(Continued from first page.)

little maid would fly open-armed to him, and cry, 'But Mignon *loves* Bootles.' But the fact remained the same, that Miss Mignon detested Gilchrist, who, indeed, was not a favorite in the regiment. Nor, indeed, did Gilchrist seem to like Miss Mignon any better, though he now and then brought his offerings of toys and bonbons like the rest. In the face of Bootles severe snub about two odious words he had applied to her, he was hardly such a simpleton as to further arouse or annoy the most popular man in the regiment; yet if he could possibly cast a slur on Bootles or on the child he did it. Never from his lips came the pet name Miss Mignon, never did his black eyes rest on her without a sneer or a jibe; if he could by any chance twist Bootles' words into an admission that the child was really his, he took care never to lose the opportunity.

'Oh, come, now,' Preston cried one day, when he had been sneering at Bootles and Lacy, who had just driven away with the child between them, 'Bootles is a right good sort—no mistake on that point. No sneaking hypocrisy about him. It would be well for you and me if we were half as fine chaps; but we are not, Gilchrist, and, what is more, we never shall be.'

'Oh no; but where is the mother of that brat!'

'How should I know or Bootles? I shouldn't mind laying my life that Bootles never did and never will cause her or any other woman to write such a letter as came with the child that night. Jolly good thing for this one if she was Bootle's wife, instead of being tied up to the hound who bound her to secrecy and then deserted her. Perhaps she's dead, poor soul! Who knows!'

'Perhaps she isn't,' Gilchrist sneered. 'Some people never die.'

'Good-natured and not very wise Preston stared at him, and Hartog looked from behind his newspaper, aghast at the bitterness of his tone.

'Good heavens, Gilchrist!' Preston cried, 'are you *wanting* some one to die?'

Gilchrist tried to laugh, and succeeded very badly. He rose from his chair, knocking a few scattered cigar ashes carefully off his braided cuff.

'Well, I confess I should not be sorry to see that prating brat of Bootles' out of the road. We should perhaps get at the truth then.' And having delivered himself of this feeling speech, he went out, banging the door after him.

'Well, upon my soul!' exclaimed Preston.

'Oh, the man's got a tile loose in his upper story,' said Hartog, decidedly. 'No man in his senses would talk such miserable rot as that. Always thought Gilchrist a crazy fool myself, but I'm sure of it now.

'And how he sticks to it Miss Mignon is Bootles' own child—as if it could be any good him to say she isn't if she is.'

'No. I shall tell Bootles to keep an eye on Gilchrist. I say, what a comfort it would be if he would only exchange? I suppose we can't manage to dazzle him with the delights of India eh?'

'Not very well. Besides, he lost ever so much seniority by coming to us.'

'No such luck. It's queer, though, he should be so persistent about Bootles and Miss Mignon. I suppose he wants to daub Bootles with some of his own mud. Thinks if he only throws enough, some of it's sure to stick; and so it would with most men. Happily, however, it don't in the least matter what a little cad like Gilchrist chooses to say about a man like Bootles—a jealous little beast.'

Neither of them said any more about the matter, but Hartog took the earliest opportunity of repeating to Bootles what 'that ass Gilchrist' had said about seeing that prating brat of Bootles' out of the road, and in consequence a kind of watch was set upon the child. Not that Bootles, though he had a very poor opinion of Gilchrist and Gilchrist's brains, was afraid for a moment that he would give Miss Mignon poisoned bonbons, or run off with her and drop her in the river; yet he did think it not improbable that he might encourage an already dangerous spirit of adventure, and of course be absolutely blameless if she could get trampled by a horse's cruel hoofs, or crushed by one of the many traps going in and out of the barracks.

When Bootles had taken his first long leave after Miss Mignon's coming, he had left her at Idleminster in charge of her nurse; but when long leave came round again, and she must have been about two and a half, he decided to take her with him. One reason for this was certainly a fear of any pranks Gilchrist might choose to play, another that Lacy was taking his leave at the same time, and Bootles was afraid, in the absence of both, Miss Mignon might fret herself into a fever. And besides, he had missed the child during a fortnight's deer-stalking in Scotland that autumn more than he would have liked to own.

From Blankhampton, therefore, they went to his place, Ferrers Court, where he was to entertain a rather large party for Christmas, with a sister of his mother's, and his only near relative, to do the honors for him, and among his guests a Mrs. Smith, a widow, and sister to that dead girl to whom he fancied a resemblance in Miss Mignon. However, at the last moment, Mrs. Smith wrote to excuse herself.

