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NOTICE

Feorge, Jan. 28th, 1895. DING STATIONERY NEATLY

# Weekln



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 23.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1895.

I once knew all the birds that came And nestled in our orchard trees, For every flower I had a name— My friends were woodchucks, toad

bees. I knew where thrived in yonder glen What plants would soothe a stone-brui

Oh, I was very learned then, But that was very long ago.

Wonderfully Popular. Try It!

Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

Headache and Dyspepsia CURE

Will take away THAT TIRED FEELING and make you well.

GIVES NEW LIFE. The Prescription of a Leading Boston Physician

Ask for FOSS and no other Blood Purifier.

THE BRIDGETOWN

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S OVERSHOES,

Men's Long Split Boots only \$1.25.

We have left a few more Calenders, which we will forward to anyone sending us their

E. A. COCHRAN. TELEPHONE 16.

**Dropped Dead** 

### JAMES E. BURNS

Our High Prices have Dropped. Here are some of them:

26 lbs. Choice Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 24 lbs. Extra Granulated Sugar for \$1.00. First-class Oil, 20c. per gal., or 5 gals. for 95c. Choice Molasses, 43c. per gal. Mess Pork, 10c. per lb. Rolled Oatmeal, 34 lbs. for \$1.00. Cream Yartar, 30c. per lb. Ginger, 26c. per lb. Pepper, 26c. per lb.

The Balance of My DRY COODS

erly the A. D. Cameron store, -now conducted by J. E. BURNS.

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### HORSE LINIMENT

Is Infallibly the Cure for Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind,

Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys. AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

In 1892 this Limment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers. F. L. SHAFNER, - PROPRIETOR MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

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101 to 103 Barrington Street,

(Formerly A. Stephen & Son's Furniture Warerooms.) PIANOS BY THE BEST MAKERS. NEW PIANOS from \$250 to \$650. SEVERAL PIANOS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE (ONLY LITTLE USED AND WILL BE SOLD LOW.) SECOND-HAND PIANOS, IN GOOD ORDER, from \$75 to \$200.

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BY THE BEST MAKERS, AND IN PRICE FROM \$75 to \$250. LARGE NUMBER OF SECOND-HAND ORGANS (SOME ONLY SLIGHTLY

Repairing and Tuning attended to by competent staff of workmen.

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## LIMITED.

Works: BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA. Correspondence solicited.

If you do, call and inspect my new stock. I am offering

GREAT BARGAINS IN THIS LINE. Men's Pants: \$1.00, \$1.35, \$1.45, \$1.50 and

\$2.00 per pair. TOP SHIRTS AND

UNDERCLOTHING! Men's Black Sateen Shirts, \$1.00. Men's Blue and White Stripe Sateen Shirts Other lines, 45 cents to \$1.10. I will close out the balance of my Winter Underclothing at cost

SUGAR! SUGAR! 27 lbs. Choice Sugar for

\$1.00.

Flour! Meal! FEED!

I have the following well-known brands n stock: "Goldie's Sun," "Goldie's Best," "Ocean," "Five Lillies," "Dimand D." Shorts, Sl.25 per bag.
Middlings, "Goldie's Best," 1.35 " "
Cotton Seed Meal, 1.45 " "
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grade, 1.50 " "
Corn Meal, "Yellow Rose," 3.25 per bbl.

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Standard Blend!

The Best in the Market.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

SEND FOR SAMPLES.

SOAP! SOAP!

Richard's Pure, Old Soap, Extra Pale, Crystal, Etc. I sell all the above Soaps at Manufacturers' Prices

Important to the Ladies Carter's **New Tailor** 

**Dress Cutting** 

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE!** 

### I knew the spot upon the hill Where the checkerberries could be found, I knew the rushes near the mill Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound! I knew the wood—the very tree Where lived the poaching, saucy crow, And all the woods and crows knew me— But that was very long ago. And, pining for the joys of youth, I tread the old familiar spot, Only to learn the solemn truth; I have forgotten—am forgot, Yet here's this youngster at my knee Knows all the things I used to know, To think I once was wise as he— But that was very long ago. know it's folly to complain Of whatsoe'er the fates decree Yet, were not wishes all in vain

I'd wish to be a boy again,

Back with the friends I used to know, d wish to be a safe with the friends 1 uses.

For I was, oh, so happy then —

But that was very long ago!

—Eugene Field. How They Love.

