

FERTILIZERS!
 WE AGAIN OFFER FOR THE SEVENTH SEASON OUR CELEBRATED 'CERES' SUPERPHOSPHATE (The Complete Fertilizer) POPULAR PHOSPHATE, BONE MEAL, MEDIUM BONE, GROUND BONE.
JACK & BELL,
 Proprietors.
 Chemical Fertilizer Works, Halifax, N. S.
 45 4m

New Goods,
 R. D. BEALS
 DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, Ready Made Clothing, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, CROCKERY WARE, BEST Groceries, TIN WARE, ETC.
 EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL LINES.
 Eggs for Goods or Cash.
 Butter and All Other Produce in Exchange
 Niagara Falls, May 9th, '89.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER
 Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Eruptions of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Flatulency of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER**.
J. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

GREAT REDUCTION.
 The whole Stock of **W. W. SAUNDERS'** will be sold at a Great Reduction during the Xmas Holidays, embracing the following well-selected lines:
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, a Specialty, HATS and CAPS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS, OVERSHOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARGAINS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, ESSENCES.
 TRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large stock of LAMPS, GLASS, EARTHEN, STONE, TIN, WARE, HARDWARE, AND CUTLERY, AND A GRAND ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES.
William Hart, Assignee.

Prince Lambert!
 5688--2:37 1-4.
 This well known Standard Station will make the season of 1889 in Kings and Annapolis Counties as follows:
 LEAVING his owner's Stable, Kingston, on Monday, April 29th at 8 o'clock, arriving at James Patterson's, Aylesford, at 12 noon, thence to Rand Bros., Brooklyn St., arriving at 4 p. m., and remaining until 8 a. m., on Wednesday, thence to Somerset at 12 noon, and to his own stable at night, where he may be found on Thursday, on Friday, will leave at 8 o'clock, arriving at Ross Hotel, Middleton, at noon, thence to John Hall's, Lawrenceville, at 5 p. m., returning to his own stable at noon, on Saturday, where he will remain until Monday. He will make this route every week during the season, ending July 26th.
 TERMS--\$5 for service. When mare proves in foal, \$7 additional.
 PRIZES--Prince Lambert is by Daniel Lambert, (192) the greatest of living sires, having 35 trotters in the 2:30 list. Daniel Lambert by Ethan Allen, record 2:15 with mate. He by Vermont, Black Hawk 5. He by Sherman Morgan, he by Justin Morgan. Dan by Young Colonel, he by Dan Patch. Byrd's Hambletonian (s. t. b.).
 Mares at owner's risk. Mares kept at reasonable rates and best care furnished.
T. A. TUFTS,
 Kingston, April 26th, '89. 2m

W. D. SHEEHAN,
 The American Tailor.
 Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT:
 1. They always fit close to the neck, and never drop down or rise up.
 2. They always fit into the waist with a graceful curve.
 3. The shoulders never wrinkle, and always improve on your actual build.
 4. Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first-class tailors.
 GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in being properly fitted by their tailors, will do well to call on me and I will guarantee a perfect fit.
Notice of Co-Partnership.
 THE undersigned have this day entered into a co-partnership, under the name and style of **MARBLE WORKS**, to be associated in the Medical Profession and to carry on the Drug Store in the town of Bridgetown. The Drug Store will be in charge of a competent chemist, and all prescriptions will be carefully filled.
G. DEBLOIS, M. D., F. PRIMROSE, M. D.
 Bridgetown, Dec. 17th, 1888.

NOTICE.
 ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late **OLIVER WHITMAN**, of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to register the same duly attested within twelve months from the date, and all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.
EDMUND BENT,
 Executor.
 March 12th, 1889.

Weekly Monitor.
 SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.
 VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1889. NO. 11.

