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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR. NOTARY PUBLIC.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE For 1898.

A GREAT PROGRAMME. The Story of the Revolution by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, to run throughout the year. (For the first time all the modern art forces and resources will be brought to bear upon the Revolution. Howard Fyle and a corpse of artists are making over 100 paintings and drawings expressly for this great work.)

Capt A T Mahan's "The American Navy in the Revolution," to be illustrated by Carl-ton T. Chapman, the marine artist; Henry Fenn, and others. Thomas Nelson Page's First Long Novel, "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Re-construction." Mr. Page has devoted for years to the story, and he considers it his best work. (Illustrated by B. West Cline-

ndyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Geo. W. Cable, and others, are under appage Robert Grant's "Search-Light Let

in consequence of his "Reflections of Married Man" and "The Opinions of Philosopher" The Workers" in a new field—Walter A Wyckoff, the college man who became a laborer, will tell his experience with sweat-shop laborers and anarchists in Chicago. Illustrated from life by W. R. Leigh.)

The Theatre. The Mine, etc., will be treated in "The Conduct of Great Business" series (as were "The Wheat Farm," "The Newspaper," etc., in '97), with numerous illustrations. Life at Girls' College – like the articles on "Undergraduate Life at Harvard Princeton and Yale," and as richly illus-trated.

D. Gibson will contribute two serial set of drawings during '98, "A New York Day, and 'The Seven Ages of American Works,"

Price, \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS. NEW YORK.

Meekln



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1898.

We have contracted for a large number of Bicycles at a very fine Spot Cash price, and we are going to give the public the benefit of it to assist us in increasing the output of "Welcome" Soap.

Lay it there in the shadow. For God's sake don't call that him! I'm that him! I'm the drift, ain't Jim. Not the Jim, as I knew—my partner—Jim, fit and strong as an ox! That thing without muscle or movement, and as limp as my sodden socks! Leave that alone in the shadows, and pile a log on the fire.

PRICE, \$35.50 CASH, & 200 WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS

For an 1898 stylish, first-class, guaranteed Wheel, that has been thoroughly tested and highly recommended by

There is nothing better of its kind than "Welcome" Soap. The "Welcome" Bicycle will be found equally reliable and eatisfactory. We could not afford to put out a poor or cheaply constructed Wheel. nts' Wheels, all sizes. Write for particulars, or ask your grocer for "Wel come" Soap and specifications of the "Welcome" Wheel.

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

GENT'S WEAR!

The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at

Extremely Low Prices.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

An endless variety of Spring Cloths per S.S. "St. John City" from London, which will be made up in our Tailoring Department to your entire satisfaction or no sale.

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Head Office, Halifax, N. S. CAPITAL.....\$500,000 REST.....\$225,000

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Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 PER CENT. llowed on deposits of four dollars and up-AGENCIES .-

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A Savings Bank Department nas lately been established in connection with he Bridgetown agency where deposits will be received from one dollar upwards and interest tt he rate of 3½ per cent. allowed.

C. H. EASSON, Agent. POSITIVE SALE.

We are instructed to sell that Superior Farm at West Paradise, belonging to Mr. McCloskey. Has Two Hundred Acres, including 60 Acres under tillage, and 7 of Marsh, with excellent well-watered Pasture; good Orchard, mostly young and nearly all in bearing. Average crop at present, 130 barrels of prime Shipping Fruit; cuts 30 tons Hay. Modern House: good Barrand Outhouses. Also, all the Farming Utensils, nearly new, and the entire Crop, now growing, including two hundred bushels of Oats, now havested, and all the stock in hand. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Will be sold at a bargain.

CAUTION

All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by account or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all psyments of the same must be made to

E. BENT, J. B. GILES, Executors. Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

NOTICE!

The business known as THE HICKS & SANCTON MANUFAC-TURING COMPANY has this day terminated by Harry S. Sancton selling out his interest to ling-inkstand at her elbow on the low win-John H. Hicks, who will now dow-sill. She was entirely absorbed and carry on the business in his numbered and to-sed aside sheet after sheet own name.

JOHN H. HICKS, Bridgetown, N. S., Sept. 3rd, 1897.

WALTER FORD, Fruit Broker.

BOROUGH MARKET. LONDON, S. E.

All Fruit sold by PRIVATE SALE. General Agent for Nova Scotia: H. MARSTERS, BERWICK.