'I am very, very sorry,' she said, 'but a very dear friend of mine, with whom I spent two winters in Italy, has suddenly appeared, with a travelling companion and two maids, to pay me a long-promised visit of at least two months. She is a Russian Countess—a widow like myself, and wishes, I fancy, to improve her English, which she already speaks very well. Of course I am dreadfully disappointed, but cannot help it.'

Now it happened that Bootles had a very deep and great respect and liking for Mrs. Smith, and not for all the widowed countesses in Russia was he willing to upset his plans; therefore he wrote off at once to Mrs. Smith, after a five minutes' consultation with Lady Marion, to beg her to carry out her original intentions, and bring Madame and her retinue along. Would she telegraph her reply?

Mrs. Smith did so, the reply being, yes. Moreover, she supplemented the telegram by a letter, in which she mentioned among other things that Madame Gourbolska's travelling companion must be treated in all things as an ordinary guest.

So at the time originally appointed for Mrs. Smith's coming, the party of six—three ladies and three maids—arrived. Bootles himself went to the station to meet them. He found that Madame Gourbolska was young, not more than thirty, of the plump and fair Russian type, quite fair enough to hold her own beside Mrs. Smith, whom he regarded as the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance. The third lady, Miss Grace, was fair also, perhaps not so positively beautiful as either the English or Russian lady, fair-haired, fair-skinned, with soft blue eyes, intensely blue in some lights, as Bootles noticed directly. Graceful she was to a degree, and as he watched her move across the little station he thought how wonderfully her name suited her.

Mrs. Smith smiled at him as he helped her to mount to the top of the omnibus. 'Is not the likeness wonderful?' she said, with one of those quick sighs with which we speak of our dead; and then she said 'Poor Rosy.'

Bootles turned and looked at Miss Grace again, his mind going back to those dark days, past and gone now, when he and his best friend had been estranged for honor's sake; when he and this imperially beautiful woman had stood side by side watching a young life die out, had together seen the sacrifices of a heart, the martyr of love to man.

'Yes, it is very great,' he said briefly.

The dead sister of Mrs. Smith had always been and would always be a not-to-be-broken bond of union between them, for the widow knew how gladly that grand Bootles, as she always called him, would have tried to make up for the love she had lost, while to Bootles Mrs. Smith stood out from the rest of womankind as the sister of the only woman he had ever wished or asked to marry him. He helped Miss Grace up to the seat beside Mrs. Smith, and took his own place beside the Russian lady, who entertained him very well during the three miles' drive between Eagles Station and Ferrers Court.

'Oh, but what a paradise!' she cried, as the carriage turned into the courtyard.

'I am delighted that it pleases you,' he answered, glancing around to see what effect his ancestral home had upon Miss Grace.

'Lovely!' she murmured to Mrs. Smith.

In another moment they had drawn up at the great Gothic door-way, and immediately the figure of a little child, dressed in white appeared on top of the broad steps, kissing her small hands in welcome.

'Go in directly, you'll get cold. Go in, I say,' Bootles called out. It was, indeed bitterly cold, and a few flakes of snow were falling. But Miss Mignon had a budget of news for her Bootles, and would not be done out of telling it.

'Lal has had a letter from home,' she piped out in her shrill voice. Lal was her name for Lacy, and home meant Blankhampton Barracks. 'And the St. Bernard has gotted two puppies—beauties—and I'm to have one. Lal says so. And Terry has broked his leg.' Terry was one of Bootles grooms. 'And Major Ally's going to be married.'

Bootles was so surprised that he forgot the cold and the order that Miss Mignon should go in.

'What!' he exclaimed, incredulously.

Just then Lacy himself came to the top of the steps with open arms, so to speak, and carried off Mrs. Smith into the house. Miss Mignon took advantage of the opportunity to run down the steps just as Bootles helped Madame Gourbolska to the ground.

'I welcome you with much pleasure, he said, cordially—'Miss Grace also,' as he gave her his hand to jump the last step. 'I am afraid you are tired. You are very white.'

'I am tired,' she said, in a low voice, not looking at him, but at the child.

'It is so bitterly cold. Don't stand a moment. Mignon, will you go in?'

Miss Mignon skipped up the steps, and the Russian lady caught her in arms.

'Oh, you little angel! and what is your name?'

'I'm Miss Mignon. You're a very pretty lady,' retuped Mignon, critically. 'I wanted to go to the station, but Bootles said it was too cold, and Lal—'

'Madame does not know what Bootles and Lal mean,' interrupted Bootles.

