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VOL. 7.-NO. 20.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 322.

LITERATURE.

One Summer.

CONCLUDED.

"I must go back now," she said. "Ah, dear, not so soon," pleaded Bessie; "you look so ill." She dared not ask how Gem was. His pitiful moaning reached them through the stillness. Bessie shuddered; Leigh's face looked gray and hard as if carved out of granite. "It is dreadful to hear him, is it not?" she said; "but he does not know. The doctor says he is quite unconscious of his suffering." "Is there no hope?" asked Tom. "Very little," said Leigh, in a dry, mechanical tone. "He has been ill for days. He will do that for hours longer; but we shall know before the morning." "Ah! there's Ogden," cried Tom. And he walked forward to cordially grasp—Philip's outstretched hand. Under these strange auspices, Philip met his old friend and was presented to Mrs. Oden, who, in the painful excitement of the moment, found herself wondering what Leigh saw to dislike in him. "I must go back," exclaimed Leigh, impatiently, "but it is better for me to be with Gem." And putting her arms around Bessie's neck, she kissed her once, and without another word went swiftly back to the house. Tom looked very much as if he were going after her. In answer to his glance, Philip said: "Better let her stay, Ois, she is about worn out, but one night more can't make much difference. Miss Doane I think meant that she found it harder to control herself away from Gem than with him, even if she can do nothing for him." "Ogden, let me know if I can be of any use. I leave that willful girl to your hands. Bring her down to us if she faints. I hope everything will come out all right." "I hope and believe it will. This is Miss Doane's happy Wednesday. She was anticipating it with the utmost pleasure and delight," Philip said gravely. Tom drove off, and Bessie silently leaned against her husband. When they arrived at the house he took her in his strong arms, carrying her up the stairs like a child and deposited her in the big chair. Bessie smiled at him. "Tom, you are a good boy if you are silly sometimes." "You flatter me, upon my honor you do, really." "Tom, I want to tell something to you." "My ears are open," he said as she hesitated. "Leigh and Mr. Ogden are," she began, "are—that is, they will be—I mean—I think so. Of course one can't know certainly about all such things, but still, Tom, I feel perfectly sure—yes, perfectly." "I never was accused of being hypercritical, but I think I may say that I have, in the course of my life listened to a more fluent and lucid announcement of a person's views," said Tom, gravely. "My dear, I'd not presume to dictate, but I would humbly suggest—as the old deacon said in his prayer—that you try that again." "Why, do you understand, dear? It's quite clear. Did you not notice her when she turned to him as she went away, and said, 'You understand'?" "But you do not faint, Miss Doane, nor cry." Philip glanced at her as she sat beside him in the rumbling old wagon. "I did not know that young ladies could work as hard as you've worked for three weeks, crowning it all by a night of extreme anxiety without one moment's sleep, and then to look so brilliantly happy at five o'clock in the morning." "But everything looks happy and fresh and lovely. I never was so blessed in my life. We've had that the sweetest smile you ever saw," that he gave me? Wasn't it?" she repeated eagerly. "Gem has taught me more than I have him, and has been of greatest service to me in a thousand ways. I think you did him much good, Mr. Ogden." "I?" said Philip in real surprise. "Not a bit of it! I'm the last man in existence to go about reforming his fellow-creatures," he went on with some bitterness. "Miss Doane, I lead the most selfish, aimless life in existence. No man ever was of less use."

