

LODGES.



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

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
GEORGE MASSEY, W. M.

DENTAL.

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SMITH, HERBERT D. — County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Harrison Hall, Chatham.

J. B. O'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public. Office, King Street, opposite Merchants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

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JERRY'S LOVE BUSH

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Old Jerry lifted his head and looked after "the mistress" with vague distress while she made her third restless round of the grounds. Then he dug savagely in the bed of scarlet geraniums, irrespective of the plants' good. "Why doesn't the master come home?" he demanded querulously, with the anxiety of one who had lovingly followed "the master's" life up from the days of white cotton socks and sailor collars.



HER FINGERS HAD GONE SWIFTLY TO HER THROAT.

the tumult that beat there. Here was the very center and core of the master's life, old Jerry knew it, and yet—his face changed suddenly as though an evil cloud had passed before the sun's brightness. His very body seemed to become gnarled and twisted, while the hands closed and unclosed suggestively at his sides, driving the nails into the hard palms. Every breath he drew was an unspoken malediction upon the man who came through the gates to meet his mistress. "You're there, are ye, ye black hearted serpent!" he panted.

His heart seemed to die within him as he measured his strength against his opponent's. With a sense of helpless inadequacy his old figure collapsed tremblingly. But the habit of years in extremity was strong upon him. His head fell forward reverently on his breast.

"God Almighty," he breathed, "this makes the third time this week, an' I dunno—I dunno where's Mr. Aleck!"

The man he hated was walking bareheaded beside the mistress. Their

steps turned to a tall shrubbery at the other end of the grounds. Jerry made a hobbling detour by the back of the house and reached it first. He was on his knees again, trowel in hand, but hidden by the dense growth when they passed.

"Why do you submit to this neglect?" the even, insidious tone was urging. "Believe me, I have not told you one-half of what has come unbidden to my knowledge. Constance, the way of escape is always open!"

Old Jerry's breath came in hard, dry puffs as he listened. His fingers dug themselves into the ground, tearing up handfuls of sod. It had come to this then!

"Blast him! Blast his lying tongue!" The force of the words rent him from head to foot as he shook his trembling fist after the man he would gladly have strangled. Then he got slowly on his feet, seeming to grow younger and stronger as he did so. The blood of the fighting race still beat in his veins in spite of his seventy years. It blazed in the blue eyes under their shaggy brows, promising war to the death before those he loved and served were injured.

All that day he watched the horse and grounds untiringly. His mistress had hidden her visitor goodby at the gate and walked slowly back to the house as though all life and hope were gone from her, and he saw her no more.

At midnight he installed Johnny, Mr. Aleck's favorite groom, in his place.

"Don't ye make no sound nor word," he admonished, "an' ye don't need to know what yer here for, but if ye see anny wan goin' or comin' call me. An' Johnny, b'y, if ye could annyway get word to the master in the mornin' to come home 'tis makin' yer sow! you'd be."

When morning came he relieved Johnny at 6 o'clock, the latter having seen no one "comin' or goin'," and again took up his surveillance of the house. It was dusk when at last the figure he had been looking for came slowly down the steps. She had almost reached the gate when Jerry, his old heart beating in his throat, stepped out on the gravel walk beside her.

"I dunno if you noticed, ma'am," he said casually, touching his hat, "but I'm afraid 'tis dyin' the rosebush be the south wall is."

She had halted, looking at him in uncertainty, bewilderment for a moment displacing the listless despair of her face.

"'Twill be ten year ago come tomorrow week since I planted it," Jerry went on reminiscently, "I mind well 'twas the very day the master brought ye home, ma'am. I can see yez now, standin' hand in hand lookin' at me—"

Her fingers had gone swiftly to her throat as if the lace there strangled her. Jerry watched her for a moment.

"An' sure there never was such a tree for blossomin'," he went on slowly. "I used to think that the love in the eyes of yez both that day blessed it. 'Sure 'tis a love bush, I s'x to myself. An' 'tisn't in yer two arms ye could carry the roses on it when it begun to bloom, an' they the sweetest that ever grew. But lately—somehow—I dunno!"