'This is Bootles, and that's Lal' Miss Mignon informed her. 'Miss Mignon and I belong to Bootles.'

'Oh, you belong to Bootles. I am sure he must be very proud of you,' Madam answered.

'I believe I'm a great bother to him.' Miss Mignon announced, in a matter of fact tone.

Bootles laughed. 'Come to the fire Madame,' he said. Then turning to Miss Grace, 'I'm sure you are very cold—you are as white as a ghost. I'm sure,' addressing Lady Marion,' wine would be much better than this tea.'

'No, no, tea,' they cried—at least the two elder ladies, for Miss Grace seemed to have no ears for any one but the child.

'Won't you speak to me?' she asked, presently, as Miss Mignon gravely regarded her with her big blue eyes.

Miss Mignon went close to her immediately. 'Did Bootles let you drive?' she asked with interest.

Miss Grace shook her head, and lifted Miss Mignon on her knee. 'I did not ask him,' she said.

'Oh!' then, after a pause, 'I always do.'

'But not a pair!' in surprise.

Miss Mignon nodded. 'When they're not too fresh. Bootles would have etted you'd asked him.'

'I will another time.'

'Lacy,' said Bootles suddenly, 'is it true about Allardice?'

'Hartog says so. They say she—er twinks like a duck.'

'Pooh!' But Bootles laughed as if it was a great joke, and Mrs Smith begged to be enlightened.

'Oh! don't you remember Allardyce? He's the great military teetotal light.'

'And—er—he wreally is an awful duffar,' remarked Miss Mignon, in so exact and so unconscious an imitation of Lacy's drawl that her hearers went off into fits of laughter, and Miss Grace, clasping her close to her breast, bent, and kissed the luxuriant golden curls.

'You're crying,' said Miss Mignon, promptly scanning Miss Grace's face with her big blue eyes.

'No, but you make me laugh,' she said, hastily.

(To be Continued.)

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Dated December 16th, A. D., 1884 tf

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!

Edward Fales,
of Wilmot, in the county of Annapolis, trader, having by deed dated the first day of October, A. D. 1885, assigned all his real and personal property to me, in trust, to dispose of the same and after payment of certain preferential claims, apply the proceeds thereof toward the payment *pro rata* of the respective claims of the creditors, who shall execute said deed of assignment, within six months from the date thereof.
Notice is hereby given, that the said deed lies at the office of John Ervin, solicitor, Bridgetown, N. S., for inspection and signature of all parties interested, and the duplicate thereof is on file and recorded in the office of the Registrar of deeds for the said County of Annapolis.
ANSLEY ELLIOTT.

Notice.
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of of the late JOSEPH CLARK, of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
HANNAH CLARK, Executrix.
Granville, Nov. 14th, 1885. 3m.

Administratrix Notice.
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late CHARLES E. MORTON, of Centreville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months and all persons indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to
LUCY A. MORTON, Administratrix.
Centreville, Oct. 13th, 1885. 3mpd.

Administrator's Notice.
ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late JOHN W. BOWLEY, of Victoria, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested within three months' and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to made immediate payment to
GEORGE ROACH, Administrator.
Victoria, Nov. 20th, 1885. 3mpd.

NOTICE!
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN B. PARKER, late of Granville, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby notified to render the same duly attested to, within twelve months from this date and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned,
CHARLES W. PARKER, } Extrs.
W. FLETCHER PARKER, }
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Time Table.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Tue. Thurs. and Sat. only.	Express Freight and Passenger Daily.
		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	1 30	6 15	.....
6	Round Hill	1 50	6 40	.....
14	Bridgetown	2 13	7 10	.....
19	Paradise	2 28	7 30	.....
22	Lawrencetown	2 38	7 45	.....
28	Middleton	2 58	8 10	.....
32	Wilmot	3 10	8 26	.....
35	Kingston	3 19	8 40	.....
42	Aylesford	3 37	9 15	.....
47	Berwick	3 52	9 35	.....
59	Kentville—arrive	4 25	10 30	.....
	Do—leave	4 40	11 15	5 40
64	Port Williams	4 55	11 35	6 00
66	Wolfville	5 03	11 44	6 10
69	Grand Pre	5 13	11 57	6 25
77	Hantsport	5 39	12 30	6 58
			P. M.	
84	Windsor	6 05	1 00	7 25
116	Windsor Junct	7 23	3 25	9 50
130	Halifax—arrive	8 05	4 30	10 45

