BRIDGETOWN, Oct. 27, 1890.

OPELEKA REMEDIES Co.:

SIRS,—I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. I assure you that it gives perfect satisfaction in every case.

Yours, Respectfully,

DANIEL PALFREY.

30 1y

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

CARD.
W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - N. S.
Office in A. BEALS' STORE.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Dentistry a Specialty.

L. G. deBLOIS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
Office:—MEDICAL HALL,
BRIDGETOWN, . . N. S.

G. E. BARNABY, M.D.,
(GRADUATE OF HARVARD, 1872.)
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.
House Residence for the present: MRS. AARON CHUTE'S.
Special attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.
Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

DENTISTRY.
DR. T. A. CROCKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
having fitted up rooms in his new residence at MIDDLETON, may be found there from the 1st till the 9th of each month. Those requiring the services of an expert Dental Surgeon can rely on thorough work and satisfaction in each and every instance. ALL THE LATEST DENTAL APPLIANCES.
Middleton, June 25th, 1890. 12 1y

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable. Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

Burdock Blood Bitters **CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA. CURES DYSPEPSIA.**

PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Mr. Neil McNeil, of Leith, Ont., writes:
DEAR SIRS,—For years and years I suffered from dyspepsia in its worst forms, and after trying all means in my power to no purpose I was persuaded by friends to try B.B.B., which I did, and after using 5 bottles I was completely cured.

Burdock Blood Bitters **Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION. Cures CONSTIPATION.**

ACTS ON THE BOWELS.

Rapid Recovery.
DEAR SIRS,—I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The second dose made me ever so much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and to everybody with the same disease I recommend B. B. B.
MISS F. WILLIAMS,
445 Bloor St., Toronto.

Burdock Blood Bitters **Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS. Cures BILIOUSNESS.**

REGULATES THE LIVER.

Direct Proof.
SIRS,—I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of medicine which did me no good, and I was getting worse all the time until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.
MARY A. E. DEACON,
Hawkstone, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters **Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE. Cures HEADACHE.**

REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.

A Prompt Cure.
DEAR SIRS,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well, and can work as well as ever.
ANNIE BURGESS,
Tilsonburg, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters **Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD. Cures BAD BLOOD.**

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. B. B. B., by regulating and toning these organs, removes the cause and makes new rich blood, removing all blood diseases from a pimple to a scrofulous sore.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

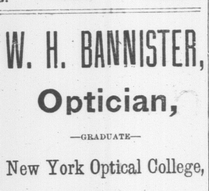
VOL. 19. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1891. NO. 4.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
Barrister and Solicitor.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia
Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

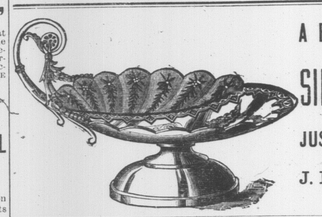
BRIDGETOWN GROCERY.

JUST RECEIVED:
TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.
SPICES, Warranted Pure.
CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS.
BISCUITS, Fresh from the Manufactory,
SYRUPS of all kinds,
SUGARS, MOLASSES, PORK, BEANS, TOBACCOS, PICKLES.
FRUIT: ORANGES, LEMONS, and BANANAS.
AT LOWEST CASH PRICE.
GEO. H. DIXON.

BUY MY MAKE OF
Boots & Shoes
And you will never be annoyed by customers grumbling on account of ripping and poor material. Every Dealer who reads this will find it to his advantage to see my
LATEST STYLES
which are considered superior to any in design and workmanship, and made of the best material the market produces. If our Traveller should not call upon you when you require goods, send for sample lots. PRICES ARE REASONABLE. All orders by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
JAMES T. HURLEY
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,
23 and 25 Chipman Hill, St. John, N. B.



W. H. BANNISTER,
Optician,
—GRADUATE—
New York Optical College,
136 GRANVILLE STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.



A Beautiful Line of
SILVERWARE!
JUST RECEIVED.
J. E. SANCTON.

