ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1885. NO. 51.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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Weekly Monitor

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Fonthill Nurseries,

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FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES.

Recognized to be the BEST FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE IN USE

And the ONLY MACHINE That will KNIT RIBBED and PLAIN WORK Perfectly.

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With more stitches in the top than in the ankle. Knits the coarsest Farmer's Yarn, Cotton, Silk, or Tarred.

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Price, $1.00 Per Large Bottles.

All who prize health should use at least one bottle in the SPRING and FALL, and

Norton's Magic Pain Eradicating Liniment.

One of the best now sold for Sprains, Swellings, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Old Sores, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Tooth Ache, Rheumatism, Coughs, Pains in the Stomach or

Pains Anywhere.

MRS. COLLINGWOOD YOUNG, of Bridgetown, who has used in her family, at least, one dozen bottles, says that it is first class for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache and all pains, external and internal, and MR. JOHN BENT, of Herring Cove, says that one bottle cured him of Rheumatism, after being afflicted with it for five years.

JOHN EARLY, of Margaretville, will tell you, that after being a helpless invalid for ten years with Rheumatism, NORTON'S LINIMENT put him on his feet.

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This is to certify that one dollar's worth of NORTON'S MAGIC LINIMENT has entirely cured me of Inflammatory Rheumatism. When I commenced using the medicine, my arms and side were much swollen; my feet were twice the usual size, and I was perfectly helpless in bed. In forty eight hours the swelling was gone, and I could walk as well as ever. It also cured my daughter of Neuralgia and Tooth Ache

Signed, MRS. GEO. HAMBOLT.

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The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will Keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of

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which will be sold at low prices for cash.

Also.—A well assorted stock of

GROCERIES,

in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.

A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.

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Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

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ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.

Pumps Complete, or in parts to suit.

FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.

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Practise in all the Courts. Business promptly attended to.

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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,

Notary Public, Real Estate Agent. United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

John Ervin,

Barrister and Attorney at Law.

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STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2

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Notices.—All notices of Births, Marriages and deaths inserted free. Obituary poetry, 10 cents per line.

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The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, Sore Throat, Piles, &c., &c., &c.

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FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

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MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. P. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Ipse, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00, by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. P. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CUSTOM TAILORING!

FIRST PRIZE DOMINION EXHIBITION, 1881!

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CLAYTON & SONS,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

HALIFAX, - - - - N. S.

Beg to notify the inhabitants of

BRIDGETOWN, and Vicinity,

That a Complete Line of

SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,

—FOR—

GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,

IS ON VIEW AT

J. W. BECKITHW'S - - - BRIDGETOWN,

where orders will be taken, and Goods delivered at the SAME PRICES as we charge HALIFAX.

A good fit guaranteed in every instance. All work done promptly on time.

TERMS.—Cash Only.

Good Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

ACADIA ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,

Warerooms in Reed's Furniture Factory.

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA.

JOHN P. RICE. A. E. SULIS.

Miscellaneous.

How Proof Reading Sounds.

Some writer has pronounced a poem call d 'Sounds from the Sanctum.' It rea s just too pretty, and gives readers the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business is in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one poring over a proof slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been somewhat like this:

Proof-reader—' As flowers without the sunshine—comma—so—comma—without you—do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mair——'

Copy-holder—' Thunder. Not mair—sir.'

Proof-reader—' I breathe the dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma.'

Copy-holder—' Shoot the comma.'

Proof-reader—' 'Tis done. As bowers without the sunshine fair—semicolon—confound sing seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms——'

Copy-holder—' warmth.'

Proof-reader—' No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous files——'

Copy-holder—' Blazes! Health and vigor fly——'

Proof-reader—' Health and vigor fly—full stop.'

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.

