Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1900. NO. 12.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.
Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

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

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

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.

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.

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.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 600,000
Rest, - - - - 328,610

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, Vice-President.
HON. ROBT. ROAK, C.C. BLACKADAR, Esq. J. H. SYMONS, Esq. WM. TWINING, Esq. GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager.

Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.

AGENCIES.—
Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N.S.—E. R. Mulhall, manager.
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Wolfville, N. S.—J. D. Leavitt, manager.

CORRESPONDENTS.—
London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

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Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
15,000 Pelts,
For which the highest prices will be paid, **Spot Cash.** Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.
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OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER
OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
T. J. EAGLESON,
36tf QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

"CLEVELAND" AIM IS HIGH!

Nothing in the construction of the Cleveland Bicycles is left to chance. In the smallest detail of the making, in the littlest part of its mechanism, perfection is the aim. You'll find this favorite machine for 1900 "goes the past one better" in improvements, new features and general equipment.

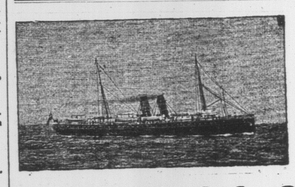
SEE the hardened block pin which prevents the chain from wearing.
the combined ball and roller bearings.
the dust-proof skeleton gear case.
the improved ball-head spokes.
the chainless models and the combined coaster and brake.

Cleveland BICYCLES

We carry a full line of chain and chainless Clevelands in stock, and will give you a right price for cash or instalments.

☞We also have some big bargains in other makes, both new and second-hand.

JOHN LOCKETT & SON,
Agents, - Bridgetown, N. S.



Bridgetown to Boston
$6.50.
Bridgetown to Boston and return
$11.50.

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN
NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES
2 - Trips a Week - 2

The fast and popular Steel Steamer **"BOSTON"** leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNSDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p.m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on this steamer.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yarmouth.
For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail way agents, or to
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer. L. E. BAKER, Pres. and Managing Director
Yarmouth, Oct. 11th. 1899.

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

GROCERIES
FRUITS
PROVISIONS
CHEAP AND GOOD.

Ferona,
Shredded Wheat,
Quaker Oats,
Grits,
Rolled Wheat,
Rolled Oats,

Graham Flour,
Ralston Breakfast Food,
Hygenic Whole Wheat Flour,
Arlington Wheat,
Celebrated Swiss Food.

GOOD VALUES IN TEAS.
A heavy stock of Flour, Feed and Meal in Popular Brands.
Corner Queen and Granville Sts. } **J. E. LLOYD.**

Poetry.

After the Rain.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft gray mist-bath wrapt
Hill, valley, grove and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature,
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life or living creature;
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.
I stood to hear—I love it well,
The rain's continuous sound,
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell
Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.
Sure since I looked, at early morn,
Taces honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs:
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.
The very earth, the steaming air,
Is all with fragrance rife,
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.
Down, down they come—those fruitful store,
Those earth rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops;
And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west, a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.
But yet behold—abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

O, for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
—*Leigh Hunt.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—*Wordsworth.*

And this one life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
—*Shakespeare.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more.
—*Byron.*

In June 'tis good to be beneath a tree,
While the blithe season comforts every sense;
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart,
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last year's robin's nest.
—*Lowell.*

Learn well from bird and tree and rill
The sin of dark resentment,
And know the greatest gift of God
Is faith and sweet contentment.
—*Alice Cary.*

Select Literature.

Love and Law.

A SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

"Jim," said Mr. Perkins to his office boy, "put on some more coal."

"Yes, sir."

"And, do you hear? Take this packet of papers around to Penn & Ink's and ask 'em what they mean by sending me such a blotted piece of work."

"Yes, sir," and Jim, evidently preferring the snow freighted air and slippery sidewalks of the outer world to the close little law office, darted off like an arrow out of a bow.

Mr. Perkins took out a fresh bundle of quill pens and a quire of legal foolscap and began to work in good earnest, when, all of a sudden, a tap came to his office door."