NOW IN STOCK!
At Wholesale or Retail,
the following choice brands of FLOUR:
50 bbls. "PEARL,"
25 bbls. "ACADIA,"
75 bbls. "WHITE DOVE,"
50 bbls. "FIVE ROSES,"
75 bbls. "ANCHOR,"
25 bbls. "MYRTLE,"
25 bbls. "FUSCHIA,"
30 bbls. "CLOVER,"
25 bbls. "A. B. C."
CORNMEAL:
200 bbls. KILN-DRIED CORNMEAL.
OATMEAL:
20 bbls SUPERIOR OATMEAL, Tilson's Standard Brand.
A few bags MIDDLINGS left in Stock.
Grocery and Provision Supplies constantly on hand.
Stock the best. Prices low as the lowest.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, Oct. 21st, 1890. 29 1y

Frank E. Vidito,
DEALER IN
FRESH AND SALTED BEEF, LAMB, PORK, BACON AND VEGETABLES.
THE subscriber has lately established a business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the trade in all particulars. By strict attention and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.
My team will run to Round Hill and Granville weekly.
Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890. 10 1y

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals, I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;
getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY **Incipient Consumption** BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

1888. Letter A. No. 994.
IN THE SUPREME COURT,
BETWEEN
JOHN E. BOWLBY, Plaintiff,
AND
LENNIE STARR BOWLBY, Defendant.
TO BE SOLD AT
Public Auction
By the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis or his Deputy at the Court House in Bridgetown, on
Thursday, May 14th, 1891,
At Two O'Clock in the Afternoon,
All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand which the said Defendant had at the time of the recording of the judgment herein, or at any time since or now has, of, in, to, or out of the following lots of
LAND
and premises, that is to say:
FIRST. All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on the south side of the Annapolis river, near Lawrencetown aforesaid, at the corner of the Lane, so called, and the North Williamston road bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the north-west corner of lands owned by Jas. Alonzo Banks, on the Lane, so called; thence northerly along said Lane to the North Williamston road; thence easterly along said road to lands owned by Ichabod Newcomb; thence southerly along said Newcomb's land to lands owned by Alfred Saunders; thence westerly along said lands about twenty rods or to a certain ditch; thence northerly along said ditch about seven and one-half rods to the north-east corner of lands owned by P. H. Saunders, Esq.; thence westerly along said Saunders' land until it reaches the east side of lands owned by Jas. Alonzo Banks aforesaid; thence northerly along said Banks' land about five rods to the north-east corner thereof; thence westerly along said lands to the place of beginning, containing about three and one-half acres, more or less.
ALSO: An undivided one-sixth interest in all and singular the following lots of land, bounded:
FIRST. All that lot of land purchased from Albert Turner and wife, known as the Linn's Mill property, lying on the south side of the Annapolis river at Lawrencetown, and bounded as follows: Beginning two rods east of the mill-race; thence northerly to the river aforsaid, not including the highway or old road; thence westerly along the river to the west corner of the old bridge; thence southerly to the grist mill race forty-three feet from the south-west corner of said mill to a bar post; thence easterly to the place of beginning.
SECOND. That lot or parcel of land purchased from Ephraim Bockman and wife, beginning on the grist mill race at a point in range of twenty feet west from the carding machine building thereon, and running southerly past the said building and twenty feet therefrom and parallel therewith until it reaches a point twenty feet south of the south side of said building; thence easterly parallel with the south side of said building and twenty feet therefrom to a point in range of the east side of said building and twenty feet from the old mill pond; thence southerly and easterly around the said mill pond and twenty feet therefrom to the east side of the main race; thence northerly on the east side of said race way to the south line of land herein named from Albert Turner; thence west along said Turner lot to the place of beginning. Also the privilege reserved in deed to Israel Daniels, from the said Ephraim Bockman, of the main race way and right to repair the same in its present channel by doing as little damage as possible.
THIRD. That lot of land purchased from Beriah B. Daniels and wife, bounded as follows: Beginning at the north-west corner of the land known as the Scribner property in the Lawrencetown Lane, so called, on the line between said Daniels and Dr. S. C. Primrose's land; thence westerly along said Dr. S. C. Primrose's land nineteen rods to a certain stake; thence southerly at right angles five rods; thence easterly at right angles nineteen rods to the south-west corner of the before named Scribner property; thence northerly five rods to the place of beginning, together with all interest of Israel Bowlby in any further privileges conveyed to I. Bowlby & Co. by the said Beriah B. Daniels, Ephraim Bockman or Albert Turner. The said lands and premises being levied on under an execution issued on a judgment in the above cause duly registered for more than one year.
Terms—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale; balance on delivery or tender of Deed.
J. AVARD MORSE,
High Sheriff of Annapolis.
O. T. DANIELS, Solicitor of Plaintiff, and of Assignee of Judgment.
Dated this 25th day of March, 1891.

