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For 1898.

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The Theatre, The Mine, etc., will be treated in "The Conduct of Great Business" series las were "The Wheat Farm," "The Newspaper," etc., in '97), with numerous

Life at Girls' College – like the articles on "Undergraduate Life at Harvard, Princeton and Yale," and as richly illus-trated.

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VOL. 25.

MONTHLY Missing Word Contest

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at

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The remaining of the brisk New England breezes.

From a lattice against the fence sweet peas sawayed elf-like in the dusk and subtly sweetened the night. Those were Amos's. Every since he could run alone Amos bad had a hankerin' for sweet peas and laylocks, Mrs.

An endless variety of Spring Cloths

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

The remaining of the brisk New England breezes.

From a lattice against the fence sweet peas swayed elf-like in the dusk and subtly sweetened the night. Those were Amos's. Every since he could run alone Amos bad had a hankerin' for sweet peas and laylocks, Mrs.

Mary Bean was so sensible and so kind-hearted, she had thought she might think of some good excuse for her to stay at home.

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Mary Bean was so sensible and so kind-hearted, she had thought she might think of some good excuse for her to stay at home.

Mary Bean was so sensible and so kind-hearted, she had thought sh

Wear Kidduck...

A leather with a conscience. Permits your feet to throw off perspiration. Tougher than calfskin, flexible as a glove. Waterproof and porous as a duck's feathers. Can be had only in the \$4. and \$5. grades of the Goodyear

Slater Shoe.

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT Full up with all the LEADING STYLES of Common and Fine Footwear. LADIES GAITERS, six different styles of high cut and low cut finish, very stylish.

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Fine Groceries, Fresh and Salt Meat, Fish, etc., etc. s the market will afford and I sell the sam

Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S. November 23rd, 1897.

CAUTION!

late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to E. BENT, J. B. GILES, Executors.

Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896. NOTICE. All persons having legal demands against the state of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Lawrencesown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, leceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within eighteen months from the date nerof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to ALDA R. FITZRANDOLPH.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing nage
And echoing roll of drums,
Will truth proclaims this motto—
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Poetry.

Though the heel of the strong oppres May grind the weak in the dust, And the voices of fame with one accia May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is cettled right.

et those who have failed take courage; Though the enemy seems to have won ho' his ranks are strong, if he be in wrong,
The battle is not yet done.
For, sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,

man bowed down with labor ! O man bowed down with about:
O woman young, yet old;
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold!
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might;
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Ello Wheeler Will.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Select Literature.

A Ripple on the Stream. (Sophia Swett, in "The Independent."

cool of the evening and looked down into her pleasant garden, always fuller of "blows" than any of the neighbors' gardens; balsams, heavy, soulless beauties in trim rows, marigolds with all their sweetness in their looks, er in the light laugh that she forced. hollyhocks that sucked the summer as the

she looked at them now, with that quickened sense of their charms which came from prosbordered the meadow and the light mist was creeping along the edge of Tanner's "I don't know how 'tis, but I always loved

these misty nights; they 'pear to be kind of soothin,' she murmured to herself. "But nothin' can't sooth me now." She set her lips firmly together, "the decent New England self-restraint" being strong within her; | ful but her pendulous chin quivered in all its

from a ghostly white shape which Mrs. Patten, not believing in ghosts, had taken for the minister's white cow. "Well, I be glad, be sure it wa'n't settin' there a sourin'," to go," the voice said, and the listener knew that it was Mis' Deacon Pa'tridge, with her bed rid by this time if I hadn't spunked

Mrs. Patten sniffed slightly; for it was well known in Corinna that the deacon supped coldly in the pantry and often wore undarned hose that his wife might indulge her invet-

ed, with a slight touch of resentment in her tremulous tone. "But with the last brood even night 'n' mornin' 'n' Eunice Gragg's dinners bein' so like to disagree with himfor without bein' a mite uncharitable you 'n'
I know that slackness 'n' saleratus is twins -'n' the Bartlett pears a-ripenin' under Tommy Binks's very nose—why, nobody couldn't say but what it seemed a real tempt-