"Come in," said Mr. Perkins, in a voice that sounded considerably more like "Clear out," and a young lady entered, dressed in currant colored merino, with a little plumed hat and a neat looking satchel on her arm.

"I haven't anything to give," said Mr. Perkins, sternly.

The young lady sat down uninvited, and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was very pretty.

"I was not begging, sir," said the lady.

"May I ask, then, what was your business?" said Mr. Perkins, more frigidly than ever.

The young lady took a parcel from her satchel.

"I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Perkins.

"I was not selling, sir," she said.

"Please explain your business at once," said he tartly. "I have no time to spare."

"Please allow me to do so, then," said the young lady. "I was soliciting subscriptions for——"

"I don't want to subscribe," hastily interrupted Mr. Perkins.

"How do you know whether you do or not," inquired the young lady, with some spirit, until you have seen the work, at least?"

Mr. Perkins smiled a little. She was brusque, but he did not altogether dislike that. And, besides, she was decidedly original.

"Because there have been at least three of your craft before you this morning," said he, "all of them selling 'Illustrated Lives of Great Men.'

"But mine is quite different. Mine is 'Careers of Great Women.' with steel plate engravings," persisted the young lady.

"Your business is overcrowded," said Mr. Perkins. "No; You needn't take the trouble to show me the book. Why don't you do something else?"

"Will you tell me what?" said the young lady, despairingly. "Will you help me get something whereby I may support myself?"

"What can I do!"

"That is what everbody says," she answered, "and between you all I should starve. You are a lawyer, will you give me some law copying?"

"Can you write a clear, and legible hand?" Mr. Perkins asked.

The young lady sat boldly down at a desk by the chimney-piece.

"I'll show you what I can do," said she.

Mr. Perkins looked over her shoulder as she wrote, in a quaint, distinct style, the words:

"My name is Amy Archdale, and I want to earn my own living."

"Amy Archdale," repeated Mr. Perkins. "rather a romantic name, isn't it?"

"I had no hand in naming myself," retorted Miss Archdale, "so I can't justly be held to blame in that matter,"

Mr. Perkins looked meditatingly at her for a second or two.

"I should think you might teach," said he'

"I did try it," said Miss Arcddale, "I was a governess in a private family."

"And why did you give it up?"

"Is this a catechism?" said Miss Amy, smiling. "Well, I have no objection to answering. Do you want me to tell you the plain truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, it was because my lady employer did not like to have her grown-up son address me with common politeness. Perhaps she thought I was endeavoring to fascinate him, but she was entirely mistaken."

"Oh!" said Mr. Perkins. "Please write down your address."

"Are you really going to give me some copying to do?" she asked eagerly.

"I am going to try you."

For the first time the tears came into her eyes.

"I'll try my very best—indeed I will," she faltered. "For—I don't mind telling you now—I haven't got a single subscription, and I was so discouraged."

And so Miss Amy Archdale walked off with a red-tape-tied parcel of papers under her arm.

"If she does them well and promptly," said Mr. Perkins, in a sort of mental soliloquy, "there's no reason why I can't let her have some more work. If she doesn't it won't be the first case of female swindling in New York. But she has a pretty, innocent little face, too—hang it, I've half a mind to go to her address on the sly, and see if she really is a deserving object of—charity, I was going to say. But it isn't. She wants work, not alms. There's always somebody wanting something in this great, chattering Bedlam of a city of ours," added Mr. Perkins, irately, as he drove off two match boys, an apple girl and a vender of pins and shoe strings from his doorstep.

Mr. Perkins followed up his crotchet and walked up to No 6, Meassey street, about dusk that self-same evening, heedless of the snow and sleet.

"Does a lady named Archdale live here?" he asked in the grocery store which occupied the first floor.

"Yes, sir, she do," the grocer's wife interrupted, pushing herself before her husband, "and a nice, hard working young lady she is as ever breathed the breath of life, and pays her rent regular every Saturday night, if she has to live on a cup of water and a crust. And if she's got any rich relations——"

"You mistake my purpose," said Mr. Perkins, coldly. "I am no rich relation—to anyone."