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
THOMAS DEARNESS
Importer of Marble
and manufacturer of
Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.
Also Monuments in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.
Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.
N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

House For Sale!
THE subscriber offers for sale her property on Court Street, next to the Court House, consisting of house, barn, and small garden or building lot. Buildings in good repair, and furnished with town water service and sewerage.
Apply on the premises.
C. PIPER.
Bridgetown, March 4th.

BRADLEY'S
X. L. Phosphate,
which has steadily held its place at the head of all artificial fertilizers for THIRTY years, will be sold as usual throughout the province. Agents wanted where none are now acting.
BONE!
We have secured a large stock of the best make of **Pure Bone,** perfectly free from moisture, which we offer on favorable terms.
G. C. MILLER,
Managing Agent,
Bradley Fertilizer Co.
Middleton, March 25th, 1891. 51 10i

N.Y.
NEW YORK STEAMSHIP CO.
THE PIONEER LINE
will resume operations at an early date, which will be announced through the press.
Our wharf has been improved and enlarged, a large and commodious warehouse with modern improvements erected, making the most complete accommodations for freight and passenger business on the water front.
FINE STEAMSHIPS WILL THEN LEAVE
St. JOHN FOR NEW YORK
Via Eastport, Me.
Every FRIDAY at 3 p.m.
(Standard Time.)
Return Steamers will leave NEW YORK, from
Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street, every Tuesday, at 5 p.m.
Freight on through bills of lading to and from all points south and west of New York, and from New York to all points in the Maritime Provinces.
CHEAP FARES AND LOW RATES.
For further information address
N. L. NEWCOMB,
General Manager, 63 Broadway, New York.
Or AGENT, N. Y. S.S. Co.'s wharf,
Rear of Custom House, St. John, N. B.

PALFREY'S CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs, that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 1y

MONEY TO LOAN.
Nova Scotia Permanent Building Society and Savings Fund of Halifax.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the *monthly balances* at six per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefor, and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Agent at Annapolis.
Annapolis, Feb. 11th, 1891. 6m

Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See em. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

The Mortgage.

BY S. W. FOSS.

He bought in 1865 a farm of stumps and stones,
His name was God-Be Glorified, his surname it was Jones.
He put a mortgage on the farm, and then in conscious pride,
"In twenty years I'll pay it up," said God-Be Glorified.

The mortgage had a hungry maw that swallowed corn and wheat;
He toiled with patience night and day to let the monster eat;
He slowly worked himself to death, and on the calm hillside
They laid beyond the monster's reach, good God-Be Glorified.

And the farm with its encumbrances of mortgage, stumps, and stones,
It fell to young Melchizedek Paul Adoniram Jones;
Melchizedek was a likely youth, a holy godly man,
And he vowed to raise that mortgage like a noble Puritan.

And he went forth every morning to the rugged mountain side,
And he dug, as dug before him, poor old God-Be Glorified;
He raised pumpkins and potatoes down the monster's throat to pour;
He gulped them down and smacked his jaws, and calmly asked for more.

He worked until his back was bent, until his hair was gray;
On the hillside through a snowdrift they dug his grave one day!
His first-born son, Eliphalet, had no time to weep and brood,
For the monster by his doorstep growled forever for his food.

He fed him on his garden truck, he stuffed his ribs with hay,
And he fed him eggs and butter, but he would not go away;
And Eliphalet he staggered with the burden, and then died,
And slept with old Melchizedek and God-Be Glorified.

Then the farm it fell to Thomas, and from Thomas fell to John,
Then from John to Eleazur, but the mortgage still lived on;
Then it fell to Ralph and Peter, Eli, Absalom and Paul;
Down through all the generations, but the mortgage killed them all!

About a score of years ago the farm came down to Jim,
And Jim called in the mortgagee and gave the farm to him.
There's no human heart so empty that it has no ray of hope,
So Jim gave up the ancient farm and went to making soap.

He grew a fifty-millionaire, a bloated, pampered nature,
He owned ten railroads, twenty mines, and the whole State Legislature;
And thousands did his gruff commands, and lived upon his bounty;
And he came home, bought back the farm, and the entire county.

From the Yankee Blade.

Select Literature.

Penhallow.

