Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1900. NO. 6.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 600,000
Rest, - - - - - 328,610

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, Vice-President.
HON. ROBT. BOAK, C.C. BLACKADAR, Esq. J. H. SYMONS, Esq. WM. TWINING, Esq. GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.

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Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.

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Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, manager.
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
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Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
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CORRESPONDENTS.—
London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

Progressive Bakers
Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
15,000 Pelts,
For which the highest prices will be paid, Spot Cash. Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.
MacKenzie, Crowe & Company.

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER
OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
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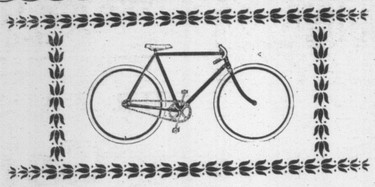


There'll be Thousands Awheel

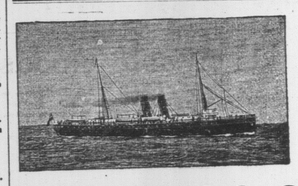
in Nova Scotia in a few days. The Bicycle has become an indispensable agent in the pursuit of Health, Business and Recreation.

Let us Sell you a Wheel!

In our warerooms next door to Medical Hall we are showing such good wheels as the

"CLEVELAND," "COLUMBIA," (Chainless and Chain Gear)
"STEARNS," and "HARTFORD."
There can be no better show.

JOHN LOCKETT & SON.
Agents for Canada Cycle & Motor Co., and National Cycle & Automobile Co.
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.



Bridgetown to Boston $6.50.
Bridgetown to Boston and return $11.50.

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited
THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES.
2 - Trips a Week - 2
The fast and popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax.
Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p.m., making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.
U. S. and Royal mail carried on this steamer.
Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.
Ask for and see that you get tickets via the Yarmouth S. S. Co. from Yarmouth.
For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail way agents, or to
W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treasurer. L. E. BAKER, Pres. and Managing Director
Yarmouth, Oct, 11th, 1899.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

GROCERIES FRUITS PROVISIONS
CHEAP AND GOOD.

Ferona,	Graham Flour,
Shredded Wheat,	Ralston Breakfast Food,
Quaker Oats,	Hygenic Whole Wheat Flour,
Grits,	Arlington Wheat,
Rolled Wheat,	Celebrated Swiss Food.
Rolled Oats,	

GOOD VALUES IN TEAS.
A heavy stock of Flour, Feed and Meal in Popular Brands.
Corner Queen and Granville Sts. } **J. E. LLOYD.**

1899. Letter A. No. 789.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
Between: EMMA WILLIAMS, - Plaintiff,
—AND—
ALBERT MORSE, and ALFRED D. BROWN and CAROLINE FORSYTH, Administrator and Administratrix respectively of William M. Forsyth, deceased. - Defendants.

To be sold by **Public Auction** by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his deputy at the Court House in Bridgetown, on
Saturday, the 19th day of May, A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,
Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the 14th day of April, A. D. 1900, unless before the day of sale the amount due and costs are paid to the plaintiff or into Court:
All the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the defendants, and all the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption which the late William M. Forsyth, Trustee, had at the time of his decease, and of all persons claiming or entitled by from or under them or either of them, in to and out of the following piece or parcel of land and premises:
All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the town plot of Bridgetown in said County of Annapolis, marked as lots number Twenty-Seven, more particularly described as follows, that is to say: Bounded on the east by a public street and measuring thereon ninety feet more or less; bounded on the south by the partition fence between the lots hereby conveyed and the lots of the Honorable W. A. Black and George Korwin and Edward Foster and extending one hundred and eighty feet, more or less, to a public street; bounded on the west by a public road and extending thereon ninety feet, more or less; and bounded on the north by a parallel street and extending thereon one hundred and eighty feet, more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances thereto belonging.
TERMS—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale; remainder on delivery of deed.
EDWIN GATES,
Sheriff of the County of Annapolis.
F. L. MILNER, Solicitor of Plaintiff. 4—5i

GRANITE IRON
Having bought a large assortment of Granite Iron for cash before the rise, I am prepared to give extra bargains.
CREAMERY WORK
will receive my special attention.
PLUMBING
in all the latest sanitations a specialty.
R. ALLEN CROWE.