CHEAP CASH!
 FLOUR, OATMEAL, FEEDING FLOUR, CORMEAL, GROCERIES, STOVES, PLOWS, HORSE CLOTHING, Harnesses made to Order, REPAIRING ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
N. H. PHINNEY.
 Nov. 19th, 1888.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
 Established 1810.
 -UNLIKE ANY OTHER-
 Positively Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Headaches, Toothaches, Neuralgia, Stomachic Pain, and all other ailments arising from colds, dampness, and rheumatism. It is the most powerful and reliable remedy ever discovered for the relief of these and all other ailments.
ORIGINATED BY DR. J. H. JOHNSON, of New York, N. Y., and is now prepared by **J. H. JOHNSON & CO.,** of New York, N. Y., and is sold by all druggists and chemists.
 GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

INSPECTION
 is invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in
Monuments, Tablets, HEADSTONES, Etc.
 Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.
Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,
 OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

LAWRENCETOWN PUMP COMPANY,
 (ESTABLISHED 1880.)
N. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
 THE CELEBRATED Rubber Bucket Chain Pump, FORCE PUMP, with Hoses attached if required.
 We are prepared to Manufacture WOODEN WATER PIPES for underground or conveying water under ground. Can be delivered at any station on the line of Halifax and Yarmouth. Send for Price List.

International S.S. Co.,
 FOR BOSTON, DIRECT, FROM Annapolis.
 Summer Arrangement.
 Commencing TUESDAY, MAY 21st, the favorite Side Wheel Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK" having been thoroughly overhauled and fitted, will leave Annapolis every Tuesday and Saturday p. m., directly after the arrival of the Halifax express, for Boston direct.
 FARE FROM ALL W. & A. R. STATIONS ONE DOLLAR LESS than by any other route.
ST. JOHN LINE.
 The Palace Steamer "CUMBERLAND" or "STATE OF MAINE" will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7:30 Eastern Standard time, and every Saturday evening for Boston direct, at 6:45. Tickets can be obtained from all agents on the W. & A. R.
W. H. KIMBLEY, Agent, FRED. CROSSKILL, Agent, R. A. CARDER, Agent, Commercial Wharf, Boston. W. & A. R. Bridgetown. Annapolis.
 May 17th, 1889.

MARBLE WORKS
 From such unwelcome visitors as Neuralgia, Sore throat or Diptheria the surest protection and relief is
Simson's Liniment!
 Mr. Edwin McKinnon, Hampton, P. E. Island, says: "I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as Simson's Liniment."
 Mr. Robert Reid, of Frogmore, P. E. Island, says: "Nothing relieves Neuralgia as readily as Simson's Liniment. I have tested it, and am assured of its merits."
 Elizabeth Paquette, of St. Thomas, Que., says: "After suffering excruciating agony with Neuralgia for two sleepless nights, I found relief by inhaling and bathing the affected parts with Simson's Liniment. 15 minutes after using it every vestige of the pain had disappeared. There never was anything so effectual."
 Simson's Liniment is the remedy every one has long been looking for. The largest bottle in the market for 25 cents. One trial will assure you of its reliability. Manufactured by
Brown Bros. & Co.,
 DRUGGISTS, HALIFAX, N. S.

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 their orders filled at short notice.
EDMUND BENT,
 Executor.
 Bridgetown, March 19th, '89.
 SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILL HEADS, CARDS, TAGS, ETC.

Poetry.
 Quiet Ways are Best.
 What's the use of worrying,
 Of hurrying,
 And scurrying,
 And fretting and with durying,
 And fretting and with durying,
 The tongue's an open book,
 And in pursuit of some small prize
 We rush ahead, and are not wise,
 And find the unwonted exercise
 A fearful price has cost.
 'Tis better far to join the throng
 And let their right along;
 Reluctant they to raise a fuss,
 Or make themselves ridiculous,
 Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
 Their strength is always in reserve,
 And nobly stands each test;
 And every day and all about,
 By some unlooked-for chance without,
 We can discern, with never a doubt,
 That quiet ways are best.
 -Selected.

'89 YARMOUTH S.S. CO. '89
 THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES.
 The quickest time only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.
THE FAST STEEL STEAMER "YARMOUTH,"
 Will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Retaining will leave Yarmouth for Boston, at 10 a. m., every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and Intermediate Stations.
 The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston and the fastest Steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Bridge Kitchens, etc. The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Monday, at 10 p. m., for Yarmouth and Intermediate Stations; returning leaves Yarmouth every Thursday, at 8 a. m.
 For all information apply to F. CROSSKILL, Station Agent, Bridgetown, or to W. A. CHASE, L. E. BAKER, Yarmouth, April, '89.