"Now, Mis' Patten, don't you go to feelin that way! I know just how 'tis," said the visitor, lying a sympathizing hand on her her on the wooden settee. "You told me 'twas thirty years that you'd been goin' to think her anxiety ridiculous; although she forced calmness. see your cousin Jonathan's folks down to Or- was his mother, she knew that Amos had a land, and you hadn't never found a time when there wa'n't something to hender. wen on his forehead; by which it will be seen tressed face drew from him the assurance Well, now, there won't never be no such a time in this world. Folks that s a-mind to was an unusual woman. And she knew that let themselves be hendered, always will be!
Now, I shouldn't make nothing at all of such
due weight with womenkind. However, she her to alight at the first station, only five little mites of hendrances as you've got." "Folks are dif'runt," said old Mrs. Patten, with a thrill of superiority in her tone

heard, like most of us, only what her ears were attuned to.
"As for Amos, it won't hurt him a mite to learn how to do for himself; for what's he goin' to do one of these days when he don't have you no more? 'N' if saleratus gives him the dyspepsy, why it'll learn him how to value good riz bread. Not but what I think Amos would be better off, 'n' you too, if he had a good, capable wife. An old bach is kind of thrown on the world, as you might like her, but he wa'n't clear Chase. She felt W. M. FORSYTH. say, if he can pay for his victuals 'n' drink." "Amos ain't the marryin' kind," said Mrs. Patten, stiffly; for she thought that Mrs.

Deacon Partridge meant her Emerette, whom she didn't like.
"Well, then, there's so much the more ason that he should get used to doin' for nimself against the time he has to," said Mrs. Partridge; and her tone was a trifle harder. Old Mrs. Patten shivered a little. The

so'st you'll live the longer for it," continued that it had not been worn.

"I ain't goin' off with that must bear with an evident weakness which was very foolish for old people to give away to. "Seein' own folks is rael confortin," 'n' eatin' victuals that you hain t cooked.

in the watches of the night, and resolutely composed herself to sleep.

In the morning things looked brighter.

In the morning

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1898.

preach 'n' we was full of comp'ny. I've set up with sick folks 'a' slep on their sofys," she exclaimed, with concientious exactness; "I'm considerable like Gran'ther Chase," but it dont 'pear to me that I could sleep she said, "that was always afraid of settin' things agoin'. He used to say that makin' "There Mis' Patten! I do declair it an a change of any kind was like hevin' a stone overrulin' proverdunce that Jotham's folks into the mill-stream; you'd think there wa'n' should have wrote for you so particular, for goin' to be but jest one ripple, but the one

I've known folks to be crazy that had got so set as what you be! You jest make up your mind to stay 'n' have a real good visit, 'n' first thing when I woke up this mornin'. Emerette or I'll come over 'n' kind of slick up for Ames—now don't you say a word, for munt, if I believe in such things. But I exve'd jest as lives as not!" Mrs. Partridge was gone; she had departed hastily murmuring something about the effect of the dampness upon her neuralgia; but Mrs. Patten had offered no words of

Patten.

Mary Bean stood in the porch, and, the young moon being kind she looked like a girl. She wore her hair gathered into a loose knot of curls; it had been called a waterfall twenty years before, when Mary was the village dressmaker for all those twenty years; but her temples were beautifully rounded and her features delicately regular, and the gracious moon hid their sharpness and the tracing of Time's cruel burin.

"I s'pose you've heard Mary, that I'm goin' visitin'?" said Mrs. Patten, with a quav- way to Jotham's. When the din and bustle one who spurns the earth. "Two or three was tellin' me," said Mary

ancient cat of the house named irrevocably cause its handy to the store. Im goin to bake a batch of custard pies in the mornin'; Amos is a terrible hand for custard pies, gether in the singing seats for about twenty Likely I can leave as well as not then." 'n' he's particular about their bein' real fresh; years; Mary had been pretty and had her the stage don't get along till 'leven 'n' I pick of the beaux when she was young; she shall be up early anyway; I don't expect I had been a little inclined to laugh at Amos; shall sleep alone. I shall want to use up the she would certainly have laughed, thought

"I'll tell our Ben to set it into the woodshed when he goes along to school. Ben's a real careful boy, and he won't forget," said Mary Bean.

