Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1877. — NO. 18

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against having anything to do with a NOTE OF HAND made by the subscribers in December, 1876, in eight months, in favor of ROBERT GORDON, as said Note was obtained by misrepresentation, and we received no value and shall resist payment.

JOSEPH NIXON,
ANDREW NIXON.

Margaretville, July 4th, 1877 9i t21

NOTICE. All persons having any legal demands against the estate of *JOSEPH EDWIN MORSE*, Carpenter, of Bridgetown, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MARIA G. MORSE, admx.,
ISAAC P. MORSE, admr.

Bridgetown, April 25th, '77. 6m

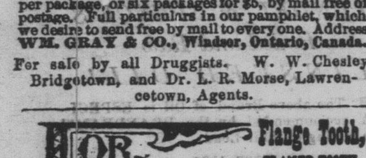
Notice. Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING Senr., late of Wilmot, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested make immediate payment to

R. B. DURLING, Z. DURLING. } Administrators.

Lawrencetown, Jan. 24th, '77 6m n43 t17

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency*, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age*, and many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave*. Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Before Taking. After Taking.

For sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley, Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

FOR Flange Tooth, PLANER TOOTH, CHISEL TOOTH AND SOLID SAWS

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH Agent....Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " ....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ...St. John, N.B.

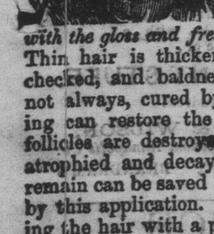
Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT.

. State where you saw this advertisement.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

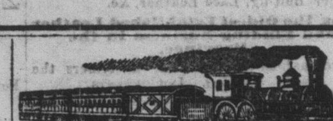
HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax
Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W CHESLEY, *Bridgetown* N. S.



Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Monday, 7th of May, 1877.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.	Express daily, 1st Class only.	Passengers and Frght. Mon, Wed, and Frid, only.	Pass. and Freight daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax—Leave	8 00	9 15	3 30
8	Bedford "	8 24	10 00	4 05
13	Windsor Junctn. "	8 35	10 35	4 30
26	Mount Uniacke "	9 08	11 23	5 10
			P. M.	
36	Ellerhouse "	9 35	12 02	5 43
39	Newport "	9 43	12 15	5 55
45	Windsor "	10 02	1 00	6 30
52	Hantsport "	10 21	1 28	6 55
63	Wolfville "	10 50	2 17	7 33
70	Kentville "	11 25	3 25	
82	Berwick "	11 56	4 26	
		P. M.		
87	Aylesford "	12 09	4 45	
98	Wilmot "	12 40	5 26	
101	Middleton "	12 49	5 37	
107	Lawrencetown "	1 05	5 59	
110	Paradise "	1 14	6 10	
115	Bridgetown "	1.28	6 28	
123	Roundhill "	1 48	6 58	
129	Annapolis—Arrive	2 05	7 20	
190	St. John by Steamer	8 00	....	

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.	Passengers and Freight daily.	Pass. and Freight Tues, Thurs, & Frid, only.	Express Daily, 1st Class only.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer	....	....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis Leave	....	6 15	2 20
6	Round Hill "	....	6 40	2 36
14	Bridgetown "	....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise "	....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown "	....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton "	....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot "	....	8 17	3 0
42	Aylesford "	....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick "	....	9 28	4 23
59	Kentville "	6 30	11 10	5 05
66	Wolfville "	6 57	11 41	5 26
			P. M.	
77	Hantsport "	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor "	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport "	8 42	1 40	6 33
93	Ellershouse "	8 56	1 54	6 41
103	Mount Uniacke "	9 50	2 36	7 07
116	Windsor Junctn "	10 40	3 45	7 45
121	Bedford "	11 00	4 05	8 00
129	Halifax—Arrive	11 30	4 45	8 20

Express trains run daily, and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to set down, they will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, on arrival of 8. a. m. Express train from Halifax.

Intercolonial Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 9 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5. 12 p. m., and 7.15 p. m., for Truro, Pictou, Moncton, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at North Street Depot, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

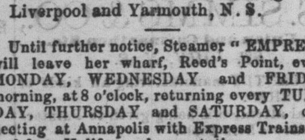
P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, May 3rd, '77

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"



For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, returning every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax,	1st class...			$5.00
do	do	do	2nd class...	3.50
do.	do.	Annapolis	....	2.00
do.	do.	Digby	....	1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)			....	7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 22 *Germain St.............St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.

sept30 y

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,

ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

INTEREST allowed on Deposits. Drafts on New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax, at City rates.

