And the wind from the south blows warm And the noon has a dreary charm. And the furrows peep black through the snow. For the sap will run, I know. To each tree a visit I pay, Is eager to help to-day. And the kettles between them swing, And the sap in pailfuls bring. A fig for your sheet-iron pan,

And I stick to the good old plan; night On the swing pole under the tree.

Now make a forgiving call :

And I know the whole world is at peace

For the sap has commenced to run.

## SELECT STORY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Valentine," answered Monte-Cristo, "during my long watch over you, all I to me. I entered, as I have now done, and healthy draught; which, instead of pro- her

are you saying, sir?"

angel.

tions experienced by Valentine during remained in the room. The grating against state of stupor in which she was plunged,

## BLOOMFIELD RIDGE.

to Richard's Mill. 088.

Hinchey's camp.

Bloomfield Ridge.

Alexander Smith is

ongratulated on a happy domestic event -a son.

woods. Also Mr. Brewer and Mr. Moody,

grange store.

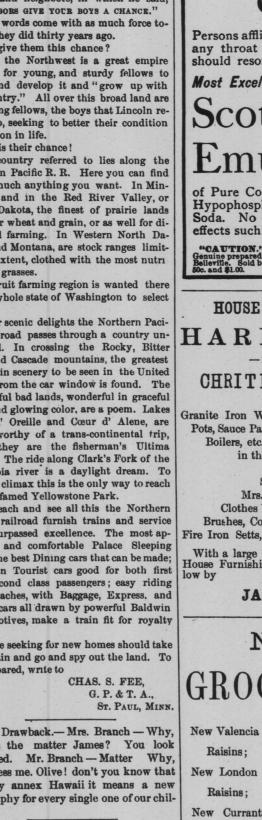
day enroute for Campbelltown. The black pedlars are beginning to find

Geo. Murphy of Doaktown, is hauling

of Campbelltown.

Lyon's.

Jos. Calhoun



have a start of the second start of the