THIS YEAR'S MYRTLE CUT and PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER.
 See T & B IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE
 SOHOONER Temple Bar, Capt. Longmire.
 THIS well known packet schooner will ply regularly between ST. JOHN and BRIDGETOWN during the season.
 Apply on board to CAPT. J. LONGMIRE.
 SALT and LIME ALWAYS IN STOCK.
 When vessel is not in port, apply to CAPT. PETER NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, March 12th, 1889. 4f

CHAMPION MESSENGER
 Will travel Annapolis County for the season of 1889. All persons interested in breeding horses of size, style, breeding and soundness, should patronize this horse.
 For particulars see handbills.
John Hall,
 Lawrenceville, April 30th, 1889. 2m15

ALMONT STALLION GILBERT!
 (No. 6222.)
 THIS Horse is one of the best standard 14 heads in the Province; at every dark bay; 16 hands high; weight 1275 lbs.; his stock are large, 1050 to 1200, sound, of good solid color, and speedy, and as soon as they come to maturity are in demand for the American market, where one of them just sold for \$600.
 will make the season of 1889 as follows:
 Leaving his stable at Parker Bowley's, Wilcox, Monday, 13th May, passing through Middleton to Oscar Fritz's, Clarence, same night; Tuesday, through Bridgetown to Geo. LeCain's, Round Hill, Wednesday, to Annapolis, crossing ferry, through Granville, to Gloucester Hotel, Bridgetown, same night; Thursday, through Lawrenceville, to his stable, where he will be every Saturday afternoon, till Monday, and will make this route every alternate week during the season.
 TERMS--\$6.00, \$8.00, and \$10.00.
 For further particulars apply to
Arthur Bowley,
 Wilcox.
Geo. Armstrong,
 Kingston, May 13th, 1889. 2m14

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
 poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-shed, to make a few cloths for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it--Mrs. Thompson and others. They met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation; dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoon. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company--for the first time--and she naturally began to consider ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing; tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later, when the stitching was over.
 What was Mrs. Thompson to do? Their stock of plates and dishes consisted of a few odds and ends of cracked delf that had once been a kind of millinery cover. She had long wanted some new white ware; she wanted it more than ever now. Grover, the keeper of the village crockery shop, had a lovely set for sale--white, with a delicate sprig of convolvulus and fuschias, looking every bit as good as real china. Mrs. Thompson had to wear her heart on the set, and that morning had broached the subject to her husband.
 'What's the matter with the old ones?' he asked.
 'Look at them,' she answered. 'They are frightfully old and shabby.'
 'I dare say the food will taste as well of them as of Grover's set of white ware.'
 'But there's not half enough. We have as good as none left.'
 'Mother had some best china. Where is it?'
 'That's nearly all gone. We couldn't put the two on the table together.'
 'Why not?'
 'O, Robert, look at this. It is the shabbiest old lot ever seen.'
 'Was good enough for mother.'
 Mrs. Thompson disclaimed to make comment.
 'You'd not have thought of this but for the sewing-circle having to come here. If they can't come and eat from such dishes as we've got, they are welcome to stay away.'
 There were tears in Mrs. Thompson's eyes, but she crowded them bravely back. He took his hat to go out to his mowing.
 'We really want the things, Robert. Those at Grover's are very cheap. I can get all I want for a mere trifle. Do give me the money.'
 'I never'll have to keep 'em for you; I've got no money to spare on some more,' returned the farmer. 'By the bye--looking back from the door--Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day, if I can; it's a famous crop; so I shall bring them in to dinner. O, and the Hubbard's want six pounds of butter to-night; don't forget to have it ready.' Burham, who with these words Mr. Robert Thompson marched off, leaving his wife to her long weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was a little grumpy and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.
 Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease and beauty and symmetry, how rude and coarse and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetness and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it, but she remembered that she had a patrimony of air of regret, that she might have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something like a sign trembled on her lips.
 'Squire Burham's wife does not have to beg for a patry bit of money to set out her farm decently, she thought rebelliously.'
 What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? She asked herself, her slender wrist beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Thompson looked at things like that, she quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady, and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own--two hundred a year at least--and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called 'Squire,' as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence and she would not; likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little Squire than for the whole of poor, uneducated Joe. Squire Burham found another wife, and Mrs. Thompson this weary day was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-circle, too, and see the miserable abjectness of the millinery ware, and the home generally. The unfinished butter got beaten savagely at the thought.
 Robert Thompson was not an unkind man, only thoughtful. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of the life of picturesque being softened with flowers.
 Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreation; the weekly market, gossip with his brother farmers, politics. She had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home told upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning wish of life. And so, as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at her hard, hardly understanding what she wished for, or what she could not get. The intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered; she used to be so sweet-tempered.
 All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would not have the sewing-shed at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the pig piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had struck she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with loud and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson al-