How does a woman love? Once and Though life forever its loss deplore. Though life forever its loss deplore.

Deep in sorrow, or want or sin,
One king reigneth her heart within;
One alone, by night and day,
Moves her spirit to curse or pray;
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control;
Though loves beset her and friends deride
Yea, when she smileth another's bride,
Still for her master her life makes moan,
Once is forever: and once alone.

I tell you what my wish should be

How does man love? Once for all; The sweetest voices of life may call, Sorrow daunt him or death dismay, Joy's red roses bedeck his way, Fortune smile or isat or from Joy's red loses bedeck his way,
Fortune smile or jest or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down,
Loss betray him or gain delight.
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though souls may madden or frail hearts
heeak: break; Better than wife, or child, or pelf, Better than wile,

Once and forever, he loves—himself.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

Select Ziterature.

Mrs. Brent's Baby. Mr. Ellery Corban was an exceedingly

nervous man. He came honestly by it, for his mother was nervous before him. Mr. Corban was a bachelor of forty-five, remarkably well preserved, and rather finelooking. He had a portly figure, a florid which any man might have been excused for hold baby while I go and get a cup of coffee. feeling proud of. Mr. Corban was very well off. He had I breakfasted early, and need something

that elderly bachelors and widowers were generally fated to marry their housekeepers;

And, before Corban could utter one word and Mr. Corban regarded marriage and the by way of refusal, she had put the baby in gallows as about on a par. Women and babies he considered a very crowd. ecessary part of creation. The mystery

pe and still be a woman. One day last summer it became evident to ther and the train would start without him. Mr. Corban that he must take a journey west. The interests of his business demanded it; so he put a few things into his valise, said the aisle, hold the baby at arm's length, and good-morning to M1s. Gregg, and set out for fixing his frantic gaze on the door through

He was five minutes late, for his necktie had given him a great deal of trouble, and he had been unable to find a pair stockings in. But the passengers were, most of them, which were not destitute of toes. But he new ones, for there was a junction at Par had comforted himself with the reflection | kersburg; and, worst of all, the baby's moththat, as he had boots on, nobody would be er was not among them! the wiser in regard to the unclad condition of his toes, and at last he got off.

He heard the whistle, and started upon was off. the run. If there is anything especially calculated to put one out of temper, it is havng to run to catch the cars; and our hero spiration and completely out of breath, he rushed into the first car which offered, he was irritated with all the world, himself in-

The car was well filled. In fact, there was only one vacant seat, and that was be-Corban turned to seek the next car, but

sir?" indicating the one beside the woman. Corban was troubled with a touch of the sir; but I couldn't oblige you if you were rheumatism in his left knee, and could not one of the Rothschilds." stand comfortably-nothing else could have otyped inquiry:

"This seat engaged?"

"No, sir," replied a very sweet voice: and with his feet where his head had orter be? Corban saw that the speaker had expressive He's wrong side up." blue eyes and golden hair. He took the seat, and the lady drew the bundle she had been partially resting on the cushion into her lap.

rack!" suggested Mr. Corban.

The lady opened her eyes in indignant face of a moon-eyed baby! "Muzzer's 'ittle 'tweety sugar darling!"

she exclaimed, in the dialect which is perfectly intelligible to all babydom. "Muzzer won't let the naughty man put the 'ittle lammie, lumpy baby up on the rack!" . The baby struck out menacingly with its fat fists in the direction of Mr. Corban, and

At the first stopping-place he was on the look-out for a seat, and to his joy discovered By this time the baby began to cry lustily and the whole car sympathized-esp the female passengers.
"It's got the cholery morbus!" said the the gentleman in the next seat making preparations to leave, but, before he was fairly old lady previously mentioned. "It'll die for sartin if something haint done!" out of his seat, and old lady in a green shawl and a poke bonnet had edged into it, and "Die? You don't think so!" cried Cor

cut off all Mr. Corban's hopes.