AGENTS Paradise – F. W. BISHOP. Granville Ferry – E. H. ARMSTRONG. Tupperville – E. E. BENT. Round Hill – F. M. ARMSTRONG. Annapullis – ARTHUR HARRIS.

October 19th, 1897. CALL AT

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and get value for your money. fresh stock of Canned Goods and Choice Family Groceries just arrived. Also a full line of

Choice Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Fresh and Salt Pork, Sausages, Finnan Haddies, Dried and Pickled Fish and other delicacies of the season always in stock.

SCHOOL BOOKS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES of all kinds, a specialty at

Central Book Store.

NOTICE All persons having legal demands against the late of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Lawnoetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer ceased, are requested to render the same duly tested, within eighteen months from the date reof, and all persons indebted to said estate. Or BURPEE S. FITZRANDOLPH,

Administrator Dec. 13th, 1897.

The Kootenay Prospector. (Clive Phillips-Wolley in Victoria "Colonist.") Lay it there in the shadow. For God's sake

sewing.

Leave that alone in the shadows, and pile a log on the fire,
Jim's gone, I guess, where the sparks go, a' climbin' higher and higher.
Not that they get there neither. That log sucked sunlight and dew
In bygone Springs when it budded where the yellow snowdrops grew;
And now it's goin' to nothin' but ash and a feeble spark
That wavers away toward heaven an' goes out, of course, in the dark.

out, of course, in the dark. Climbin'! Is that all we're made for? Like the armies of silent pine Which climb an' climb on forever from the

a devil, Gold!
old that buys women and whiskey—hands pers, her face full of distress. The young you like scenes?"

That wasn't the way as Jim talked. No!
That wasn't the way Jim thought,
He worked 'cos he loved the labor; he was
born to fight, so he fought.
He loved the hardship, the danger, black
canyon or shifting slide—
I've seen him laugh at the risks he took, at
the very place where he died.

An' it was a game worth playin'! Alone-

We had Great Things then for our comrades, the Forces of Earth for foes, There's one of us down in the battle, an'

And when Alice read extracts of her letter to Mrs. Ennis, she, too, passed over a sen tence with a gasp that made the other smile. It read: "Doctor Ennis told me there were half-man, half-beast!

Cities! My God, we build 'em. Do you mind the first log shanty we built amongst the snows?

Do you mind how Rossland rose?

Do you mind how two years later their iron horses raced

From North and South the boundary line to the galot that had been placed.

And now there are twice three thousand, And now there are twice three thousand, And now there are twice three thousand, and expression here as there, of hunger and wearless, as she sat with clasped hands and head bowed over several little piles of postal receipts from the Navy Mutual Aid Association. There had been two extra assessments that month, and that was a financial tragedy in her life. A feminine panic had seized upon her; she must go over it all once more. It meant so much just then. She had planned so closely, and had hoped to meet her husband dressed as he liked to see her, all put away, Mrs. Ennis took up her work in more from head to foot—as if he really like Miss was part letter ones. But beauty like Miss bilt here and expression here as there, of hunger and wearless, as she sat with clasped hands and head bowed over several little piles of postal receipts from the Navy Mutual Aid Association. There had been two extra assessments that month, and that was a financial traged wearless, as she sat with clasped hands and head bowed over several little piles of postal receipts from the Navy Mutual Aid Association. There had been two extra assessments that month, and that was a financial traged wearless, as she sat with clasped hands and head bowed over several little piles of postal receipts from the Navy Mutual Aid Association. There had been two extra assessments that month, and that was a financial traged with metal Association. There had been two extra assure on the lump. I know, I know? He work? With the lump. I know, I know? We exclaimed, in response to where then there were not but three, Though devil a one in Rossland town has

Do you mind the fire at Kaslo, or the storm that drowned her out? "I wish I could be more like you, Mrs. that drowned her out?

We warmed our hands at the blazing shacks and rebuilt in a waterspout.

Do you mind—well, of course, you mind it, and that, my God, is the end,

The drowned her out?

"I wish I could be more like you, Mrs. Ennis. I do get so utterly weary of the endless see saw of my moods. You are so strong and brave, and, above all, sane."

"I wish I could be more like you, Mrs. Ennis is perfectly well. He was de to their falter, much as an infant's tiny feet totter as near the open arms at the end of their first little journey in the world. But voiceless, sightless and deaf to

Select Ziterature.

Sweethearts and Wives.