STERLING EXCHANGE
BOUGHT and SOLD.
COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

ALEX. SHEARER, Agent.

Jan. 10 n38 tf

MacFarlane & Adams

Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for

Canada Paper Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Oct. 16th, '76. 6mn27

TWO CASES
FINE FELT HATS
Just Opening.

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, March 21st, 1877.

CARD.

Jno. B. Mills,

Barrister, &c., &c.,

Bona Vista House,

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(*Formerly STUBBS'*)

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND..............PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, MISS WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

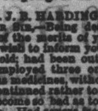
BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."



CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. B. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappear.

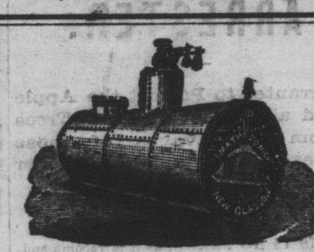
ST. ARMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 23 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

Price $1 per bottle. HENRY SNIDER

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.



I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

AND

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe,
Steam and Water Guages,
Brass Cocks and Valves,
Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

FLANNELS

AND

BLANKETS!

WHITE LANCASHIRE FLANNELS;
WHITE MEDIUM do;
WHITE IMITATION WELSH;
WHITE do do fine;
WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC;
WHITE SAXONY UNION all wool;
WHITE SERGES, all wool;
WHITE PLAIDINGS;
SCARLET LANCASHIRE;
SCARLET MEDIUM do;
YELLOW LANCASHIRE;
GREEN do;
INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN;
INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED;
SCARLET SAXONY;
COLORED do;
CANADIAN ALL WOOL, GREY;
AMERIC'N WHITE, GREY, SCARLET

BLANKETS!

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY,

FOR SALE BY

W. G. LAWTON,

Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B.

October 1876.

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.

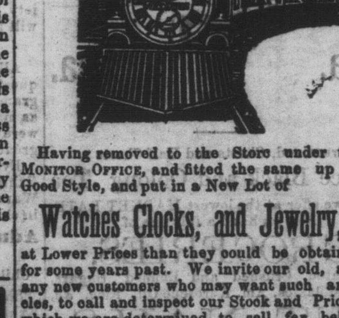
ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!



Having removed to the Store under the MONITOR OFFICE, and fitted the same up in Good Style, and put in a New Lot of

Watches Clocks, and Jewelry,

at Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
Rings, Brooches, Earrings,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS,
SPOONS, FORKS,
Spectacles, Purses, Charms, &c.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a speciality, and parties will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON.

Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76. y

Poetry.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life is a burden to everyone's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear,
Sorrow comes into our homes uninvited,
Robbing our heart of its treasure of song;
Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted,
But somehow or other we worry along.

'Midst the sweet blossoms that smile in our faces
Grow the rank weeds that would poison and blight,
And e'en in the midst of earth's beautiful places
There's always a something that isn't just right.
Yet oft from a rock we may pick a gay flower,
And drink from a spring in a desolate waste;
They come to the heart as a heavenly dower,
And nought is so sweet to the eye or the taste.

Everyday toil is an everyday blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayor.
Somehow or other the pathway seems brighter
Just when we mourn there is none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
But somehow or other we get to the end.

Select Literature.

Miss Clavering's Nephew.

CHAPTER IV. *Continued.*

As he spoke, he exerted all his force, and by sheer strength drew the 'doves' a little to the side.

'Now!' he cried—and she obeyed him.

He turned his head an instant—he saw Florence alight safely on the spot he had indicated, and then there was a great crash, and he was lying stunned and senseless, amidst the wreck of the shattered vehicle and with a wound in his forehead from which the blood was trickling over his pale face.

CHAPTER V., and Last.

