

HER STORY.

A whimsical herb, contented just to grow,
New buds and trim within a wilderness.

She Tried to Be True.

But Found It Difficult to Keep Her
Promise Since She Loved Another.

Although the little village of Olden
was beginning to look bright with the
green of early spring, down here by the
cove all was gray—sand, rock, sky, even
the water had the same dreary tint—not
a gleam of other color, except that of the
crimson shawl which the girl, sitting on a
ledge of rock, had wrapped around her.

Laurence Dare, cousin of the girl,
which ran above the beach, saw the
patch of red and paused.

"That is Monica," he muttered.
He made a few long strides and
stood.

"Monica," he said softly.
The girl turned her head with a quick
movement.

"Oh, Laurence!"
There was a displeased tone in her
ice and her brows came together in a
wrinkle as she regarded him.

"He did make no answer."
Monica, last summer you gave me
sight hope that in time you would listen
me. What have you to say to me?

He turned around to him, her eyes
of tears.

was wrong to let you think you
at hope, Laurence, for I can't do as
wish. Don't you understand? It
is wrong for me to listen to you
k; I belong to Allen. I was to have
his wife. He was always talking
cousin Laurence. You seemed Cousin
rence to me too. Don't you see? I
up to Allen. I can't marry you."

interrupted him quickly.
fash! We don't know; he must be
g."
Monica," he said, with great
of voice, "think! It is four years
as to have returned in ten months."

are finished. "This is nonsense, Mon-
he said half angrily. "If Allen is
g," he went on, "why have we not
d from him all these years? Are
going to waste your life in this little
sp and give up all chance of happi-
ness for a fanciful idea of being bound
in? And think of me! I have loved
so long. Come to me. I shall love
as much that you must love me in
me. Come, I swear that you shall
regret it, Monica."

Will you spoil both of our lives?"
must not listen, Laurence. I wish
you did not care for me. I wish
can't help caring for you. I think I
loved you since the first day I saw
and now that you are free—
Monica, listen!"

She stood up. "I must not, Laurence,
to forget me. I am going home. Do
come."
d before he could stop her she had
ed away.

went along swiftly until she knew
she was out of view from the cove.
thoughts were in a whirl. Why
did she not yield? She knew that her
siness would be secure with this
ng, tender man. How little he guess-
er struggle to resist his pleading!
If thought she did not care. In the old
days she had compared Allen with him,
and always to the former's disadvantage.
For after the first glamour of their en-
gagement she had seen the shallowness
and selfishness of Allen's nature, and in
the close relations into which through
her engagement she was brought with
Allen's cousin Laurence she had recog-
nized the strong and noble character of
the latter.

And these last years how the tenderness
of his nature had shown out! What
care he had given to Allen's desolate
mother! He had almost filled the place
of her son. Still at first her feeling for
him had been only a strong admiration.
In spite of her recognition of Allen's
weak nature, the fascination of his glance
and soft voice had held her a captive.
But now! When Allen had gone west
on the prospecting tour, which was to
occupy ten months, she had promised
to be ready to marry him upon his re-
turn. But the ten months had passed
and other months had grown into years,
and he had not returned. They had no
news of him after that last letter, writ-
ten seven months from his departure.
Laurence had employed every means at
his command to find some trace of him,
but in vain. He appeared to have van-
ished utterly. The only reasonable solu-
tion of the mystery was that he was
dead. His mother believed it, but Mon-
ica did not. She could not. She had
promised to wait for him. She dared
not break that promise. Allen had loved
her. She must—she would—be faithful.
She would not yield to Laurence!

Dare did not again see Monica, al-
though at each visit he made his aunt
during the spring he called at the parson-
age. But Monica had always been often
The minister and his wife received him
most cordially. They would gladly have
seen their daughter's wife.

She felt that she would run no risk of
meeting him this afternoon, he having
visited his aunt the previous week. On
reaching the house she found the hall
door open. She knocked lightly and
without waiting for a response walked
into the little parlor, where she knew
Mrs. Dare was in the habit of sitting.

But at the threshold Monica paused.
For there stood Laurence by the window,
an open letter in his hand. His aunt
sat near him, apparently in a state of
great excitement.

As she saw Monica she cried out:
"Monica! My own Allen is living! Come
in and hear the letter!"
Then she fell to weeping and repeating
over and over, "My boy is living!"

Monica looked from her to Dare in be-
wilderedment. She had turned very white.
Laurence went up to her and drew her
to a chair. He, too, was pale.

"Is it true?" gasped Monica at length.
"Yes," but he did not look at her.
"Then?"
"I received the letter this morning and
came down by the first train."

"Where is he? I don't understand."
"In California."
Monica looked at him confusedly.

"Why—why haven't I—but I have
been out all afternoon. I suppose that I
shall find a letter at home."
Dare did not reply. His aunt was still
crying. She now looked up at Laurence.

"Blush the letter, Laurence. Listen,
Monica; our Allen is still living."
Dare had folded the letter and was
putting it into his pocket.

"There is little more of importance,
dear aunt."
"But Monica must hear it, Laurence.
Monica, dear child, we'll be happy now.
Read the letter for her, Laurence."

