Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1877. — NO. 16

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, on 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

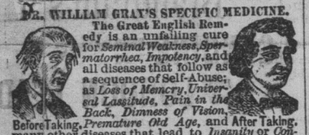
Notice. Notice.

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, } Administrators.
Z. DURLING. }

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 After Taking, 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.

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

PORTABLE GRIST MILLS
ONE OR THREE RUN.

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 Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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 Jnctn.	"	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 00	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 Tue, 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 Jnctn	"	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... 2.50
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

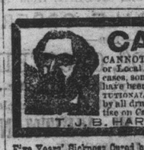
BRIDGETOWN,

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 Dropsings in Throat Disappeared.

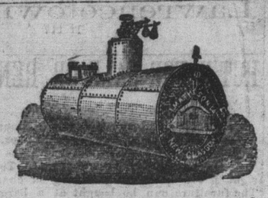
ST. ANNAND, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1875

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 29 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.

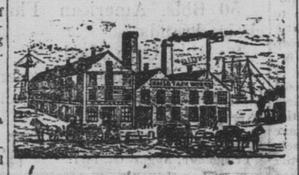
Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1840.
(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)
Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. apl0

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.

LONGINGS.

When shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh! that it were thy will
To loose my bonds and take me where Thou art.

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom—I scarce can see
The waymarks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn and I were safe with Him.

Oh that I were at rest, like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou did'st never shrink
From any toil or weariness for me,
Not even from that last deep agony;
Shall I beneath my trials sink?

No, Lord, for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me there. I know Thou canst not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee, when Thou for me didst bleed?

Select Literature.

Miss Clavering's Nephew.

CHAPTER I.

'Something must be done,' said Captain Chetwynde.

'Unquestionable,' asserted his friend, Lieutenant Temple.

'Can't you think of anything, Roland?'—'No. Can't you?'

Ralph Chetwynde made no reply. Taking up the poker, he assaulted the fir vindictively, and, rising from his chair with a vicious little jerk, walked to the window and gazed moodily forth.

There was but scant comfort in that direction. It was the close of a chill March day; the wind was sighing and wailing mournfully, and occasionally a driving rain hastened the steps of the few wayfarers still abroad in Tortchester—one of the dreariest garrison towns in the kingdom. It was a dismal prospect enough, and, turning, from it with a sigh, the gazer resumed his seat.

The shadows of the coming night settled down upon the almost deserted street, and the gloom upon the faces of the speakers deepened as they smoked in silence. The room in which they sat was luxuriously appointed, and about the occupants themselves there was the indefinable 'something' which attaches itself to gentle breeding, as well as that careless easy grace of manner which marks those with whom the wheels of life run smoothly.

They were fast friends, these two men; they had been at college together and, leaving it at the same time, had entered the army, both of them bearing commissions in the same cavalry regiment, a 'crack' one, noted for the extravagance of its officers. Together they had pursued a course of reckless expenditure which had brought them down that hill at the foot of which lurk ruin and disgrace.

The firelights flickered upon the musing faces of the two friends, upon the elegant furniture, upon some sweet-scented hyacinths which, with a lady's work-basket, seemed strangely out of place, upon a few handsomely bound volumes in the carved bookcase, and upon one little book which had cost its possessor more than all the others by a thousandfold—a little thin blue morocco-covered book, with gilt edges—a harmless looking trifle enough. Better far had it been if some kind friend had tossed it into the fire years before. It was Captain Chetwynde's betting book.

The Captain was the first to break the silence.

'We must do something.'

'Quite so,' assented his friend, languidly—'we must do something. The question is—what?'

'Won't Isaacson renew that bill?'

'Most emphatically, no. I told him today that we were perfectly willing to sign anything; but he said it was of no use, that it was only wasting good paper, and it occurs to me that our Hebrew friend had a certain amount of reason upon his side.'

'I suppose we shall have to sell out,' said Ralph Chetwynde.

'Looks uncommonly like it,' returned the other. 'Don't you think'—after a pause—'that it would be almost better to write and tell your father of your marriage?'

'Oh, very much!' replied the Captain, with a hard laugh. 'General Chetwynde will be delighted when he knows that his son has married the daughter of a penniless curate.'

'But he must know it some day,' pursued the Lieutenant.

'Wenever he does he will disinherit me. And whenever the money-leaders know it the whole tribe of Judah will be down on me as one man. What right have I with love and affection?' he continued, bitterly. 'I have my debts, and I ought to have made a wealthy marriage and paid them.'

'Ralph, dear boy, you don't repent?'

'Repent!' echoed Ralph Chetwynde. 'No. I would marry my darling again to-morrow! But I suppose I was a selfish brute when I asked her to link herself with my poor fortune.'

'And does your wife know of your circumstances?'

'No; I have kept them from the dear little soul so far. I gave her my last sovereign just now to buy some feminine fripperies, and it leaves me about a dozen shillings in the world.'

