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**MUSICAL**

MISS ANNIE L. CARSON, A.T.C.M., Teacher in Piano, Harmony and Theory of Music, has opened her studio at Mrs. Grandy's, Second Street. Phone 462.

**LODGES**

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., first Wednesday, Masonic Temple, King St.

J. SMITH, W. M.

J. W. LEWES, Sec'y.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Scane Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visit all brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.

W. A. HADLEY, W. M.

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## A Garden Girl

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

Bernice came down the garden walk with the grand air that always presages trouble. It was an adorable garden, sweet with June roses and clove pinks, spiced, too, with the breath of honeysuckle and the keen burning fragrance of Sweet Betsys. The flowers were in the wide borders at either side of the walks. On beyond there were plots of homely kitchen gardening in full tilt and growth. Susan explained the fact—Susan who was pushing the wheel hoe steadfastly, rosy as Hebe and well nigh as enchanting, notwithstanding her plentiful freckles.

"Stop that! Come into the arbor!" she said. Even in this crisis she thought of her complexion—rightly enough, too, since she felt that her face was not only her fortune, but that of the whole family. "Aunt Patrick and Lawrence will be here this afternoon on the 4 o'clock train," she said impressively as Susan joined her in the green bower. "Only think! If they had come and found you this way I should have died of shame!"

"Oh, I reckon not," Susan said cheerily. "Berry, you're pretty well hardened to shocks by this time. I'm sorry you've had to be hardened, but there wasn't any other way. I couldn't see daddy lack anything; not with all this big garden and strength to work it and a market just outside the gate fairly crying for all I have to sell."

"I know," Bernice said impatiently. "We've fought that all out. I know you'd have done better if you had hired a gardener, but you're the most obstinate thing. Now the question is, What shall we do about it? Aunt Patrick has cautioned me over and over that Lawrence was most fastidious."

"Well, I don't want him—not for all his money!" Susan said, laughing heartily. Bernice looked at her in blank amazement. "Of course you don't," she echoed. "Whoever thought of such a thing? I was thinking of him—of my-



IN QUICK CONFUSION SHE LET FALL THE LETTER.

self. He is coming here to marry me if it can be managed. Aunt Patrick and I agreed on that three months back. But how will he like having a sister-in-law who works with her hands and is as sunburnt as a haymaker? Not at all, being what he is. So I want you to go away, right off, up to the Grahams for, say, a week. If you'll sleep in a mask and gloves and wash your face in buttermilk."

"Which I won't do; that's flat!" Susan cried. "I won't go away either and leave everything to run to seed and weeds. Don't talk to me of hiring somebody. Whoever you got would let things go to ruin. Besides, there's nobody to be had. Moreover, I can't and won't leave daddy."

"So you'll ruin my prospects," Bernice said bitterly. Susan looked at her, swallowing hard. After a long breath, she said huskily: "I don't want to do it, Berry. God knows I'd like you to be rich and grand. You do crave it so. Tell me, do you think Lawrence by any chance remembers daddy or me? If he don't—well, I see a way out."

"What do you mean?" Bernice asked, flushing happily. Susan was looking away from her at a tiny deserted cottage, barely three rooms, and a playhouse porch which stood in a bit of grass at the garden's farther end. It had been the coachman's house back in the days when the Stanleys had had coachmen. Commonly it was let, but all this year it had been empty.

"I'll rent the cottage and the garden from you, Miss Stanley," Susan said gayly. "I'll go to live in it with daddy while you entertain our rich kin. You can explain to Aunt Patrick—she'll agree with you that it was right and wise—and maybe come to see daddy some time after dark. And you can tell the superintending Lawrence that we are away—for daddy's health. The poor dear certainly needs a change."

"But—people will talk so," Bernice began.

Susan put a hand over her lips and ran on. "They won't have the chance. You won't be having tea fights and dinners when you're staying alone except for old Miss Joe Jenkins. You can get her to chaperon you for even half asking. And I'll let my customers think I've moved out so as to keep daddy

quiet. Your gaiety and company were too much for his poor nerves. So run along and let me get to doing things. I've got to do them all in a whirlwind—it's 10 now. Six hours is a mighty little while to hatch a conspiracy and turn it into a reality."

Susan had certainly the gift of prophecy. Aunt Patrick approved highly of her plan. Dear Lawrence, her stepson, she was sure would have been disgusted beyond measure at the thought of alliance with a family that demeaned itself to manual labor. If she had dreamed things were going so ill with her brother-in-law and her niece she would have seen to it that the market garden scheme had been nipped in the bud. Since it was established and paying, let it go on through the season. Next year there might be changes. Lawrence would, she was sure, respond nobly to all legitimate claims. And the property was all his. She herself had only a life interest. Otherwise her niece—Susan had stopped here with a caressing pat on the fat hands overloaded with diamonds, saying she quite understood, but Aunt Patrick need not worry. Once Bernice was well settled, the house and garden and the little remnant of money would be more than enough for daddy and his garden girl.

Bernice got through the first week fairly, although she was in a torment of trembling and impatient hope. Lawrence seemed fascinated. If only Aunt Patrick would go on to the mountains and insist upon taking her lonely niece along everything would arrange itself beautifully. But Aunt Patrick had no thought of such a thing. She was much too comfortable where she was. Besides, in the mountains there was a danger she had not hinted to Bernice—namely, the Granger girl, whom Aunt Patrick hated, but with whom dear Lawrence had been, last winter, at least half in love. Better, much better, keep that desirable young man here in Crofton, where the Stanley establishment put him and Berry very nearly in a solitude of two. They rode or drove or walked together through the most part of the daylight and spent moonlight and twilight hours either at the piano or on the piazza.