kind. It is so seldom one sees a man show the least humility, and when he does, it is over so soon, and then he immediately forgets that he ever knew the meaning of the word. But then, Mr. Ogden, you do preach, you know, sometimes," she added, laughing. "Gem told me about the snail-sermon." "And Gem told me about your snail-sermon lecture," Philip returned coolly. "How very difficult it is to be at all charitable to people whose ways one does not understand!" said Leigh, thoughtfully. "Oh, Mr. Ogden, would you be so kind as to get me a few of those ferns? They look so cool and fresh, and Bessie would like to see them at breakfast. What a lovely, lovely world it is, now that my little Gem is better!" As he stood on the edge of the wood, carefully selecting the prettiest ferns, she said:— "You must not notice how many foolish things I say this morning, Mr. Ogden. I am not quite responsible, you know. I imagine I am in a wild state of delirium, and it is of little consequence to me what I say, provided I can talk. Fortunately for me, I shall soon give my family to afflict." With the quiet manner she knew so well, he said, passing her a great bunch of feathery ferns, and getting in the wagon:— "If I can only succeed in taking you safely to your sister, I shall congratulate myself." As they stopped at Miss Phipp's gate he said: "May I come down to-night, report Gem's case and see how you are?" "Certainly; I shall depend upon hearing from Gem, and Tom will be very glad to see you," Leigh said, sedately. "How are you, Ogden? Leigh, what's the matter with you? Why do you 'twinkle, twinkle?' I am afraid of you." "Ogden, you'll take breakfast with us, of course?" "My sister will be extremely well pleased to have you," Leigh added, cordially. "I shall be glad to stay on every account," replied Philip, "but particularly because Miss Doane has promised me the pleasure of seeing her get intoxicated on coffee." "If you knew her as well as I do," said Tom, "you'd grow hardened and indifferent to all her wicked ways." And he smiled affectionately at the girl, who made in return a mocking little face at him. "Come, my little dears! We can not stay here a star-gazing forever. That fragile flower is drooping," said Tom, pointing to Leigh. Upon a pile of planks, lying conveniently on the old pier, which jutted out from the middle of the bridge, Leigh sat at Bessie's feet, leaning her head quite languidly against her sister's knee. Philip thought how pale and sweet both faces looked in the half-light, and Tom paced up and down before the group with his cigar. "Come, children!" repeated Tom. "Leigh, are you going to condescend to sleep to-night? No one knows, Philip, how I've labored to-day to make that obstinate girl close her lovely eyelids; but my very sweetest failed to move her." "It's a pity to go," said Bessie, with a sigh. "It is so pretty, and it will never look the same again." "It is likely to look better before it looks worse," said Tom, in a hearty, unkenimental manner. And they turned away and walked slowly along the bridge towards the house. Leigh and Philip fell a little behind. They discussed the time of the probable appearance of the little "Idlewild." "I hope you will have the happiest trip imaginable," said Philip, "and get thoroughly rested. With Tom and Blake you can't fail to be quite jolly." "Why did he not say 'we'?" Leigh asked herself. Was he not going too? The question almost passed her lips but something withheld it. She had been silent so long, it was a doubt to speak now. And yet, why not? Why wait even a moment longer? There were Bessie and Tom. She had on her deferred speaking until they should be here. Now was the opportunity. "I—morrow, who can tell?" The "Idlewild" might come in, and all would be excitement and hurry and confusion, and she might go away with never an honest word of apology, and leave Mr. Ogden with the thought that she was ungenerous, ungrateful. "Miss Leigh, shall we go on?"

asked Philip. "I wish to stay, for I have something to say to you, and I may not see much of you after this." Philip started, and watched her closely. "I wish to tell you," she went on, simply, but without looking up at him, "that I am very sorry I was so rude and foolish, and received you in such an inexcusable way at the fort. I thought then I had some reason; I think now I had none," she continued rapidly as Philip was about to speak. "Please let me finish. I only want you to know how good you've been to me, and with what kindness and courtesy and generosity you have repaid all my rudeness, and I'm very sorry for everything,—everything," she repeated; "and if you can forgive me—"

"I beg you will not say another word," said Philip, in a low, hurried voice, taking both her hands in his impetuously, and holding them in a firm grasp. "You pain me by talking so. Why should you say 'forgive' to me? I have nothing to forgive—nothing whatever. It is my place to beg for pardon at your feet—for pardon and for more, my darling—Leigh, do you not know?"

"Ah, don't," said Leigh, turning away and burying her face in her hands. His manner, his eager words, the strange depths in his voice were a revelation to her. Tenderness which had often sounded in his tones she had accepted unconsciously, or construed into simple kindness to her and Gem. This passionate voice was a different thing. She could not misunderstand its meaning, nor that of the face which was looking directly into her own. She was inexpressibly weary in mind and body. Fatigue and excitement, followed by the long, quiet evening, were at last telling strongly upon her, and sending a penetrating languor over her whole system. Never, perhaps, in her life had she been so unnerved as she was, even before Philip had spoken, and what he had said seemed too much for her to bear.

