Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 21. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1893. NO. 18.

Professional Cards.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRIST R,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

N. H. PHINNEY,
DIRECTOR OF
—Oratorio and Choral Music.—
TEACHER OF
Singing, Voice Culture, and Thorough Bass.
Dealer in Pianos and Organs. Write for wholesale prices. 14 1y

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—

W. G. Parsons, B. A.,
Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.
MIDDLETON, - - - N. S.
Office.—"Dr. Gunter" building.

J. B. KINNEY,
Architect and Civil Engineer.
Designs, Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all classes of buildings. Office at residence of Wm. E. Reed, Bridgetown, N. S. 1 1y

G. O. GATES,
PLEASANT STREET, TRURO, N. S.
PRACTICAL MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Pianos & Organs.
Manufacturers' agent for Leading American and Canadian Instruments. Tuning and repairing a specialty. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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

DENTISTRY.

DR. T. A. CROAKER,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
Will be at his office in Middleton, the last and first weeks of each month.
Middleton, Oct 3rd, 1891.

WILMOT HOTEL!
J. RANDOLPH BROWN, Proprietor.
This large and commodious hotel, situated near the Wilmot Railway Station, now under new management, has been re-fitted and arranged with a view of providing for the greatest comfort and convenience of guests and summer tourists.
First-class Livery Stable in Connection, where good teams, with or without drivers, may be secured at all times. Travellers conveyed to any part of the country by team.
Terms reasonable. 6 6m

EDWIN L. FISHER,
Real Estate & Insurance Agent.
Exclusive attention paid to the sale and purchase as well as the rental of
Houses, Stores, Farms & Furniture.
INSURANCE AGENT FOR
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, MARINE and PLATE GLASS at lowest possible rates compatible with security.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security.
Correspondence solicited.
29 1y P. O. Box 16, Bridgetown.

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. 51 tf

SCHOONER
"CRUSADE,"
CAPT. W. Y. GESNER,
WILL PLY BETWEEN
Bridgetown and St. John,
touching at all intermediate ports, during the coming season.
For particulars enquire of Neily & Crowe, Bridgetown, or those on board.
May 10th, 1893. 6 13i

NOTICE!
The Packet Schooner
TEMPLE BAR,
will, as usual, ply between this port and St. John, N. B., during the season of 1893.
The subscriber will keep for sale as formerly Lime and Salt.
J. H. LONGMIRE, *Master.*
When Schooner is not in port apply to Capt. P. Nicholson, Bridgetown.
St. John address: SOUTH WHARF, care of G. S. DeForrest & Sons.
Bridgetown, March 28th, 1893. 52tf

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any claims against the estate of HUGH FRASER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

ELIZA FRASER, *Executrix,*
ROBT. E. F. RANDOLPH } *Executor.*
Bridgetown, N.S., Feb. 28th. 18. 48m

Nova Scotia Wins.
A Tiverton Miracle.
Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
THE KING OF REMEDIES.
From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—
"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

FARMERS!
We Can Sell Your Apples,
Poultry Eggs, Cheese,
FAT CATTLE, PORK,
or Berries, in season
At Best Possible Advantage.
Respectfully soliciting a continuance of your favors, we remain, yours sincerely,
FOSTER, FOSTER & Co.
HALIFAX, N. S. 1y52

Groder's Syrup ... Positively CURES DYSPEPSIA

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
HORSE LINIMENT
IS INFALLIBLY THE REMEDY FOR
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Enlargement of the Glands, Affections of the Kidneys,
—AND FOR—
SPLINTS, CURBS, BOG SPAVINS, STRAINS OF THE JOINTS AND TENDONS, BRUISES, ETC., ETC.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. J. WOODBURY'S
DINNER PILLS
ARE A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION, in all its forms.
For the Removal of DYSPEPSIA, Chronic Diseases of the LIVER, PILES, JAUNDICE IRREGULAR ACTION of the HEART, Etc., Etc., these Pills are
EMPHATICALLY THE REMEDY.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - - - PROPRIETOR.
MANUFACTORIES at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

SURELY IF WE ACCEPT THE TRUTH
FROM ANYONE
It Must be the Clergy!
The Rev. J. E. Warner, Rector, of Middleton, says:—
"For more than twenty years I have been afflicted with Chronic Constipation. Have been treated by several physicians here and in the States, and have tried many of the *cures* advertised through the press without receiving any permanent benefit.
In consequence of the complications arising from this disease I have been obliged to undergo a painful surgical operation, and was compelled last year to give up work. About six months ago I consulted Dr. Miller, who gave me a box of his DINNER PILLS, and I can cheerfully testify that their effect in my case has been little less than magical. Since then I have recommended them to some of my friends, who have experienced like good results from their use and returned me their warmest thanks, and I confidently give them a public recommendation, as I have found them, by far, the best medicine I have ever used."
(Signed.) REV. J. E. WARNER,
The Rectory, Middleton.

Use Dr. Miller's Compound Syrup Tar Cough Mixture for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and all diseases of Mucous Membranes throughout the body.

Rev. John L. Sponagle, Methodist Clergyman, Middleton, says:—
"Suffering from Bronchial affection—aggravated by cold—and having heard of the healing properties of your "Tar Cough Mixture," I was induced to make trial of it, and I am glad to inform you that I received much benefit from its use. In my case it soothed and allayed irritation, and aided expectoration. I keep it constantly at my home."
For Sale by all Druggists and Respectable Dealers.

St. Macey, 10,033.
5 Years Old, 16 Hands, 1100 lbs.
THIS SPLENDIDLY BRED STALLION WILL TRAVEL BETWEEN BRIDGETOWN AND LUNENBURG DURING THE SEASON OF 1893.
St. Macey is the best bred stallion that will stand for public service in Annapolis County this year. It will pay those who intend to breed their mares to wait and see and examine him.
He has already proved himself able to sire large, handsome, good-gaited, fast and sound foals.
His breeding can hardly be better. Twenty of the greatest brood mares are represented close up in his pedigree.
Be sure and not breed to any stallion till you see St. Macey and be convinced that what I say is correct.
No trouble to show him, whether you breed or not. He can stand the most critical examination.
For tabulated pedigree and further information send post card to
HORACE H. FEINDEL,
Elm House, Lawrencetown.
March, 1893. 52 tf

BRIDGETOWN
MARBLE WORKS
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 anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.
Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

MRS. WOODBURY
Has a very fine assortment of
GIMPS & JETS FOR DRESSES.
Also a fine line of
LACE CURTAINS from 45c. upwards;
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERVESTS from 10c. upwards.
Lots of Cheap CARPETS, FLOOR PAINTS, DADO BLINDS and CURTAIN POLES.
A first-rate assortment of
Gents' Ready-made Clothing, Millinery, Marbleine and Wall Papers.
ALL LOW FOR CASH OR GOOD TRADE.
WANTED.—Washed Wool, Butter, Eggs, Beans, Dried Apples and Grain.
Kingston, May 25th, 1893.

Do You Want a Bargain
—IN—
HARNESSES?
THE subscriber, who has fully decided upon closing up his Saddlery business and going entirely out of the manufacture of the same, now offers his many past patrons and the public in general the balance of his entire stock at
Lower Prices than ever before.
It comprises a few sets of Silver, Nickel and Brass-mounted Harnesses. Heavy Draught Harnesses, and odds and ends. An inspection and quotations as to prices will convince all inquirers.
GEO. MURDOCH.
P. S.—To those indebted either by Note of Hand or Genoa and Running Accounts, I would say that all outstanding matters of this nature must be satisfactorily arranged at once.

PASTURE!
I have between Clarty and forty acres of land, capable of pasturing three or four cows, near the town, to let for the season or for sale.
GEORGE MURDOCH.
Bridgetown, May 8th, 1893. 6 13i

R. ALLEN CROWE
Has just got in a lot more of those
BARREL CHURNS
that gave such good satisfaction.
Butter Trays, Butter Ladles, Butter Molds, Sheet Zinc, Patent Steel Sinks, Magee's Patent Sink, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe,
RUBBER HOSE,
Plain and Wire bound.
RANGES AND COOKS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Window Screen Wire Cloth, Kitchen Furnishings,
CREAMERS AND TINWARE.
Plumbing and Job Work
a Specialty.
—AGENT FOR—
THE GOOLD BICYCLE CO.
—o—
R. ALLEN CROWE.

New Stock
—AT THE—
MONITOR OFFICE!
Our many patrons will please note that we have recently added to our usually well-equipped Stock Department, new lots of
WEDDING STATIONERY,
embracing all the Newest Styles. New lots of
ENVELOPES,
Official and Commercial, of all grades, colors and sizes. Church
OFFERING ENVELOPES,
opening at top and end. Splendid assortment of new
NOTE PAPER.
Give us a call for any kind of Job Work. Send for samples and prices.

THE
GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL
(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,
STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.
E. G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

BULL AND BOAR
For Service. Thoroughbred Holstein Bull Fee $1 if charged; Cash, 50 cts.
Service fee of Boar $1.00.
MCGIVERN STOCK FARM.
Bridgetown, May 17th, 1893. 7 tf

NOTICE!
THE subscriber will continue the business formerly conducted by the late Hugh Fraser in its various branches, including Hard and Soft Coal.
ELIZA FRASER.
Bridgetown, Feb 9th, 1893. 6tf

Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure
Extract
containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves
of Wild
Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhœa, dysentery and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild
Strawberry
a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this changeable climate.
It has stood the test for 40 years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use. No other remedy always
Cures
summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this
Summer
be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel
Complaints.
Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits.

CASH SALE!
I BEG TO NOTIFY THE PUBLIC GENERALLY THAT FOR THE
NEXT SIXTY DAYS
I will sell any article in my store
AT COST
AND CHARGE OF IMPORTATION.
This is a *bona fide* sale and will be strictly carried out.
Call and Inspect!
No Trouble to Show Goods!
B. E. CHUTE.
Bridgetown. May 23rd, 1893.

CORSETS!
Another lot of those celebrated D. & A. Corsets just opened.
ALSO LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
UNDERVESTS!
VERY CHEAP!
MILLINERY.
Be sure and inspect my stock this season. Having engaged MISS WARNER, an experienced Milliner of Halifax City,
All work will be done promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.
MRS. L. C. WHEELOCK
Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1893.

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
HALIFAX, N. S.
Established 1878.
'CERES SUPERPHOSPHATE
(The Complete Fertilizer.)
POPULAR PHOSPHATE,
APPLE-TREE PHOSPHATE,
POTATO PHOSPHATE,
STRAWBERRY PHOSPHATE.
Our fertilizers are now being offered to the farmers for the 15th season. As these fertilizers have been used to such a great extent and for so many years the farmer knows that he is buying something that is no longer an experiment, but an established factor in the growth of all crops.
Agents wanted in unoccupied territories.
48 4m JACK & BELL.

TO THE PUBLIC!
LAWRENCETOWN, MARCH 20th, 1893.
Please take notice that the agency held by R. B. Durling, of Lawrencetown, for Jack & Bell's Fertilizers in the past has now been transferred to Dr. L. R. Morse, who will be prepared to supply the farmers in the future with our fertilizers at prices and time that will suit all.
JACK & BELL.

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD,
General and Nervous Debility,

Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.
ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

P. G. MELONSON,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER
MIDDLETON CORNER.
REPAIRING punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed. I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

Poetry.

Song.

Scent of the summer rose!
I prithee stay;
When the last buds unclose,
Pass not away.

Song of the mating bird!
Rising on, I pray,
Where leaves are lightly stirred
All the bright day.

Winds of the sunrise hour!
Still round me play;
Lingering in hedge and bower,
Thy flight delay.

Soon, all too soon, ye fling
Your sweets away,
Through the swift days that wing
Toward autumn gray.

Good-By, God Bless You.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech,
With its direct revealing;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feeling;
That some folks deem it rude I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
When "au revoir," "adieu, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for;
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo, and
He says: "Good-by, God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase,
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from the righteous day,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place,
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction.
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you,
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-by, God bless you!"

I love the words, perhaps because
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck,
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said "Good-by,"
And asked our God to bless me.

—*Eugene Field.*

Select Literature.

Made In Heaven.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Very pale and fair and quiet, Serena Mills had seemed to Nicholas Leavitt like some sweet remote being that hardly belonged to earth; and the oftener he thought of her as thus placed beyond his reach, the more he felt a vague wish to fasten her to earth by some such spell as that which the knight laid upon Margaret to win her out of her water-world or as the mermaid laid upon Margaret to win her into his water-world; only poor Nicholas knew nothing of Undine or of Mermen, and almost as little of his own emotions. He felt that Serena was the purest, tenderest, gentlest of beings, and that there was happiness in protecting her from the rest of the world; and he never saw her leaving the church door or coming into the light of the school-room porch when singing-school was over, while he stood on the space outside, without wishing to put his arm and sweep her away from contact with the rude and gaping throng of which he was one.

Not that he thought he was in love with Serena. He knew he was not. He would have said very distinctly, had it been suggested, that that was impossible. He never thought of home and fireside and a future spent with only her; he regarded her simply as one regards a pleasant and beautiful object; it may be the picture of a smiling angel or of a saint in a shrine. She was not at all the kind of person that he thought a handsome woman; in her presence he never felt a complete freedom; and if he chose her from among the other girls at the various mild festivities, it was more because he did not want any one else to have her than because he wanted her himself; while as the foreman of her mother's farm, he had, perhaps an instinct of duty due her, as if he were her natural guardian. You may imagine, then, that he was considerably surprised at himself and at fate and at Serena, too, when, one day, he found himself engaged to be married to Serena.

The mother of Serena had been ailing for some months; but she was a woman of tremendous will, who would hardly surrender to the superior force of death. Dressed and down-stairs every day, she had of late lain on the lounge in the sitting-room for the greater nmmber of the hours, and one sunset she sent for Nicholas.

"I am going to die, Nicholas," she said.

He began some palliating sentence of denial of the fact.

"No," she continued, with a determined motion of her hand, indicating silence. "I haven't given in to man or woman. But there's some things conquer the best of us—Death among the lot. I'm not worried at that. I'm willing to take my chance. Life here's not been so pleasant that I need to fear giving it up. But who's going to take care of Sereny?"

She paused: and the young man seemed to be transfixed on the points of her glittering eyes.

"I be," said he.

"That's enough, then," said the mother. "If you're going to marry Sereny, she's all right. You're a good man, Nicholas, and I can trust my dear with you. She's a tender thing, and needs care. And you'll be good to her, Nicholas?"

This was more than Nicholas had thought of. Marry Serena! Amazed and bewildered, he was about to frame some expostulation, when she sick woman resumed:

"Sereny's fond of you, Nicholas. But I didn't know about the way you felt. I'm easier now."

She'll be a good wife to you. She won't come to you, either, without bringing something with her—the farm's the best in the country and there's the bank-stock and the mortgages. "If I do say it," she exclaimed, rising on her elbow, "Sereny's a good match. And she—she's fond of you, Nicholas," she added, wistfully. "I see it by the color in her cheek and the light in her eye when you're 'round. I'd die for her, Nicholas, and she'd die for you. I think you'd better be married pretty soon. Sereny! I say, Sereny! I wish you'd call her, Nicholas; she's in the buttery."

And then in answer to his voice, which it must be confessed had a strange tone, Serena appeared, fresh and dewy and blushing as a rose.

"Sereny," said her mother, to lose no time, "Nicholas wants to take care of you after I'm gone. We've been talking about it. He'll make you a kind husband. You'd better be married right off and let me feel easy about you."

There was a brief silence.

"If you hadn't 'a' had the farm and the bank-stock, I guess he'd 'a' spoke up before, resumed the mother. "You're fond of him, ain't you, Sereny?" looking at her with a tender penetration, and taking her hand between her own. "I wouldn't want you to marry him if you don't love him—not for anything—that wouldn't make me any easier." It didn't cross her mind that by any chance Nicholas might be the one without love. "You're fond of him, Sereny, dear? I think a sight of Nicholas. You'll be a good wife to him Sereny?"

"Yes, mother," said Serena, looking down, and all at once as pale as she had been blushing.

"Then, you go down the orchard and talk it over," said the mother. "Go right along."

And they went along, side by side and in silence, till they came to the big flat rock where they sat down, and Nicholas put out a hand and took Serena's hand, almost feeling as if he were touching the high altar; and Serena turned and looked in his face with her great appealing blue eyes; she wavered a moment like a reflection in the water, and then suddenly the sweet lips were on his own, the hands were clasped about his neck, and Nicholas was holding her in his arms, with a strange and new warmth coursing through his veins, and a strange content in his heart that had in it no joy or excitement, feeling as if he and Serena had come into the world together and had always been part of each other. And if the kiss that answered hers was not so fervent as her own, Serena in her innocence neither knew nor felt it. Nicholas had told her mother that he loved her, that he wished to marry her. That was enough. Simple and unsophisticated, she asked no more. She knew that she loved him; she thrilled with a wild, sweet gladness, and felt that she would have sacrificed herself in any way that was to make him a moment's joy. Her love was so great and so self-forgetful that it blinded her to the absence of his, to the sentiment of calm affection which regarded her with tenderness but not with longing or with any sense of the necessity of her existence or of her possession as his own. But her head upon his shoulder, her heart beating upon his, her sweet breath upon his lips, all might have kindled a less stolid soul. He drew her to himself with a strength that made her tremble with delight—to be precious to Nicholas! The world had no other joy left in it!

Serena went, singing, about her work next morning, blithe as a bird, so rosy, so smiling, it gave her mother a new lease of life. And Nicholas drove the mower down in the haying-field as if the earth had been made for him and Serena that day. He was quite satisfied and content; perhaps looking over the broad acres presently to be his helped him. And he had told Serena that morning that there had better be a wedding as soon as all the haying was over. And he had even worn off the strangeness enough in his own mind to come up behind her in the dairy, after the country fashion of courting, and put an arm around her and steal a kiss.

He had dared, too, to pinch her cheek that afternoon after the first load was put in, when he came by the window where she leaned, thinking no created being ever looked quite as Nicholas did, outlined against the sky, on top of that load of hay. And at night-fall he sat on the doorstone with his arm about her waist, saying little, but on the whole content to take the goods the gods allowed him.

Several thunder-showers and days of rain ensuing made a good deal of delay about the haying.

"If we don't get at that black grass, the grasshoppers will have it all eat up," said Nicholas. "We'll begin on that high marsh to-morrow. I guess Pete Howes will lend us a couple of days' work."

And Pete Howes did. And along toward noon there came a series of high clear calls that might have belonged to the hawks wheeling overhead in splendid flight if the hawks had been capable of music, for the calls resolved themselves into a tune. And Nicholas heard it as if some one were calling himself, and turned to see on the hummocks of the swamp a figure poised, with short skirts gathered in one hand, the wind blowing out the handkerchief tied around black hair that streamed with it, a sparkle of black eyes, a flash of white teeth, a flame of red upon the cheeks—an apparition whose beauty smote him like an electric shock, and made his very heart tremble.

"It's Belle Burden," said Peter, "cousin er mine, staying to our house. She's brought my dinner and can't jump any further on the hummocks, though she can jump most anywheres."

And Nicholas and Peter started together for the hummock where she stood, and then she had left the dinner-pail and gone skipping back, singing a sort of yodling tune as she went, leaving a vision of scarlet and black and white and laughter and music and life; and Nicholas felt as if he had never been alive before.

Nicholas had to go over to Peter's that night on an errand about the gearing of the mower; and the next noon, Belle Burden, bringing the dinner-pail, Nicholas took her by another way round to avoid the wet places; and in the morning, bright and early, he was over to Peter's again for an extra hand, delaying a half-hour after the sun was up, chaffer with the girl.

And so it went on for a week. Serena's mother had an ill turn and was so poorly that it occupied all of the daughter's spare time, so that she took no note of Nicholas's absences. If he returned her kiss in a perfunctory manner, she thought he was absent-minded about the hay that was down in danger from rain, or that he was more concerned about her mother than she herself was; and blaming herself then for an unworthy child, she redoubled her exertions for the poor mother's comfort and left Nicholas again at liberty.

Strange liberty! He had not long enough been accustomed to his bonds to Serena to feel them. He took advantage of this liberty, though, in little other way than with his eyes, at first, at any rate. He knew when Belle Burden came into the vestibule of the meeting-house and mounted the gallery stairs, almost without turning his head, a rush of pleasure sweeping over him. When they rose and faced the singers at the first hymn, other hearts might be giving praise to heaven, but his heart's praise was for Belle Burden, singing there like a clarion. Serena stood beside him in the pew, raising her sweet little pipe. He never heard it.

Serena did not go to evening meeting, being needed by her mother. And Nicholas went home with Belle Burden, a long, loitering walk, a long lingering at the gate, the coquettish maiden using all her wiles, the man eager to afford her opportunity, and he walked back in a dream. And if the walk was many times repeated in the next fortnight, Serena was too much engrossed and too anxious about her mother and too unsuspicious in her own candor to observe that there was aught amiss.

The English hay and the black grass were all in, and it was time at last for making the salt hay. The gundalow had gone down the Marsh Creek with its crew of young athletes aboard, none of them finer, nobler, manlier, stronger than Nicholas, bending to Serena's eyes, than Nicholas, bending back from the pole, dark, strong and sinewy, glowing with health and excitement, as the clumsy craft swung into the current of the broad, full tide. Then she went back to her duties, the sweet song in her heart singing itself out on her lips, as she went up the path, till she reached the door, and the thought of her mother silenced it. But even the pain of that thought was somewhat muffled by the consciousness that she had Nicholas to help her bear it; and many a time in the course of the day she looked out of the window and sent a heart-throb of devotion after Nicholas swinging his scythe in the marshes.

It was the end of the week's mowing down in the coarse grass and thatch, and the scow was loaded at last and slowly floating up the stream with the tide, the square sail set above its great mound, all black against the sunset, the long oars of the rowers, in lulls of the soft wind, making ripples like the facets of jewels in the water that the skies had reddened. They floated through the sunset into twilight, through the purple of twilight into starlight, and then a fine soft vapor crept up and wrapped them, and they felt their way along in the mist, or rested on their oars and waited for its lifting. And suddenly, out of the labyrinth of gloom voices hailed them from the other side of the creek, and Peter Howes, his sail-boat aground upon a mud-bank, was hallooing for help, and they could hear Belle Burden's clear clarion call to be taken off. Then there was more hallooing, poling and pulling this way and that in the shadow; and then Nicholas, in his long boots, was standing in the shallow water and stretching up his arms, and the moon, just over the horizon, smote a long glorifying beam through the mist full on the streaming black hair, the face with all its flush of color and sparkle of eye, and then the mist rolled back on a puff of wind, and in the darkness Nicholas had Belle Burden in his grasp, carrying her to the stern of the gundalow, clasping her close to a plunging heart, feeling her face droop on his, holding her suspended a moment with one long kiss, taking her into the shelter of his arms after he had clambered back to his place, and holding her, wordless, almost breathless, silent, amidst the singing of the rollicking crew, till they reached the meadow wharf and separated.

And then he walked home, still in that dream of bliss, to encounter the doctor and the minister, and Serena at the dying woman's bedside: and, without time for explanation, expostulation or refusal, to find everything taken for granted, a slight shape clinging to him in the midst of sobs, the words being uttered that made himself and Serena husband and wife; and then all else put aside and overshadowed by the death-agony of the mother who had waited only for this to close her eyes and be away with all the shadows of the night.

"It ought to be a good match," said the doctor, "for it was made close upon the edge of heaven." And he motioned for the women to close the blinds and shut out the sun that lay now on the dead woman's forehead like a glory.

If that sun shone anywhere upon a maddened, desperate man it was upon Nicholas. But there was no help for it. It was a cruel fact. The women were calling Serena Mrs. Leavitt; the doctor had called her so to the people who came in. He went in the barn, and lay with his face hidden in the new, sweet hay, fighting a fight with fate, failing miserably; touched, when he came in, and in spite of himself, by the sight of Serena's pallor and her effort at repressing her grief for his sake; confessing to himself that he had been a scoundrel, that he was properly punished with him. He must not think of Belle. He put the remembrance of her far from him. He could not be brutal to Serena in her suffering.

The silence and depression and moodiness that wrapped Nicholas were all a part of the behavior proper to the time. And while it soothed Serena to see him apparently caring so much for her mother, it reproved her too, for the little flutter down underneath all the grief in her heart, and made her love him and respect him all the more and turn to him more tenderly.

Perhaps nothing could have helped him sooner than the sight of Belle Burden's eyes flashing scorn when he went out, at the funeral, with Serena on his arm. If she could come there, if she could feel scorn and anger instead of pity for such loss as Serena's, such wretchedness as his, it made him scornful and angry, too, and supported him amazingly. He decided to take Serena away for a few days while the women set the house in order; and when they came back he had reconciled himself to his lot with what grace he could.

He heard within a few months that Belle Burden had married a wealthy old farmer of the name of Rhives, on Tabard Hill, some fifty miles away. He could not tell whether the pang that shot through him was most of relief or of indignation; but he thought as he glanced at his wife: "Serena would not have done that! Serena would have faded away and died if I had served her so." And, gradually as he saw Serena joyous once again singing softly as she went and came, trusting, innocent, tender, he felt again something of the content that he had felt in the beginning; and Serena believing him as happy, was wrapped herself in a gentle happiness that it seemed no trouble could disturb.

It was early in the second year of their marriage that Nicholas heard that Belle Burden's husband had had a stroke. Serena had never heard even of the existence of Belle Burden. It was idle for Nicholas to pretend not to hear, to ask no questions, to say to himself that it was nothing to him. He did hear; he conjectured everything. The fact grew and grew and became all the world to him, and the sky darkened over him, the air around him. He was beset by unrest; he answered Serena with a monosyllable. If she caressed him ever so lightly, he put her aside. He saw her bewilderment, her pain; it hurt him that he hurt her; and then he was lost inside his own atmosphere of blackness, and neither knew nor cared for Serena's hurt, for the sign of tears upon her fair sweet face, for anything but a wild, unconquerable longing to see Belle Burden and to know if life and the world held any hope for him.

Hope of what? Vague ideas of flight, of disgrace ignored, endured, lived down, of life to be spent in rapture, flitted about him without becoming positive; but in the long months a plan of action slowly took shape; and one day Nicholas was gone.

It was the next day that a man with gray hair and eyebrows, and face half hidden in a thick gray beard, applied for board at the house of Mrs. Rhives, of Tabard Hill. Some books under his arm and a scoop-net in his hand gave him the appearance of one of the naturalists who sometimes explored the country; and as he offered payment in advance, his request was granted, and he began to look about him scrutinizingly after the first eager sense of delight.

But what a place was this beside Serena's calm and orderly house—a best room gorgeous with tapestry carpet, gilt paper, chromos, plush upholstery, lace curtains, where one could write one's name in the dust; a living-room unswept, unaired, smelling of all the dinners ever cooked; wall-paper and ceiling smoked and stained; a child, a miracle of dirt, crawling on the floor; a drooling old man in his chair in the corner, peevishly complaining and receiving a harsh taunt in reply; a slatternly servant-maid disregarding the old man and child equally, and flirting at the back-door with a farm hand; the mistress of the house off about her pleasure the best of the day; the dishes tossed upon the table, the soiled and tumbled cloth awry, the bread sour, the tea lye, the butter bitter, the talk on a wrangle, alternating between reproach and defiance. But Belle herself! The stranger looked at her over his glasses, and his heart swelled; he saw her as he had seen her—not as she was, it took many days before he recognized she was larger, redder, coarser, and that that voice of hers was more like a clarion than ever.

But his thought was that all this would be different if she were happy; that she married this old man in desperation; that she was wretched; that she defied circumstances, that she forgot her misery only when out of the house, and was reckless when in it. It took many days again to show him the truth here. It took many boisterous parties of young people making merry three till late at night, dancing, rude jollity and fun disturbing the old man; keeping the neglected child exiled; Belle the noisiest and gayest at night, hardly rising before noon next day, crumpled, and disheveled, unwashed, uncombed, answering the remonstrances of her fretful husband with a jeer, paying no heed to her child at all—it took at last the sight of the child sick, and shaken when it cried, and left to what care it could get—it took a noisy quarrel and a glass of water dashed by the wife into the face of the helpless old man—to wake the sleeper from his dream.

The gray-bearded stranger gathered his books and his scoop-net, paid his bill and left the place.

"I guess he's sick of his bargain," said Belle, looking after him. "But he won't come fooling around here any more! He thinks I didn't know him. I reckon he's seen whether I care!" Then she caught up her baby and washed its face and kissed it.

What was the reason that Nicholas could go home at once? Did he feel as if life were a prickled bubble and he must find some hole in the ground and creep into it? Did he feel a defiant hatred of all womankind together and a desire to separate himself forever from the sight of them?

Did he feel that he was not fit to cross the threshold of his pure and gentle wife? He burned his grey disguise and went down to the shore and shipped before the mast on a coaster bound south. And in the long watches of the nights on deck, kept company by the stars and waves and wind, it may be that he wrestled with the dark spirit, that memory of gentle ways and loving touches and tender eyes haunted him, that old feelings began to stir in him as life stirs in the earth at the coming of the sun, inspired and warmed and strengthened into something that he had not known before him like that of some madonna, that the home he had left seemed heaven and he the most wretched exile to whom it had been forbidden.

Serena sat beside the hearth one twilight, the low light of the fire flickering over the pale, pure face, gently rocking and softly weeping over the little baby at her breast, when the door opened and a tall, dark shadow lingered there; and then, in another moment, Nicholas was beside her and upon his knees, with a cry of joy, of surprise, of grief and shame. She did not say a word, but put her other hand about him and gently drew him down and laid his face beside the baby's and bent and kissed it.

"My wife! My child!" he cried, and his arms were about them both "I don't deserve it! Oh, I never shall deserve it!" he sobbed. "My life, my love, to-morrow I will tell you all, but to-night only forgive me!"

—A pretty picture is drawn of the young Princess May in the *New Review* this month. She may there be seen amongst the children and the poor and the sick, ministering to them in a hundred little ways, living a life in which at every turn there has been a two-fold mission—a ministry of love to her own household and a ministry of love to the outside. The writer tells a touching story, one of many that might be told: "A crippled boy in a village near White Lodge was dying of consumption. Over and over again Princess May would either drive or walk over to see the little sufferer, and, sitting down by the bedside of the cottage, would talk and read to him. Often she carried with her delicacies to keep up his wasting frame. Her last visit to the boy was one day on her way to church, when she knew the end was near. Gently giving him a kiss, she wished him good-bye with tears in her eyes."

A Postmaster in Trouble.

GRANTLEY, ONT., July 31.—Probably no man is more widely known in the County of Dundas and vicinity than Mr. J. C. Munro, of this place. He has carried on business as a general store-keeper for twenty years, and has also for many years been the local postmaster. He has long been a prominent church member and a leading man in social circles. He has always been looked up to with respect and esteem, and his word, to use a phrase current among those who know him, is as good as his bond. It was a matter of general regret when it became known about four years ago, that he was suffering from dropsy, which has afflicted him ever since. The pleasure of Mr. Munro's many friends may more easily be imagined than described when it was learned he had begun using Dodd's kid