BY ANNA A. ROGERS.

Mrs. Ennis was writing as usual on the bulging old atlas laid in her lap, the travel-

HARRY S. SANCTON. pathos of her starved, unnatural existence

watched the salp an hands of the Capes. Screetimes she had heard every two weeks, sometimes the silence was unbroken for three dreary months, during a long cruise to some remote island of the Southern Archipelago.

Then again, while in dock at Mare Island, the letters came daily. The repairs cnee finished, he was again blotted from her life for weeks, and a cablegram in the papers, a mere line to say the "Mohican" had arrived at Valparaiso or Callao, with the added brief "all well," was what she lived on till the long sea letter, often a month old, came to gladden her heart once more.

New was an awgering a letter that had come to gladden her heart once more.

"I can't be too thankful I stumbled on this little nook—fresh air for Dorothy and a good school for Preston, and between the college sessions the hotel is practically to ourselves. And then you followed me here, and behold my own opera on demand, like a queen; your lovely rooms, and elbed my own opera on demand, like a queen; your lovely rooms, and elbed my own opera on demand, like a queen; your lovely rooms, and the books, and you and your gowns, neither ever twice the same—a constant source of delight to me."

"Oh, really?" and the girl's white face flushed with pleasure, and her eager young long sea letter, often a month old, came to gladden her heart once more.

She was answering a letter that had come seed buttons on a pile of little shabby and you and you gown and you and you gown as preventing a letter that had come to gladden her heart once more.

"I can't be too thankful I stumbled on the between the wheeled round on the stool. The soft, yellow light from the shaded piano-lamp fell who there were the college sessions the hotel is practically to ourselves. And then you followed me here, and behold my own opera on demand, like a queen; your lovely rooms, and like a books, and you and you gowns, neither ever twice the same—a constant source of delight to me."

"Oh, really?" and the girl's white face flushed with pleasure, and her eager young long t

in search of fresh stimulus, she suddenly in search of iresh stimulus, she suddenly
started and raised her flushed face. A
werman's voice was singing, as it approached
along the narrow hotel corridor, a series of
along the narrow hotel corridor, a series of along the narrow hotel corridor, a series of the Endicott, but the Lieutenant Endicott. soft trills ending in a chromatic run that had She declares she doesn't understand anythe effect of a low, sweet laugh. There was a pause, and then a sharp tattoo on the door-panel, and the voice sang to its accompani-

"Un beau matin on voit la, Un beau vaisseau rapprocher, Et voila ce cher Pedro, Que la Vierge a protege—".

Mrs. Ennis pounced upon the foreign stamped envelope lying at her feet, piled helter-skelter into her lap the many loose sheets about her, and, throwing over all her

she said rapidly:
"We ought to hear by the same mail, she said rapidly:

"We ought to hear by the same mail, ought to hear by the same mail, ought to we, now that Archie has been transferred to your husband's ship?"

Mrs. Ennis looked up quickly. The girl's

"Alice, hold-"

"Re an idea. I closed the nouse and doctor—she was so sure of the contents of that hideous yellow paper—working mean-before Dorothy came, and my heart ached so for you and the poor doctor." Alice, hold-"

"Alice, hold-"

"Ali Mrs. Ennis looked up quickly. The girl's head was on one side, critically admiring the polish of her pretty finger-nails, her hand kissed the hand pulling the linen thread "What's the hand pulling the linen thread" "What's the hand pulling

extended. Mrs. Ennis went on with her ewing.
"As a rule, yes; but you must learn, Alice, to make allowances at this distance. A mail might go off very suddenly, and Mr. Endicott might not hear the call; be on some special duty, asleep after a watch, or ashore. You must remember the possibili-"Yes? How about Dr. Ennis in all this?

Doesn't any of it hold good in your case?" And he was so bewildered, poor boy! Only Alice asked with dancing eyes. Mrs. Ennis a fortnight before the 'Mohican' sailed, he came one afternoon and I was more pathetic laughed nervously. Presently Miss Blithe wandered to the window that looked out tothan ever. I was simply determined! Finally, he burst out with: 'Miss Blithe, what wandered to the window that flooked out to timber line?

In ward the college, across the tree-tops.

In a lot known.

In the front, and the leach one looks carcly like the one—the one wes—"

One looks exactly like the one—the one wes—"

Alice heard an exclamation behind her, and the leach one looks exactly like the one—the one looks exactly like the one—the one with the college, and the not known.