"Twould be a real weight off my mind to Mis Patten, that you've made up your mind to go," the voice said, and the listener knew "I've been thinkin'," said Mary Bean after a slight pause in which a light wind had it was once—"

arisen which awayed the hop-vine and set Old Mrs. Patten started suddenly to her white apron over her head. "The habit of stayin' to home is one that's got to be fit and wrastled with. I don' know but what it's the tiger-lilies to bow to the moon—I've been thinkin' that I've got to go to the Port soon heated face grew white under its beads of full worse than gaddin' when it really gets the upper hands. Land! I should 'a' ben well go to-morrow, for I've got Sarah Lis. "Can I do well go to morrow, for I've got Sarah Liscomb to help me; so we could kind of be a kindly faced woman, leaning back from the

comp'ny for each other so far, 'n' I could see seat in front. you aboard the cars."
"'I—I've left a custard pie in the oven
"Twould be real kind of you, Mary," I don' know but what there was two of 'em!" said Mrs. Patten, and felt her burden lighten. "Amos he talked of goin' as far as the back of the seat for support. "There was two," When the Rump Parliament was prorogued, erate propensity to go a visiting.

"I wa'n't never one that couldn't spunk up if I could see my way clear," she return—al with a slight touch of recomment in her might be took with a fit, as he's so liable to back again, 'n' I never done such a thing in of foolscap in England.

be, that I thought I'd ruther go alone. Amos | my life before; but bein' so flustered comin'

temptation to counde to Mary Bean the she stopped him, eagerly thrusting her baggreatest care that oppressed her now, about gage check into his hand.

Emerette and her mother, and their intention to "slick up" for Amos. She had restrained herself lest Mary Bean should slouching gait, a stubbly, red beard and a that Mrs. Patten, in spite of weaknesses, didn't feel at all sure that she should not tell

Mary in the stage to morrow. She sat up very late making arre which was lost upon Mrs. Partridge who for her journey, and telling Amos how he was to manage in her absence, Amos promisespecially about the sitting-room window where the catch was a little loose, and Tom my Binks and the Bartlett pears; but he read the "County Clarion," holding a lamp between himself and the paper, as coolly as if nothing special was going to happen.

His mother recalled the fact that the Pat-

an impulse to warn him against Emerette and her mother, but she was wise enough to the anxious woman who believed railways refrain. She said to herself that many a to be engaged in a scheme to defraud pasman that wouldn't never 'a' thought of such sengers of their baggage, to the indifferent a thing, had had it put into his head by warnin's.
She forced herself to another reserve, although it was pain and grief to her. There was a lavender neoktie in Amos's upper bureau drawer—lavender for Amos, who had

mist seemed to have grown suddenly cold and the leaves whispered together mourafully—of the coming time when Amos would have "to do for himself."

"It'll perk you right up to go a visitin' seement you right you right up to go a visitin' seement you right you right up to go a visitin' seement you right you right up to go a visitin' you right up to go "I ain't goin' off with that lavender neck-

NO. 45.

burning in the sitting room, and Mrs. Pat-ten could see that Amos's hat was not hanging upon its accustomed nail in th A pang of fear seized her. She was weary, but after carefully depositing her travelling bag and parasol upon her trunk, which Jos-ish Bement had left in the porch, she took by field, stumbling and panting, for she cheerful light that burned in Deacon Part-

The door was locked. There was a light

pect it's natural for old folks to kind of dread ridge's front windows. changes."