"Shall we go on now, Miss Leigh? Tom and your sister have just started I believe." She took his proffered arm and they resumed their walk. "You are very good," she said very gratefully, when they had gone some moments in silence. "I didn't mean—I didn't know," she went on very brokenly; then, not even making an effort to complete her sentence, said simply, "I'm very tired."

"Yes, I know," Philip replied very gently. "Forgive me for troubling you. We are only Gem's two friends now."

"I think, perhaps, we are friends for our own sakes, through Gem of course, but—" she hesitated; her words were still refractory; her words would not come at her bidding.

"Miss Leigh, forgive me if I trouble you, but I have so much to say to you. May I say one word more?"

"Of course you may say what you like, Mr. Ogden. I am not entitled to so much consideration. I am tired and stupid, you know," she said, and put her hand to her head wearily.

"Pardon me for saying it now, but I may not have another opportunity. I made arrangements a few weeks ago to join a party of friends who are fishing at Manhegan, instead of going on the 'Idlewild' trip. I thought my presence would not be agreeable to you. I did not wonder at that," he added, meeting Leigh's regretful and deprecating glance. "You see, I thought, even after the amicable relations we had assumed for Gem's sake, some unlucky reminiscence would continually pop up and disturb your peace, and I concluded it would be altogether better if I should not go with you."

"You were extremely thoughtful," said Leigh, quietly, turning away, and with face pressed close against the pane, peering out into the darkness.

"But now I feel differently. I regret that I have agreed to go to Manhegan. I have been due there some days, but could not, of course, leave Gem." He paused, then went on, growing more rapid and earnest every moment. "Late I have dared to hope that my presence on the boat might not drive away all of your pleasure. Leigh, I have not thought it, I have only hoped, and I have even dared to tell myself that possibly you would allow me to join the party later at some place where the yacht puts in." Leigh turned very silently but did not turn her head. "Do not misunderstand me. I am asking nothing of you. I pledge myself to nothing. It is simply your permission to see you again—to receive from you a friend's welcome."

only that." And his voice pleaded so earnestly that again he held himself back, and said, "Forgive me—try to forgive me—I am presuming again upon your patience. You need not answer a word to-night."

"Mr. Ogden, I cannot, of course, fail to understand you. Pardon me if I was cowardly and foolish on the bridge just now. You have a right to speak and be answered. You startled me; and you give me much to think of—far, far too much for me to answer now." Here she faltered a little; then, regaining her composure, "Yet I would like you to know that I think you are very, very good to me, and such goodness as yours demands in return far, honest treatment at least." Looking earnestly in Philip's eager face, she said, "You say that I pledge myself to nothing by what I say now?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"I am glad," said Leigh simply. "I could not promise anything. I do not know."

"You need not promise and you need not know."

"Then, Mr. Ogden," slowly, with grave, sweet dignity, "I would be pleased if you were to go with us on the 'Idlewild,' if you were to join us by and by and I would give to my friend's welcome. I think I will not wait for my sister to come. Good night, Mr. Ogden."

Reverentially, as if she were a young Princess, Philip lifted to his lips the hand she extended to him, and thus silently he expressed his gratitude.

"What amazing sounds," exclaimed Leigh, as she, with Tom and Bessie, returning from Gem's one afternoon, rode slowly along the old winding woodland.

"Ladies, pardon our emotion," said Mr. Blake, approaching the wagon and receiving laughing and cordial greetings from Bessie and Leigh, "but we only arrived an hour ago."

"Can you join us to-morrow, Mrs. Ois?"

"Oh, thanks, but to-morrow is very soon."

Leigh's disquisitions to leave Gem quite yet was met with facetious remarks from Tom, and important prayers from the other young men.

"Where is the boy? Show him to me," said Mr. Blake. "Be he alive or be he dead, I'll take him along with us, if he is the one impediment in Miss Doane's path to the 'Idlewild.'"

"I only wish you might take him," said Leigh. "The dear child would be so happy to go; but it would not be safe. He only sits up an hour or two each day."

"But where is Ogden? Is he with the wonderful boy? Where shall I find him?"

"Where the breaking waves dash high on the stern and rock bound coast of Manhegan."

"And is he off there? I depended upon him. Frailty, thy name is Ogden!"

The Idlewild people were received with great rejoicing by numerous friends at Bar Harbor, and it occurred to one hospitable soul to give a picnic of gigantic proportions in their honor.