Belgium, with a population of but five millions, pots into the field without difficulty an army of a hundred thousand men. Canada with a similiar population can do the same thing when it becomes necessary. During the civil war the South exclusively of Maryland and Louisiana, which were out of the contest, had only six millions of freee population to draw from. Yet the South held its own against the power of the North for four long years causing the latter to sacrifice a myriad of men and to pile up a Federal debt which alone amounted to four thousand millions of dollars. Let the reflective Fenian, if there be such, ruminate over this mouthful of facts and chew the cud of common sense.—*Montreal Witness.*

CHICAGO BOUND TO BEAT MOUNT SINAI—*Chicago, March* 15.—A physician here recently discovered in the house of a patient an ancient Testament which excellent Greek authority pronounces to be of much earlier origin than any of the few Testaments written in the Apostolic age, copies of which are still preserved in some European capitals. Its covers are of rotten and honey-combed wood, its leaves of ancient parchment worn and stained, written with ink of different colors which, in many places, is entirely faded. It is believed to be the first written report of Christ's sermons and to be a copy of the original letters of St. Paul to the churches, St. Paul addresses Titus as "My child Titty." and Timothy as "My child Timothy." It is said that comparisons with present editions show that the translators have made some very plain things difficult to understand, and that other parts have lost much of their force and beauty by being wrongly and unnaturally translated,

President Cleveland's Ancestry.

Rev. Aaron Cleveland, the great-great-grandfather of the new President of the United States, was the founder of the first Congregational church in Halifax, N. S., of which he was pastor from 1750 to 1755, when he removed to England, and took orders in the Episcopal church. Two years later he was appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts to the mission of Newcastle, Pennsylvania. He did not reach his destination. Stopping at a friend's house in Philadelphia, he was taken ill and died, Aug. 18, 1757. He had ten children, the last three of whom was born in Halifax. His son William was the great-grandfather of President Cleveland.—*Ex.*

—John C. Eno had a rather uncomfortable time when he went to the Quebec Opera House the other night to hear the "Chimes of Normandy." When the old miser Gaspard, gloating over his gold, repeated aloud; "There are no defaulting bank presidents here," all eyes were instinctively turned to Eno. He blushed up to the roots of his hair and did not look at his ease again until the curtain fell for the last time.

—According to the report of the auditor-general, one thousand and ninety-six bears were legally killed in the province of New Brunswick during the year 1884, at a cost to the treasury of $3,288.

Poetry.

The Enemies.

Mine enemy, who time and oft
Had smitten me with words like swords,
And trampled on my answer soft,
Till I too smote with angry words,

Is dead, and I am fairly quit.
God give him rest. Once well away,
Seeing he loved me not a whit,
No heart have I to bid him stay.

And yet methinks the God who framed
Both him and me, had made us such,
That we were scarcely to be blamed
For loving not each other much.

The little good there was in me,
It was not his nor in his way;
His good I haply might not see,
Because he lacked one darling trait.

We liked not, and misliking lent
Our virtues its own fatal sting,
And many a shaft that anger sent
Was feathered from a virtue's wing.

The aggressor he, his active life
Committed him to this or that;
I slipped, but loath, into the strife,
Where he was dog and I was cat.

Now, 'twixt the twain who lately closed
In contest on time's petty stage,
Eternity has interposed
The shadow of its deathless age.

To-day I saw his resting place,—
A grave that friendship's flowers entwine,—
And wondered, with a troubled face,
If any hands would cherish mine.

The space about was kept, they said,
For some who wished their bones to lay
As near as might be to the dead
Whom I in life had wished away.

God give him rest! The single crime,
Mislike of me should hardly blot
His fame with one who many a time
Can soothly say, 'I loved him not.'

Perhaps we never fairly met
That part in each, God meant should live,
And so incurred no lasting debt,
And have but little to forgive.

Thus entering at opposing gates,—
For Heaven has many gates, they say,—
We each may find a comrade waits
Who quarreled with him by the way.

In jarring notes they vex the ear
Throughout life's feeble overture,
'Tis oft the tuning that we hear
To make the after-concord sure.

—*The Spectator.*

Select Literature.

TWO TRUANTS.

CHAPTER I.

TWO IN A TRAIN.

It is a touching spectacle for the outside public when a young lady, whom circumstances oblige to take a railway journey alone, is seen off to the station by her friends. To the object of all this solicitude it appears sometimes excessive. So at least, thought Dorothea, habitually known as Dolly Thompson, fifth daugher of the Dean of St. Martin's, as the train that was to carry her to London, in a couple of hours, drew up at the platform, where she stood amid a body-guard composed of her mother, three sisters and a servant. Dolly was too well brought up to protest, but thought is free.

'I'm twenty-one,' she mused, disconsolate, 'so no infant even in law; neither blind nor lame, nor an idiot nor an invalid. Were I all four, could further precautions have to be taken.