BUGGIES
Farm Implements!
TO ARRIVE IN APRIL:
2 Carloads Waggons,
1 car Plows & Harrows.
Harnesses of all kinds always in stock.
☞We buy in large lots direct from the manufacturers, and will sell low and on easy terms.
WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.
WAREROOMS: Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co. Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co.
N. H. PHINNEY, - Manager.
Lawrencetown, March 19th, 1900.

Poetry.

Good Cheer.

O.her days afore this here
Ain't been bright or glad;
Jest about this time last year
Things looked pretty bad!
Ma was sick, and Charley, he
Cut his foot! I swow
Everything, it seemed to me,
Turned out wrong somehow!
There was Jennie's husband, too, lost his place, and I
Had to send 'em stuff to eat, but the clouds rolled by!

Henry found another job,
Charley's foot got well;
Ma was up and raisin hob
In a little spell!
Things looked blue back there, and yet all cleared up again;
Happiest days I ever had come to me since then!

World seems kind of tough jest now;
Got the rheumatiz;
Tother day I lost a cow.
Don't know how it is,
But things sort of seem to jest
Turn out wrong for spite,
Yet I've done my level best
Treatin people right!
Lost my pocketbook last week; can't imagine where.
All the money for the hay I had sold was there!

Pretty hard to laugh along,
Pushin gloom away!
"Things can't keep a-goin wrong,"
So outsiders say.
That's all right for them that's fixed so that they can smile,
But there's somethin spoils such songs every little while!

S'pose the skies may clear a bit,
As they did before;
Guess I'll not give over yit,
Guess I'll try some more.
What's that, ma? What's that you say?
Found my pocketbook?
Money in it safe? Hooray!
Clouds are goin! Look!
So's my rheumatiz, by gosh! I ain't lame at all—
That old cow? Oh, let her go; loss is mighty small!

Tell you what, when things are dark,
All you got to do
Is to simply toe the mark;
Skies'll still git blue!
All days can't be dark, you know; you can never tell—
By tonight it might set in for a splendid spell!

—*Good Cheer.*

Select Literature.

The Marquis Forlorn.

A STORY OF COLLEGE DAYS.

(P. H. Coggins, in "Sunday Companion.")

"Make way there, worthy gentlemen! The Marquis Forlorn!"

Ned Blythe turned toward the little knot of students gathered just within the portals of Manchester Medical College, and flourished his cane in a stiff and solemn gesture of demand.

The 'Meds,' always ready for a joke, doffed their hats and hastily opened a generous passageway for the self-appointed herald. Every ear had caught the pun on the title of a nobleman which was then much in the newspaper, and every face was eager with curiosity. What new audacity was Blythe about to perpetrate, and who was his victim?

They were not left long in doubt, for the light cane was still high aloft when the figure of 'Stingy' Wilcox crossed the threshold, and, with his great swinging strides, followed his graceful usher down the stone-paved hall to the lecture-room.

As the students recognized the new arrival, something very like a wave of enthusiasm swept over their ranks. John Wilcox was the most unpopular member of the class, and Ned's impromptu nickname for him seemed a stroke of genius. Wilcox had a kind of offensive dignity about him that made "the Marquis fit him like a wet glove. As for "forlorn," well, his coat was threadbare when he entered college eighteen months before, and he had been trying to brush the shine off it ever since.

With head erect, and his handsome face set rigidly to the front, Blythe marched solemnly down the hall, maintaining his slight lead without apparent effort. Could that, thought the Meds, really be the same prince of good fellows who deftly tossed dignity to the winds in their festive excursions about the staid old Western city? He opened the great swinging door with the slow deliberation of a well-trained footman.

The next instant the half-score of early students, lounging indolently upon the long wooden forms of the class-room, were startled by Blythe's clear, well-modulated voice: "The Marquis Forlorn!" Turning in astonishment, they saw "Stingy" Wilcox just advancing through the doodway, and Blythe, bare-headed and deferential, standing aside to let him pass. The spirit of the thing was irresistible, and the dull looks and careless attitudes vanished as by an electric thrill.

Suddenly Wilcox paused and turned full upon his tormentor. Involuntarily the young men upon the benches sprang to their feet, and those in the outer hall pressed hastily forward to witness the outcome. A blow was by no means improbable, and Blythe was a noted boxer, and as plucky as a game cock.