"Leigh," whispered Tom, "don't drop your mullin on the battered side, or pour your coffee down your sleeve in your agitation, but Ogden came over to Southwest Harbor yesterday, and he arrived here to-day, and he's about five feet off."

In a moment Philip approached, and saw Leigh's

"Sweet face in the sunset light Upraised and glorified."

"And are you glad to see me, dear? And are you quite 'sure of yourself' now? And is it like your 'theories'?"

"I was very, very glad, but I think you took an unfair advantage in surprising me, and some day I will have my revenge."

"And will you go out on the prairies and live in a log-cabin with me, if ever I ask you? Will you, Leigh?"

"No, sir, never, if you persist in remembering all the idle words I ever said, and wickedly repeating them to me."

"Shall we not find Bessie?"

Suddenly she stepped back to Philip. The moon shone gloriously on the water, and threw its white radiance over the girl as she said impulsively,—

"Please sit down, just where you were. There's something I must do. Close your eyes," she commanded. Philip obeyed. Half tenderly, half laughingly, she murmured, "This is reparation." And he felt the light, timid touch of her lips on either cheek, and closed eyelids. "I am so sorry, I am so sorry that I have been so long at the time," she murmured. "How cruel I was!"

And Philip, with his great happiness sounding in his voice, yet with the same lightness of manner which Leigh had assumed, to cover a strange depth of emotion, said—

"That memorable blow did close my eyes for a time, it is true, but only to open them to new and wonderful radiance. My whole life shall show you my gratitude for it."

Jekyll's Jokes.

Erskine, says the *New Quarterly Magazine*, who was always very fond of talking about himself, was once paged by his own humanity. "For instance," said he, "there is my dog; I wish it to be happy in this life, and I wish to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go, my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly unlucky dog he would be," muttered Jekyll.

Erskine, when at the bar, once complained to Jekyll that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief. "I'll give you an infallible specific," said Jekyll. "Get made Attorney-General, my friend, and then you'll have no bowels at all."

"I hear," said a friend, "that our friend Smith, the attorney, is dead, and leaves scarcely any effects." "It could scarcely be otherwise," said Jekyll, "he had so few causes."

An attorney named Elise, rather disreputable in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger, or a scoundrel; but I said you were 'little Elise.'"

Jekyll could be coarse and impudent enough at times. A Welsh judge, notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness, was once complaining of being neglected. "My dear sir," said Jekyll, in his most amiable tones, "you have asked the Minister for almost everything else, why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy was fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door, and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny!" There is no response. "Johnny!" Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John!" Followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there and give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and plucks the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed into his clothes and down the stairs with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a week he is moved to be so often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

LIKELY TO NEED IT.—A hardened Parisian receives a visit from a person of little refinement, who is armed with several papers. He causes his guest to be seated.

"To what am I indebted for this honor?"

"Sir, I have just purchased your overdue note for 2000 francs."

"Ah, then you are my creditor. I am charmed to make your acquaintance, and hope to see you often. Do you live near here?"

"No, sir. My residence is at Anteuill."

"At least there is a tramway?"

"There is not."

"Ah! then I hope you keep a carriage."

A proud scene for a police court was this, reported in the *Providence Journal*:—"The next victim was an old colored woman named Halliday. She stood at the bar with tears rolling down her cheeks, to answer to the hideous crime of keeping an unlicensed dog. She had paid his license for seven years, she said, but this year it was such hard work to money that she thought, perhaps, they would let him go. Ten dollars and costs," said the Judge, in his affectionate way. "Oh, sir," said the old woman, "I haven't got but just 87. If you would take that and let me bring you the rest Saturday night, I could sell some of my things and get a little more money, sir." Upon this condition the old woman was released."

Business Cards.

L. B. BOTSFORD, M. D.
Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.
Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's, Sackville, July 20, 1876.—6m

H. S. & T. W. BELL,
Soap Manufacturers, Sackville, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Over the Sackville Drug Store, SACKVILLE, N. B.

CHRIS. W. COLE,
AUCTIONEER,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office:—A. L. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

HENRY OLDRIGHT,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office formerly occupied by Judge W. A. D. Morse, AMHERST, N. S.

CARD.

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OFFICE: - - AT THE DRUG STORE.
RESIDENCE: - - AT HON. A. McQUEEN.
POINT DE BUTE, N. B.