One first-class compartment after another was inspected, and rejected as imposing society possibly unsafe. There was a masculine passenger who looked too bluff; here was another who looked too blind. Wolves in sheeps clothing seemed everywhere. The ladies' carriage was declined by Dolly herself as too crowded, and with a decision that carried the day. 'Why not this empty *coupe*?' she pleaded, forgetting that the train stopped once *en route* and that some redoubtable misdemeanant—lunatic or murderer—was presumably waiting to get in at this fatal intermediate station. Mrs. Thompson, in real distress, appealed to the guard, who responded by opening the door of a compartment she had overlooked—with a single occupant, and that feminine, a young lady he consolingly said bound also for London.

The unchaperoned one was swiftly subjected to a severe maternal scrutiny. A nice, quiet-looking girl, but very prettily dressed, which, together with her youth and pretty face, went against her.

'Dear Dolly, I am afraid you must get in here,' sighed Mrs. Thompson, uncomforted. 'She's a lady, I *think*.'

'Bless me, mother what else should she be?—a bandit in petticoats?' returned vivaciously. 'Do let me get in somewhere or I shall be left behind.'

Even a mother's anxious imagination could ill conjure up traces of an escaped criminal in the gentle creature of whose companionship the precious Dolly was reluctantly consigned. But only an escort of angels would have set the parent heart quite at ease.

The guard was feeld, and he solemnly promised to look in upon every opportunity to make sure the young lady had not fallen out of the window or come to any harm. Wraps and dust-cloaks were heaped upon her; she was implored not to lose her ticket, and supplied with an illustrated paper, lest she should perish of ennui on the way.

'The Phippses will meet you on the platform at the terminus,' her mother reminded her for the fiftieth time. 'You are *quite* sure you know the Doctor when you see him? He has not seen you since you were a child of six.'

'I've seen him but once that I remember, and that since he was sixty,' replied Dolly, calmly; 'but I think if he were to come as a child of six I should know him at once. He has a nose of a thousand.'

'You will post a card at once to let us know you are safe?'

'Telegraph, if you'll give me the shilling. Hands off mother, or you'll be hurt,' as the whistle sounded and the the train began to move.

'That's over,' sighed Dolly thankfully settling herself in a corner. 'If kindness could kill me, I had died young'

But even now, back came the servant running, with injunctions to remind he of the number of the van where, at the terminus, she would find her luggage. Lastly, the guard put in his head protectively, as much as to say, 'I am here. Don't you be afraid'

Afraid! Poor Dolly!

Not a passenger in the train, she said to herself crossly, but must be aware what a helpless piece of goods was being bandied about. Glancing across at her fellow-traveller, she thought she caught a half-smile, which annoyed her inexpressibly. The girl looked younger than herself; seventeen at most. There was something in her appearance that attracted Dolly from the first moment—the attraction of nice qualities that obligingly consent to come out without any coaxing, and not to disguise themselves under some prickly husk.

'She doesn't glare at me, as English travellers generally glare at strangers—as mother glared at her for instance,' thought Dolly; and almost involuntarily a half-laughing, half-mournful apology escaped her lips: 'It's not my fault that they always make such a fuss. I call it simply ridiculous.'

'Don't you like being taken care of?' asked her companion.

'They over-do it,' said Dolly decidedly, 'when they wrap you in cotton-wool and seal you up. I'm not such a tender blossom as that. As if I minded the train. I love travelling. Do not you?'

'We overdo it,' answered the other diffidently, as though an apology for implied want of sympathy. 'We seem on the move, like gipsies.'

'Gipsies! O, delicious!' sighed Dolly enviously.

'I can tell you its not from choice or for pleasure that we wander,' was the quick rejoinder. 'But my parents belong to the stage, and their profession obliges us to travel about the country a good deal—at home everywhere; that is to say, without a home anywhere.'

'On the stage? O, how heavenly?' whispered Dolly to herself. Her gaze on her opposite neighbor deepened to intensity, interest became enthusiastic, and she added aloud with a mixture of eager curiosity and profound reverence: 'And you, might I venture to ask—are you an actress yourself?'

'Not yet; I only left school last Easter. But I have two sisters on the stage, and in a few months I am to come out myself.'

'How divine!' was Dolly's heartfelt comment.

The future *debutante* stared at her with wonder apparently illimitable.