It was a bright clear morning, exceptionally bright and clear for the first of that most fickle of months—April. The sun shinning upon dreary Tortchester seemed to bestow a gladness everywhere. It illuminated the gray old minster with a glistening light on mullioned window and weather-beaten pinnacle. It made its way through the narrow crooked thoroughfares infusing a new life into the sleepy inhabitants. It shone in unclouded brilliance down upon the High Street, and, glancing through the window of Captain Ralph Chetwynde's room, quivered lightly on the sword and sabretache which his little wife was unbuckling for him; for he had just returned from morning parade.

'A fine morning, Katie dear,' said Captain Ralph, drawing his chair to the inviting breakfast-table. 'The air is keen though, and has given me a wonderful appetite. Well, James, what's the matter? Can't you speak?'

But James, his man, did not speak, only continuing a series of pantomimic gestures which unmistakably invited his master's presence in an adjoining room.

Ralph Chetwynde put down his untasted coffee, cast a half look of regret at his chop, which he had just prepared to his taste, and rose from the table.

'Beg pardon, sir,' said the man, carefully closing the door. 'Elderly gent called here just now. He said he was General Chetwynde—your father, sir.'

'Eh! What? My father?'

'Yes, sir,' said James. 'He comes up to the door with a rattling knock, and, before I can get it well open, he says quick and sharp like—

'Where's my son?' 'Your son, sir?' says I.

'Yes,' he says, 'my son—Captain Chetwynde.'

'Well as I did not like his looks, and I thought it might be a plant of them Jews—all the same for that, he did not look much like a Sheriff's officer, but there's no knowing, they're up to all manner of tricks—I says quiet like, until I should know more about it—as I always do—as you were out of town, sir.

'I am aware of that,' he says, sharper then ever, 'but I want to know where. I can't go all over North Wales,' says he, 'looking for Trevellyn Lodge; and then he shows me this, and in his hurry left it behind him.' And James handed his master a crumpled telegram.

Captain Chetwynde opened it and read—

'Miss Clavering, Trevellyn Lodge, North Wales, to General Chetwynde. The Shrubbery, Stafford. Your son is visiting me. Has met with an accident. Come at once.'

'What can have happened to poor Roland?' exclaimed his friend, aloud. 'And what will he do or say when my father gets there?' he added, inwardly. Then, turning to his servant, 'What did you say to my father?' he asked.

'Well, sir, I did not know what to say,' answered the man. 'He told me that he received the telegram last night, too late to start then, and the lady not giving him the proper address compelled him to break his journey here; and that he had no time to spare, as another train went on almost directly. He seemed so troubled about the accident that I should like to have told him the truth. But then, you see, sir, he would be stopping here, and—I ask your pardon, sir—I know you don't want him to know of your marriage, so I told him as Trevellyn Lodge were at Cwm-Arvan, and I took him the nearest way to the station myself, and he is gone, sir.'

'I suppose you acted for the best,' said the Captain thoughtfully. 'There is no help for it now. I shall have to go too.'

'Yes, sir, I thought so, sir,' said the invaluable James, with alacrity. 'Here is Bradshaw, sir—I took the liberty of looking it out. Train starts at ten twenty-five. Fast train, sir; you could get to Cwm-Arvan one hour after the General, sir.'

Captain Chetwynde re-entered the breakfast room. As he looked at his pretty little wife, a sudden idea appeared to strike him, and he muttered to himself—

'It must be sooner or later. As well now as any other time.' And then he said aloud—

'Katie, darling, make yourself as charming as you can in twenty minutes, for I am going to introduce you to my father to-day.' Then, noticing her look of surprise, he added, 'I will tell you all about it when we are in the train.'

* * * * * * *

When Roland Temple came to himself he was in bed, in his own room at Trevellyn Lodge. The village doctor, who had been sent for, gave it as his opinion that the wound which the young man had received in the forehead was by no means serious, and that, saving a few bruises, he had sustained no further injury. But Miss Clavering, alarmed by the insensible, blood-stained figure which two or three peasants, under Miss Vane's direction, had bourne into the house, had lost no time in forwarding a telegram to General Chetwynde. And, as Doctor Lance had recommended that the patient should be kept quiet, she had thought it best not to acquaint Roland with her proceedings.

The quietude prescribed was grateful enough to Roland Temple. His head ached badly from the blow, and he was still giddy and faint from loss of blood. So when, in answer to his eager questions, he learned that Florence had escaped unhurt, he sank gratefully into a heavy, dreamless slumber, which lasted far into the next day.