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W. D. KNAPP, M. D.
Physician & Accoucheur.
May be consulted at the residence situated opposite the store of Mr. John Bell, Sackville.

T. W. KNAPP, M. D.
Graduate at the University of Edinburgh.
THANKS his friends and the public for the patronage they have given him during the last twenty-five years. He may be consulted at his residence, near Bridge Street, Sackville. d17

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Musical Instruments,
Paper Hangings, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals.
THOMAS H. HALL.

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White Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Color Works.
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90 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. E. Pugsey, E. H. Crawford, W. Pugsey, Jr. aug 30 '76

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands),
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary),
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
L. WESTERGAARD, & Philadelphia, G. E. TOWNSEND, & July 24

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BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
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— Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
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All kinds of Monumental Work,
Executed at the most reasonable prices.

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STEAM CONFECTIONERY WORKS.
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WE call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of Pure Confections. Wholesale only.

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Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KERR.

SEND 25c. to G. P. BOWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 8000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent free. \$1 free. STIMSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Business Cards.

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MONCTON, N. B.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF
Fashionable Clothes,
ON HAND.

PERFECT FIT in every case guaranteed. June 12, '76

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Clock and Watch Maker.

BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. Jewellery neatly repaired. ap28 G. H. V.

NEW BRUNSWICK
PARLOR & VESTRY
Organ Manufactory.
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CABINET ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand. All instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches.

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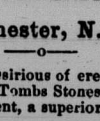
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Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished,
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The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

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AND  **WORKS.**
H. J. McGRATH,
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American & Italian Marbles.
We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. sp17

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Mutual Life
Insurance Co.,
—OF—
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Assets over \$16,000,000.

EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,
Medical Advisers, Sackville.

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MESSES ANNIE & LOUISA BOWSER
thankful to the Ladies of Sackville and vicinity for their past patronage, wish to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to do
Dress Making & Millinery
At the residence of Mr. John Bowser, next door to the post office.
Sackville, May 17, 1876. if

Hotels, &c.

Hamilton Terrace Hotel,
AMHERST, N. S.
W. J. HAMILTON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOTEL, entirely new, is pleasantly and conveniently situated near the Railway Station, Post Office, Telegraph and other public offices.
A Night Porter in attendance.

Terms Moderate.
aug 18m

WELDON HOUSE.
[Opposite the Railway Station.]
SHEDIAC, N. B.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has newly furnished the above Hotel throughout in first-class style, and it is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public.
WM. J. WELDON, Proprietor.
Coaches leave daily for North shore on arrival of trains.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscriber has this day associated his son, JOHN MITCHELL BAIRD, with him, in his general business as Merchant.
THOMAS BAIRD.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.

THE Business heretofore conducted by THOMAS BAIRD will hereafter be continued under the name and firm of
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS.
And we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

T. BAIRD & SONS.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.

THE subscriber begs to thank the public for the generous patronage he has received while proprietor of the "Brunswick House" and to intimate to his friends and the public that he has commenced a
Flour and Grocery Business
next door to C. A. Bowser, and he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
B. ESTABROOKS.
Sackville, June 21, 1876.

NEW TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT!

THE subscriber begs to intimate to the inhabitants of Sackville, and vicinity, that he has opened a
Custom Tailoring Establishment
Opposite the new store of Messrs. M. Wood & Sons, Crane's Corner, where he will be prepared to wait on Customers on the most LIBERAL terms.

Clothing, Made and Trimmed
In the Latest Styles, and at the Lowest Living Profits.

Parties furnishing their own material will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.

JOHN MEAHAN.
Sackville, May 17, 1876.

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THE PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO., having unexcelled facilities for manufacturing Lumber during the winter, is prepared to fill orders for early spring delivery.

Ship Plank, Frame Stuff,
Enclosing Flooring and Finishing Boards, Scantling of all sizes, 1 1/2 and 3 in. Dry Pine Plank, Hemlock Boards, Pine and Cedar Shingles of any quantity.

LATHES, PALINGS & CLAPBOARDS constantly on hand.

Cheap Boards in 10 ft. lengths for snow sheds and in 16 ft. lengths for snow sheds.

P. O. Address:
PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO.,
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A SPLENDID STOCK OF
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