Yet the woman's testimony, coarse and rudely given as it was, unconsciously influenced him in Amy Archdale's favor.

She brought the folios next day, neat, legible and without blot or erasure, and Mr. Perkins gave her some more work.

"You needn't bring it," said he, "I have business that way and I'll call for it myself."

* * * *

"We haven't seen your Uncle Elisha lately, dear," said Mrs Molyneux Martin to her eldest daughter. "Kate must work a new penwiper for him and you must embroider him a pair of slippers. It won't do to let him lose sight of his nearest relatives."

"Ma," said Miss Kathrine, "it's a pity you discharged Miss Achdale so suddenly, because she was so handy at fancy work."

"And besides," added Edith Rosabelle, "it really and truly wasn't her fault because Walter chose to make eyes at her."

"Don't use such vulgar expressions, my dear," said the mamma. "She was a pert, bold-faced thing and would have eloped with your dear brother if she had remained in the house another week. And I told her so, pretty plainly, too. Who's that? The postman? Give me the letter at once, Edith Rosabelle!"

"Somebody has sent us wedding cards," cried the youngest hope of the family of Molyneux Martin. "Open it, mamma, quick, and let us see who they are from."

Mrs. Molyneux Martin hastily tore open the envelope, and giving one glance at its contents, fell backward with a hysterical scream.

"Elisha Perkins," she shrieked. "Girls it's your uncle. Alas! my poor, disinherited pets!"

For Mrs. Molyneux Martin had educated her daughters in the full belief that each and every one of them was to be an heiress in the right of Uncle Elisha Perkins' money.

"But, mamma, who's the bride?—whom has he married? You don't tell us the name," persisted Kathrine, who was endowed with a goodly spice of Mother Eve's bequest.

"I don't know! I don't care!" screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, tapping the soles of her slippered feet on the carpet in a way that threatened a yet more violent attack of hysterics.

"Pick up the cards, Kathie, and look," urged Edith Rosabelle.

"Amy Archdale!" she read aloud. "Why, ma, it's the governess you discharged! It's our Miss Archdale."

"The old fool!" shrieked Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "To go and marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter! Well, that caps the climax."

"You forget, ma," said Edith Rosabelle, "Uncle Elisha's only two years older than you are. I've heard you say so lots of times."

"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful, undutiful daughter," ejaculated Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to him again."

But she did. Sober, second thoughts convinced her that it was better to submit to the inevitable—and she was one of the first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Perkins in the elegant brownstone house that the lawyer had bought and furnished for his bride.

And perhaps one of the most triumphant moments of Amy Archdale's life was that in which she extended a gracious and patronizing greeting to the woman who had turned her out of doors scarcely three months before.

"Things do balance themselves evenly in this world, if one only has patience and faith to wait!" she said to her husband.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victims of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's painless Corn Extractor proves on what a slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

—Don't forget that Baden Powell was nicknamed by his schoolmates Bathing-Towel, for then it will be known how to pronounce his double-barrelled name.

Tinkling Spring.

The Baltimore and Ohio train goes at a rather leisurely pace down the beautiful valley of Virginia, as if it would give you time to gaze your fill upon the Blue Ridge on your left hand, and the eccentric spurs of the Alleghany on your right.

One of its passengers sat in the parlor car, on a fair June day, gazing through the wide windows with earnest eyes, yet with that air of abstraction in their depths that showed plainly how little she was thinking of those blue Titans.

Ailsy Benton was in fact absorbed with plans and prospects for the coming summer. She belonged to that great migratory flock which rises up from city homes every June and settles by the seashore, by the lakeside for the summer. Ailsy had gone around with her family, to these places year after year, ever since she had worn long dresses and chewed on a coral rattle, and now in her sixteenth year, having a turn for originality, she had begged off, and elected to spend her summer in the deepest seclusion. Her mother was too much exhausted with the fatigue of deciding the yearly question, "Where shall we go?" to contend. She wrote to a distant cousin in Virginia (I mean that cousinship was distant, not the location), and engaged board for Ailsy in the farmhouse of this relative.