As they stood the contrast between the two was strong and well-defined. Blythe was lithe of figure, self-possessed, and smiling; Wilcox was gaunt, rugged, and earnest. For possibly two seconds they confronted each other in perfect silence, and then, without the slightest demonstration of any kind, Wilcox passed on to his accustomed seat by the window. The verdict of his fellow students was prompt and unanimous. He had added cowardice to meanness.

There was a significant shrugging of shoulders and lifting of eyebrows as the whole class trooped noisily down the uncarpeted aisles. The bell on the professor's desk sounded the call for notebooks and pencils, and the lecture began. The tiny whirlwind of feeling had subsided.

As far as Blythe was concerned, the affair didn't amount to much, beyond, possibly, a mild sensation of artistic triumph. He had promised himself at the outset that he would lead the fellow along the hair-edge of the fighting-line without actually drawing a blow. He had done better, for there had not even been an exchange of words.

And yet the fact remained that Wilcox seemed rather poor game. He cut no particular figure at examinations, none whatever in college athletics, and worse than none in the social functions of his class. "Why did I bother with him? thought Blythe.

There was an acute dramatic instinct in Blythe's nature that was quite irresistible, even to himself. It rendered him wonderfully susceptible to the play of human emotions around him, and was ever tempting him to set those emotions vibrating merely for his own and other's amusements. His little piece of mummery had been really prompted less by a wish to ridicule Wilcox than by his own dominating impulse to create and enjoy a sensation.

The next day, and the days which followed, frequently brought Blythe face to face with the "Marquis" who made no sign either of recognition or resentment, but then, Wilcox never did speak to anybody except by accident. Indeed, if the question had been put to his fellow students, they would have attributed his unpopularity to his lack of social impulses. He was the only man of his class who had refused to attend or subscribe to the class suppers.

Two busy months came and went, and though John Wilcox's high-sounding title survived, the incident of its bestowal had passed to the crowded limbo of departed jokes. The spirit of the approaching holidays was in the air, and Craig Morton and Ned Blythe sat together one evening in Morton's room awaiting the arrival of certain other boon companions. As Craig put it, they were going out for a 'miscellaneous assortment of fun."

"By the way, Blythe," he continued, settling himself in his chair, "last Sunday afternoon, at about three o'clock, I observed a most remarkable and interesting phenomenon. The Marquis walked down Broad street dressed in a first-rate suit of clothes. Tailor-made, as I live!"

"Sorry, Craig," said Blythe; "but as a sensation your information comes a trifle late. I saw that suit in Chestnut street a week ago."

"Oh, you did, did you? He's a queer sort, is the Marquis. He'll never starve, though. He'll graduate, of course—that sort always get their diplomas. And then—why, imagination falters. What's to prevent him from mounting the professional ladder, round by round, until in the end he stands forth, the proprietor of a huge chemists' shop?

Blythe made no response.

"They say," Morton continued, with renewed animation, 'that your style with him was quite a triumph—that affair at lectures, I mean. I happen to have omitted that particular lecture myself, so I missed the show. Had him undergoing "grindlog torments," and all that sort of thing, without turning a hair yourself."

Blythe gave an impatient little grunt, and a close observer would have suspected that he was not quite at his ease. He glanced at Morton curiously, but smoked away for half a dozen puffs or so with increased vigor, and in ominous silence.

"Craig," he broke out at length, 'that fellow's too much for me."

All the badinage had suddenly vanished from his manner.

"I suspected it at the time, and the conviction's been growing on me ever since. I let the other fellows count it a hit, of course; but when you come to putting it at me seriously, I must own up.

"Why, that performance of mine didn't even ruffle his temper. I know it. It wasn't a matter of sight. I felt it. Upon my word, Craig, while he stood there looking at me, I somehow felt that he was no more annoyed than I was myself, only—well, I don't pretend to understand him—but we should never fool ourselves, and I tell you I didn't have the best of it that day."

This from the imperturbable Blythe was so preposterous that Morton could only stare.

"So much for his mental suffering." Blythe resumed. "But that isn't quite all. A couple of weeks ago I was coming up Baldock street, and I had to stop at the corner while some sort of slow vehicle dragged past. I happened to glance behind, when someone ahead shouted my name. I looked around again, just in time to dodge a heavy iron rail that stuck out from the tail of the passing wagon. The driver had suddenly turned up Chestnut street at my risk, If the thing had struck me, my head wouldn't have been worth carrying home. It was Wilcox who had warned me, and I felt moved to do the decent thing in the line of gratitude."

