Weekly Monitor.

TRUE WORDS are JEWELS

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 25. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1898. NO. 50.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS

GILLIS & HARRIS,

Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.

—WILL BE AT HIS—

OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,

Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store

Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.

—AGENT FOR—

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

☞ Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.

Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.

Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.

Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

F. L. MILNER,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE. MONEY TO LOAN.

Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf
TELEPHONE NO. 11.

MISS MANNING,

Pianoforte, Organ and Voice.

TERMS: $5.00 PER QUARTER.

Temperance Hall, Lawrencetown.

O. T. DANIELS,

BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly

O. S. MILLER,

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate Agent, etc.

RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

J. B. WHITMAN,

Land Surveyor,

ROUND HILL, N. S.

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.

Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.

MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,

DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the public.
Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.

Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

JOHN ERVIN,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.

OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

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 Pyle 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 Carlton T. Chapman, the marine artist; Henry Fenn, and others.

Thomas Nelson Page's First Long Novel, "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Reconstruction." Mr. Page has devoted four years to the story, and he considers it his best work. (Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.)

Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Geo. W. Cable, and others, are under engagement to contribute stories during 1898.

Robert Grant's "Search-Light Letters"—replies to various letters that come in consequence of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher."

"The Workers" in a new field—Walter A. Wyckoff, the college man who became a laborer, will tell his experience with sweatshop 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 illustrated.

Political Reminiscences by Senator Hoar, who has been in public life for forty-five years.

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

☞ *The full prospectus for '98 in small book form (24 pages), printed in two colors, with numerous illustrations (cover and decorations by Maxfield Parrish), will be sent upon application, postage paid.*

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

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

NEW YORK.

Guaranteed Bicycles Cheap!

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.

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 disinterested experts.

There is nothing better of its kind than "Welcome" Soap. The "Welcome" Bicycle will be found equally reliable and satisfactory. We could not afford to put out a poor or cheaply constructed Wheel.

Ladies' or Gents' Wheels, all sizes. Write for particulars, or ask your grocer for "Welcome" Soap and specifications of the "Welcome" Wheel.

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

Grand ✦ Spring ✦ Opening

—OF—

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.

A. J. MORRISON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE SLATER SHOE

Dry Feet!

Healthy—comfortable—warm—cornless—painless—comely feet. Feet rescued from cold, clammy, clumsy rubbers and shod in wet-proof—snow-proof—oil-dressed leather shoes, made with the Famous Goodyear Welt. Stylish, wear-resisting, quickly cleaned, light. Black or tan. $5.00.

Ask for the

Slater Rubberless Shoe.

MAKERS — MONTREAL.

KINNEY & SHAFNER, Sole Local Agents.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,

Incorporated 1856.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.

CAPITAL..............$500,000
REST..................$205,000

W. J. STAIRS, Esq., *President.*
E. L. THORNE, *Cashier.*

Savings Bank Department.

Interest at the rate of

3 1-2 PER CENT.

allowed on deposits of four dollars and upwards.

AGENCIES.—
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, agent.
Annapolis, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, agent.
New Glasgow, N. S.—R. C. Wright, agt.
Dartmouth, N. S.—C. W. Frazee, agent.
North Sydney, C. B.—S. D. Boak, agent.
Little Glace Bay, C. B.—J. D. Leavitt, agt.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, agent.
Liverpool, N. S.—E. R. Mulhall, agent.
Sherbrooke, N. S.—S. J. Howe, agent.

CORRESPONDENTS.—
London and Westminster Bank, London, Eng.; Merchants' Bank of Halifax, St. John's, Nfld.; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

Bills of Exchange bought and sold, and a general banking business transacted.

N. R. BURROWS, *Agent.*

Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital, - - $1,500,000.00
Reserve Fund, - $1,600,000.00

JOHN DOULL, *President.*
H. C. McLEOD, *Cashier.*

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.

Agencies in all the principal towns of the Maritime Provinces, and in the cities of Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, and St. John's, Nfld. Correspondents in all parts of the world. Do all kinds of banking business.