In the front ward the college, across the tree-tops.

In a lot the town.

In the front was a lovely seen.

In the strike in the front.

In the front was a lovely seen.

In the strike in the front.

In the front was a lovely seen.

In the strike in the front.

In the tree-tops in the front.

In the tree-tops in the front.

In the strike in the front.

In the strike in the front.

In the strike in the front.

In the front was a lovely seen.

In the strike in the front.

In the strike in the front.

shaky an' eyesight dim,
An' a lot of bummers to suck you dry, but
never a pal like Jim.

"Oh, how delicious! You had it under
your apron all the time—and look!" She "Then what do you suppose I did?" dived into her pocket and pulled out a letter, waving it aloft as she waltzed around

> each other's arms, laughing, and Alice cried in a breath: "Mine came an hour ago, and I was so afraid you hadn't got one—the doctor might have been asleep, you know; so I wouldn't tell till I knew, and you had it all the time!

An' it was a game worth playin'! Alone—
at the heart of the world,
Where the mighty snowslides thundered
and the long gray vapors curled,
When we mere pigmies ventured to storm
Creation's hold,
Staked our lives on the blindest bluff an'
played the world for her gold.
Climbed to the throne of Morning; sank
shafts in the roof of Hell!—
Till the hot air scorched our faces, an' water
hissed as it fell;
Worked like men in the daytime, slept
'neath the sweet-breathed trees,
Lulled by the drone of the feaming crick an'
the song of the chickedees. ently fcank footing; but Mrs. Eanis said nothing of a paragraph in the doctor's letter, at the table covered with a temple cloth, absorbed in the worship of the god called absorbed in the worship of the god called "Endicott has absorbed in the worship of the god called "I want you to use your woman's wits—"
"I want you to use your woman's wits—"
"I want you to use your woman's wits—"

the gaol that had been placed.

And now there are twice three thousand, put away, Mrs. Ennis took up her work in brown from head to foot—as if he really Island, which said: again, and Alice sat down on a stool at her cared; but it would have been one of those feet, putting her elbows on her knees and ultra happinesses that all her life long had resting her chin on the palms of her hands, been denied her.

> "Not always, Alice."
> "Well, then it's all the more admirable, for no one ever sees the other side."

"I had a temperament very like yours grumpiest. when I married the doctor, and I've been

hat morning unexpectedly, brought north
y a tramp steamer.

As she began to re-read it the third time
a search of fresh stimulus, she suddenly

"I was so glad to come, for Aunty is not want to scream with the agony of it all.

"You won't breathe it, will you, Mrs. Ennis, even to the doctor, if I tell you some-

sheets about her, and, throwing over all her long sewing apron, cried:

"Come in, Alice!"

The door was thrown wide, a voice announced pompously, "Miss Bilthe," and a tall, beautiful girl sweet in with a burlesque grand air and courtey. Then she exclaimed naturally, laughing and running to Mrs. Ennis:

"I'm so insanely happy to-day, please don't mind anything I do. Are you happy, too, to-day?" She looked attentively at Mrs. Ennis:

"I'm so insanely happy to-day, please don't mind anything I do. Are you happy, too, no-day?" She looked attentively at Mrs. Ennis excluding anything I do. Are you happy, too, no-day?" She looked attentively at Mrs. Ennis excluding a was no bard of survey, or had promised to sality away. Mrs. Ennis caughtup a little girl's sharp scrutiny. Then they both looked her intently, was no irritating, you can't believe! Go, belief time the was so irritating, you can't believe! Go, belief time the way to darn an obtuse angled rent.

"Mrs. Ennis, who not alked at random about the best way to darn an obtuse angled rent.

"Mrs. Ennis, began Miss Blithe with a rising inflection. Then she took a deep in the look a deep in the look and the stong of the looke of the looke and the stong of the looke of the looke of the looke and the stong of the looke of the looke to Japan. There's a park and this with an effort, so that she could see her friend's profile.

"I'm and not write a limb at the woote that had changed even more than her face.

"Oh, no—that is, I hope not; although the woot in the woot in the doce.

"Oh, no—that is, I hope not; although the woot on the woot and the woot on the stong of the song "Shiba," and this is the way to can be the song "Shiba," and this is the way to can be the song "Shiba," and the looke to Japan. There's a park and the though at

make Archie's path more smiling—and that closed the door, calling Mrs. Percy again gave me an idea. I closed the house and and again. She rang the bell and sent for a

back and forth through a button-hole loop.