He was awakened at length, not so much by the entrance of the doctor, who stole noiselessly into the room, as by a subdued murmur of voices in the hitherto silent house.

'I am all right now, doctor,' he said, 'and felt as well as ever.' Then, hearing several footsteps approaching, he inquired, 'What's the matter? Who is this coming?'

'Hush, my dear sir," answered Doctor Lance, gently. 'Pray do not excite yourself. But Miss Clavering was so alarmed yesterday—ladies are nervous, you know—that she deemed it advisable to send for your father, and he has arrived, and is coming to see you now. That is,' added the worthy practitioner, with a little professional anxiety, 'if you do not think the interview will disturb you.'

'Disturb me!' said Roland to himself, 'It appears to me it is likely to disturb us all round. From what Ralph has told me concerning his respected parent, General Chetwynde will be considerably disturbed at coming this distance to see a rank imposter, and it is not quite clear to me how the said imposter is going to excuse himself.'

The footsteps paused at the door, which was thrown open by the doctor. Roland caught sight of Miss Clavering, and behind her a tall, erect old man, with severe gray eyes, and a fierce-looking, grizzled moustache. To gain a moment's respite, he 'ducked' his head beneath the bed-clothes.

The old gentleman came to the side of the bed.

'My boy,' he said, 'I am glad to find that, after all, you are not much hurt." And then he added, in a surprised tone, for the patient still kept his face obstinately covered, 'Ralph do you know me?'

The crisis was come. Roland's head emerged from the bed-clothes, and he said—

'No, sir! Do you know me?'

'Why—why—what is the meaning of—of this?' ejaculated the General, in sputtering astonishment. 'This is not my son, madam;' and he turned to Miss Clavering.

That lady looked bewildered.

'Not your son,' she was beginning, but Roland interrupted her.

'Miss Clavering, I have to beg your pardon for a bit of thoughtless folly, and, much as I shall prize your forgiveness, I have to ask for something more precious still. My explanation will not be a long one, but I would rather make it down-stairs.'

At this Doctor Lance, who had been hovering in the rear, came to the front. He did not approve of thus losing what had promised to be a remunerative case.

'My dear sir,' he commenced, 'I really cannot hear of your rising. Quiet and repose are in your present state——'

'Indisputably requisite,' interposed Roland. 'I know it; and I am going downstairs, I hope, to find them;' and, as Miss Clavering and the deceived General left the room, he started up in bed with a triumphant flourish.

Doctor Lance attempted to expostulate, but the patient made so suggestive a movement towards a pillow that the worthy practioner left the room in silence.

When, Roland, having made a hasty toilet, came down, General Chetwynde, not having quite recovered his ruffled equanimity, rose and left the room, a little stiffly; and aunt Clavering, Florence, and Roland were alone together.

There was a long pause, and then the young man slowly began to speak, and with much faltering; but presently the words came fast and fluently enough. He told them of his own and his friend Ralph's debts and difficulties; of the reason why he had been induced to personate the old lady's nephew; of his hopeless, passionate love for Florence Vane—a love which he had never meant to reveal, had it not been revealed in that moment of imminent peril through which they had both passed.

When he had finished, Florence came to him, and, with love and tenderness, smiling through happy tears, in silence more eloquent than words, placed her little hand in his.

The action being so very suggestive in itself, Miss Clavering, who had listened with a rather grave but not displeased face, for she had grown to like the young man, did not feel herself called upon to say much. She therefore confined herself to financial affairs, and Roland learned that Florence Vane was heiress to a sum of money in comparison with which his debts were trifling.

When General Chetwynde entered the room, Roland Temple, his confession over, was seated by Miss Vane's side. He listened to Roland's apologies for having made him take such a journey, and replied—

'Say no more about it. I cannot blame you, since it has renewed my acquaintance with Miss Clavering, and the beauty which I see before me'—with a bow to Florence—'is well worth a longer journey to behold.' The General was, however, slightly dissatisfied, for he added in an injured tone: 'There is one thing I can't forgive young man. You have won a prize which might have been my son's.'

'I think not, father, for I am already booked.'

The voice was unmistakably Captain Chetwynde's, and the owner of it, with a graceful woman leaning on his arm, came forward.