A Savings Bank Department

has lately been established in connection with the Bridgetown agency where deposits will be received from one dollar upwards and interest at the 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 Barn and Outhouses. Also, all the Farming Utensils, nearly new, and the entire Crop, now growing, including two hundred bushels of Oats, now harvested, and all the stock in hand. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Will be sold at a bargain.

ERVIN & ALCORN,
24 Annapolis Valley Real Estate Agency

CAUTION!

All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes.

E. BENT,
J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*

Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

NOTICE!

The business known as THE HICKS & SANCTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY has this day terminated by Harry S. Sancton selling out his interest to John H. Hicks, who will now carry on the business in his own name.

JOHN H. HICKS,
HARRY S. SANCTON.

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. C. MARSTERS, BERWICK.

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

October 19th, 1897. 30 3m

CALL AT

B. M. WILLIAMS'

and get value for your money.

A fresh stock of Canned Goods and Choice Family Groceries just arrived. Also a full line of Fine Fruits, Confectionery, etc.

☞ 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

—AND—

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

of all kinds, a specialty at

Central Book Store.

NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within eighteen months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ALDA R. FITZRANDOLPH,
Administratrix,
Lawrencetown.

Or BURPEE S. FITZRANDOLPH,
Administrator,
Williamston.

Dec. 13th, 1897.

Poetry.

A Mother's Prayer.

A woman sits at the fireside,
And rocks a babe on her breast,
Till the little one sleeps, then lays him
In his downy cradle nest.
She softly kisses his sleeping eyes,
And kisses his forehead white,
And whispers low, with a happy smile:
"God bless my boy to-night!"

A woman stands at a cottage door,
And looks out over the sea;
"The sun sets red in a leaden mist,
It will storm to-night," says she.
"My sailor boy is homeward bound,
Oh, stay the tempest's might,"
And she turned away with an earnest prayer,
"God bless my boy to night!"

And one in the bloom of womanhood,
At work with a happy smile,
Is packing a box for her darling,
And thinking all the while
How proud and happy the lad will be,
Her school-boy merry and bright,
When he opens the box from home—she prays:
"God bless my boy to-night!"

A woman old, with failing eyes,
Reads the news from a distant camp,
Where her soldier son is serving—
"The nights are cold and damp;
A soldier's life is too hard for my boy"—
His hair like hers is white,
But he's still a boy to the mother who prays,
"God bless my boy to night!"

A mother is reading a letter
From one who is far away—
"How can our boys go wrong?" she says,
"When trusting mothers pray?
My wanderer says, 'Your prayers for me
Will keep me strong and right;'
I know he's true where'er he be—
God bless my boy to night!"

A mother sits in the gloaming,
With lifted, tearful eyes,
And empty arms; she dreams of one
Beyond the sunset skies;
"Safe in the Father's keeping,
In that blest land of light,
He waits for me, my angel babe—
God keeps my boy to-night!"

And so from over all the world
The mother's prayers arise;
And who can tell the wondrous power
That in that blessing lies?
And many tread the downward path;
Some walk in God's own light;
But always loving mothers pray—
"God bless my boy to night!"

Select Literature.

Everybody's Body

I.

A'BODY'S BODY.

"Ye should ask Mistress Janet Burn—her that bides down by the burn. She kens aboot bairns' ailments better nor anybody I ever kent."

"But I do not know Mrs. Burn! I should not like to trouble her!"

"Hoots!"—and the speaker closed her gate with a little clash of dismissal and farewell—"Janet's just a'body's body! She'll dae onything for a'body!"

That was my first introduction to Janet Burn, and the first description I heard of her. "She was a'body's body!" I was thinking of the words as I went down the road towards the kelpie burn. This is not my story, but hers, so I need only say that I was a widow then, just twenty-seven, and was making my living by painting. I just managed to make both ends meet.