The mother looked up and smiled. "Annty vowed she'd take me before the Commission in Lunacy. She couldn't understand why I took to wearing old travellingdresses, and packed away all my rings and furbelows. When Archie came I assumed an anxious, careworn look, and pretended to be nervous and absent-minded. I never worked so hard over anything in my life.

"My dear, I'm a woman!"

"You asked him to give you till to-morrow, and so forth, and so forth." "Exactly! Wasn't it too dreadful?" cried the room; and then the two women fell into the room; and then the two women fell into ''Oh! we all do it. We suggest, as it were, and then retreat. You must never

quote me as saying so; but I shouldn't like to tell what I think would become of the question of matrimony if we didn't.' The children dashed in, and Alice ran away, singing as she went:
"Ecoutez, Sainte Marie,
Je donnerai mon beau collier,

Si vous ferez rapporter, Revenir mon cher Pedro."

and expression here as there, of hunger and

There was a soft tap at the door and Alice's

to night or die! Maggie will stay with the their first little journey in the world. But So she went, and found Alice in her mad-

Alice had felt like making a toilet that rozen into what you call sanity by the evening, and wore a beautiful gown of soft pletely, and kneeling at her bedside she laid evening, and wore a beautiful gown of soft clinging gray, with white chiffon at the fair been separated six years out of elever. Of course nowadays that is not unusual, but her significant and wrists, that fluttered like a season at a (Cohurger) we have no house in the season at th

the old story of the willing horse."

"I should think you would have gone to San Francisco or Honolulu, as Mrs. French and Mrs. Atherton did. They saw their lifting each square-toed, heavy-soled boot

The instinct of motherhood in some women to some thing that the bane of my existence." And arose and walked up and down the little room, nervously patting her left hand with her right in unconscious self-pity, as she lifting each square-toed, heavy-soled boot

The instinct of motherhood in some women to the square to

She was answering a letter that had come that morning unexpectedly, brought north that morning unexpectedly and the sum of the pure, the unchast of

She declares she doesn't understand anything about the navy—never even heard of it before—and she's much too old to begin!" without the music, Grieg, Franz, Lassen; then once more back to Grieg. Then her voice was still, and her fingers played over "I fancy Mrs. Percy thinks it a little vul-gar, Alice; many people do until—well, that ended in a sort of interrogation. Fin-

ally she said, softly:
"There's something I haven't sung since Archie went away. I feel like singing it tothing?" Alice took a deep breath. "I night for you. You see it ends in a long, fairly hurled myself at Archie before he rather high note, held endlessly with a would propose!"

"I fancy you," said the other, with a slight tremolo, dying out and coming back in sort of an echo. One evening he said it laugh.

"Of course that sounds worse than it called Shiba, near Tokio, I think he said,

NO. 52.

breath, and began again with a falling inflection:

"Mrs. Ennis," again a pause, and then

spending too much money to suit them—I had to give things to Aunty, you see, to make Archie's path more smiling—and that closed the door, calling Mrs. Percy again to stop.

"I don't know any more than you do,"

caught: "Un beau matin on voit la Un beau vaisseau—Pedro," and after that there were days of delirium,

with terrible bursts of singing and pitiful took up her own life again, and with it a terror that would not leave her for an hour. The children tiptoed and whispered about

their rooms, three floors removed.

After a fortnight Alice was better, free tered to himself when alone. from fever, and conscious, lying almost pulse-less, following with wide-stretched, vacant station at Jersey City, Mrs. Ennis exclaimed: eyes the figures moving about her room. Dr. Knutt did not like the looks of things, and he sent for Mrs. Ennis and told her as much, as they walked up and down togethsorry," and the boy's voice broke.

suddenly gone to pieces. I can't quite make it out—heart, I'm afraid. Our time is up, and orders for home have not yet come. Of course we're all a good deal rattled, but it's downright poison for him in his present downright poison for him in his many clever ones. But beauty like Miss

and the telegram for Mrs. Ennis from Staten speak?" she cried, turning fiercely. She was

"Arrived daybreak. Am well. Pack everything. Come immediately. Wire your train. Address Stapleton. GEORGE ENNIS."