(Continued from last week.)

A stream of people had entered the dining-room, the ladies arrayed in bright summer gowns, the gentlemen walking with alert steps and with heads erect; none of the men to whom I was accustomed carried themselves in such a way. Mrs. Wason was showing them to their places. The words that awoke me from my dream were uttered in her thin, high-pitched voice.

"Will you sit here? Martiny will wait on you. This is Martiny."

I took a step forward to draw back the chairs, and then stood petrified, staring at the newcomers, like the awkward country girl they must have thought me.

When and where and how had I seen that woman before—seen her with a more than a mere passing glance; ay, and held converse with her, not once or twice, but many times?

She was tall—above the common height—and broad-shouldered, yet so well proportioned that she struck one as slender. She was pale, and there were dark rings beneath her beautiful gray eyes; her hair was brown, of curiously different shades; in the deepest tints it was dark brown—not reddish, but pure brown, paling here and there to a lighter shade, while in the thick coils that lay about her head were rings and gleams of gold. Where had I seen hair like that before? Hers and no other's it must have been, for, search as one might, how often, in a lifetime, could one find such softly shaded masses, lighted up with gold? Her mouth was the loveliest feature of her beautiful face; one lip had a fashion of curling as she talked. Her chin was square and firm, but soft and feminine too. She wore a gown of yellowish brown of some soft silken stuff; her neck was bare in a tiny point in front, and in the folds of the lace was one of the thousand-leaved roses. Her whole appearance was familiar to me, even to the ring on the hand that lay lightly upon her companion's arm. It was a ring set with a rough gray stone, encircled with diamonds.

The gentleman belonged in the picture too, although his face and figure were not so vivid as were the lady's. He was of about her height, with fair, wavy hair, a slight mustache, and blue eyes that never left his companion's face as she talked eagerly upon some apparently engrossing theme. Her voice was familiar too, as its tones came to me with their pure quality, and now and then, as she warmed with her subject, with inflections that were not shrillness, but were like chords of a yet purer quality. Possibly the familiarity of face and figure might have been explained by some coincidence, but the voice I had heard before, yet when, or where, or how, I did not know.

I put my hand to my forehead in the painful struggle to recall where I had heard tones that were surely hers—far-off, haunting tones, with their silvery cadences now and again glancing into shrillness. No, not shrillness. Such a voice as that could never become, even in the course of years, sharp and ear-splitting, penetrating walls and cleaving the air, however one might seek to shut it out. Why was it that I felt myself all at once in my little attic chamber? I was growing dizzy.

I clutched the back of the nearest chair. The sudden motion broke the spell. I could see that the girl at the next table, who had overheard the complimentary words Mrs. Wason had spoken to me, was looking pleased at my awkwardness.

The lady before me drew back her chair herself, with the hand upon which was the curious ring.

"So this is Martina?" said she. "Thank you for the roses. I could not leave them all behind, you see. I hope that Mrs. Wason has as good a welcome for us here, for we are hungry."

I told them haltingly what we had for supper.

"Hot biscuit and tea for two," she ordered promptly.

"Sarah, you must not eat hot biscuit, and the doctor forbade tea, unconditionally," said the gentleman, earnestly. "Let me order toast and milk for you."

"I detest milk. I am hungry, and will have what I want."

I hurried to the kitchen, where Mrs. Wason was everywhere at once, breaking up pans of biscuits, turning pancakes, and taking muffins and waffles from the stove. Instead of giving her my orders, I questioned breathlessly:

"Mrs. Wason, who are the folks at my table?"

"Lor', child, how flustrated yer be," said she. "Them's Mr. and Miss MacNeil Penhaller."

VI.

I was helping Mrs. Wason iron some of the ladies' fine skirts, my grandmother having taught me how to clear-starch. Some of the girls were afraid of doing more than they had hired out to do, for Mrs. Wason not only drove herself but expected every one else to drive, even if they were not bound anywhere in particular. The original laundry was not large enough for the present needs of the house, and the old ball-room had been utilized for that purpose. Fubs had been placed along one side of the room and long ironing-tables upon the other, with a stove at each end on which to heat the flat-irons; the long windows, opening on the piazza, afforded easy access to the drying-ground back of the house. This was the first chance that I had had to ask the question that had been hovering on my lips for the past three days.