ways wanted his dinner boiling hot; and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She was tired, heated, and very cross.
 'Why isn't dinner ready?' demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. 'I told you we had no time to waste to-day,' he added angrily in his hurry and hunger. 'If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready in time, I know.'
 A bitter retort was springing to her lips, but ere it could be spoken Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy book before her eyes.
 'Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to get it by heart, too; and always remember it. Do read it, mother.'
 Mr. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked millinery plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new; she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its appropriateness to the present moment that felt like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses.
 'I will have it ready in a moment, Robert,' she said quietly.
 Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it, but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.
 'It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow,' he remarked to his friends as they went into the cool north room to dinner. 'Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it; they don't know what heat is.'
 Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slip at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had thought to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Mollie must not be called.
 'This butter must have been kept in the kitchen, it's like oil,' said Mr. Thompson.
 'I took it out of the cellar since you came in; I will go down and get you some more, if you think I had better,' was the reply, given pleasantly.
 'Never mind. Well, I declare! Do you call this meat boiled?' went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. 'It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh weather, it needn't be like this.'
 'I tried to have it nice, Robert,' she said, striving to choke down a sob--as well as an angry word.
 Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the tone, looked at his wife; his friends looked at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished the meal in silence.
 He was watching his wife's face; it was something in it he did not understand--a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old millinery ware did look dingy on the snowy white tablecloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to; he wondered he had never thought of that before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again--how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire, as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in her kitchen; that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And, perhaps, the work was overmuch for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.
 A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south, as he went out, walking slowly, but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows; and in that moment the voices of his companions came towards him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.
 'I never pitied a woman so much in my life,' quoth one of them. 'She works like a slave, and does not get even so much as a "thank ye" for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same.'
 'Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said yes to his asking,' said the other. 'Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife, especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive--delicate; any lady but she would have turned long ago and hid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her; she'll run down fast. Awfully changed she is; she looks as faded as the old house-rooms--and they haven't seen a coat of paint since grandfather Thompson's day.'
 'Ah, she'd better have took Joe Burham. The Lawrence used to have nice things in her home, and she'd have got 'em so still if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone in her pony chaise. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?'
 Was she? The unconscious comment of these, his warm friends, came crashing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burham for him he knew, when she came home to the old homestead and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. Could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; and she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved so well, for all his childhood's? Robert Thompson stood awry; he could bear his thoughts no longer, and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.
 The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work--the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight--and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes lines, when the sound of wheels made her look around.
 'I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson,' said the brisk voice of Grover, spring from the cart and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