"My dear aunt, you must try to calm
yourself or you will be ill."
Monica was puzzled by Dare's evident
desire not to read the letter to her. She
went over to Mrs. Dare and embraced
her.

"Laurence is right; you must try to be
calm, dear Mrs. Dare."
"Joy never kills, child. I must cry for
pure happiness."

"I shall go home now," said Monica.
"Perhaps there is a letter for me."
"Well, child, but come early tomorrow.
We'll count the days now till we see the
boy."

Laurence had left the room and stood
at the entrance door.
"I am going with you," he said as
Monica came out.

Dare regarded the girl stealthily as
they walked along. He marveled at the
unrestrained manner in which she had
received the news of Allen's being alive.

She was still very white, and there was
a strained look in her face—not the ex-
pression of joy he would have expected
to see. She walked rapidly, paying no
heed to Dare.

He put his hand gently on her arm.
"Do not walk so fast, Monica. You
will tire yourself out."
She did not reply, but went more
slowly.

"Monica," began Dare hesitatingly, "I
do not think that you will find a letter
from Allen."

She stopped still and looked at him.
"What is it, Laurence? You are hid-
ing something. What is the mystery?
Why did you not wish to read the let-
ter?"

Dare stood looking at her sadly, cur-
ing Allen in his heart.
"Darling, if I could have spared you
this," he said.

"Laurence, I tried all along to be faith-
ful to Allen, but—"
"But what, Monica?"
She stood up and looked into his eyes
a fleeting glance, but it was enough for
Dare.—Chicago Record.

The Noise of Pavements.
Which is the noisier pavement—gran-
ite, cobble or asphalt? Observations
made in Philadelphia show that a horse's
hoofs make practically the same noise on
granite and asphalt, but the sound is
rather sharper on the granite. On gran-
ite and cobble the noise of wagon wheels
drowns that of the horsehooves. It
amounts to about 90 per cent of the
whole noise, and as it is practically sup-
pressed on asphalt it follows that asphalt
is the quietest. It is also the best for
motor cars.—London Globe.

A Seasonable Jest.
"I tell you she's the very salt of the
earth."
"But I think she overdoes it a little
with her peppery temper."—Cleveland
Plain Dealer.

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turkeys, ducks, geese, dressed meats, eggs and other farm produce, and is now arranging
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together from the farmers and prepared for export to England.

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with the necessary plants to make the exported articles as perfect as possible, and will
have its own local manager, inspectors, buyers, butchers, egg handlers, pluckers, dressers,
packers, shippers, agents, bookkeepers, stenographers and clerks, and as this Company is
designed to carry a considerable part, if not all, of the future export trade of Canada with
England and other countries in dressed poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, dressed meats,
eggs and other farm produce, it will be readily understood what a great host of employes
it will find it necessary to engage, and as it is a purely Canadian enterprise for the ad-
vancement of the agricultural business of the country, it has been decided to make the
Company "for the people, and to promote an enthusiastic and patriotic interest
in it."

With This Object, Stock in the Company
has been set apart for subscription by applicants for positions. It is agreed if the appli-
cants as stockholders it will prove a bond of faith and unity of interest between the
Company and its employes, a standing reference of honesty and integrity. The stock sub-
scriber for applicants for positions will be in the same class as all other stock in the
company. The Company has no preference shares. The net profits or dividends will be
divided among all the shareholders alike.

Applicants for Positions
may hold as many shares of the capital stock of the Company as they wish, but not less
than ten shares, which cost fifty dollars. (The shares are five dollars each.)

Applications for Positions
will be entertained first from those who have secured shares. Shareholders will at all
times be the first considered, and as it will likely take a month or more to investigate the
qualifications of the large number of applicants, and the final organization of the Com-
pany must not be delayed. The subscription list for position seekers will close promptly
at six o'clock, afternoon, on the 25th May, 1901.

Salaries and Wages Paid
The local managers will be paid a salary of \$1,200 a year each, the inspectors \$800 a
year each, and the other employes will be paid salaries or wages fitting the dignity of the
positions they hold, and equal to the salaries paid for similar services in other companies,
and having regard to the experience and ability of the employee and the demands of the
concern.

The Capital Stock
of this Company is divided into shares of five dollars each, and of this only a limited
number of shares are offered for subscription by position seekers, but no subscription
will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). The stock will be allotted in the order in
which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the
application form given below, be careful to state how many shares you want, and the
amount of money you enclose. Sign your name to it, and fill in your address, and send
it to Mr. Gibson Arnold, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, On-
tario, accompanied by a marked cheque, post office order or express order for the full
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the Company.

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Professor—Ven I blay it a violin
Ven you blay it a fiddle.—Tit Bits

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At Hantsport, May 12th to Mr. and
Mrs. E. L. Gertrude a son.
At Scotch Village, May 5th to Mr.
and Mrs. J. Adams a daughter.

DIED
At Summerville, May 10th Rev Geo.
Wethers, in the 68th year of his
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given away anyway?
That's a mystery to me. But I
know perfectly well that he did not
give it to me for love of me and also
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