My husband, who had been killed in one of the 'little wars' in India—they are very deadly and great wars for some women—had been able to leave me very, very little. That did not seem to matter much, as Guy and I, my little boy of three, came down to Langside, a lovely little village on the east coast of Scotland, and I found a neat little cottage and a strip of garden and a small hand-maiden, all of which were obtainable for a very small sum. I had gained a certain modest celebrity for little sea scapes. "Finnicky women's work," I had heard it described and I dare say the criticism was just enough.

They sold, however, for the corners of rich women's boudoirs, and they gave Guy and me sufficient for the day's need. I thought ambition, with some other things, was buried in a certain far-off grave which I shall never see, and nothing seemed to hurt me. But my little boy had been ailing, and I had consulted my landlady, a bustling, busy woman called Brown. She, as has been seen, sent me on to "a'body's body."

I reached the cottage, and saw a little gate and a small garden all aglow with flowers. There were pansies and sweet-william, and stock and mignonette and southernwood—or, as they call it here, "apple-rengie"—and "lad's-love." A great bush of a certain deep hued monthly rose grew over the house and peeped in at the windows. The front stone step was scoured with blue, and the windows fairly shone.

I could hear the cheerful song of a kettle as I knocked on the door, and then a soft, slow step. An old woman in a grey linsey gown, black apron, and spotless "mutch," stood before me, looking up with gentle inquiry. She had a wrinkled face, with a little ruddy color in the cheeks, and she had the softest, kindest, happiest eyes it has ever been my lot to see. I felt a sudden glow of happy confidence. I knew instinctively I had come to the right place for help. "A'body's body" would help me! I told my story rather diffidently, and she bade me come in, and seated me in a big, old-fashioned chair by the side of the fire.

She said she knew just what was wrong with Guy, and she told me her simple remedies.

"I did not care much for the look of the doctor," I said frankly. "And the wee boy is very shy. He sees so few people—no men at all!"

"Puir wee man!" I can never tell you the pity and the understanding in her voice. And then she looked at me. "I heard o' the story," she said gently. "And you'll be thinkin' the time lang, my lambie. Hae ye learnt tae leave the sorrow when it first drifts awa' and awa'?"

I raised my hand with a little start. I had never spoken of my loss to any human soul. I had no relatives, and few friends, and people had let me alone after writing the usual conventional letters. I thought no human being understood. My husband's death had not seemed to make any difference to any one in the world except his wife. And I was not a religious woman.

After the first weeks of black darkness, in which only the child's little arms kept me back from mental death, I raised my head and faced the world. The child had to be provided for, and he was Guy's boy. Somehow I could work and eat and live and talk to strangers in much the old way, and as if I had not a great leaden weight where my happy heart had been.

"No," I said calmly and drearily, after her question; "I have never left the sorrow anywhere. I am not what people call 'religious.' I am sorry, Mrs. Burn, but your words mean nothing at all to me."

She looked over at me, and I could hear her draw in a kind of long breath.

"You're just a bit bairn yerself," she said, in her soft Scotch voice; "jist a bairn. I was lookin' at ye in kirk. Oor ain minister is awa'. Ye didna git muckle help frae that laddie."

I smiled at that, remembering the theological tirade we had listened to in the bald little kirk. It had bored me inexpressibly. I remembered watching a yawning pewful—a big, hearty farmer, stifling his gapes behind a horny hand, a sonsie woman in a bead-spangled cloak, and six children, whose faces shone with soap and health—they were all so heartily sick of it all! And so was I. We none of us knew what he was driving at, or trying to prove or disprove, and none of us cared.

"Well, no," I said. "And I have not been back since."

"I dare say he meant weel," she said earnestly. "Maybe there was a heap o' book larnin' behind a' yon! But we dinna want mere book-larning. We want help tae bear oor burdens—a' o' us!"

I looked at her curiously, and then round the well-scrubbed kitchen. I thought half cynically, how it would be for a simple, pious old woman like this, who probably did not know what deep sorrow or anxiety meant, to talk. She was a kindly, sweet old body; but that sort of talk was all just shibboleth! So I rose, and buttoned my glove.

"I suppose people take their comfort in different ways," I said. "Thank you very much. I'll try what you said. Good-evening!"

