause, it is unfortunately too true that large numbers of chile and ear affitted with nervous troubles. These in many cases assume aggravated conditions and develop often into what is really a feature of paralysis.

A result of severe sickness some years ago, Robert B. English, the young son of Mr. John English, who conducts a large cooperage business in Lakefield, Ont., became the vitchings accompanied by fits that were doomed to speedily wreck the whole system. Naturally the best medical skill was bevought into requisition but no relief was secured. South American Nervine was used, and with the result that after six bottles had been taken the boy was restored to perfect health and is to-day one of the most robust and healthy children in his section of the country. The case of Minnie Stevens, of London, Ont., daughter of Mr. F. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., is a somewhat similar case. Twelve bottles of medicine cured a severe case of paralysis there.