"Oh, I see, I see'—and the puzzled look melted from Morton's features. "It all led to a happy reconciliation, and you treated Stingy to a new suit of clothes to cover back accounts."

"I did, did I?" drawled Blythe, in a tone of enforced patience. "Well, as nearly as I could make out he had forgotten my existence before I was near enough to speak. My vote of thanks failed for want of a seconder."

Craig contemplated his friendin perplexed silence for a long minute. This was serious, and he determined to have Ned in gayer spirits before the rest of the party joined them. Assuming a tone of mock solicitude that seldom failed in its end, he began a new attack.

"Blythe, you're showing some very alarming symptoms. If you'll pardon the freedom of a friend, I've noticed a dangerous tendency upon your part of late toward the habitual use of water as a beverage. I know what you'll say," and he held up his hand as if to check a natural but mistaken protest, you think you can take it when you want it, and leave it alone when you wish. It's a dangerous error. The habit's a most insidious one, and the only safe course is to stick to the regular beverages. Take the advice of a friend—and a fresh cigarette."

This raillery affected Blythe almost as something uncanny might have done. He strode impatiently to the window and stood there in silence, looking down upon the passing street cars without seeing them.

His thoughts had suddenly taken flight to his home away in the North. He thought of his mother's letters, so tremulous with a fear they did not express; of his sisters' questions as to his friends and his pleasures, carefully underscored to secure their more definite answer. He wondered if really he was in any danger. Then came the sound of voices and footsteps on the stairs, and his wondering ceased.

During the next few hours the young men doubtless found the "fun" they sought in the theatre, a few games of billiards, and a late supper. Craig Morton's hilarious example succeeded where his mock philosophy had failed, and Ned Blythe was soon free from the sombre shadows of his distant home. His mimicry and the keenness of his repartee kept the party in a gale of mirth.

But all things must end, and, with the passing hours, high spirits began to flag and pleasure to lose its freshness. One by one the soberer members of the party bade their comrades 'good night,' and sought their beds. Even Morton, after some vague attempt to induce Blythe to accompany him, departed alone.

John Wilcox, hastening homeward from a visit to one of the hospitals, was just crossing a broad band of light that streamed out from a public house, when the swinging doors were thrust broadly open by some departing guest, and the light and noise attracted his attention. He glanced in, and what he saw caused him first to slacken his speed, and then to come to a full stop and retrace his steps.

Three young men, shamefully intoxicated, were before the bar. One of them was engaged in a drunken altercation with a typical rowdy, himself reckless with drink. It was one of those tableaux which sometimes dissolve in idle words, and sometimes in ghastly wounds and ruined lives. Somehow the spectacle seemed to stir grief in Wilcox. He stood for a moment upon the threshold, and then, with a firm step, entered the saloon.

Blythe felt a firm hand upon his shoulder, and, turning unsteadily about, beheld a familiar face. At first he seemed in doubt as to their mutual relation, whether friends or foes. At length, moved perhaps by the incident most easily recalled, or perhaps by some vague high instinct of the soul toward self-preservation, his wavering mind chose peace.

"Gen'a'men," with a feeble flourish of the hand towards his visitor, "thiah m' ol' friend, Markus o'—Markus o'—M's'r Stingy Wilcox, yo' know." And he paused, while his two friends proffered a tipsy response to the introduction.

Then Blythe began an incoherent recital of all he knew, or thought he knew, about John Wilcox, and finally came to the incident of the iron-laden waggon. Upon that critical occasion, his listeners were gravely informed, Wilcox had saved him from "public decapitation," for which invaluable service he was now making his heartfelt acknowledgments. John Wilcox remained passive during the whole of this pitiable scene, save that his hand slipped gently down from Ned's shoulder to his arm.

"Blythe, I want you."

Again the look of uncertainty came into the flushed face, and there was a pause; but once again the better will prevailed. After two ineffectual attempts to find the rim of his hat, Ned Blythe bared his head by way of parting courtesy, and, guided by the steady hand at his elbow, turned and tottered out into the crisp December air.