Susan could hear them singing—faintly, to be sure—while she sat almost nodding, and scribbling the letters that were to help in keeping up the masquerade. At first she had mailed them, but by and by that seemed to her useless, also risky, so she took to slipping up to the piazza in the earliest dawn and sliding her missives between slats of the shutters.

But there fell a morning when, after a long hard day, she overslept. Still, since it was not much after sunrise, she ran out with the letter in her hand, never stopping to put up her long braids or to shroud herself in her big subonnet. And thus it fell out that she came full upon dear Lawrence, whom mischievous fate had awakened early upon this morning of all in the year.

It was certainly fate's doing. Lawrence had not slept all night, because he was uncertain as to his own heart. With part of it he loved Bernice dearly, but there was another part, which was somehow hungry, no less afraid. Possibly it was this side of him that leaped through his eyes as they rested upon Susan's enchanting freshness, her sweet simplicity and innocent courage. In quick confusion she let fall the letter. As he stooped to pick it up so did she, and then somehow their hands touched and he found himself thrilling through and through. And then, involuntarily, he read the superscription and, recalling Susan's picture intuitively, understood.

He took her hand between both his own, wishing madly that he dared kiss each callous on the pink palm of it, and said, smiling and shaking his head: "The Ogre has got you, Princess Susan, if you did run away from him. He will eat you up bodily unless you promise to come straight home."

"But—but what will Berry say—and Aunt Patrick?" Susan faltered, letting her hand lie in his clasp. She also was thrilling with quite unreasonable happiness.

Lawrence smiled down at her confidently and took her other hand, saying: "There's just one thing they can say properly—'Bless you, my children!' And I don't in the least doubt that they will."

**Napoleon's Generosity.**

Count de P. had been raised by Bonaparte to honors and dignities, but for some unaccountable reason he betrayed the confidence which his patron had reposed in him. When Bonaparte became cognizant of the man's treachery he ordered him to be arrested. He was to have been tried the following day and in all probability he would have been condemned, as his guilt was fully established. In the meantime Mme. de P. solicited and obtained an audience of the emperor.

"I am very sorry for your sake, madame," he said, "that your husband should be mixed up in an affair which places his ingratitude in so glaring a light."

"Perhaps he is not so guilty as your majesty supposes," said the countess.

"Do you know your husband's signature?" inquired the emperor, taking a letter out of his pocket and handing it to her.

Mme. de P. rapidly perused the letter, recognized the handwriting and fell into a swoon. When she came around Bonaparte put the letter into her hands, saying:

"Take it. This is the only legal evidence that exists against your husband. There is a lighted fire behind you."

The countess quickly snatched up the important document and threw it into the flames. P.'s life was saved, but as for his honor, not all the influence of a generous emperor could avail to restore it.

## SURPRISE SOAP



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## DISTRICT

EAST DAWN.

Miss L. Coats left on Saturday for a visit in St. Thomas.

Mr. John Mordan left on Tuesday for the Northwest.

Quite a number from here attended the sales in Shetland and Zone on Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gould visited in Florence on Thursday last.

The Young Peoples Club of Maple Grove and Oakdale are doing good work.

Quite a number of the farmers in this vicinity are preparing to build in the spring.

B. Houston and D. M. Healy went to Chatham Saturday by C. P. R. John Ross, Croton, and Mr. Hunter, Ridgetown, were in this vicinity purchasing cattle recently.

T. Sayer was a Thamesville visitor Thursday.

F. Hanks and Abe Webster are appointed constables in Dawn.

The Thamesville merchants are waking up and are catching considerable new trade. If the Thamesville people could get the G. T. R. to put an electric feeder out in Camden and Dawn via Croton it would be a source of revenue for the town.

Mrs. Frank Childs and daughters Ella and Gertha, visited in Bothwell and London last week.

Miss Kate Somers has returned home from Alvinston, where she has been visiting her sister.

Mr. Charles Childs and daughters visited the Rev. and Mrs. Ashton in Bothwell this week.

Mr. Wm. Leason lost a valuable horse this week.

Mr. John Bloom sold two valuable horses last week.

Mr. Charles Childs sold a valuable pair of horses recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gordier arrived home on Saturday after a pleasant visit with friends in M'Chigash.

A number of the young people enjoyed a pleasant time at Mr. Geo. Brown's last week.

Mr. M. Leitch sold a three-year-old colt for \$185.

D. M. Healy was in Chatham on Tuesday.

Mrs. Budd, Sr., is under the doctor's care.

Leslie Rannels, of Mount Brydges, is visiting friends here.

John Bloom sold a valuable horse last Saturday to W. Wilcox.

Wm. Acert has a position with Mr. Calderwood, general merchant, Florence.

Frank Scurrah and T. Sayers attended court at Sarnia last week as jurors.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Amos visited Mrs. Amos' niece, Mrs. Orville Grose, last week.

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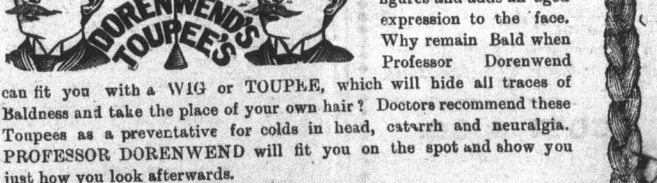
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**J. P. TAYLOR,**

PHONE 187

NDAY, MAR

**VETERINARY**

JOHN N. PRINCE, F. V. M., A. V. M., D. V. M., is a graduate of the University of Toronto, and has been practicing for over 10 years. He has extensive experience in the treatment of all domestic animals, and is particularly skilled in the treatment of horses. He is located at the corner of King St. and Power House.

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