She came and opened the door. As I walked down the village street I could see her looking after me wistfully. I had a bunch of the roses she had given me, and I painted these on a piece of Parian delft next day. I did not think again, then, of "a-body's body." But her remedies did the boy good, and I went back and thanked her.

II.

I saw Mrs. Burn every now and then in the village, and she would give me a little, respectful, kindly nod. If there was a new baby, I would see her going in and out of the cottage. I heard them say, now and then, she had "mair skill nor any doctor." And I saw her pass every Sunday to the kirk, to which I had never gone after my first experience. I was really an Episcopalian, only the "English chapel," as they called it, was too far off.

My next experience of her goodness and kindness came when the boy took typhoid fever and nearly died. She came and relieved me every day, and would not take a penny. Though old, she was the most capable woman I ever met. She cooked exquisitely; she had a marvellous knowledge of herbs and remedies; and she had the most attractive way with children.

The boy grew to love her. He called her "grannie," and would nestle in her arms, she calling him her "wee lambie" and her "coodlin' doo," and a shower of loving and endearing names.

I heard her mention her husband now and then as her "auld man;" but I was selfishly absorbed in the boy. I think I really did not hear when she spoke of any other subject. Grief like mine is the most selfish thing in the whole world. I wonder, sometimes, if there is anything more hateful in God's sight than utter selfishness, or more beautiful than unselfishness!

She discovered one day, by chance, that I could sing, and I found her dusting a pile of music-books.

"You can sing?" she then said eagerly. "Eh, then, some day will ye sing tae me? And tae my man?"

I shook my head. "I never sing now. I shall never sing again."

"What for noo?" she asked gently.

"My husband—liked it," I said shortly. "All my music is—associated with him."

She was looking at me with her strangely vivid eyes. "Bairn," she said, slowly, "ye will no let God heal ye! Ye are just pushing him awa'! I was aboot tae ask—I'd tak' it as the greatest gift ye could gie me—she had refused everything—"if ye would, some day, come and sing a sang—ony bit sang—till my auld man. He's fair daft about music! He hasna many pleesures i' the world, and he's whiles tell't me there was nae music on airth like a leddy's braw voice!"

She said no more then. I said to myself coldly I should certainly not torture myself; but something made me say: "I never see your husband. Does he work out of doors?"

She looked round, as if in surprise. "Did you no ken?" He's blind—blind, and crippled wi' rheumatism. He lies ben the house."

"But you?"—I remembered suddenly all the hours I had had her in my cottage. "Can he let you come here?"

She gave a little faint smile. "He's wonderfu'," she said. "I leave a'thing by him. He likes me tae dae ony bit thing for the neebours. I'm a frail auld body getting, but they have a deal o' confidence in puir auld Janet!" And she smiled.

I was thinking, and I spoke suddenly. Deep down in my heart a shaft of shame had struck like a knife. "I'll come and sing," I said, and turned away, "if you like."

I went, after that, and I sang Guy's songs—he had always liked my simplest ones best—to the blind old man. Janet would come in, and sit and listen, and she would thank me, with glistening eyes. One day I sang a little Scotch song I had learned from my mother, who was Scotch. A tender little thing with a refrain about some one's being "aye awa." One line went, "It's just that you'll aye be awa."

I saw Janet rise up suddenly, and go to the blind old man, and lay her wrinkled hand in his. Their fingers closed and locked. I crept out and left them. Had I been wrong about Janet? Had she come through any other grief?

But one day—it was a bitterly cold evening, with a sleety rain—I was putting on my cloak preparatory to leaving her, when a woman knocked at the door, and we both saw a wretched tramp, with a baby huddled close to her breast, and wailing piteously. She was one of the "tinklers" (travelling hawkers) I had seen on the road earlier in the day.

Something to eat and something for the child. If only "the mistress" would give her some "claes for the bairn!"

Janet had no money to give; neither had I. The old woman turned round piteously. I could see a kind of struggle going on in her face.

"What is it, Janet?" I asked.

"It is the bairn," she said in a low, trembling voice. "I cannot hear it greet! And I ha'e claes!"