'That is not much to go upon,' observed Temple, 'and still less to meet Mr. Isaacson's little bill. It falls due in two days, and he said that if he could not get the money he would have me. It is not quite clear what good I shall be to him; I have never been much good to myself'—with a sigh. 'Well, it is of no use grieving,' he added, philosophically. 'When things come to the worst they mend; and our circumstances are about as blue as they can be. Suppose we have another cigar;' and the speaker selected one from his case, and looked for a light. 'May I burn this?' he asked, taking something from the table. 'It is only an envelope, I think—no, it is a letter.'

'You can have it,' said Chetwynde.

'But it has not been opened.'

'Nor is it necessary that it should be, if it is addressed to me. I don't know how it got there. My man, who is invaluable, has standing orders, which he generally obeys, that I am never at home to duns, whether they come in person or by post. He usually burns anything looking like a business letter; it is a pity he cannot do the same with the writers.'

'But this is not a business letter,' said Roland Temple; 'it is directed'—holding it to the firelight—'in a lady's hand, and there is a crest on the seal.'

'Ah, very well,' rejoined the other, 'I will read it presently, if I don't forget it. In the mean'ime, use some of the envelopes for your cigar.'

Lieutenant Temple, tearing off a portion, twisted it up, and held it to the fire; but, as it burst into a flame, he crushed it in his hand, with an exclamation.

'Burnt your fingers?' inquired his friend, composedly.

Roland Temple made no reply. He first found some more paper and then lit the lamp, and then by its light carefully examined the charred fragments.

'I thought so,' he exclaimed. 'It is some time since I saw one; but I was not mistaken. What do you think I have here, Ralph?'

'Don't know, I am sure,' answered Ralph, unconcernedly.

'Well, I've torn off a small bit of the edge of a bank note.'

Captain Chetwynde's indifference vanished in a moment, and he made a dash at the neglected letter.

'By Jove, Temple, you are right! Here are five notes, and for ten pounds each. Now I wonder what good Samaritan has done this;' and he drew the lamp to him, and read the accompanying note.

'Well!' he said, in answer to his friend's inquiring look. 'It is from an aunt of mine, upon my mother's side. She is residing at Cwm-Arvan—some inaccessible place in Wales, I suppose—and wants me to visit her.'

'I never heard you speak of her before,' said Temple.

'Likely enough, my dear boy. I had forgotten there was such a person.'

'Did you ever quarrel?' inquired his friend.

'No, never had the chance. When I last had the pleasure of seeing aunt Clavering, I was aged ten—almost too young to quarrel, you know. But my father succeeded in offending her. She was engaged to an officer, who was killed in India; and ever since she has remained single, and has cherished a dislike to the Army generally.

'I wish some one disliked the Army enough to send me fifty pounds ejaculated Lieutenant Temple.

'Oh, she sends it that I may have no excuse not to visit her,' laughed the other. 'She tells me that she does not doubt my being, like the rest of the family, over head and ears in debt. She's about right there, too,' he muttered, ruefully. 'But, if you like to listen, I will tell you all about it. Before my birth she had fully made up her mind that I was to be a girl, and, being a strong-minded woman, I think she rather resented my not carrying out her views. However, she got over that so far as to grace my baptism with her presence as godmother, and to 'promise and vow,' and all that kind of thing. I believe she was very fond of me; and she was anxious that my father should me a lawyer. I don't know why, except that, like everybody else, we are supposed to have something, or other in Chancery, and perhaps she thought I might devote my legal energy to getting out. Of course my father would not hear of it. I was to be a soldier—so said he, and so said I; and the end of it was that my respected aunt departed in high dudgeon, and has never been near us since. She had been living on the Continent, I believe, and the last we heard of her she had taken as companion the penniless daughter of some deceased friend—to make up for my deficiencies, I suppose.'

'That looks rather bad for you, old fellow, doesn't it? Has she much to leave?' asked Roland.

'Quite the reverse,' answered Chetwynde, carelessly. 'She has a very good income, but it is only an annuity. As she lives upon it, I don't think aunt Clavering's heiress would be much of a catch, but if you like you can accept the invitation instead of me, and judge for yourself.'

'But you don't mean to say you are not going?' interposed Temple.

'My going is out of question. You know quite well that I have just leave of absence for my marriage, and I could not well ask the Major again. Besides, I could do no good by going, and I do not wish to leave my wife. You can help yourself to what you want; and he pushed the roll of notes toward his friend. 'Take my name and go as me.'

Lieutenant Temple looked doubtful.

'You forget that aunt Clavering has not seen me for fifteen years. There cannot be a slower place than this town of Tortchester, and anything is better than falling into the clutches of our friend Isaacon, While you are away I may come to some arrangement with him. Will you go, Roland?'

'I think I will,' he replied, hesitatingly.

'All right, then. We must write and say that you will be there the day after to-morrow. Here's my wife coming.'

As Ralph Chetwynde spoke, a lady, gracefully attired, entered the room, and at her presence his troubled countenance cleared, and there was a look of love in his handsome eyes which some of his fast friends would have wondered to see. Captain Chetwynde had been recklessly wild and extravagant. With bill-discounters and money-lenders his name was only too well known, and but little respected. But in his inmost heart, holding fast to a sincere love for a true, pure woman, he was not wholly lost.

CHAPTER II.