When consciousness dawned for Ned Blythe, it was morning, and he found himself resting upon a comfortable couch in strange quarters. A folding screen obstructed his view; but someone close at hand was moving about on tiptoe. Slowly his aching brain supplied the shreds and fragments of last night's adventures, until at length he realized where he was and how he chanced to be there. He was in the room of Stingy Wilcox!

The thought stung his brain into sudden activity. What right had this boor to humiliate him? It was the revenge of a coward.

"Boor and coward!" Before these epithets reached his hot lips he knew them false. The rugged features, and simple, earnest words which came back to him now from out the aching chaos of the night gave the lie to both. Quietly Blythe turned his burning face to the wall, and yielded to better, saner thoughts. So very silent he lay, that Wilcox, moving noiselessly about the room, felt sure he was asleep.

Beneath the enforced self-scrutiny of that silence, Blythe's vanity melted. He saw the pettiness of his own poor little tricks of self-possession when measured beside the moral composure of the youth he had so often sought to ridicule.

At length Wilcox heard a slight noise in the direction of the couch, and, looking around, discovered Blythe sitting up. He had pushed the screen to one side.

"Mr. Wilcox, who are you?"

A faint smile flitted about the corners of the serious mouth, but the answer came quite calmly: "John Wilcox. No middle name. From near Selby, Yorkshire."

"Well, I know. But what under the canopy made you stand by me last night?"

There was a long pause. Wilcox stood with his elbow resting on the screen and his serious gaze full upon Blythe's upturned, expectant face.

"It isn't always quite possible," he said at last, "to tell exactly why we do this or that. I've had several thoughts about you. One was that it was rather fine of you, all things considered, to select me for that little performance of yours last autumn."

Blythe winced, but there was no need.

"A coward would have chosen some weaker fellow—someone whose feelings might have been hurt, and who couldn't have resented the thing in any event. I noticed you at the time, and I knew that you would not shirk the attack you provoked. It's something—that sort of courage—not very much, perhaps, but a man can't afford to be without it."

"Then, too," he went on, "I've noticed your answers at the class examinations, and I believe you've the making of a skilful doctor, if you ever take to work in earnest. I judge as much by your failures as by your successes. They're both significant, you know."

"But what of it? Why do you care whether I make a good doctor or not?"

"Only this," and Wilcox spoke more freely, and with a little air of haste. "I feel that you're not giving yourself quite a fair chance. I hoped you might look at it in the same light. If you do, and if you want my help, Blythe, you can have it. You'll always be welcome here and—and—you needn't stop to knock."

How ridiculous that permission would have sounded a few months before! Ned Blythe, the admitted leader in all the college fun, was welcome to bury himself in the musty championship of Stingy Wilcox. But now there was undoubted tears in Blythe's eyes as, without a word, he extended his hand in token of the best friendship he had ever found.

In the end, helped and encouraged by a stronger will, Blythe himself grew brave, conquered his growing appetite for strong drink, and equipped himself well with knowledge.

At last the day came when the two friends stood side by side in the theatre of the medical school, and together reaped their first well-earned honors.

For good or for evil the door of their great profession was thrown open before them. Then came the hasty packing of trunks, and those parting scenes which mellow with passing time, but which never quite leave the canvas of one's memory.

Ned was on his knees, attempting to force an extra waistcoat into a bursting trunk. The door opened, and John Wilcox entered. Blythe did not look up from his work; indeed, he bent the closer to his task.

"Ned, this is your doing."

Blythe sprang to his feet in groteque astonishment, and gazed at the open letter in his friend's extended hand. He pretended to examine the handwriting, shook his head, and said: "That's not my writing, and I never saw it until this minute. A dun, I suppose?"

"It's very kind of you all," Wilcox resumed, ignoring the other's protest; "and if you wish it, I will go home with you for a couple of weeks."

"Glory!" said Ned; and then grumbled gleefully, "I might have invited you until I turned blue in the face, and you'd have just kept on shaking that stubborn head of yours. It takes mother and Nell to capture a chap of your sort."

"They have written very cordially," replied Wilcox gently, "and I think I'd like to go."

Later, when together and for the last time they had climbed up to Wilcox's dismantled quarters, Blythe put a question which had been on his lips a hundred times before, and as often died unuttered.

"John, the first time I was in this room I asked you why you had chosen to be my friend, and you didn't tell me the whole truth. There was something behind it all. I've felt it often. What was it?"