I waited. What did she mean?

She turned away then, and went up to an old-fashioned chest of drawers. Out of the middle deep drawer she took a little warm flannel frock and a Shetland shawl—an old grey one. Janet, the quiet, unemotional, stood there, and suddenly clasped them to her breast.

I have never seen anything like the passionate grip and love of the gesture. She kissed them like living things, and then she went to the woman, took the baby from her, warmed its chill limbs, put on the frock and shawl, filled its bottle with hot milk, and saw the woman turn away. She thanked Janet, but grumbled a little at obtaining "nae siller."

"Janet," I said, "what baby-clothes were these?"

"My ain wee bairnie's," she said. "She died forty years syne!"

"And had you no other?" I asked.

We were standing by the fire. Janet had not lit the gas, and the light flickered upon her face as I spoke. It was paler than usual. She gave a kind of shiver, speaking in a whisper, but with her brave eyes fixed on my face.

"Did they never tell ye i' the village?"

"Tell me what?"

Another shrinking movement, then she stood quite still.

"Ithers would tell you!" she said piteously. "My laddie—Gavin—is—is serving his time! He's in prison—for—a life sentence!"

I cannot tell you what I felt. I cannot describe to you the torture or the heartbreak of her voice, or the dogged Scotch courage and honesty behind it all!

And this was "A'body's body!" The honest, upright, honorable and proud old woman, who would not have wronged a living being of a pin's worth! This was Janet, whom I had thought, spoke so easily and unknowingly of bearing sorrow!

I went and put my arms round her suddenly; it was as if the ice broke around my own heart. My tears fell scaldingly on the breast of her wincey gown.

"Janet! Janet! Then you know?" I said, "O Janet! teach me to bear it like you!"

III.

I had been three years in the village. Things outwardly had not changed much, except that my little boy had "lessons," and that I had hired a pony-trap, in which we drove through the beautiful roads which climbed above the cliffs on the coast. I looked at life, thank God, however, with different eyes. Janet Burn had taught me how. The sting had been taken out of it all. Once the great truth of a loving God is realized, and rested in, all sorrows are lightened, and the rainbow of hope is always athwart our sky.

I told Guy we would "find father" some day—and, thank God, I believed what I said! For the sanity of Janet's religion—its simple, beautiful sanity—had lifted me out of the pit and set me on my feet!

We were driving down the village one day in the trap, and it was growing dark. "Trot" had not been out for some time, and was very fresh, so fresh that my wrists ached, and I thought I should be glad when home was reached; and unfortunately, just then a collie flew out from a cottage door, barking wildly, and off went the pony in a wild gallop, quite beyond my powers of holding-in. There was a perilous turn before our little abode was reached, and then a sharp hill! I set my teeth, and called to the boy to "Hold on!" But I thought we would both be killed together.

And just then a figure sprang out—it seemed to me from the ground—and the pony was caught and firmly held. We were safe. I could get out, and I did so; and, holding Guy, who was pale and trembling, I went up to the rescuer.

He was a strange-looking man—very white and thin, with queer, shrinking eyes. I noticed that he wore his hair oddly short, and wondered who he could be, and how he came to be lurking there in the dark.

"I cannot thank you enough!" I gasped. "You have saved our lives! I think we should have been killed! I cannot thank you enough!"

His face brightened oddly, and he gave a little shadowy smile—a curious, lifeless smile, which somehow made me shiver. I felt as if this man had lived amongst guileless people—as if he had forgotten what laughter was.

He was holding the pony, who was pulling and champing still, and as I was wondering what I could offer to reward him, he suddenly said:

"I'll take him home for you. He's a bit skittish still. Do you live far from here?"

I told him, and he led the pony down; and we passed no one, and the boy who attended to Trot took him in.

"Won't you please come in for a moment?" I said. And, as if used to obey mechanically he followed me into my little hall, and then into the dining-room. Tea was spread on my dainty little table. There were home-made scones, apricot jam, and oatcakes, and in the centre of the table an old china bowl of faded bracken, bronze-colored, and rowan-berries.