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Wed. and Fri. only.	Passengers and Freight Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Halifax—leave	7 00	.....	2 30
14	Windsor Junc—leave	7 37	6 52	3 10
46	Windsor	8 57	10 05	5 15
53	Hantsport	9 22	10 37	5 03
61	Grand Pre	9 44	11 10	6 33
64	Wolfville	9 54	11 25	6 46
66	Port Williams	10 10	11 35	6 55
71	Kentville—arrive	10 15	11 55	7 10
			P. M.	
	Do—leave	10 30	12 25	
83	Berwick	11 03	1 17	
88	Aylesford	11 18	1 40	
95	Kingsten	11 36	2 10	
98	Wilmot	11 45	2 23	
102	Middleton	11 57	2 38	
108	Lawrencetown	12 15	3 23	
111	Paradise	12 25	3 37	
116	Bridgetown	12 40	4 00	
124	Roundhill	1 00	4 30	
130	Annapolis — arrive	1 20	4 55	

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.
Steamer Secret leaves St. John at 7 a. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for Digby and Annapolis. Returning, same days for Digby and St. John.
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James H. Andrews, Willow Park Nurseries, Halifax.
Feb. 27, '84. n46tf

THE CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER
Best value in the market. Has taken first prizes wherever exhibited. Holds six Medals and many Diplomas. Dont be fooled into buying a high priced powder for the sake of its so-called purity.
The COOK'S FRIEND is made of as pure material as money can buy. It possesses more raising strength its proportion to cost than any other. Sold by storekeepers generally and made only by
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A. G. SHARP, SHOEMAKER,
Has on hand some first-class Upper Leather, Waterproof,
—ALSO—
SOLE LEATHER & FRENCH CALF, best in town.
THE SIGN OF BLACK BOOT, QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN.
Bridgetown, April 8th, '85. 6m.

Eagleson's Hotel!
THE subscriber has leased the premises formerly occupied by JOSEPH BUCKLER as a Hotel, and intends to keep up the old stand as a Hotel, with a stable attached, for the accommodation of the public. The stand is situated on the corner of
Granville & Queen Streets,
and is too well known to require further description. The best attention given to guests. Passengers conveyed to all parts of the county.
TERMS, moderate.
THOS. J. EAGLESON. Proprietor.
Bridgetown, June 2nd, 1885. tf.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST,
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Miscellaneous.

WHAT IS DIRT?—Old Dr. Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students: 'Don't be afraid of dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why nothing at all offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon the dirty grease spot on your coat; and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap; now rub it with a little water and it disappears. It is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you see younder; well, scatter a little gypsum over it and it is no longer dirty. Every thing, like dirt, is worthy our notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it; it will separate into very clean elements. Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady, that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all; you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her face with chalk or fuller's earth, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder I think is made of bismuth, nothing but dirt. Lord Palmerston's fine definition of dirt is 'matter in the wrong blade.' Put it in the right place and we cease to think of it as dirt.'

—With all the tons of grapes raised how is it there is not a gallon of grape syrup to be had for love or money in the market? If you don't know that grape juice boiled down to a clear syrup is the most relishing thing in sickness or health, for consumptive, to be eaten as food or diluted for drink that would banish wine sooner than the temperance societies, you have something to learn. This article once known would prevent all danger of an overcrop of grapes, for it would be made and be kept by the barrel, and exported for use in warm climates. The new production of cider jelly, which is merely cider boiled down without any addition till it is a solid dark jelly, is a great gift to the housekeeper, and will be the salvation of the apple orchards. What if apples are fifty cents a barrel in October? Set the cider mills going, and the huge enamelled vaporating pans. Perhaps cider jelly at twelve cents a pound will pay you, as there is no sugar to be used.—*Vicks' Magazine.*

A SHELF COVER.—Our little dining room is hardly big enough to hold a sideboard if we could afford one, which we can't, so my husband put up a shelf behind my chair. It is rather a broad shelf and I can easily reach it without getting up from the table, so it is a convenient place for me to keep extra plates, the pie or pudding and the dish of apples that my husband wants at the end of almost every meal. The shelf is unpainted and rests on iron brackets. I made a cover for it by taking of a good quality of crash, a piece wide enough to cover the shelf and long enough to come well over the ends. Across each end I made a border worked a simple pattern in wash silks. I made a hem and then finished by a row of torchon lace sewed on a little full. Our 'side-board' really looks pretty and we are charmed with its convenience.—*Mrs. Ivory Square in Lewiston Journal.*

—Pretty skating costumes are made either of black or brown cloth of heavy weight goods, trimmed with bands of fur passing around the neck and down the entire length of the costume, passing diagonally from the shoulder to the hem, and band of the fur upon the cuffs and around the bottom, and with fur trimming, a jaunty turban or cap. A costume made with the brown cloth would be trimmed with brown fur,—possibly beaver—but with black, gray, black, or any fur would be appropriate. Some have very heavy, bunched-up draperies at the back, but many are finished simply with heavy folds or plaits so popular last winter.