Of course, she turned around and began at "Dear little chicken! How old is it,

"Almost eight months," said the proud "Well, I declare! What a large child of its age! Why, there was my Enoch, when he was a year he wasn't a mite nor a grain bigger than that child! But then, En had the whooping-cough, and measles, and the nettle-rash, and the callaretta infanticide afore he was eleven months! And I expect them deseases had some effect onto his con-

"I should think so," replied the baby's

"You look tired, dear," went on the old lady: "the baby must be dreadful heavy. Why don't you let his pa take him?" with an expressively reproachful glance at the savage countenance of Mr. Carban. "I'm not his pa!" grumbled Mr. Corban pulling his hat a little farther down over his

"Oh! you aint? Wall now, that's curis!" said the old lady. "I should have thought you was for sartin! The baby is the image of ye-jest the same kind of a nose; and its eyes has got the same expression."
Expression, indeed! Mr. Corban was boiling over! He had always particularly

prided himself on his expression; and here was this old ogre comparing him to that dumpling-faced, huckleberry-eyed baby! "Wall," said the old lady, slowly, as though she had reached the conclusion after some thought, "I s'pose as its likely this is a post mortem child, which means one as is born after the death of its father, and you husband departed this vale of tears. Wall, that's got to be dreadful common now. But my Elijah has been dead nigh onto nineteen months, and I ain't began to think of a sec ond pardner. Though Squire Hudson, he has been ruther retentive to me lately; and the squire is left so helpless and onfortinit with them six children of his, that I don't know. I hope the Lord will show me my duty, and give me strength to take the squire for better or for worse, if it's right

duty, marm. When did your first husband "Parkersburg!" screamed the conductor. "Stop five minutes for refreshments? Change cars for Wallingford, Amsterdam,

and Myrtle Ridge." The woman with the baby arose quickly. A thrill of joy went through Mr. Corban He thought she was at her journey's end. He, too, rose with alacrity. "Can I assist you in any way, madam?"

never kept house, perhaps because he knew warm. Be careful and hold his head high;

Our unfortunate hero felt himself growing of their having been allowed an existence he could never solve. He could not help reof the engine had broken, and the locomogarding their creation as a grave mistake in a score of battles, but, through it all, he had never experienced such a sinking at the

stemach as came over him now. his home there for fifteen years. Mrs. Most of the passengers left the cars; and Gregg was as much like a man as she could Corban would have done likewise, but he feared he might lose sight of the baby's mo-So, in an agony of terror lest something bow. He had no notion of allowing that

which his deliverer would come. "All aboard!" called the stentorian voice The bell rang; the cars were moving; the

door was shut with a bang, and the train Corban waxed desperate.
"Hello, there!" he called to the condu "Stop! this train can't go on; there's a wo may be excused if, when, dripping with per- man left behind! She went to get a cup of coffee. Stop! I tell you, this instant, sir!

"What's up?" asked the conductor. "She's left the baby-" "Your wife? Oh, never mind. Such things occur frequently. She'll come next

"I tell you to stop! I shall go crazy And-oh, Lord! what shall I do with th was met by the conductor at the door. "No baby? Say, I'll give you five dollars—ten room in there, sir! All full! Anniversary dollars—twenty—yes, fifty dollars—if you'll neeting of Parkersburg. There's a seat, put back and let me off at Parkersburg!" "I should have no objection to the money

And the conductor passed on his way.
"Bless your soul, sir,!" said the old lady He stepped up to her, and made the stere- in the next seat, giving Corban a nudge with her parasol, "you'll suffocate

Corban hastily rescued the youngster. which uttered a shrill yell at his treatm "You'd ort to be ashamed of yerself!" went on the old lady, indignantly, "to toss "Better let me put your bundle up on the that blessed child round in sich an onhuman way! A man never ort to have no children amazement, whipped off a layer flannel from the package, and displayed, to the horrified Just then a thin, yellow-faced woman slipped into the seat in front of Mr. Corban.

> "Lovely child!" she exclaimed, insinuatingly.
>
> The baby began to squizzle up its face. and flourish its heels and fists.
> "Dear me! how forward it is! How old

She was middle-aged, but her dress had al

was.
"I don't know!" growled Corban.
"Been a widower long, sir?" queried the

is it, sir?" inquired the spinster, for such she gave utterance to a yell of triumph.

Mr. Corban broke into a cold perspiration.

He had never been so near a baby before in all his life—and a baby and a woman, too!

It was almost too much for him.

He had a strong mind to stand the remainder of the way, or until somebody vacated a seat; but his knee gave an extra twinge, and decided him to try and endure the terrible state of things.

He took a paper from his pocket and essayed to read; but the baby had launched out in one of those baby refrains, which is like music in the ears of all mothers, and the cooling so confused our bachelor hero that he could take no sense of his paper, so he pocketed it with savage determination to petition the next Congress for women with babies to be kept in a car by themselved.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER.