The man stood looking at the table like one in a dream. I could not make out of what class he was. His manner was quiet and respectful. I liked his voice. His clothes were dark and neat, but it struck me that somehow he was not at home in them! In spite of his oddness, I liked his face.

"Won't you sit down and take a cup of tea?" I said, prompted by an impulse. "It is just ready."

He turned on me then with a kind of gasp, curiously. As he did so Janet's face seemed to flash before me. And then he gave the oddest laugh.

"You're a very trusting lady," he said, and I mean to tell you the truth. See if you'll ask me then! Do you know Janet Burn? Is she—is she—still alive?"

"Alive? Janet? Why yes!" I said, puzzled. "Do you know her?"

"I'm her son!" he said then, looking me full in the face. "The son who was in prison for a life-sentence! You heard, of course? I broke her heart. I got into bad company, and got mixed up in a political plot in Dublin, where I was in a printer's office. I was eighteen, and they were clever men—the others. I'm not excusing myself"—he put his hand to his forehead wearily—"and God knows I deserved it all! But they said I behaved well in the prison, and the governor made a plea for me to the new Home Secretary, and I'm free!

"I'm kind of dazed yet, for I've had twenty years of it and I'm stupid. I feel as if it were all a dream, and I'd waken—in the cell! I'm wondering if it's any good being out, for no one will ever look at me. And I'm wondering about her—and him! Bringing disgrace upon them—bringing it all up—"

He spoke strangely, like a person, half-awake, and as if mentally stumbling. I cannot tell you how sorry I felt for him. Long ago Janet had told me the story. It was true that he had been made a scapegoat of, and I suspect the truth of that had been impressed upon a new Home Secretary after twenty years. I turned to Gavin Burn eagerly, and bade him listen.

"Mr. Burn," I said—and he raised his head with a start at the name—"Janet, your mother, has done more for me than I can ever repay. She is the best woman in the world, and she will welcome and love you. Your coming will just rejoice her heart. I can't keep you for a minute from her, for your father is very low, and you are just come in time to comfort her."

He got up then, looking at me in a dazed way.

"Is that true?" he said.

I answered, "Come and see!"

* * * * * *

Janet was in the inner room, reading to the old man. The firelight flickered on the sanded floor, and on her neat, tidy figure, grown a little bent and frail. We stood in the doorway, and Burn told his mother after that he felt like a boy again when he saw the familiar, worn furniture, and the very same china dogs on the mantlepiece. And then I motioned him to wait, and I went in softly, and, stooping, put my arm around her.

"Janet," I said, so that the old man should hear too—"you who have borne sorrow so bravely—oh, dear Janet, can you bear joy too?"

She rose, holding on to me. The old man turned his white head on the pillow, and Janet looked up in my face. Her eyes shone; she took one step forward—two more. Burn came to meet her.

"My laddie! Oh, my own dear laddie!" Her arms were round his neck, her hand was on his shoulder.

"Janet!" called her husband tremulously. She turned as I crept out. I left them alone, these three, in the firelight, with the God who loved all three.

Janet had led him up to the dying man, and I heard a low, inarticulate, happy murmur—of blessing, I think, and gratitude.

* * * * * *

It was not long after this that circumstances threw money into my lap, enough for the boy's education, and sufficient to buy a larger house and a garden. We have a little carriage and a tiny conservatory, and I could afford to pay well to have these looked after. I never dreamed of leaving Sunnyside. I loved it now, and in the nearest county town there was a capital boy's school.

And Gavin Burn is my gardner! He begged for the post when I suggested it tentatively, and he will never leave his mother. She is still alive thank God! though the old man is gone! "A'body's body" still! They go to the kirk every Sunday, she leaning proudly and fondly on his arm. Her eyes are the homes of peace. Langside has accepted and forgiven Burn, though he never goes out into any village society, and spends his evenings reading—studying at home. He is very clever, but he will never be anything but shrinking and retiring. My boy loves him, and has no more careful guardian.