FIG PUDDING.—Take one pint of fine bread crumbed, one quarter of a pound of suet, chopped to the finest possible state (don't fear the poison that is said to attach to food too finely chopped) about two tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs and a little nutmeg. Mix the flour crumbs, suet and nutmeg, add sugar enough to sweeten, and one-half pound of figs chopped into small pieces. Add the eggs well beaten and thin with milk to the consistency of an ordinary bread pudding. Put into a buttered dish and bake or steam until well done. A nice sauce is a cup of sugar beaten a little at a time into a third of a cup of butter and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth added.

—The close fitting outer garments are either quite plain and tailor-finished or trimmed with fur bands. Many have hoods; some loose fronts, but all are tight fitting in the back. Capes are been on some, and there is a choice between the tight Newmarket and the loose Raglan sleeve. Many are fur trimmed, bands down the front and on the bottom, large rolls or cords of fur down or parallel with the front edges, and not a few have the effect of being linen with fur. Hoods are seen on some, and quite a large number of them have have, like the jacket of the season, variously arranged vest effect in front, while some of the tight-fitting fronts have the jacket effect on the outside, in different styles, coming above, to or below the waist line.

—Directions for making the best white-wash for outside walls, while it is equally good on stone or wood; that it is also recommended for use in place of kalsomine. Take, say half a bushel of fresh burned quick lime, and slake with sufficient quantity of boiling water, and strain. Dissolve one peck of salt in warm water. Convert three pounds of ground rice to a thin paste by boiling with water. Soak one pound of glue in cold water, and then liquify by placing the glue-pot into a vessel containing boiling water. Add all of these to the slaked lime, and stir in half a pound of Spanish whiting, and five gallons of hot water. Let this mixture stand a few days before applying. However, it must be applied hot, for which purpose the kettle may be kept on a portable furnace. The wash may be tinted by means of the ordinary mineral paints. Spanish brown added produces a delicate reddish pink very suitable for inside walls.

Joker's Corner.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

The old King Louis of Bavaria, noticed one day that the soldier on guard did not present arms. The truth was the soldier did not know his majesty by sight. The failure of the sentry to present arms exasperated his majesty, and going up to the soldier he asked:

'Why don't you present arms? Don't you know the official to whom you are indebted for your daily bread?'

The sentry glared at the king, and replied:

'So you are the baker who furnishes the soldiers with bread, are you? Well, I would like to have you off by yourself in some secluded dell. I'd spread your ungainly anatomy over three counties. I'd make dough of your cake. Move on, or I'll put you out of your misery with my bayonet.'

Anecdote of Webster.

Webster was out one sunny summer day near Marshfield, busy shooting birds. It was a hot afternoon in August. The farmers were getting their salt hay on the marshes. He came, in the course of his rambles, to the Green Harbor river, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat, which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment to question his passenger: 'This is Daniel Webster, I believe?' 'That is my name,' replied the sportsman. 'Well, no, said the farmer, 'it seems to me, I declare, if I could get five or six dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston, I would not be a-wadin' over these marshes, this hot weather, shootin' little birds!'

SHE WAS NOT HAPPY.—He was named Thomas and she was named Jane. They sat on a hotel balcony yesterday three long hours, giving themselves away as out-of-towney. As they sat down Thomas took one of Jane's hands. She allowed that sort of thing to go on without one word of protest, and the flaxen haired man finally seized the other one. They talked and talked, and looked up and down the street and sighed, and the third hour she said:—

'Tommy, dearest, I want to ask you something.'

'Ask me a hundred, a thousand, a million things,' he exclaimed in reply.

'Well, Tommy, I've got an awful cold in my head, and if I drew one of my hands away and whiped my nose would you think I was mad. I've got to do that, Tommy, and then you shall have it back.'

Tommy released her haud though he hated to, and her nose was softly and duly wiped.

—'Got any prose works?' asked a lady who had bought several books of poems of a girl at the book counter of a Sixth street book store. 'I don't know,' replied the girl, 'I'll see.' She went to another girl and asked, in audible tones: 'Have you any of prose works?' 'Of course, all books not in poetry are prose.' Back went the girl, and, with a smile to the customer and a toss of the head, she said: