

Weekly Monitor

VOL. 5

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1877.

NO. 4

Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.
WATSON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00.
Advertising Rates.
One inch.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 25 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.
Our Square, (two inches)—First insertion \$1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; six months, \$3.50; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.50.
HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, \$4.50; each continuation, \$1.00; one month, \$7.00; two months, \$10.00; three months, \$14.00; six months, \$20.00; twelve months, \$35.00.
A COLUMN.—First insertion, \$9.00; each continuation, \$2.00; one month, \$12.00; two months, \$18.00; three months, \$25.00; six months, \$40.00; twelve months, \$70.00.
Yearly advertisements changed often than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

NOTICE!

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed administrator of the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Annapolis, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to JOHN A. ABBOTT, Administrator.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING, late of Wilnot, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to Z. DURLING, Administrator.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Wilnot in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same daily attested within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to GEORGE N. BALLENTINE, Administrator.

NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Wilnot in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same daily attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to W. A. MORSE, Administrator.

Notice.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE W. WOODBURY, late of Wilnot in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same daily attested within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to W. A. MORSE, Administrator.

HAIR VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER
This standard article is compounded with the greatest care. Its effects are so wonderful and so satisfactory as to over-
It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.
It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling and refreshing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.
By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.
As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.
A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The contents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."
Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.
This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.
Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax Wholesale Agents.
Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. CHASELEY, Bridgetown, N. S.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS.
Wholesale Merchants,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Dry Goods Department
93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.
Keep constantly on hand a large stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, such as the English, Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.
—ALSO—
AMERICAN GOODS, such as Pr. Is. Grey & White Cotton, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.
Canadian and Domestic Goods.
GROCERY DEPARTMENT,
84 & 86 Water St.
A full stock kept constantly on hand of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices.
August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

MacFarlane & Adams
Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.
Agents for
Canada Paper Co.
HALIFAX, N. S.
Oct. 10th, '76. 6m27

8 LOANS OF 9
for a gentleman of Worcester, Mass., who has paid interest voluntarily in advance. Fair samples of all my loans. Hereafter the first years interest (10 per cent) paid voluntarily in advance. Interest semi-annual. Improved security. Land alone worth 4 to 10 times the loan. Long residence. Best of references. Send stamp for particulars. D. S. B. JOHNSON, Negotiator of Mortgage Loans, St. Paul, Minnesota.

HEARING RESTORED
Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. Address: DR. G. G. BARKER, Lock-box 905, Covington, Ky.
25 FANCY CARDS, no two alike, with 10c; or 25 scroll cards, 10c. Spencer & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

EXTRAORDINARY
TERMS OF ADVERTISING
ARE OFFERED FOR NEWSPAPERS IN
CANADA.
Send for list of list of papers and schedule of rates. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, No. 41 Park Row, New York. Refer to Editor of this Paper.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
Agency.
The Subscriber has been appointed agent for BRIDGETOWN, and is now prepared to do business
AT THE OFFICE OF
T. D. & E. RUGGLES.
Hours from 10 o'clock, A. M. to 3 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays from 10 o'clock, A. M. to 1 o'clock, P. M.—strictly adhered to.
T. D. RUGGLES.
March 5th, '77. 131 47

Three Trips a Week.
ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!
STEAMER "EMPERSS."
For Digby and Annapolis.
Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.
Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave for wharf, Read's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, returning same day—connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.
FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do 2nd class, \$3.50; do do Annapolis, 1st class, \$2.50; do do Digby, 1st class, 1.50; do do do 2nd class, 1.00.
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return, good for one week (1st class), 7.50.
Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.
SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.
St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS
AND THE
WINDSOR & ANAPOLIS RAILWAY.
Fares for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.
A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Read's Point, between 7 a. m. and 6 p. m., daily, to receive freight.
No freight received morning of sailing.
For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

GLASS! GLASS!
1000 Boxes Glass, in all sizes, at cheap rates.
White Lead, Oils, Brushes,
Paper Hangings of all kinds,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL.
The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 22 Germain St., St. John, N. B.
BLAKSLIE & WHITEHEAD,
sept13 y

TO MAGISTRATES!
A large lot of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS for sale at this Office.