It was in what they called "The Tinkling Spring Congregation," for there was no village within a radius of six or seven miles around the old Presbyterian Church, built in colonial days, when His Majesty's Council tolerated dissent west of the Blue Ridge, but by no means east. The church was still distinctly the centre of the community; a plain, square, brick building, under whose roof it would seem impossible to preach anything more frivolous than Calvinism.

"They will be simple-minded people, of course," she was saying to herself, "just rustics, in fact, and I mean to study human nature among them."

"Tling Spring-g-g!" The sound of the conductor's voice in this doubtful announcement made Ailsy clutch wildly at her bag, shawl-strap, book and umbrella. But she need have felt no uneasiness; passengers are guests as far down in Virginia as this station, and the gentlemanly old conductor would not even let the porter earn the tip he had received, but carried her traps himself, helped her down, hoped she had had a pleasant journey, and was she sure her carriage would meet her?

There was indeed no carriage in sight, but a little spring wagon waited a few yards from the track, with a young girl driving, who waved her hand and nodded to the conductor. He understood that his passenger was in good hands, lifted his cap and the train was gone.

"Is this Ailsy?" said a rich, sweet voice, as the little waggon rattled up. "Jump right in, please! I couldn't leave Red-eye, or I would have been on the platform."

Ailsy looked askance at the young horse curvetting about restlessly.

"O, you needn't be a bit afraid; there is no harm in him; he is just kittenish. I raised him myself.

"The mule wagon will come by in a while and pick up your trunk," exclaimed the young driver.

"Will it be safe?" asked Ailsy somewhat anxiously, for there was no station house, and not a soul in sight.

"O, yes, perfectly. Are you tired and hungry and homesick?"

"I am only one of those three things," said Ailsy, smiling; "I leave you to guess which one."

"For your own sake I hope you are hungry, as you will be expected to eat an enormous supper. It is Rosa's week to cook, thank goodness! and it hurts her feelings if we don't stuff ourselves. Now my week—"

"But I thought you were Rosa," interrupted Ailsy.

"O, you did? Well, don't tell her so, that's all. It would be hard on her beauty to be taken for a freckle-faced thing like me. I'm Kit, when you're in a hurry, or Kitty, or Catherine. I have another name, but I don't allow anybody but Bob to call me that?"

"Who is Bob?"

Kit gave her new acquaintance a slight stare, and laughed with a pretty rippling sound.

"You are evidently an explorer of a dark continent," she said. "Why, I know all about you, and the little brothers and sisters, names, ages and all. But I suppose city folk have too much to take up their attention to bestow any of it on country relations?"

"I don't see that we think much of anything at home but ourselves," said Ailsy with an impatient sigh. "But you haven't told me about Bob?"

"Bob is our big brother, the handsomest, smartest, dearest fellow in the world. He is at college."

"Isn't this vacation?"

"Yes, but not for Bob." It was Kitt's time to sigh now. "We haven't seen him since Christmas. He got a place as summer tutor in Athena, to coach some boys from the far South, so he felt obliged to stay. Ah, there is old Uncle Rafe; excuse me a minute," and she reined up her colt to hail an old negro on the roadside.

A few more turns brought them to the edge of Inframont farm, and Kit eagerly pointed out what were to her objects of deep interest all the rest of the way.

"O, what a dear place!" cried Ailsy, impulsively, as the house and yard came in sight.

Kitt's face flushed with gratification. "It is the dearest place in the world," she said softly. "I am sometimes afraid I won't want to go to heaven."

It would be hard to say what there was in the plain farmhouse, and the old-fashioned yard to call for Ailsy's exclamation, but the air of neatness and care and simple decoration gave it a charming aspect of home and comfort.

The mother and older daughter were strikingly alike, with a dignity of look and manner curiously unlike Kit's free and easy ways, and equally remote from one's ideal of buxom and bustling farm wives. They both had a look of care and anxiety, too, from which Kit's face was still free. This careworn look was yet more marked on the father's seamed brow, and his silence was only saved from moodiness by his evident enjoyment of Kit's sallies.