'Will any one tell me what all this means?' he inquired in a dazed way.

'I will, sir,' answered his son. 'It means that this lady'—here he indicated his companion—'is my wife. She has been so for some time, but I dared not tell you of it before, fearing your displeasure at my marrying a portionless bride.'

Here Ralph's pretty little wife disengaged herself from her husband's arm, and walked unflinchingly up to the grim old martinet.

'Will you not forgive us?' she asked, in a pleading tone.

General Chetwynde looked from the one to the other.

'It is not much use to talk about that,' he replied, with a poor assumption of gruffness. 'This day's work is full of surprises and masked batteries. I came ever so many miles to see an imposter'—indicating Roland Temple—'who goes about the country pretending to be my son, and I am followed all the way by a lady who insists upon being my daughter.'

'I fully endorse your opinion,' said Aunt Clavering, coming to the rescue. 'If anything can excuse all this deception and plotting, it is the fact that to-day is the First of April. Come, General—it is not much in your way, I know, but you had better give these young people your blessing.

And the General gave it, and there was a great deal of joy and mutual congratulation.

Not long after this there was a wedding in the quaint old church at Cwm-Arvan, the officiating minister being the Reverend Bexley Cape. The wedding, besides being very satisfactory to those immediately concerned, was a cause of satisfaction even in the far off London, where there was much rejoicing in the tribe of Judah; for the liabilities of both Roland and his friend were cleared off, and bill discounters knew them no more.

Roland Temple sold his commission. In spite of her theories touching a soldier's life, Florence was willing that he should do so, and Miss Clavering insisted upon it.

Years have rolled away since then, and tiny feet go pattering about Trevellyn Lodge, for Roland lives there, sobered down into a quiet country gentleman. But, whenever Ralph Chetwynde can obtain leave of absence, there is always a hearty welcome for him and his wife at Trevellyn Lodge. There is one anniversary on which they never fail to assemble there all together—namely, the first of April.

H. J. H.

THE TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The tunnel, if it should be constructed, will commence and end some distance inland, to allow for a gradual descent on one side and ascent on the other. The inland parts of the tunnel will be nine miles in length, counting the distance underground at both ends. The cost of simply driving the tunnel from end to end through the underlying chalk formation is estimated at four millions of dollars, and the time it would require to construct the driftway two years. The engineers calculate that it would take four years more to finish the work, including the arching of the tunnel, building the offices, and making the necessary connections with the railways on both sides. The total cost is put at $20,000,000. A short time ago a meeting of the Tunnel Company was held in Paris, at which were read the reports of the engineers engaged during the past year in making the preliminary submarine surveys These surveys were pronounced quite satisfactory, a continuous bed of chalk having been traced underlying the channel from shore to shore. As a further experimental test of the practicability of the scheme the sum of £160,000 has been provided (principally by the railway companies interested in the prosecution of the work) to sink pits on both sides into the chalk beds and drive a section of the tunnel half a mile under the waters of the channel.

Thus far every thing works favorably to the ultimate completion of this great engineering project. Whether the necessary amount of capital can be obtained is the chief problem now to be solved. An attempt has been made to show that sufficient revenue could be derived from passengers to pay a tair interest on the capital invested in addition to the current expenses of lighting, ventilating and aporating this long line of road under the bed of the sea. The number of persons crossing the channel annually between Dover and Calais is believed to be four hundred thousand. The theory is that this number would be doubled if the tunnel were built, and the sickness incidental to the sea voyage thus avoided. But it is not shown that a tunnel thirty-one miles in length would itself be free from equally serious objections. The project nevertheless is a grand one, and if capitalists can be induced to believe that the tunnel can be made to pay there is abundance of money wherewith to built it now seeking investment.

☞ A man may be supposed to save money and lay it by for sickness or other purposes, but he cannot do this unless his wife lets him or helps him. A prudent, frugal, thrifty woman is a crown of glory to her husband. She helps him in all his good resolutions; she may, by quiet and gentle encouragement, bring out his better qualities; and by her example she may implant in him noble principles, which are the seeds of the highest practical virtues.

☞ Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rest the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the woman of the world and the nun, the lover and the monk they are precious always.

☞ He who in the same given time can produce more than many others has vigour; he who can produce more and better has talents; he who can produce what none else can has genius.