NOTICE.
THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their
SPRING IMPORTATIONS,
consisting of
Boots and Shoes, Woods and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Tin, Crockery, Glass and Garden Seeds.
Also, they would call the attention of BUILDERS to their Stock of
Nails of all kinds, Paint, Oil, Glass, Putty, Zinc, Tarred, and Sheathing Paper, Locks, Knobs, Hinges, &c.
Also, CARRIAGE STOCK consisting of
Speaks, Hime, Bent S. Bools and Rails, Enamelled Cloth, Enamelled Leather and Dasher Leather, with a variety of stock of
SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds.
FLOUR AND MEAL
The above will be sold low for Cash.
BEALES & DODGE,
Middleton, April 28th, '77.

LONDON HOUSE
Clearance.
HAVING decided to make a change in my business, I now offer my entire stock of
Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hardware,
Crockery,
&c., &c.,
AT COST
For Cash.
I shall continue to sell at the above rate after which time shall sell at
Auction one day out of each week!!
of which due notice will be given, until my whole stock is disposed of.
I take much pleasure in thanking my many friends and customers for the kind support that they have given me during the three years that I have been doing business in this town. Trusting that each and all may come and receive a share of the benefits derived from this Cheap Sale, which I guarantee to be
NOTICE.—In view of the above change, I kindly ask all who have Notes of Hand or Book Accounts with me to settle the same at once. I shall close my books from this date.

ROYAL HOTEL.
(Formerly STUBBS)
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR.
sept 73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,
Silver and Brass Pater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver.
ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS
No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
sept13 y

ALBION HOUSE.
FALL AND WINTER!
We have now completed our importations for this Season's Trade, and are showing a Full Assortment of
Fall and Winter
DRY GOODS.
in each Department, which we offer
WHOLESALE and RETAIL,
upon the most Liberal Terms, and Solicit Inspection.
BEARD & YENNING.

GILBERT'S LANE
DYE WORKS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.
Carpet, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shaws, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c., dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.
AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WEAVER, Millinery and Dry Goods.
may 76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.
Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,
WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in
BRIDGETOWN,
in full engagement previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.
Jan. 10th '77.
The average daily circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City. The average circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 12,154, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the Star has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly
"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

THE following NEW GOODS opened to-day: COLORED Hamburgs and Laces for Trimming, Grass Cloth Dress Materials, New Brides, Trimmings and Wool Fringes, New Umbrellas and Sunshades, New Frillings for the neck in enormous varieties, New Slipper Patterns and Working Carves, New Regalia and Prints, and a large variety of other Goods, making the largest and most complete assortment in the city.
AT OUR USUAL LOW PRICES.
J. W. BARNES & CO.,
3 and 4 Market Square, St. John, N. B.
ap23

MORSE & PARKER,
Barristers-at-Law,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER,
Bridgetown, Aug. 10th, '76. 17

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.
BY THRO. D. C. MILLER.
"Mother, I think God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel," said a little boy to his mother, one day. His mother was poor. They often used their last stick of wood and their last bit of bread before they could tell where the next supply was to come from. But they had so often been provided for in unexpected ways, just when they were most in need, that the little boy thought, God always sends us what we need when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

Though poor and afflicted,
Unable to bear
The cross, and its burden
Of sorrow and care,
Be firm, in your weakness,
In stemming life's river,
With eyes looking upward—
The Lord will provide.

If lonely and weary,
If sad and distressed,
Just lean your head
On Christ's loving breast,
And know, by the promise
Of One who has died,
That in all your troubles,
The Lord will provide.

In gloom in your cottage—
No happiness, mirth—
No little ones hungry—
No pleasure on earth—
Knelt down in your closet,
And then do not hide
The wants of your household—
The Lord will provide.

Are you in affliction,
Your heart sad with grief,
With no one to comfort,
And bring you relief,
Have faith in the promise,
And cling to the side
Of Jesus our Saviour—
The Lord will provide.

No flour in the pantry,
No corn in the barn,
The cottage is barren,
Of all things a dearth;
But Jesus will ever
Be with you, side
And, in His own season,
The Lord will provide.

Select Literature.
The Chatterly Lovers.
How hot it was! Not a breath of wind stirred the great beeches on the lawn, the croquet ground was deserted, stillness was on everything—the bright glowing stillness of the Summer moon.
The great gray, beautiful old house was at rest. It might have been the palace of the Sleeping Beauty but for the sound of a low, tremulous woman's voice, floating from the eastment above the porch in wild snatches of song; not the simple air of common life, but the harmonies of old masters—the deep and solemn strains, the echoes of which seem to ring with the memories of ancient minstrels. There was something intensely mournful in the voice—a thrill of human pain that made the music live, as it were; an utterance of some hidden agony that was fast breaking a heart.
The shadow of the dial swept past the hour of noon, and, as the clock above the stable struck, the little iron gate in the fence which parted the croquet ground from the glebe meadows was pushed quickly open by the Rector's daughter.
She had walked swiftly over the meadow from the Rectory, and with her in her hand a simple gray dress. Cool and graceful as a flower she appeared, her simple gray dress falling around her in queenly folds, the Puritan simplicity of her white collar and cuffs and simply braided hair becoming something regal in the way in which they were worn by the clergyman's portionless daughter, Ada Leigh. Cold unfeeling, they called her, who could not win a smile from the curved red lips, a look of interest from the dark eyes that had such depths of passion in them.
She crossed the smooth green sward with a little hasty glance around. All was deserted. Even the Chatterly girls could not have the blazing sun. No relic was there of the merry party of the morning, except the scattered balls and mallets, and a gray glove lying forgotten on the grass.
Ada picked it up, a burning flush crossing her face as her fingers touched the gray kid, and with a passionate murmur pressed it to her lips. She dropped it however in a moment, and walked swiftly on, the blush departing from her face and leaving it as calm as before.
At the porch she paused a moment. A man was coming over the lawn with two or three hounds dawdling at his heels. He was smoking, but he flung his cigar away and slightly quickened his walk when he saw the graceful gray-robed figure on the steps.
"A wfully hot!" was his greeting, and, throwing off his hat, he sat down in the shadow. "I've been doing the polite to the future Lady of Chatterly. A fellow ought to have ten thousand a year for marrying a woman who has given up all hope of her complexion, and doesn't care if the thermometer is at 90—"
"Well, you will have it, Ned."
"He ran his hand through his brown curly hair with a short, uncomfortable look."
"I suppose so. I wish she wasn't so distressingly sentimental, or so fond of going home at noon-day. How's the parrot, Ada?"
"In its usual state of health, I believe. Will you let me pass? I am going in to see Blanche."
"At the parrot garden. Why didn't you come over to play croquet this morning? It was awfully slow without you."
"Business first, pleasure afterwards," she returned, with a grave smile, passing into the cool hall, fragrant with a wealth of flowers. She broke off a scarlet blossom and fastened it in her dress as she ran up the broad shallow oak stairs to a pleasant little nook of a room on the first floor.
"Here, by the open window, with a baby in her arms, and seated in a low rocking chair was Blanche Chatterly. Scarcely more than a girl, one short twelve months

had seen her a wife, a mother, and a widow. Her husband had been Edward's younger brother, a sailor whose ship had been lost in the Northern Seas.
Blanche and Mary Ashley were sisters, wards of an old bachelor uncle who owned a large estate close to Chatterly. When the girls were just marriageable, and Edward was engaged to John Chatterly, the uncle died, and his will was rather a strange one. Forde estate was left to John and Blanche, but, in the event of either dying without male children, it was to revert to Mary, on the condition that before the age of twenty-three she had married Edward Chatterly.
Of course, when John was drowned, leaving only a little girl to bear his name, Edward was fain to submit to fate, and propose to fat, good-tempered, stupid Mary Ashley, with the best grace he might, and at the present time they had been engaged for six months. Mary lived with her aunt at Forde, mildly victimising every one within her reach by her quiet, soft selfishness.
While this brief explanation has been rendered, Ada Leigh has taken the baby and begun to talk with Blanche in her cheery, bright way.
"Why, she is actually trying to talk, she bonny young thing! Don't you think a little sunshine would do her good, Blanche? Come out for a little while!"
"It is so hot!"
"Hos! Nonsense. I'm a capital nurse. Here—where is her hood? Come down to the beach walk—it is shady there."
"Are you developing a taste for African exploration?" inquired Ned, lazily rousing himself as they came down the stairs.
"Does grandmamma permit of such dissipation?"
"Grandmamma's asleep," returned Ada, laughing, and I have taken the reins of government."
In spite of his dislike of the heat, Ned walked on by Ada's side to the cool shady beech-walk. Presently Blanche grew weary, and went back with her precious charge; but the other twin walked up and down alone, Ned hardly knowing why it was so pleasant.
"Mary told me some news this morning, Ada. I was so amused!"
She turned quietly toward him.
"She told me you were engaged to Vincent Hugo?"
"Did she?" said Ada, carelessly.
Ned smoothed his tawny moustache in grave amusement.
"Such an idea—you to marry Vincent Hugo?"
"You are going to marry Mary Ashley," she returned, with quiet meaning.
A dark shadow fell over his handsome face.
"What can I do? I can't make the girl a beggar. That old fool knew he had caught me tight enough, confound him! But for people to say that you are going to marry Vincent Hugo is too good!"
"I don't know how you should laugh so," returned Ada, calmly. "You may as well hear it now as at any other time—I am engaged to Vincent—"
Edward Chatterly suddenly stopped, a dull gleam of pain covered his face.
"Eh? he questioned, sharply. "Ada, you are joking—you don't mean it!"
"Why, what's the matter?" said Ada, laughing. "Vincent has the orthodox six feet of height, moustache, and whiskers on legs; and if Dame Nature has furnished his brain rather after the Cheap Jack style, his heart is good."
Edward caught his breath with a half-muttered exclamation.
"Good Heavens, Ada! You don't know what you are about. Could you spend your life with a man like Hugo—a selfish, rough uncultivated animal?"
"He has ten thousand a year and the best house in the country," returned Ada, quietly.
"Ada, take care of what you are about!" he exclaimed, his words hot and trembling. "Don't crush your heart. A man may marry without love, but a woman can't do so. There is no one else you care for, no one you love, that you can accept this dreary hulk of a Squire?"
She turned her proud fair face towards him with a weary gesture.
"Nobody, Ned. I am sorry you dislike Vincent so very much."
"Dislike him! Why, no, I don't: he is too great a fool. Ada, you shan't marry him—I'll run away with you myself rather than see you engaged to that brute of a tender mercies of any relatives."
A look of utter scorn came from her face as she answered him.
"There is no need for such a sacrifice, I assure you," she said, adding, with a forced laugh, "Don't make yourself absurd, Ned. Shake hands and be reasonable!"
He sought her arm. "Ada, break the engagement!"
She interrupted him lightly.
"Come, I shall tell Mary! She will declare you are flirting with me. Let me go; I wish to speak with Mrs. Chatterly."
Toward the Rector's daughter walked hastily away towards the brightness of the lawn. A scarlet blossom had fallen at Edward's feet from her dress. He picked it up with a low passionate cry, feeling as he did so the bitter rush of the conviction how dearly he loved this pale proud girl who was engaged to Vincent Hugo.

"Where are you going, Ned?" asked Mrs. Chatterly, coming out of the morning-room next day, as her son strode across the hall, drawing on his gloves.
"Over to Forde," he returned grimly. "I dropped one of my gloves yesterday; I've seen it, mother?"
"No, my dear. Give my love to Mary. I am glad you are going. You ought to pay her a little attention."
A comical smile crossed Ned's face as he went across the lawn whistling for his dogs.
Precious little attention the young lady will get from me? he muttered.
Mary Ashley's fat fair face wore a dull, pleased expression to greet her lover as he entered the morning-room at Forde, where she was engaged on some intricate work. He shook hands gravely enough with her, and sat down by her little table and began to play with the brightly coloured wools, to the horror of his lady-love.
"Oh, you horrid man, you are mixing the greens and the blues! Do leave them alone!"
He drew away his hands good-humouredly.
"I love women their needle-work. What an interminable pleasure you find in it, Mary?"
She smiled heavily.
"I don't think I could live without it; yet some people don't care for it—Ada

Leigh never has a wool-needle in her hand."
"Thank Heaven— I mean, how very funny! I slammed Edward, flushing over his words."
Mary looked up at him gravely.
"How you flush, Edward! You can't be well; I should have some medical advice. Those sudden rushes of blood to the head are dangerous."
Edward bit his lips.
"I am very well, thank you. I am only a great deal worried. Come, Mary, you and I have always been great friends. I think the best person I can ask for advice is you."
"I shall be only too glad to help you, Edward," she returned calmly.
Ned got up and walked restlessly round the table to the back of Mary's chair. He could speak better there than under the glance of those cold gray eyes.
"A friend of mine, Mary, had plighted his faith to one whom he liked very much, who was a dear sister to him. They had been engaged some time, when he discovered a bitter secret. He found out that he loved some one else better—much better. I mean that he had given the whole strength of his manhood's love to another woman—not to her he was bound to, but to one he had known for years, who was all the world to him. Now, Mary, what in honour should my friend do?"
The needle paused a moment on the fat white hand.
"I don't know who your friend is, Ned," she said, gravely; "but, if he is a gentleman, he will keep his secret, and marry the person he is engaged to. A man who could suddenly change his mind will soon come back to his old feelings."
"Nay, nay, my friend always loved this girl, Mary. But what would a woman think of a man who could marry her while he loved another?"
"A little malicious glance darted from the green-gray eyes."
"Edward grew," said the owner, softly, "we will come down to personalities. We can judge better then. Suppose, if such a thing could happen, that you fell in love with somebody beside myself—with Ada Leigh, say. It's utterly absurd, I know—I just suppose it. Do you think that it would be right, or manly, or honourable to come and tell me that, to break off your engagement? I leave all moral considerations out of the question. What is wealth in such a case as that? Would not your conduct be craven and cowardly, after making my life so bright, to shadow it for some foolish fancy for another woman? I know you too well, Edward, to think that you would do so, even if the misery were mine to lose your love. Tell your friend what I say—that you think with me. You do, don't you?" And Mary Ashley quietly took up a thread of wool and began her work.

"Yes, I will tell him, poor wretch!" said Edward, with a dreary attempt at a smile.
"Don't you think I am right? What would you do if? persisted Mary, turning round to look at his pale face.
"Yes, you are right—at least I suppose you are. Life is a dreary thing without love, though, Mary. How is his royal highness Prince Rollo to-day? he went on in forced lightness crossing to the arm-chair where a fat white porcelaine reclined in lazy impatience.
"The darling is ill. I am thinking of sending over for Doctor Gill. I am really nervous about my pet."
"Keep him in a prisoner's fare for a month," returned Ned, shortly.
"And, to his great relief, at this moment Mary's aunt entered the room, and his dreary life—"
"Baby's monthly birthday was kept as a festival at Chatterly, where she was looked upon as the last link of the dear lost one. She was six months old on this, the first of July, and Ada Leigh came over to spend a long day with Blanche. Mary of course was there; and in the morning, when they were gathered on the croquet ground, another visitor—Vincent Hugo—made his appearance to the great disgust of one of the party at least.
"They told me you were over here, Ada," he said, with a tone of ownership that made Ned Chatterly's blood boil. "So I have followed, sure of a welcome." Of course said Blanche, as no one else seemed inclined to speak. "Do you play croquet, Mr. Hugo? Will you take my mallet? I am tired, and will sit down under the tree and watch you."
"Yes, I understand it a little. You must help my deficiencies, Ada; I want to be a good player."
"There is a beautiful ground at Hugo Park, isn't there?" asked Mary, smiling.
"Ah, but there is nobody to play. I hope however, to have some jolly parties there next Summer."
He glanced at Ada Leigh, but she had turned to talk with Blanche, and no one heard his brilliant remark but Ned.
Edward Chatterly had thrown down his mallet and walked away, with a muttered remark about the gardener.
"I thought we were going to play croquet?" cried Vincent Hugo, looking around rather disconsolately.
"You said Mary and I, I'm tired," said Ada.
"Oh, that wasn't do," returned Vincent. "Chatterly will be jealous, and so will you. And he too threw down his mallet, and joined Ada and Blanche in their walk up and down the lawn.
Ada's face grew a deeper red during the conversation that ensued. Half wild with triumph and joy at winning the beautiful girl whom so many longed to call their own, Vincent Hugo launched into a style of pleasantry that to Ada was positive torture. She bore it for some time, biting her lips over each display of shallow witicism but at last she stopped him short.
"Now Vincent, you must go home; I can't catch up with you. You are only in the way. Take your horse and ride home—there's a good boy; and cutting short his murmurs with a hurried good-bye he hastened across the lawn.
"She was as much at home as Chatterly as in her own house, and, going through the library, she reached a little inner room hung with sombre velvet. There was a great, old-fashioned chair in the apartment, with the arms of Chatterly carved upon it, and Ada sat down therein, and folded her hands over her face in a mute passion of tears. A step in the library, however, made her start up and walk to the window to hide her grief.
It was Mary Ashley who came softly in, and with an impulse of affection that made Ada's flesh creep, put her hands round her neck.

Continued on fourth page.