'I beg your pardon,' she said doubting if she could have heard aright.

How indeed should May Black, born with fixed but untheatrical instincts into a theatrical sphere, and in whom familiarity with the profession had bred contempt chiefly, until she had grown to regard their hereditary vocation as the one flaw in the happiness of an otherwise perfectly happy family—how should she comprehend that to Dolly Thompson the stage was the fairyland of life, a realm wherein to the glimpses snatched were pleasures past compare, the relish for them heightened in her case by their extreme rarity? At the Deanery, the theatre, though not condemned root and branches, was held in low esteem snubbed and disparaged; and the taste for it in the rising generation actively discouraged, but to worse than no purpose in this instance.

This peculiar and indefinable fascination imperceptible to certain natures, such as May Black's, absolutely irresistable to minds of another stamp, found in Dolly Thompson a remarkably receptive subject. What a novel delight was hers at this moment! *Tete-a-tete* for two hours with an actor's daughter—an actress that was to be! Blessings on the mother who had put her into this carriage, inadvertantly conferring on her such a partner for her journey!

'Come on the stage! how divine?' she repeated.

'Divine? I detest it,' returned the pretty child opposite, distinctly. 'But I mustn't be idle, and there's nothing else for me to do.'

'Heaven sends almonds to them who have no teeth,' thought Miss Thompson; then proceeded aloud: 'As for me I love every thing that is in the remotest degree connected with the stage. A circus is better than nothing, and they used to let us go there for a treat when we were little. I think the smell of the gas-lamps is good when they are footlights. A drop scene, a stage landscape by Beverly and Telbin, delights me more than a Burlington House full of old Masters; and Howell & James' shop-window is as nothing to me by way of attraction compared to the places where sell spangles, and gold and silver tissue, and masks and stage jewelry. I envy the call-boy, the fairy who jumps out of a drum at a pantomime, the walking ladies in flabby satin. I've only been to a play half a dozen times in my life; but there's not a joy in it to compare to those six occasions, and what I live for at present is to add to their number.'

'Well, what should prevent you?' inquired the listener placidly.

'Destiny,' said Polly pathetically, shaking her head, 'that made my father a dignitary of the Church; my brothers, uncles, cousins, parsons to a man. My natural protectors won't go to a play unless it comes off in a room, nor enter a playhouse unless it is a temperance meeting that's to come off there.'

'Why not?' asked May Black innocently.

'They have, or think they have; their reasons,' replied Dolly discreetly; 'but the root of the matter is that they don't care a scrap for it, and they think me a maniac because my ruling passion lies that way. Why wasn't I born in the profession, like you, or at least under conditions that would allow me to see as much as I like of what I love best in the world—of the play?'

May Black's large childlike blue eyes were still fixed on the speaker in wonder and with drawing interest as on an original phenomenon, and she answered, 'And what I love best is to get away from it all,—to forget that there are such things as costumes, make-ups, rehearsals, playbooks, playbills, supers, and stars. So would you, if you heard nothing else talked of at home from morning till night.

'You would be glad enough to be reminded of them' retorted Dolly feelingly, 'if you lived where I live—in a charmed clerical circle, without any stars unless you count the bishops.'

'I never saw a bishop out of church,' observed May respectfully, whom the suggested idea that hierarchy were not part of the fixtures of the sacred edifice, like pews and pulpit, seemed to strike as new.

'Well, they're as plentiful as blackberries with us,' said Dolly, disrespectfully. 'It's the dread of my life that my father will be made one, sooner or later, which would reduce my theatre-goings to a minimum, I foresee. A bishop may be quite a shining light in his way, but you can't talk to him, or even as a rule, to his chaplains, about the Gaiety and Miss Farren's dancing. I suppose I shall meet the whole Bench this afternoon.'

'Bench?'

'Bench of Bishops,' explained Dolly. 'I'm going to a garden party at Lambeth—the Archbishop's you know.'

'Oh yes, I know!' Miss Black responded eagerly. 'I've seen it from the steamboats. Are not the grounds most beautiful—full of flowers, like the country.'

'I don't know, I'm sure: I never saw them,' said Dolly unconcernedly; 'and I dare say it will rain.'

'If it did, you would not mind; there is the palace, and the pictures, and the Lollards tower, and the prison and the rings. I would give anything to be you. How strange that you should not care!'

'Yes, there's all that,' Dolly admitted unenthusiastically. 'Yet I really don't know what I am going for, unless it is to oblige my people. The Archbishop asked the family; but as the rest are tied down at home, and I chanced to be going up on a visit to my aunt in Westbourne Terrace, they settled for me to go to represent the tribe.'

'The Archbishop! I caught a glimpse of him once at St. Paul's' observed Miss Black. 'I thought he was quite the kindest and finest-looking old man I ever saw.'

'Pretty well, for past eighty, as he is now,' said Dolly kindly; 'but as for his party, I don't expect to enjoy myself one bit. I don't know a soul in London, scarcely, in the first place, and I'm going with an old Scotch clergyman and his wife, who won't know anyone either. I shall talk to them of school-treats, district visiting, charity concerts, and missions like an adept; or at the best and brightest, of lawn-tennis and the weather, for variety. But all the while I shall be wishing myself at the morning performance of one of the theatres. It's not the sort of party that amuses me much, you know.'

'Would this sort of a party strike you as more amusing, I wonder?' said her companion, smiling, taking from her pocket a card of delicate texture and tint, and handing it to Miss Thompson, who gazed at it long and increasingly lovingly.

It was a fanciful note of invitation, in picture-writing, designed by a celebrated artist in caricature—an arrangement in china tea-services, champaign-bottles, and profiles of eminent players. Its contents were to signify that Miss Laura Smart, the manager of the Nonpareil Theatre, requested the pleasure of the Misses Blacks company at a conversazione on the stage that afternoon at three o'clock, and that several dramatic artists of note had volunteered to contribute their talents, as well as their company, to the entertainment. In an instant Dolly's eyes had singled out the most famous men.

'Rantwell!' she uttered in awe. Will *he*—will he be there?'

'Certainly he will. He has promised to recite.'

'And Slingsby, and the Smith Kemblés, and the Kean Jonses? O, you are lucky! I never saw an actor off the stage. I would give the world to be in your place.'

'What a pity you cannot' rejoined the other simply. 'Why I meant not to go. I was thinking how I could shirk.'

'Give up *that*?' cried Dolly, staggered, aghast at the bare suggestion.'

'My sisters are detained at the seaside for a benefit, and my parents, whom I am on my way to join in town, are too busy. I should have to go by myself, I am a stranger in London, like you. The party will be made up of London theatrical people, of whom I scarcely know more than you do. Anybody—you yourself might go in my place, I believe, and no one be the wiser.'

Dolly's eyes glistened oddly as she glanced from the pictorial card of invitation to the speakers' ingenious countenance. She said.

'Then you would have to go to Lambeth in my place. I know you might, and no one be the wiser.'

'What, not your friends, who are to accompany you?'

'They aren't my friends—there's the point' laughed Dolly; 'its an old Scotch clerical friend of papa's, whom he met in town yesterday, and who, with his wife, whom I never even saw, offered to meet me at the station and chaperone me this afternoon, as my aunt, who should have taken me, is laid up with a cold. Dr. Phipps doesn't know me from the Witch of Endor. But I've seen him, and he's unmistakable. O Miss Black,—she burst out, in a tone of fervid and desperate longing' if only we two could change places for two hours! And we could, as you said just now. Would it be very wrong I wonder? At the worst it could hurt nobody but ourselves.'

Mary Black laughed at the jest, for Dolly was jesting, of course.

'What sort of a gathering is this at the Nonpareil?' Pursued the latter inquisitively, still unable to lift her eyes from the fatal card,

'A *Matinee d'invitation* they call it.'

'Not like a public entertainment?'

'Nor yet like a private party, exactly. Oh, as to that it could make no difference if you or some one else went in my stead.'

'Do you mean it?'

'You might just go in, listen to the music and recitations, and come away when you are tired. Mrs. Smart knows none of us, except my father, professionally. He never would find out we had given away the ticket, and if he did he would not care. But your garden-party is, of course, quite a different thing—a gathering of private friends,'

'Dolly shook her head laughingly. 'Not exactly; I can tell you what garden parties are sometimes—a great drag-net to gather in all sorts and conditions. It must be, or the Phippses wouldn't be asked. Among a hundred young ladies very imperfectly known to the Primate and his family, one entirely unknown as I should be—or you, if you went as my deputy—would have a very fair chance of escaping observation. And there are such a lot of us! A new Miss Thompson suggests nothing particular to anybody. Only our near relations and bosom friends ever pretend to be quite clear about which of us is which, when they see a detachment. You would simply go in as I should—know nobody in the room, talk to Mrs Phipps, drink a cup of tea, and then go. You'd be very dull!'

'Dull? O, never!' exclaimed the girl, with animation. 'It would be all so new. But suppose the Archbishop should speak to me—what should I do?'

'Try not to faint,' said Dolly as gravely as she could. 'Answer him to the best of your ability. His question won't be abstuse. Pretend to be shy, and he won't persevere. I don't suppose Rantwell would speak to me. If he did I'd find a way out of it, without betraying my untheatrical origin. Trust to inspiration. I've the greatest confidence in inspiration.'

'Why, but really, Miss Thompson,' exclaimed the bewildered May, half carried out of herself by the impetuosity and volubility of her companion, 'you talk as if we were actually going to—'

'I will if you will,' struck in Dolly boldly. 'On the fun of in, Miss Black! Consider how strangely everything has conspired together to make possible such a venture. It's an extraordinary change—a stroke of genius on the part of Fate. We should deserve no more luck in our lives if we let slip so precious so unique an opportunity.'

The train had passed the intermediate station, where, owing to the rigid supervision exercised by the guard no third person was allowed to intrude upon the girls. Their dialogue, safe now from premature interruption, was continued all the was up to town without a break, and with ever increasing spirit and fluent eloquence on the part of Miss Thompson. She had a strong will and a pleasant manner, which is as much as to say that she was born to lead. May Black, timid and shrinking by temperament, was half subjugated by the spell of her companion's energy, which inspiree a sort of blind confidence, while at the same time, she dazzled and amused by her merry clatter, her convincing logic, half jest, half earnest, becoming warmer as she penetrated herself by her own oratory.

'Only think,' she pleaded emphatically, 'what mortificaiton we poor superfluous girls suffer from society, who won't allow us a personal existence. I mean what I say. I'm one of a sisterhood of six—known to most people only by number in the gang, like a prisoner. Is it not the same with you?' pointing to the card. 'See there: The Misses Black,' jumbled together like bales of cotton or wool. Suppose you were three brothers; would Mr. Smart invite you like that in a heap—the Messrs. Blacks—and if he did, how would you like it? As a rule it is a hard trial to be denied the right to an individual self, and openly treated as an nonentity. For once, by some miracle, it is offered us to turn our disadvantage to account, and be revenged on society. Let us do so. Tell me why we should not.

May, suddenly letting go the general question, named one or two practical difficulties that sounded insuperable.

'I thought of all that the first moment,' rejoined Dolly promptly. 'Now listen just for two minutes, Miss Black, and I'll tell you what—'

What she told her will presently appear. May listened, and was listening still, when, half-way across the Thames, the train halted for the collection of tickets, and the paternally-minded guards, for the last time, looked in to certify that the parties intrusted to his care had come to no mischief.

CHAPTER II.

A FAIR PRETENDER.

Old Dr. Phipps had arrived on the platform in a terrible flutter. He would sooner have undertaken to address the assembled House of Convocation than to fish for a strange young lady in a crowd. And his wife had treacherously refused to help him, loth to leave the carriage least she should soil her gown. Dolly saw him go meandering around, his short-sighted eyes seeking in the lineaments of each fat matron and elderly spinster for signs of a possible daughter of his old friend the Dean. All at once, by a special Providence, as it seemed to him, a strong clear voice struck in close to his elbow.

'*Au revoir*, then Miss Thompson, at Whiteley's. I will wait for you there.'

Turning to the young girl thus addressed, the Doctor took off his hat, and accosted her with the utmost politeness that is consistent with the utmost awkwardness.

'Miss Thompson, I think?' extending his hand to May Black, who took it involuntarily, with an instinctive movement of civility. 'Have you any luggage with you?' proceeded the Doctor. 'None? Then allow me.' But as instead of accepting his proffered arm, the young lady doubtfully had half turned from him to another young lady by her side, he added gallantly 'Pray, can I be of any assistance to your friend?'

'None whatever, thank you very much, Dolly gave decided answer for herself.

(*To be Continued.*)