"Be they related ter the folks as used ter live here? Yis, they're the great-gran'children; he's Hon. MacNeil Penhaller's gran'son, an' I've hearn tell is the livin' image of his gran'pa. Hain't she hahn'some? Yer kin see the real lady in her. Pity she hain't more rugged. 'T would ha' been better for her ef she'd ha' be'n reared in the country, on good, healthy victuals, beans an' pork an' pie, 'stid o' the newfangled dishes that Bostin folks like. She's got dyspepsy consid'rable bad. I was a-tellin' of her t'other mornin' how my son's wife's appetite got so nippin' after she'd buried Jemmy that she couldn't relish a dish o' beans an' was never even pie-hungry. All she lived on was milk; she was a powerful hand to drink milk—used ter say she b'lieved she never was weaned. She took 'Torrington's Balsam.' Three drops on a lump of sugar ev'ry mornin' until she could stumick a teaspoonful. Now she's a rugged a woman as yer'd want to see, an' thinks nothin of her big washes an' the cookin' fur seven children an' all the men-folks. She sets a store by 'Torrington's Balsam,' I kin tell yer.

"I hain't got no faith in doctors, but seein's b'lievin', an' so I tol' Miss Penhaller. But she's everlastin' set, an' I don' b'lieve minds the doctor any more'n suits her high-mightiness. She has nooraligy, too, all down her back; but when I tol' her of how I knew a woman who'd cured folks by holdin' of their heads, an' all they had ter do themselves was jist ter have faith, she laughed as though she'd die. The doctor calls her ailment nervous prosterration, an' she says his prescripture-on is milk. Beats all what some folks will b'lieve.

"They was only married las' fall, so she an' her husband set consid'rable store by each other yit; the doctor said he must git somewhere where it was high an' dry an' there was pine breezes instid o' salt ones. An' she said she wouldn't leave Boston unless her husband could be with her; between yer an' me, I rather guess it's she who's master. But when she saw the pictur of the Place in the circler an' how the steam-cars come up to the very door, as yer may say, she made up her min' on the spot that she would go 'home,' as the persis' in callin' Penhaller Place. She's cur'us enough about the house, an' asked me a sight o' questions 'bout the rooms. I believe she actyerally thought as how I could remember back t' her great-gran'ma'am's time.

"Yer'd oughter see her eyes open when I tol' her that yer great-gran'ma'am was Ma'am Penhaller's own maid, an' that yer folks had tol' me that yer was her livin' image.

"Be yer through? Ef I ken do yer a good turn, Martiny, I'll not forgit. 'Tain't many as kin starch lace an' muslin like yer an' me, ef I do say it!"

VII.

Every morning Mrs. Penhaller would accompany her husband across the lawn to the little railroad station and remain on the platform till the train was out of sight. The train by which he returned arrived at six o'clock, and at half-past five Mrs. Penhallow, arrayed in one of the lovely gowns of which she had such a store, would be sitting at her window watching for the first faint cloud of smoke.

I liked to watch them from my post in the dining-room, as with linked arms they slowly crossed the lawn. Once or twice Mr. Penhallow was detained in town until ten o'clock, but she was at the station, as usual, to greet him, while she had delayed her own supper that they might partake of it together. One morning, at breakfast, I noticed how red her eyes were, nor was it possible to avoid over-hearing some of the words that passed between them. She had a high way of disregarding that which holds most people in check—the thought of what folks may say.

"Don't go, darling."

"But I shall soon return, Sarah."

"Let somebody else go; I want you to stay with me."

"No other person can attend to this business as well as I. New York is not so long a journey from here that you will have time to miss me before I am home again."

"Stay with me. Just this once. Don't leave me, Mac, dearest."

But in spite of her persuasion I saw that he had his travelling-bag with him as they crossed the lawn; from her gestures it was evident that she was seeking to detain him to the very last. The morning following his departure she sent word for her breakfast to be brought to her room. I laid upon the tray some branches of swamp pink that I had gathered near my old home that morning. Harry had driven me over several times of late. Mrs. Wason let me go whenever I asked, on condition that I was back in time to wait upon the breakfast table.

"Come," said Mrs. Penhallow's voice; and I entered.

She was in bed. Her arms, bare to the elbow, were flung over her head, and her hair lay in masses upon the pillow. I drew a table to the bedside, placed the tray upon it, and was about to withdraw.

"Don't go," she said listlessly. "I want to talk with you."