Ailsy had her wish. She studied human nature among these rustics, but of a simple, strong, unworldly and unselfish type quite new to a citizen of Vanity Fair.

"It hardly seems fair to my home folks," she said to Kit, one day, as they sat out under the maple tree, stoning cherries for preserving, "but I almost wish I could stay here the year round."

"O, but we are not half so nice in winter," confessed Kit lightly. "The roads are horrid, and work is twice as hard in cold weather. Your hands get rough and your nose red; and potatoes and hominy and turnips seem everlasting."

This seemed to Ailsy a good opening for a little scheme which had been brewing with her. "Kitty, dear," she said eagerly, "I want you to promise to come to see me next winter for a long visit. All the things we do in the winter would be so nice if I had you in them, and, really and truly, I want to try to be more comfort to my people, to be as much of a Kit as I can in our house. Won't you come?"

Kit drew a long breath and colored high with pleasure. There was nothing said for a minute or two, and then her voice had a tremulous sound, like the vox humana stop in an organ.

"You must not tempt me," she said, presently. "It is almost like showing me the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. But I could not possibly do it. There are many reasons that you can see would make it impossible—money reasons, and clothes reasons, and so on, but, even if some fairy godmother would furnish the ball dress and the pumpkin coach, I could not go. You see, I could not leave father. I don't do half so much for him as mother and Rosa, but there is one thing that I can do better than anybody, and that is to cheer him up. Dear old daddy! There he comes now; he has been to the postoffice, and how tired he looks! You just finish these, Ailsy, there's a dear, while I run and get him a glass of cold tea."

Tears of disappointment stood in Ailsy's eyes. This was a thing she had so set her heart on. But perhaps cousin Ellen and Rosa would manage it yet; since it would give Kit many chances for improvement. And then Ailsy secretly wondered whether Kit needed any improvement; she was so altogether dear and sweet as she was.

The cherries being finished, she carried the great yellow bowl with proud arms to the kitchen door. Strange! There was nobody there, though the sugar was on the fire. Ailsy set the bowl down and went into the sitting-room, but started back as she reached the door.

"Come in, dear," it was her cousin's voice; "we need you to comfort us."

They were gathered about the table where the father sat gazing dumbly at the open letter. Kit whispered its contents to her: An old friend, for whom her father had gone security soon after the war, had died suddenly, leaving his affairs in a hopeless disorder; his bondsmen would now be called upon to pay his debts; and the family at Inframont, not having a dollar ahead of their careful, economical, daily living, would have to sell the farm.

Rosa was sobbing passionately, but the rest were calm. "My daughter," said the old man, in a stern yet tender voice, "can you not bear the afflictions God sends more bravely?"

"I do not care for myself," sobbed the girl, "but Bob will have to give up his education."

A spasm of pain passed over the rugged face of the father, and Kit's head drooped; but the old Christian rallied promptly.

"Is Robert left out, then, in the allwise ordering of God's providence?" he said.

Rosa's tears ceased, and she went round to her father's side, and kissed the top of his white head. "I will try to remember, father," she said penitently. "I am sure Bob will not doubt God's love."

Ailsy looked on in awe; these were her rustics, then, whom she had meant to patronize and do good to. Why they were giants, and she felt herself a pigmy among them. How bravely and patiently they bore this trouble! How forgetful each of self, how tenderly thoughtful of another!

"It must be the shadow of old Tinkling Spring Church," she said to herself, "that grows such people as these," but her thoughts were suddenly broken off by the opening of the outer door.

"Bob—O Bob!" screamed the girls, and a short, thick-set fellow, with Kit's freckles and reddish hair came in and took his mother in his arms. Ailsy's vision of Bob as a knight of romance was instantly blotted out.

"I see you have all heard the news," he said, sitting down among them after a brief greeting of his new relative. "I got word of it yesterday, and took the early train this morning, to be in this family discussion."