White to the pis, the face in beads. "Why, mamma, Preston, recognizing the preston of the pis, the pis of the pis, the pis of the pis, the pis of the Not until then did the woman's brave apothcary, who said quickly:

she managed to say, quietly:
"The ship's in, Preston. Papa wants us. dest mood and Mrs. Percy gone to bed in her Take Dorothy into the other room and get her toys together."

Behind the closed door she gave way com.

The navigator is ill—there's a consultation

not a 'Coburger;' we have no house in Washington, neither political nor social influence. When George is ordered to sea, after three years shore duty, he goes. It's the old story of the willing horse."

the door and greeted her friend.

"You angel of mercy! I was so afraid will is over, thank God! Oh, my love, my love, no one will ever know what it has been," she whispered. Then she wife in the world!"

mother drew a deep breath of relief; then motion is attracted by the great luminary, suddenly she started and exclaimed: so all mental and spiritual motion is attracted.

but, of course, if you need me or even want me—you see how conceited you've made me! to burst the material envelope.—Swami Ah--you must let me know at once. You'll do hayananda, Chicago.

that, won't you?"
At the first word the girl turned her head with an effort, so that she could see her friend's profile.

"Your father ill?" she asked faintly, in the voice that had changed even more than the voice that had changed even more than

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

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies ## Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Ban f Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotis annapolis, N. S. 11 ly

"I'd be so glad if I could only feel anybewildered.

"What's the matter. I was sound asleep; thing; but you know I'm glad, don't you, I thought it was fire. Why doesn't Alice get up? What is it?"

"I u be so gian it I count was don't you, way down under it all? I can see it, I can see it! You said it would be this way; I Mrs. Ennis found herself saying coldly. "A streamer of smoke 'way down the bay—it's telegram came, and this is the result. I beg not like other smoke, somehow; we can alof you go at once for Maggie; I must have ways tell it, can't we? And the tugs and nelp."
the other things get out of the way, don't they?" and she laughed a little. "And then "From Montevideo. 'Lieutenant Endicott died March 20th. Buried at sea.'
Signed, Westcott, Commander."

Mrs. Percy laid the paper down gently, come. And then we can see the long, homeand left the room instantly and in silence, ward bound fluttering, and the big black It was then the first week in April, and they had not known.

bunches of sailors in the front, and the listle, had not known.

neighbor's, until there was some change in the stricken girl. When the dry, white lips Knutt stand there smiling. He drew her

first moved, Mrs. Ennis bent closely and outside, shut the door, and shook her hand "Nothing could be better! I'm simply delighted. I knew you'd find a way. We'll have her as right as a trivet in two weeks-vou'll see. Trust me a little and saved her life. Haven't you got to plow before new seeds are sown? Well! Now you run away, and I'll send old Maggie in to her. All she needs is a little lrish babying. Confound these sailors, anyhow, for the way

"Don't miss a single face, Preston!" "Did you say a beard, mamma? I've for-

"Why, mamma, it's Frohman!" exclaimed

bulgi instand at her ellow on the low windows of Honoliul, as Mrs. French and Mrs. Atherton did. They saw their dow-sill. She was entirely absorbed and curiously exhilarated as she rapidly filled, numbered and tox-sed aside sheet after sheet of the thinnest note-paper.

All the thought, sentiment and passion of her-being found their outlet in her letters to her abbent husband. More than all else, the pathos of her starved, unuatural existence was shown by the pages she wrote of homely deptific that strove to make real their marringe, to keep it from becoming to them both a sort of dream—an almost fierce determination to hold him close to her daily life, her and the children's.

It was almost three years since she and her boy had stood on the beach at Fort Mon. Toe, up near the soldier's cometery, and watched the ship "all hands up anchor," swing round, and head for the Capes. Scenetimes she had heard every two weeks, sometimes she had heard every two weeks, sometimes as he had heard every two weeks, sometimes she had heard every two weeks, sometimes as he had heard every two weeks, s Ottawa, March 12.-The annual report of

In the concreted world the sun stands for almost beautiful.

The children, in a mood for exalted obecarrows of the invisible life principle, the dience, sat holding hands, wide-eyed. The infinite, absolute truth. Just as all physical "Alice!"

She took off her hat, and in two minutes was standing by the girl's bedside. Her hands were cold and trembled so, she dared not give the accustomed caress. She sat where her face could not be seen, and then said gently, fighting down the throb in her value. voice:

"Alice, I'm going away for a little while; scaled, is simply the omnipotent pulsating