Wilcox was standing by the open window, gazing off over the smoky factories at the waters of the Bristol Channel, silvery in the distance. He started slightly, but steadied himself and stood motionless. For a long while he was silent, and when he did speak his voice at first was hardly audible.

"Yes," he said, "there was something else," and again he hesitated.

"It doesn't take long in the telling, and yet it's not quite easy to put into words. Ned, two years before I came to college my only brother died. He ought to have lived longer—and better. We were very different, Rob and I, and he was much like you. We were alone together, and God knows I tried to do a brother's part, but I was clumsy at it. I saw the boy's better nature crushed and smothered beneath a little wit, a little grace of speech and of bearing, a little of life's merest show and glitter. "One earnest ambition, no matter of what sort, might have saved him.

"And so," he continued, yet more slowly, with his eyes still fixed on the fair, tranquil, river, "when I saw you passing in Rob's own footsteps, I just held out my hand. It was good of you to take it. Good for both of us, I hope."

In Besieged Mafeking.

Writing January 20, after the first one hundred days of siege had been completed. A correspondent to an English paper says:

We have now begun to prepare for an indefinite sojourn in Mafeking, and almost all food stuffs beyond a few luxuries have been taken over by the military authorities. Although we have enough food to last several months, this precaution is necessary, as when the siege is raised many weeks must elapse before supplies can come in. The garrison has been put upon a scale of reduced rations—one-half pound of bread and one-half pound of meat a day. The reduction of bread took place in the early part of the year, while the orders in relation to the meat supply were issued during the week. Matches and milk are prohibited for public sale, and the latest order prevents the shops from opening. All supplies of biscuits, tea and sugar—preserves also—have been commandeered. It is perhaps difficult to define precisely what in the present circumstances are luxuries, but, lest there should be any doubt upon the point, the price of every variety of domestihe has been inflated to an abnormal value. The shopkeepers and the hotel proprietors, and indeed anybody who can find any possible excuse for doing so, have trebled the price of their goods, pleading that the inflation is due to the siege.

Lady Sarah Wilson, also shut up in Mafeking, writing to *The Daily Mail*, gives the woman's point of view, as follows:

There is something very cowardly in the fairly regular evening shell from the big gun, which is usually loaded and aimed a sundown and fired off between 8 and 9 p. m. or even later, over a partially sleeping town, very early hours being kept here, when the Boers must know men and women may be killed indiscriminately. For this last shot wearied women and children generally wait before leaving their shelters and seeking their beds in their various homes, but sometimes, as a refinement of cruelty, it is not fired at all, and these evening the poor things creep to bed at last with many forebodings.

A feature of the town at present is its bombproofs, or shelters from shell fire. From rough holes hastily dug and covered over with deal boards and earth, which was at first constructed at the arrival of the monster Creusot Boer gun, which fires a projectile of ninety-four pounds. these refuges have been improved upon till they are now luxurious chambers, roofed over with best steel rails and sand bags, ventilated and lighted by round windows and large drain pipes. Mine, for instance, measures 18 feet by 15 feet, and is 8 feet high, boarded floor, covered with matting and panelled wood walls, painted white. With three large port-holes for windows, it much resembles the cabin of a yacht, and its efficiency has been thoroughly tested, as it is, I think, the only shelter in the town on top of which a ninety-four pound shell actually exploded—without even making the glasses jingle or disturbing various war trophies hung on the walls inside.

A curious boudoir, but none too safe, for Lady Sarah Wilson has since been wounded, and several women and children have paid with their lives for the pertinacity of their defenders.

From the delighted survivors of Kimberley there are columns of experiences. Mrs. Stewart, and English woman, wrote home to her people, while the siege was in progress:

It is horrid, and I am heartily tired of running about for permits. I am allowed nine pounds of wood per week. It costs 4½ pence, and that is supposed to do everything, but as a rule I use four shillings' worth a week, and you can't get paraffine oil without a permit. And we have to fetch everything, because the horses have all been eaten or are too thin and weak to bring anything around. I shall be glad to taste butter again, as I have not tasted it for weeks. Jamie managed to get me a tin of lard when I was sick, and you would not believe what a luxury lard has been in Kimberley since the siege started. People who would be horrified to think of eating lard in ordinary times thought themselves lucky to get a tin.

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