So I sat down in the chair she indicated, and waited till she had sipped the strong coffee that she had been so particular in ordering.

"Thank you for the flowers," she said presently; "you keep my room like a garden. Did those grow near here?" raising the pinks to her face.

I told her shyly where it was that I had gathered them, as well as the roses.

"Do you really take all that trouble to bring me flowers? You are very kind, Martina."

"I love to gather them for you," I said impulsively.

"They came from your old home, you say? Tell me all about it."

I forgot that she was one of the fine Boston folks, and that I was only a poor country girl, and was soon describing my home, and even telling her of my grief when I heard that father had sold it and gone to the poorhouse. Emboldened by her interest, I went on to tell her about some of the paupers, concluding with a description of old Sally Waters, who sat on the south steps all day, shrieking at intervals about the witches who "tormented her 'most to death."

"Poor old woman, who knows what Furies may be pursuing her from out the shadows of the past!" said Mrs. Penhallow, gently. "It was but a sorry homecoming for you, Martina."

She detained me some time longer that morning, listening and asking questions. She had not been feeling as well as usual, she said, and after lying awake till dawn had then fallen into a heavy sleep.

She suffered terribly at times from neuralgia; some nights she walked up and down the room until early morning, when the pain would lessen. But no matter what the agony has been, she always appeared with her husband at the breakfast table. She was not even looking as well as when she first came to Penhallow Place, despite the "healthy situation and pine breezes." After that morning when I first talked with her she took considerable notice of me in one way or another, and when I took her breakfast to her room, which I did whenever business had called Mr. Penhallow away over night, she would bid me remain—at first, I think, from a desire for any diversion, but after a while I am sure it was because she was really interested.

I supposed, for some time, that her husband's absence was the reason for her non-appearance at the breakfast table; but by degrees I began to suspect that something was wrong about those morning naps, she was so drowsy and heavy-eyed, and would so eagerly drink the strong black coffee she always ordered. It was later than usual one day when I entered her room, and she was half asleep, but aroused herself to say, as I placed the tray on the table:

"Is that you, Martina? Give me the coffee."

It was partly, perhaps, because the story of Madam Penhallow was so familiar to me, and because Mrs. Penhallow was so inextricably tangled up in my mind with the story of long ago, that the dawning truth grew clear to me in a flash, and I cried:

"Oh, don't!"

The cup at her lips was replaced in the tray, and there was both astonishment and anger in Mrs. Penhallow's tones as she said:

"Don't drink coffee? You forget yourself, Martina."

"No, no; I mean—don't take opium."

There was a full half-minute's silence.

"What do you mean?" she said haughtily. "I have encouraged you too much by listening to your prattle. I take nothing of the kind." And she drained the cup at one draught.

She had inadvertently denied more than she intended. With a Penhallow truth was truth, without argument or sophistry.

"I take morphine," she said; "and what objection have you to my doing so, pray?"

"Please, don't," I begged. "I am afraid that some day you might take too much."

Her lip curled scornfully.

"And you believe all those old woman's stories? Doubtless morphine might be dangerous in the hands of so ignorant country-woman, but I am not likely to blunder. Are you afraid that some morning you will bring your flowers and find only an unpleasant body to which to offer them?" Her scornful tone changed as in silence I took the tray and left the room. "What can I do?" she said impatiently. "You don't know the temptation. The pain is horrible. It torments me almost to death!" And the sharpness of her voice fairly rang through the room.

I had dropped the tray, and, unheeding the broken china, stood regarding her wildly. When had I heard her voice before, strained with agony, sharp with mingled despair and defiance, utter those very words?

The strain was too much for my self-control, and I burst into tears.

"There, Martina, don't take it to heart," said Mrs. Penhallow, in her usual careless, imperious tones. "You meant no harm. That is all I require this morning; you can go now." And I went.

It was of Madam Penhallow that she liked best to hear, and I to relate, in those confidential hours in her room.

"You do not know the hold that she has always had upon my imagination," she said, one day. "It has become stronger than ever since I have lived in this house. None of us ever dared question our grandfather about the strange story that we vaguely knew was connected with Madam Penhallow.

"One day I was rummaging through some old chests in the storeroom when I came upon a miniature of her by Malboue. My likeness to the pictured face was apparent even to myself. I could fancy at times that the strong will and wild passion still linger in these rooms, ready to exert their influence over those whom, by birth and blood, she may claim. I cannot believe that she would have been content to give up her sway with life."