Select Literature.
Mrs. Thompson's White Ware.
 A DOMESTIC STORY.
 Mrs. Thompson stood by the kitchen table paring potatoes for dinner. Something was evidently wrong with the little lady, for there was an unmistakable air of "spite" in the way she tossed the potatoes into the pan of cool spring water, waiting there to receive them. As for the weather; and through the open window she could see the sun beating down on the roofs of the houses, whetting their scythes, blended with the call of the robin, and the faint notes of the cuckoo in the shaded wood. But it only irritated Mrs. Thompson; indeed, everything irritated her that day. Looking out from the back porch might be seen a lovely landscape, with broad reaches of meadow land, fringed with graceful belts of birch; and soft, rounded mountains lifting their velvety foreheads to the white fleecy clouds that were slowly sailing across the exquisite ether, like huge drifts of thistle-down. But this irritated her; everything could be beautiful, save her life, and that was cold and hard and barren. At least, Mrs. Thompson, in the plaintive of her present unsatisfactory mood, was telling herself that it was.
 To begin at the beginning, Jane Lawrence had been an unusually romantic girl, and had gone for two years to a boarding-school. She had always fancied she would marry some famous artist or scholar, who would take her to Rome and Venice, where she might live in a perpetual dream of beauty. She so loved beautiful things! Perhaps all women do; and that may be the reason so many are found ready to barter love for gold.
 But contrary to all her pre-conceived notions, she married Robert Thompson, a plain, practical farmer, and instead of touring in Italy, she went to live at the old homestead, which had been the abode of the Thompsons for generations. Dreams and reality are so very different, you see.
 Robert Thompson was a working farmer, as well as a practical man, and all his people worked. His mother had worked in her day, his sisters had worked, he expected this wife to work. She took to it fitfully, she had not been brought up with high notions, by any means; and at first the work did not seem so much. But every experienced lady knows how the labor seems to accumulate in a plain farmer's household as years after-marriage go on. There were plenty of men and boys about, but only one woman servant was kept; and Mrs. Robert Thompson grew to find she helped at nearly everything, save perhaps the roughest of labor. In the place of lounging in elegant foreign strolls, or gliding through Lawrenceville, Williamston, to his station, where he had butter and cheese to make, and poultry to rear, and dinners to cook in the long, low-ceiled kitchen, and the thousand and one cares upon her shoulders that make up a busy household, she had to make up a busy household, she had to make up a busy household. Quite a contrast it must be admitted.
 With things a little different, should she have minded the work so much, could she have had carpets and tasteful furniture, and books, and a picture or two, and flowers. The home was so very hard and practical, and its surroundings were getting so shabby. At first she had not noticed this, or cared for it; but every year, as the years rolled on, made matters look dingier. Old Mrs. Thompson had not cared to be so smart and nice; Robert never thought about it. And what though he had? It is only natural for men to assume that what had done for a mother would do for a wife. The matter to-day which had put her so much out, was this. A sewing-circle had recently been established in the neighborhood. There was much distress among the