SOLICITOR

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companie

A TALE FROM WINNIPEG.

NOW TWO PROMINENT CITIZENS OF THE PRAIRIE CAPITAL REGAINED HEALTH.

NE SUFFERED FROM THE RFFECTS OF MALARIA AND INDIGESTION, THE OTHER FROM NERVOUS PROSTRATION—THEIR STORY AS TOLD A TRIBUNE REPORTER.

The modern world is decidedly skeptical and in the case of cures by advertised medicines, it is sometimes remarked that they occur at long distances. Recently, however, the Tribune was told that a Winnipeg gentle man had passed through an experience as remarkable as any of those published, and inquiry into the matter revealed the fact that several prominent citizens of Winnipes had been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of these citizens is Mr. W. A. Charlesworth, the well known contractor, who during his residence in Win the Prairie Capital by erecting some of its finest and most substantial buildings. Naturally what Mr. Charlesworth would say as to the merits of a medical preparation would who have met him in business and socially and a Tribune reporter was detailed to get Mr. Charlesworth was seen at his beautiful and cosy home on William street, a few days since, and while unwilling to attract publicity, yet, for the benefit of those suffer-ing as he once was he consented to give a simple statement of his case. About thirteen years ago, while living in the southern part ois, near Cairo, he had several attacks of malarial fever and ague, which left his system that for about ten years after he was a sufferer from chronic indigestion. He came not had, while in the north, another real attack of ague, but every season he has had off by the prompt use of quinine. Bilious also suffered severely from indigestion. De-termining to make a decided effort to get rid the fall of 1891 to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the advertisements of which he had read in the newspapers. Mr. Charlesworth began to use the pills in October, and for the first month scarcely felt any improvement. The cold of the winter of 1891-2, as will be remembered, as intense, and yet so great was ment of the blood, that he scarcely felt the

"You shall pay dearly for this!" roared is Mr. Frank Fairchild, the largest dealer in I'll take the law on you the moment we get anywhere where there is any law! Call me vehicles and farm machinery in western known to readers of the Tribune to need any came to a sudden stop.

Everybody rushed out to ascertain the

of the head. After spending some time at a of the head. After spending some time at a difficulty; and it was found that the wheel famous Chicago sanitarium he was advised to take something to build up his blood, the doctors mentioning Pink Pills in their list of things advised. At first he took a fluid pretake with him as he travelled, he decided to try Pink Pills, as Mr. Charlesworth had very strongly recommended them. He found taking them until restored to health. He has no hesitation in recommending them as a great builder up and purifier of the blood. all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Ont.. Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents a box, or

> these pills are sold makes a course of treatmake perfection, yet you will grant perfec-tion is no trifle." This attention to minor details helped him to become the great artist he was, and such attention will perfect any-And he who does his work honestly, conscientiously and nobly, will enjoy the confidence and friendship of those for whom and

six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which

with whom he labors.

did so, the door of one of the carriages was burst open and out leaped the baby's mother.

A cry of joy came from Corban; and with one bound he broke the grasp of Mr. Smithers upon his arm, and rushed toward her.

"Oh! my baby! My precious baby!" screamed she, snatching the baby from Corban. "My darling! My little angel darling!" and ahe fell to kissing it in a way that set all the ladies to pulling out their handkerchiefs, and exclaiming, "Did you ever!" have tried K. D. C. and there is no failure of disappointment."

K. D. C. brings solid comfort to those suffering from sick headache and that oppressed feeling. Test its merits now. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

—Puttner's Emulsion contains neither Quinine, Strychnine, nor other harmful drug. Its ingredients are wholesome animal and vegetable substances, and it may be taken indefinitely without dangerous results.

what an inhuman woman its mother was From the Winnipeg Tribune. "Take it my good lady, do!" cried Corban imploringly. "I'll give you a hundred dol-lars to take it." "What is all this row about?" said a sharpnosed little man with a newspaper in his hand. "A child, is it? Fall back, gentlenen; and let me look at it. If it should

prove to be the one." "How? What do you mean?" queried a lozen voices at once. "It is! It is! It can be no other!" exclaimed the sharp-nosed man excitedly.
"How strange, that I should chance upon it! Listen to this, gentlemen," and he read from the paper in his hand the notice: "Stolen-supposed to have been stolen rom its carriage in Central Park, on the norning of the eighteenth inst., a male child, about nine months old. Said child has blue eyes, and rather dark hair; and is a remarkably forward and interesting child. Any person who will return him to his afflicted

"Dear me!" said the thin-faced lady

NO. 3.

hall receive a reward of three hundred dollars. Louis Roscoe." "Wall, I never!" exclaimed the old lady. It must be the very same baby! This child has got blue eyes, and dark hair, and pears remarkable forwa'd."