And I go as all the village does still, to "A'body's body for advice and help. I often tell Burn of her quaint, wise sweet sayings. I tell him I love her like a mother. And the strange, sad, mirthless smile crosses his face. I am kind to say so, he says; but it is true that "there never was any one like her!"

The First Ocean Steamer.

CANADA'S CLAIM TO THE HONOR ADMITTED.

It was early in the year 1833 that the first steamship was propelled all the way across the Atlantic by steam, and if any one had then expressed the belief that the distance would some day be covered in five days he would have been regarded at least a visionary of the most pronounced type. A little over fifty years before, John Mason, of Boston, sent an almost undecipherable scrawl to Benjamin Franklin, the then "president" of Pennsylvania, stating therein that he had constructed a boat that would, to use his own words, "move or advance with a sufficient Velocity—without Sails or Oars. The above is on a Small Scale and Sd. Mason propose's to fit up or prepare a Shallop for the above purpose, provide'd a Subscriben Can be completed to Defray the Expence's and Compensate him for his time, trouble and for the Invention." It is said that from this little boat lay potential the steamers which are now astonishing humanity with their performances, and which were once described by Emerson in a lecture as enormous shuttles weaving the continents and islands of the earth into one great woof of human fraternity.

For some years it was impossible to learn from the meagre facts obtainable to what country belonged the honor of having built the first transatlantic steamer, but some few years ago conclusive evidence was found to substantiate Canada's claim. The Royal William was the name of the little vessel, and she was built at the Cove, Quebec, by Messrs. Shepherd & Campbell, during the winter 1830 31. In the April following she was launched in the presence of the governor, Lord Gosford, and the military authorities, and made the passage wholly by steam from Halifax to London, in August, 1833. She was afterwards sold to the Spanish government, and was the first war steamer to fire a hostile shot. The Great Western is, however, generally placed at the head of the list of record-breakers. In 1838 she made the voyage from New York to Liverpool in about eighteen days and her achievement was soon emulated by other vessels. Vast improvements were rapidly made, the most important, probably, being the substitution of the screw for the paddle. Marvelous achievements in devouring distance have since been recorded, but there is no reason to doubt that the impossible will again be accomplished within the present generation.—*Baltimore Journal of Commerce.*

Where Life is Longest.

More people over a hundred years old are found in mild climates than in the higher latitudes. According to the last census of the German empire, of a population of 55,000,000 only seventy-eight have passed the hundredth year. France, with a population of 40,000,000, has 213 centenarians. In England there are 146, Ireland 578, and in Scotland forty-six. Sweden has ten, and Norway twenty-three, Belgium five, Denmark two, Switzerland none. Spain, with a population of 18,000,000, has 401 persons over a hundred years of age. Of the 2,250,000 inhabitants of Servia, 575 persons have passed the century mark. It is said that the oldest person living whose age has been proven is Bruno Cotrim, born in Africa, and now living in Rio de Janeiro. He is a hundred and fifty years old. A coachman in Moscow has lived a hundred and forty years.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

BARRISTER

—AND—

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

☞ Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 ly

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Hon. G. W. Burton, Chief Justice of Ontario, has been knighted.

The first Chinese business failure in Canada is reported from Montreal.

Twenty-eight horses died in St. John last from an epidemic of distemper.

The date for the Bram trial in Boston has been finally set by Judge Colt at March 15th.

Mgr. Cleary, Roman Catholic archbishop of Kingston, Ont., died on the 24th ult., aged 78 years.

The Yukon district, or that part of it which belongs to Canada, has an area of 140,000,000 acres.

Mr. Reid, the builder of the Newfoundland railways operates them for a land grant of 2500 acres per mile.

Seventy-five per cent. of the applications for divorce now before the senate at Ottawa comes from Toronto men.

A serious rising of the natives is reported in the British protectorate of Nyassaland, north of Zambesi river in Africa.

Russia has announced her intention of opening her recently acquired port in Northern China, to the commerce of the world.

A woman who recently threw vitriol into the face of a Massachusetts man, disfiguring and totally blinding him for life has married him.