His voice had trailed off into the inexpressibly sad monotone of his race. The slender figure before him quivered, her hands twisting themselves convulsively in the folds of her cloak.

"Last year," he quavered on, "there was but three small buds on it; this year there's but wun. I misdoubt if it's alive at all the love bush 'll be another year."

She moved stumbingly away from him across the grass to the south wall. Jerry scarcely breathed as he followed and stood behind her. Oh, the wealth of blossom the love bush had once borne! She remembered how the old gardener delighted to bring the fragrant arnfuls to her on the anniversary of its planting—the day that Aleck had brought her home. Now—She looked at the blighted, twisted leaves, clinging as if for shelter to the wall, and a sob, which was the upheaval of all the torture and despair in her heart, tore her delicate throat. Her face as she turned it to Jerry was an agony.

"Save it!" she pleaded. "Oh, Jerry, if it is not quite dead, save it!"

"Yes, ma'am." But Jerry's voice was husky and he drew his coat sleeve across his eyes. "'Tis safe enough she is now, glory be to God!" he added in a whisper.

He stood in the shadow of the wall until she had stolen back to the house, carrying the one poor blossom of the love bush with her. Then he made his way to where beyond the grounds lay a strip of moonlit road.

At sight of the figure which paced impatiently back and forth there Jerry's body was contorted again, but this time with savage triumph.

"Aye," he hissed slowly, "ye may walk an' ye may walk ag'in, an' ye may keep on walkin' till the feet drop off ye an' the Devil gits his own—but ye'll never git what yer waitin' for—an' the Lord be praised for it!"

It was the one regret of Jerry's life that he was in bed and asleep that night when the master got home. Evidently Johnny, with the aid of a sudden and suspicious ailment of the bay mare, had "made his soul" to some purpose that morning. The master had arrived at 10 o'clock, according to Mrs. Riley, the cook, and to the best of her belief, he and the mistress had talked all night.

Jerry was assiduously doing his best for the love bush the next morning when they came out of the house, Mr. Aleck's strong shoulder behind the mistress, she leaning back against him, her face white and shining with love. The old gardener rose quickly and came to meet them.

"If you'll believe me, ma'am," he began eagerly, "'tis a new shoot I jist this mornin' found on the rose bush be

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Giving Medicine to a Sick Tiger.

In a certain zoo is a very beautiful tiger, said to be the largest one in captivity. But if he would only move about as if he felt at home, and not be so dignified, we should be better pleased with him. Yet the poor creature is excusable, because he has dyspepsia, and his sufferings make him cross.

One day the keeper decided to administer a dose of medicine, so with the bottle and a whip he climbed to the top of the cage. Was that tiger cross? You would have thought so if you had seen him throw back his great head and snap at the whip. The keeper, after enraging him, poured a little medicine down the lash, which he gradually withdrew, until in its place there was a tiny medicinal stream, at which the tiger kept biting and snapping, too much surprised, it seemed, to distinguish between whip and liquid. When he turned away his head, the medicine was poured over his paws, and when he had licked them clean that day's treatment was completed.—St. Nicholas.

The Judge's Card.

Justice Grantham of England was once on a train when a stalwart man entered the compartment and began to smoke. "This is not a smoking compartment," remonstrated the judge. "All right, old chap. I'll just finish my cigar," said the man. Then his lordship became angry and taking out his card handed it to his companion, saying he would report him when the train stopped. The smoker took the card, put it into his pocket without looking at it and went on with his cigar. At the next station he got out and went into another carriage. Justice Grantham called the guard and demanded that the man's name and address should be taken and that he should be summoned. The guard went to the delinquent and shortly after returned to his lordship. "If I were you, sir," he said confidentially, "I would not prosecute that gentleman. He has given me his card—see, here it is—and he is Mr. Justice Grantham!"

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