A letter, thanking aunt Clavering for her present, and accepting her invitation, was despatched the next day, and in due course Roland Temple followed.

His destination was an obscure place in the heart of North Wales, and the day was closing in as the corduroy coated presiding genius of the little station ran up and down the platform, shouting 'Cwm-Arvan.'

Lieutenant Temple alighted; and finding, by reference to the official discharging in his own person the treble functions of station master, clerk, and porter, the Trevellyn Lodge was distant only two miles, he elected to walk, and so gave directions for his luggage to be forwarded. The road Roland Temple followed for nearly half the distance wound along the side of a hill. It was bordered by thickly growing trees, through the interlacing branches of which the setting sun threw a fantastic light and shade upon the earth. Upon one hand was the river which gave its name to Cwm-Arvan. Its loud brawling could be heard always, although in many places it was hidden from sight by thickly growing underwood of the precipitous bank; but here and there a break in the bushes gave a view of its impetuous current, as, much swollen by heavy rains, it dashed along far down below, where the shadows of the coming night were gathering.

Trevellyn Lodge was a somewhat small and unpretentious residence. Of no particular order of architecture, it fairly baffled antiquarian research. It might be a new house which had stood very badly, or an old house which had lasted very well.

When Roland arrived he found his luggage already there, it having been sent by a shorter road, the knowledge of which the guileless station-master had kept to himself.

'Captain Chetwynde, I suppose, sir?' said a serving man.

'Yes,' answered the Lieutenant, as if the name had belonged to him all his life; and he was shown to his room.

As he made his toilette, he quieted his misgivings with the reflection—'if the old lady does not find me out in the first five minutes it will be all right. And so here goes!' And he descended to the drawing room.

As Roland entered, Miss Clavering advanced to meet him. A prim, precise old lady she was, well preserved, and carrying her years lightly, for though time had silvered her hair it had dealt so easily with her face that a few wrinkles seemed only to give an extra vigour to the resolute mouth, while age had failed to dim the kindly, dark eyes.

She took him by both hands, and welcomed him heartily.

'So you are Ralph Chetwynde, my graceless nephew,' said Miss Clavering, leading him well into the light of the lamps, and examining him with a critical eye. 'Ah, you look astonished and confused; but there is a little bird in my service tells me my secrets. You don't resemble your father much,' she continued, examining him critically, 'except, as I have heard, in your extravagance, and running into debt; but then it is many years since I have seen him. You know best how many.'

'Fifteen years, aunt,' said Roland, with confidence.

'So long!' murmured Miss Clavering. 'Do you remember me?' she asked, abruptly.

'I don't think I should,' he replied, and in his heart he felt quite certain about it. 'You forget, aunt, that I was very young—quite a child.'

'And a very self willed-child you were,' interrupted the old lady. 'Ah, well! must not scold you on this, the first night of your arrival. I dare say you will be bored enough without it during your sojourn in this place, which after your fast life will seem hermitage. So let me introduce you to my fellow anchorite. Florence, this is the nephew of whom you have so often heard me speak. Captain Chetwynde—Miss Vane.'

Florence Vane was a graceful girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age, with an exquisite delicate face—bearing the stamp of refinement in every feature—deep blue eyes, and flowing golden hair. She was dressed in gray—a lustrous gray silk, which, trimmed with costly lace fell round her in rich folds, yielding to each movement of her slight and graceful from.

She held out her hand frankly. It was a fair white hand, beautifully shaped, Ralph bent over it with reverence and released it with reluctance.

'Now, my dear boy,' said Aunt Clavering, whose keen eyes had marked his look of admiration with evident pleasure, 'after your journey you must be very tired and hungry, and tea is waiting.'

They sat long at the social meal, coversing on many topics. Miss Clavering, to Roland's great relief, did not touch much upon family matters. The few questions which she asked his acquaintance with Captain Chetwynde's affairs enabled him to answer readily, and he began to flatter himself that he was getting on very well indeed.

The old lady's dislike to all military subjects was as decided as ever.

'I don't want to hear anything about your regiment, sir,' she answered, quickly, when Roland happened to mention it. 'War and glory mean to me only bloodshed and murder. I can never forgive your father for letting you go into the army. It is a horrid profession, and I hate it!'

'I cannot agree with you, aunt,' said Miss Vane—Miss Clavering liked to be so addressed. 'Had I been a man I would have been a soldier.'

The young man thanked her with an eloquent look; but Aunt Clavering sighed, as she rejoined—

'Both of you know my history, and can understand my dislike; and it is to 'glorious war,' as it is wickedly termed, and you own your own loss, my dear. Your father—'

'Fell as a soldier should fall—at the head of his regiment,' the girl broke in, impetuously. 'He died for his country and his queen.'

'Well, well, child. I admire your enthusiasm, but I fear, after all, you would have made but a poor hero,' returned Miss Clavering, with a smile. 'Your gentle and refined nature could never have borne the hardships of war and its horrid realities.'

'And yet, aunt, if history tells us truly, it is the men of that stamp who are found to do the most heroic deeds—the apparently most effeminate of men are, in the hour of danger, found at their posts, prepared to do their duty, and, if need be, todie.'

To be Continued.