poor laborers' wives and families, and some ladies with time on their hands set up a sewing-shed, to make a few cloths for the nearly naked children. The farmers' wives had joined it--Mrs. Thompson and others. They met at stated intervals, taking the different houses in rotation; dining at home at twelve, assembling at one o'clock and working steadily for several hours. It was surprising how much work got done; how many little petticoats and frocks were made in the long afternoon. In less than a month it would be Mrs. Thompson's turn to receive the company--for the first time--and she naturally began to consider ways and means. For they met for an entertainment as well as for sewing; tea in the afternoon, a grand meal later, when the stitching was over.
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 'I never'll have to keep 'em for you; I've got no money to spare on some more,' returned the farmer. 'By the bye--looking back from the door--Jones and Lee are coming to give me a helping hand. I want to get the south meadow down to-day, if I can; it's a famous crop; so I shall bring them in to dinner. O, and the Hubbard's want six pounds of butter to-night; don't forget to have it ready.' Burham, who with these words Mr. Robert Thompson marched off, leaving his wife to her long weary day's work, darkened and made distasteful by her disappointment. She was a little grumpy and angry. It was a little thing, perhaps, but it is the little things of life that delight or annoy.
 Existence seemed very bare and homely to Jane Thompson that summer day. With her love of ease and beauty and symmetry, how rude and coarse and hard looked all her surroundings. It was only one long, monotonous round of homely toil, unrelieved by any of the little sweetness and graces that might make even toil pleasant. She did not often think of it, but she remembered that she had a patrimony of air of regret, that she might have been far differently situated; and as she looked up to the pretty French cottage on the hill, embowered in a perfect forest of blossoming vines, caught the cool gleam of urn and fountain, something like a sign trembled on her lips.
 'Squire Burham's wife does not have to beg for a patry bit of money to set out her farm decently, she thought rebelliously.'
 What business had she to marry Robert Thompson? She asked herself, her slender wrist beating away at the butter for the Hubbards. For in the green and gloomy light that Mrs. Thompson looked at things like that, she quite forgot the fact that she had fallen in love with the honest, steady, and good-looking young farmer, choosing him in preference to Joe Burham, whom she might have had. Joe had a patrimony of his own--two hundred a year at least--and a good bit of land, which he rented, and was called 'Squire,' as his father had been before him. He wanted to marry Jane Lawrence and she would not; likes and dislikes cannot be controlled, and she cared more for Robert Thompson's little Squire than for the whole of poor, uneducated Joe. Squire Burham found another wife, and Mrs. Thompson this weary day was furiously envying her. Mrs. Burham would come amidst the rest of the sewing-circle, too, and see the miserable abjectness of the millinery ware, and the home generally. The unfinished butter got beaten savagely at the thought.
 Robert Thompson was not an unkind man, only thoughtful. He was a type of a very large class, more especially farmers, who do not feel the need of the life of picturesque being softened with flowers.
 Absorbed in his stock, his crops, his money-getting, he did not realize how monotonous was his wife's life at home. He had his recreation; the weekly market, gossip with his brother farmers, politics. She had nothing but work and care. He did not realize the truth that the worn, shabby home told upon her; that she needed some brightening to come to it as a yearning wish of life. And so, as the years had gone on, she grew dissatisfied at her hard, hardly understanding what she wished for, or what she could not get. The intensely unlovely, prosy, dull life somewhat souring her spirits. Now and again when she gave back a short or bitter retort, Robert wondered; she used to be so sweet-tempered.
 All through the long forenoon Mrs. Thompson nursed her wrath. Robert was selfish and unreasonable, and she did not care who knew it. She would not have the sewing-shed at the farm, come what might. The potatoes got boiled; the pig piece of beef was simmering on the fire. Before twelve o'clock had struck she saw her husband and his two friends coming through the orchard, with loud and hungry faces. Mr. Thompson al-

ways wanted his dinner boiling hot; and she hastened to lay the cloth in the cool room off the kitchen. Frank and Charley, her two boys, came rushing in from school, each striving to claim her attention. She was tired, heated, and very cross.
 'Why isn't dinner ready?' demanded Mr. Thompson, not seeing it actually on the table when he entered. 'I told you we had no time to waste to-day,' he added angrily in his hurry and hunger. 'If I hadn't anything to do all the forenoon but get dinner, I'd have it ready in time, I know.'
 A bitter retort was springing to her lips, but ere it could be spoken Charley clamorously interposed, pushing his new copy book before her eyes.
 'Look, mother! I am going into sentences now, like Frank. It's my first copy. The master wrote it; and he said I was to get it by heart, too; and always remember it. Do read it, mother.'
 Mr. Thompson, her arms full of the cracked millinery plates, paused a moment to let her eyes fall on the new copy. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' was what she read. It was not that the proverb was new; she had read it scores of times; but there was something in its appropriateness to the present moment that felt like a cool, sweet wind on her heated pulses.
 'I will have it ready in a moment, Robert,' she said quietly.
 Mr. Robert Thompson looked up. Evidently he had not expected so pleasant a reply. If the truth must be told, he had thought a good bit that morning about the white ware. Not in the way of granting it, but that she would probably be sulky over it when they got in to dinner.
 'It doesn't feel here as it does in that blazing meadow,' he remarked to his friends as they went into the cool north room to dinner. 'Folks that can keep indoors this weather have an easy time of it; they don't know what heat is.'
 Mrs. Thompson wondered whether this was a slip at her. Her face looked scarlet enough for any amount of heat. As to sitting down with them, she had thought to wait on the party. It was washing-day, and Mollie must not be called.
 'This butter must have been kept in the kitchen, it's like oil,' said Mr. Thompson.
 'I took it out of the cellar since you came in; I will go down and get you some more, if you think I had better,' was the reply, given pleasantly.
 'Never mind. Well, I declare! Do you call this meat boiled?' went on Mr. Thompson, as he began to carve. 'It's harder than a rock. If meat has to be cooked pretty fresh weather, it needn't be like this.'
 'I tried to have it nice, Robert,' she said, striving to choke down a sob--as well as an angry word.
 Mr. Thompson, aroused by a quiver in the tone, looked at his wife; his friends looked at one another. She sat down at length, but could not eat. Mr. Thompson finished the meal in silence.
 He was watching his wife's face; it was something in it he did not understand--a kind of patient, hopeless look, as if she no longer cared to struggle onward. The old millinery ware did look dingy on the snowy white tablecloth; almost too bad for these chums of his to sit down to; he wondered he had never thought of that before. Robert Thompson grew thoughtful.