Mrs. Penhallow talked oddly sometimes. Often, after leaving her room, I would hurry through the corridors and run down the stairs, sure that a tall, stately figure, in the robes of eighty years ago, was gliding after me.

"Do you mean that you think her ghost is here?" I asked one day.

"Heaven forbid!" she laughed. "Have I been frightening you by my vagaries? I was only wondering how much influence mind can have over mind, even though one has been for a half-century what men call dead."

I did not know what she meant. I thought a ghost was a ghost, but she seemed to consider that there was something vulgar in that idea.

Some Sunday, she had said, she wanted me to show her and Mr. Penhallow about the mansion, for I knew its every nook and corner, and what purpose each room had served in the old time. The first Sunday slipped by, and on the second they went to church in the morning, and in the afternoon took a long walk. But the following week Mrs. Penhallow sent for me and reminded me of her wish.

"You know that these rooms were Madam Penhallow's own?" I began.

"There is a horrible depressing influence about them that would have told me, even if Mrs. Wason had not," she returned impatiently. "No, Mac, I cannot shake off the feeling that something is about to happen."

Her words were evidently in continuation of a conversation that my entrance had interrupted. She was walking excitedly up and down the room. Mr. Penhallow was seated, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Are you oppressed with a haunting sense of impending evil?" he questioned, gravely. "I never experienced the feeling before, but, strive as I may, I cannot drive it from me."

"Are your dreams troubled, your sleep restless? Are you haunted by strange fancies and morbid imaginings in your waking hours?"

"All that Mac, and more. I am tormented almost to death! Don't look so wild, Martina! Let us leave this hateful place," she went on, too excited to see that her husband was laughing behind his screen.

"Then take 'Swinton's Specific!'" he concluded, pointing with an air of mock conviction to a newspaper advertisement he had been reading. At first she did not know whether to be angry or to laugh, but at last she chose the latter course.

"If you would leave tea and coffee alone, you would stop having prescntiments. Dyspepsia is answerable for much of the bigotry and superstition of this world," said Mr. Penhallow.

"Who knows but what, in time, I may come to put faith in 'Torrington' ghosts and the faith cure!" she retured gaily, slipping her hand through his arm. "Come let us go. If we encounter the traditional white-robed figure, clanking chains and diffusing sulphuric fumes, we are three strong and can surely lay her. Martina is actually pale listening to our rambling talk."

(To be Continued.)

Free Seats in Church.

The Rev. G. Osborne Troop preached in St. Jude's Church, Montreal, last week. He prefaced his sermon with some remarks on free seats. When he heard of the improvements being made in St. Jude's church and that the seats were to be free he lost no time in telephoning to the pastor of St. Jude's his expression of congratulation. He always felt strongly on the subject of free seats. He went so far as to feel that the system of renting pews was as wrong as that of free seats was right. He might be allowed to express himself so emphatically as it was not merely from sentiment but from happy experience. This experience embraced one year at St. Martin's, where the income of the church for the year just closed exceeded that of the former year (when the renting system was in vogue) by $850, besides being able to pay $2,000 towards the reduction of the church debt. In four years, in a comparatively poor district in St. John, N. B., with the free seat system he had enjoyed the greatest blessings, and never wanted for money. Congregations must not feel themselves absolved from church support by the introduction of free seats. They would be wronging themselves to lessen their gifts. The great blessing that this system had was that the poor man who gave his five cents was in every sense equal in that fellowship with the rich man who gave a dollar or more out of his fulness. The church member ceases simply paying for his pew or seat and begins to contribute to the maintenance of God's house. The free seat step was going forward. In Toronto there were ten free churches and others that were free in the evening. In many other places the movement was taking root. He would always pray for the continued and increasing furtherance of this blessed work.—*Montreal Witness.*

Don't Feel Well,
And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

CHILIAN PORTS CLOSED.—It is stated on good authority that the government of Chili has declared closed the ports of Chanaral, Taltal, Antofagasta, Ocopilla, Iquique, Calcatabarna, Junin and Pisagua, and all vessels attempting to trade at those ports are liable to confiscation.

Editorial Evidence.
GENTLEMEN,—Your Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late *La Grippe* epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it. Wm. Pemberton, Editor *Reporter*, Delhi, Ont.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.