"Yes, ma'am; unquestionably the very

parents, No.-Forty-ninth street, or give in-

ermation that will lead to his recovery,

same," remarked the sharp-nosed man, confidently; "consider it my duty to take pos-"Oh! take it, do!" cried Corban, imploringly; "I'll give a hundred dollars to get it off my hands!"

ers-Peter Smithers, sir; and I live in Albany. I'm a magistrate, sir; and I arrest you for child-stealing." "I tell you I didn't steal it. She went off after a cup of coffee-"

"No doubt you would, my man; but I

ain't took in that way. My name is Smith-

"Don't trouble yourself to repeat that story again. I understand the case fully," said Mr. Smithers, promptly. "Conductor, is there a place on the train where this rascal would be safer than here?" "We don't run prison-vans," responded

that worthy, sulkily.
"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smithers, and best! I don't never want to shirk no blandly; "you are all men of honor, and and you all have feelings of sympathy, doubtless, for the parents of this unfortunate removed, and since that time he has not had assist me in guarding him until we reach a station, where I can place him in charge of the proper officials. At the next stopping. the proper officials. At the next stopping-place I will telegraph to Brideswell, and

place I will telegraph to Brideswell, and have constables resdy to take possession of child, who has used the pills." "Thank you. I will just trouble you to Corban, now fairly infuriated. "Yes, sir!

a rascal, indeed!" Just at that moment the sharp signal to down brakes" sounded; and in a few mohis arms, and was rushing off with the ments there was a slight shock, and the train

> tive was partially off the track. No one was injured; but it would occupy some time to get things so that the next train could run; and in the meantime, Mr. Corban thought, with rapture, he could make his escape.
>
> He formed the plan of dropping the unfortunate baby and fleeing to the woods. In the bustle and confusion it could easily be accomplished. But he had reckoned without his host. Mr. Smithers was right at his el-

tempting reward to slip through his fingers; and a couple of other gentlemen kept guard with him. And there stood poor Corban, holding the whimpering baby, and expostulating, swearing and blustering in a way that made all the ladies decide that he was a with other remedies or medical treatment. monster—and they gave him and the baby a very wide berth. Suddenly the whistle of the next train from Parkersburg was heard. A bright hope sprung up in Corban's breast. It was

ble the baby's mother might be on board. He rushed forward, but Mr. Smithers seized his arm and held him back. "Be quiet, sir!" said he. "Remember, you are under arrest!" The train had been warned of the detension of the first express, and came to a halt a little distance behind; and, the moment it did so, the door of one of the carriages was

kerchiefs, and exclaiming, "Did you ever?"
"God bless you!" cried Corban enthusiastically. "I never was so glad to see any mortal being before!"
"Oh! you dear delightful man!" cried she, shaking hands with him. "I am so much obliged to you for taking care of the littl

lamb! You see I got belated a moment—the offee was so dreadfully hot!"

Mr. Smithers' face had grown very long.
"Then it is not Mr. Louis Roscoe's child?

And it has not been stolen?" he asked, dubi-

"I should rather think not!" replied the mother, indiginantly. "It is my child, sir! All I have left of the dear husband who gave up his life at Cold Harbor, two months after baby's birth."
"I most heartily beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Smithers, addressing Mr. Corban.
"I—I—that is, I didn't think—You see—"
"Mind your own business, sir," said Mr. Corban, shortly; "and continue minding it for the rest of your life—that's my advice, sir."
Mr. Corban and Mrs. Brent, for that was the young widow's name, got very friendly and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the time the train was ready and familiar by the familiar by the family and familiar by the family and familiar by the family and family famil

Through this toilsome world, alas, Once and only once, I pass. If a kindness I may show, If a good deed I may do To my suffering fellow-man, Let me do it while I can, Nor delay it, for 't is plain I shall not pass this way again. "I should rather think not!" replied the

-Vivian Burnett, made famous as the model of his mother's book, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is a candidate for a place on Harvard's team for the Mott Haven games. He is a rather speedy runner at both short and long distances.