The mad rush to the Klondike is most deplorable. It is stated that Cook's agency, of London, has already booked 40,000 for that region.

During the first ten months of '97 there was imported into Canada 10,606,000 bushels of corn, as compared with 8,982,000 for the same period in '96.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the heirs of a man, who committed suicide when in sound mind, cannot recover an insurance policy.

Counterfeit Canadian one dollar bills have been discovered in Montreal. It is believed that an American gang of counterfeiters is working near that city.

Yousouf, the great Turkish wrestler arrived in New York last week, for the purpose of meeting American wrestlers. Yousouf has never been thrown.

Hunters Braithwaite and Chestnut, of Miramichi, N. B., last week captured alive five bull caribou for the New England Sportsmen's exhibiton.

M. Zola has been found guilty on all counts and has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and fined 3,000 francs. An appeal has been taken.

Maritime members in the federal house are interesting themselves to preserve the salmon and lobster fisheries of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, has written a letter to Governors of other States urging them to do all in their power to establish the eight-hour day.

A paper combine was formed last month in the United States to operate in Canada as well as there. Its capital is $45,000,000, of which $25,000,000 is preferred stock.

The Oxford University Athletic Club has decided that it cannot entertain the challenges of American universities for an international contest during the coming summer.

The medical men of St. John, N. B., are up in arms against a bill before the local legislature, the purpose of which is to legalize the practice of osteopathy in that province.

The Ottawa board of trade has endorsed a proposition of the St. John board that all canned goods should be marked with the net weight of the contents and the date when packed.

The duties to be paid for permits to sell intoxicating liquor and intoxicants in the Yukon district have been increased from the rate of 25 cents per gallon to two dollars per gallon proof.

F. F. Rolland, of Montreal, defeated A. Shaw, Jr., of the Boston Athletic Association, last Saturday, in the final match for the amateur racquet championship of America, at Boston.

Frances E. Willard left about twenty thousand dollars which goes to the Temple Fund after the life interests of the Secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Willard, expires.

A Canadian traveler, who has spent a couple of years in the far Northwest, part of the time along the Peace river, says there are in the country at least four herds of wild buffalo, numbering altogether not less than 2000.

A report from Vancouver says a bricklayer has discovered a ruby mine while excavating for a building. The gems are pronounced by experts to be genuine; the find was made on high territory level of Fraser River, above New Westminister, B. C.

Thomas A. Edison and an English syndicate have closed a deal for the Ortise grant in South Santa Fe county, N. M., the price agreed upon being $1,500,000, payable in two years. Edison is building a plant that will handle 25,000 tons of gold placer dirt per day.

Mrs. William Kendrick, of Grand Manan, has been committed for trial on the charge of having murdered the infant child of her unmarried daughter, Annie Maxwell; and Annie Maxwell has been committed for trial on the charge of neglecting to take the proper precautions in caring for her child.

A Business Parable.

YOU CANNOT FAIL TO APPRECIATE THE POINT IN THIS STORY.

Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid him in cash, but far the greater number said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed, and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said. "My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough to pay expenses."

So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay one of these days," forgetting that though each amount was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so badly that he fell out of bed and awoke, and running to his granary found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming.

MORAL.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—*Union Signal.*

Could do no Work.

"Large sores broke out on my body, head and limbs, and also on my hands, so that I could not do any work; my hair came out. My trouble was called eczema. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken several bottles the sores and itching disappeared and I was cured."

MRS. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ont.

Hood's Pills cures nausea, sick headache, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Future of Electricity.

A member of one of the largest electric manufacturing companies makes the following statement, viz: That 10 years ago only about one eight of one per cent. of the street railways were operated with electricity. Now nearly 98 per cent. of them are equipped with it. It has caused a reduction of about 40 per cent. in operating expenses over steam. He adds, at the present time it is "steam trunk lines," with electricity for use on short lines and out-of-the-way places. Ten years hence it will be reversed; it will be "electric trunk lines," with steam as an auxiliary power.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.