He had seen a lawyer, and had found out that Inframont would not have to be sold, that the interest on the debt would satisfy the creditors and his plans were already laid for his own work next year. He knew also of a chance for Rosa or Kit as companion for a sweet invalid girl, who would give a lovely home and many advantages of study and improvement.

He was evidently not a man to make a scene, or talk much about what he felt; but Ailsy's heart thrilled with loving admiration for her rustics when she heard Bob say to Kitty, "Think, Kathleen Mavourneen, how much better off we are than the poor Bells. Suppose it was our father's memory left with this stain on it!"

"Our father, indeed!" cried Kit, making a little secret dash at her cheeks, to get rid of a tear or two. "You might as well talk about George Washington's statue getting down off its pedestal to cheat at marbles?"—*Elizabeth Preston Allan, in Presbyterian Banner.*

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Canadian Exhibits in Paris.

Says the Montreal *Star*: Count D'Ivry arrived in town yesterday from Paris, having come via New York by the St. Louis. He announces that the Exposition is now in running order and attracting immense numbers of people. Asked as to what position Canadian exhibits were taking at the fair, Count D'Ivry said:

"The Canadian Hunting and Fishing Exhibit is the finest by far at the Paris Exposition. That is the opinion of Col. Gourdreau, Inspector Marine, Hunting and Fishing, and I can cordially endorse this opinion. The Canadian exhibits of buffalo, moose and caribou are also magnificent. They are arranged in a rustic walk, and the scene is indescribably beautiful.

"Canadians have also a very fine exhibit of furs, sleighs and carriages. Two immense walruses were sent from Gaspe, and are attracting much attention. An enormous Canadian mackerel is also daily the centre of a large number of spectators."

"What are some of the most striking features of the Exposition?"

"The exhibition of pearls from Ceylon is something grand. I think perhaps the American Hall for machinery is about the finest display at the Fair. The moving roads, three of them, at different speeds, to take you around the fair grounds, are also noteworthy objects. They cover a distance of four or five miles and you can select one going at a suitable speed for the time at your disposal."

"Paris is beautiful at present. The city, in the evening, is one mass of colored electric lights. Immense crowds move hither and thither in gay throngs. All Paris seems to be living in the air, and the weather has been superb. There are countless numbers of bicycles and automobiles flashing past in every direction by day, and by night it is a fairyland."

"What is the cost of living in Paris at the present?"

"You can get a nice room at a good hotel for $2.00 per day. As for meals a good dinner will cost you about $1.75, but of course, excellent board can be had much cheaper than that."

Laying up a Competence.

"There are some men of genius," said Mr. Ninningly, "who accumulate great fortunes by great strokes, but by far the greater number of fortunes, including those of moderate dimensions, and these form the great majority of all, are made by the very simple progress of living within one's income and investing the surplus with more or less wisdom, but always where it will be safe.

"The older I grow the more amazed I am that more people don't lay up a competence for themselves, as most anybody can do, by beginning early in life to live within their income and sticking to that course faithfully. Did I do this myself? No. Am I, however, having learned the wisdom of this course, now making a beginning? I am obliged to say 'No,' I am still spending all I get and laying by nothing.

"There are some lessons that we all easily acquire, but never turn to our own advantage. One of these is of the benfits that arise from the exercise of self denial. We get from this at once the direct benefit of what we save, and self denial nourishes, strengthens and broadens the will and enables a man constantly to do and to earn more and more.

"There's simply nothing like self denial. It is the key to every one of life's treasures, and everybody has one of these golden keys in his possession, eager to help him and waiting only for him to bring it in use."—*New York Sun.*

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"You May Bend the Sapling, but Not the Tree."

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself—in pimples, headaches, indigestion, or other troubles which tell of poor blood, weak stomach or disordered liver or kidneys. This great medicine regulates the whole system. It never disappoints.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic.

—Says Bishop Potter: A young man was once complaining that he had trouble in writing his sermons. I asked him what he wrote on, and he said: "That is just the truble. I board with the senior warden's wife, and you can't write a strong defence of the Christian religion on three doughnuts and a cup of weak tea."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.