He passed into the kitchen when they were going out again--how hot and stifling it felt with that big fire, as bad as the south meadow. His wife had been in her kitchen; that must have made her face scarlet. Indoors was not so comfortable a place after all, if you had hot work to do, was the idea that flitted through his mind. And, perhaps, the work was overmuch for his wife, who at best was but a delicate woman.
 A fresh, cool breeze had sprung up from the south, as he went out, walking slowly, but the sun was burning hot still. Robert Thompson waited to wipe his brows; and in that moment the voices of his companions came towards him from the other side of the hedge, where they stood in the little shade it cast.
 'I never pitied a woman so much in my life,' quoth one of them. 'She works like a slave, and does not get even so much as a "thank ye" for it from Thompson. He's a good fellow, but uncommon down upon the work. Strong as a horse himself, he thinks, I suppose, women must be the same.'
 'Yes, Bob's a sterling good fellow, but Jane Lawrence made a mistake when she said yes to his asking,' said the other. 'Jones, she wasn't cut out for a farmer's wife, especially one who keeps his folks to it like Thompson does. She's over sensitive--delicate; any lady but she would have turned long ago and hid him give her proper help. He won't make his money out of her many years if he don't take better care of her; she'll run down fast. Awfully changed she is; she looks as faded as the old house-rooms--and they haven't seen a coat of paint since grandfather Thompson's day.'
 'Ah, she'd better have took Joe Burham. The Lawrence used to have nice things in her home, and she'd have got 'em so still if she'd married Joe. His wife's just gone in her pony chaise. I say, Jones, I wonder whether Thompson's wife's ever sorry?'
 Was she? The unconscious comment of these, his warm friends, came crashing down on Robert Thompson's heart and brain like a bolt of fire. That she rejected Burham for him he knew, when she came home to the old homestead and took care of his invalid mother. Tenderly had she done it, too. Could she be wearing out her life in hard work for him; and she, the mother of his boys; she whom he loved so well, for all his childhood's? Robert Thompson stood awry; he could bear his thoughts no longer, and he felt that he could almost kill himself for his blind heedlessness.
 The afternoon wore on toward evening. Mrs. Thompson had finished her indoor work--the washing up of the dinner dishes and the putting of the rooms straight--and was going in with an armful of fine things that she had taken from the clothes lines, when the sound of wheels made her look around.
 'I've brought that white ware, Mrs. Thompson,' said the brisk voice of Grover, spring from the cart and lifting down carefully a large hamper.

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 "But I didn't order it, Mr. Grover," she rejoined in rather a frightened voice.
 The master wrote it, though. Mr. Thompson came down this afternoon and said things was to come up to you at once. There's the dinner set you admired, and a teaset as well. Where shall I put 'em?
 'Bring 'em in, please,' she answered rather faintly. He did as he was bid and then drove off.
 Mrs. Thompson sat down by the hamper of crockery and cried as if her heart would break. They were magical tears, too, for they washed all the weariness and despair from her face, and the shadow from her eyes and heart. She forgot that she was tired, or that the day was hot; she only thought how kind Robert was, and what a wicked woman she had been for saying to herself in her temper that she'd rather have had Squire Burham. Then she unpacked the treasure, pulling them out