Mary Bean did not exhort her, as Mrs. in through the hop-vines that shaded the

effect of the dampness upon her neuralia;
but Mrs. Patten had offered no words of
sympathy; there was a constriction in her
throat that forbade it.

mary boad did not cancer lief, and one. She talked about the fashions—old Mrs. Patten dearly
loved to be fashionable—and while they had
the stage to themselves she made her take
the stage to themselves she made her take
the stage to themselves she made her take
the stage to themselves are made her take
the stage to the stage to the stage the stage that the stage to the stage the stage that the stage that the stage to the stage the stage that the stage th A young moon rose over Tanner's woods off her bonnet and let her rearrange the and Emerette was showing them a new croched the sickle's sharp point seemed to tear feathers. Mrs. Patten said the should have chet stitch. "He's stayed at the store, A young moon rose over Tanner's woods and the sickle's sharp point seemed to tear the mist into fleecy shreds. Mrs. Patten's garden was transfigured in the soft radiance and Mrs. Patten recognized a slender, flitting figure and took heart to call to it.

"Mary! Mary Bean?" she called. She said to herself that Mary Bean was always a comfort. The gate clicked and a slender was a comfort was a comfort was a comfort. The gate clicked to have them to stand up a little—not makin' out his accounts or something, was a comfort was a mite—seem' was a makin' out his accounts or something, was a comfort was a comfort. The gate clicked to have them to stand up a little—not makin' out his accounts or something, was a comfort was

a comfort. The gate clicked and a slender figure came along the garden path. "I expect you're real tired, Mary but mebbe 'twill rest you to sit a spell," said old Mrs.

Mary told her of a sik dress she was maxing for an clderly lady, a summer visitor to Corinna. but would be "sweet pretty" for the light room you've allured her. "It's only a step, and seems is Corinna. but would be "sweet pretty" for the light room you've real tired, Mary but mebbe 'twill rest you to sit a spell," said old Mrs.

Patten most whished she had had a new silk, as not. She's one that knows folks has a

make plans for such a future, as the ship- Pattten knew what she meant. She looked eventeen; young Corinna thought it looked wrecked mariner dreams of a peaceful shore. in at Mrs. Bean's front window; a light there very dowdy now. Her tall figure drooped pathetically at the shoulders. She had been and Mary Bean was hurrying her on board this is what she saw. Amos—wearing his the train; the stage had been late and there was barely time to get the ticket and the trunk check. One last glimpse of Mary Bsan's encouraging face in the nightmare of Bean's encouraging face in the nightmare of puff and whistle and roar and old Mrs. Pat
Mry's hand! Softly Amos's mother stole in "Thrifty two-year old trees are considered in "the seats," and Amos was holding best, although those a year older are not obten, the slave of destiny, was started on the down the steps, and walked homeward as

Foolseap Paper.

ITY OF THE RUMP PARLIAMENT.

and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms

by lawyers, writers and other profess

a few schoolrooms.

men for copying purposes until a few years

troduced. Then came the typewriting ma-

chines, requiring the manufacture of a paper

A few months ago a doctor wrote some

ly the result of women's pestilent and per

with the household bills, with the children

and, with everything else. They make sar-castic remarks that burn and scarify the sen-sitive souls of their wives. They carry home the worries of business. They "take it out"

of their families for everything that has gone

wrong in the day's work, and some are even

and helpless those wrongs and affronts which

they have not had courage enough to resist and resent upon the offender.

There are probably as many "nagging

men as "nagging" women in the world, and

there is immeasurably less excuse for them.

For men have the relief of work and out of-

door life for irritable nerves, and that is

-Very few persons are probably aware of the origin of the word "deadhead," which

is so frequently used in connection with

denied to most women.

owards enough to revenge upon the innoc

isent "nagging" of those about them.

had subsided and the train was slipping along smoothly, every one looking as calm as if life were all railroading and this day like any she said to herself, while tears of joy rolled smoothly, every one looking as calm as if life

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

Patten was always saying, and sometimes people laughed; such a "hankerin" did seem a little incongruous with Amos's huge unshe murmured, feebly. "I ain't afraid but what Amos sill take good care of Fanny, he and solidity.

She murmured, feebly. "I ain't afraid but what Amos will take good care of Fanny, he thinks so much of him"—Fanny was the the excitement of her situation.

It was reckless for her to leave Amos before his sex was assurred—"and I've cooked up a good lot of victuals if Amos is wished she had confided in Mary Bean. goin' to eat his dinners at Eunice Gragg's because its handy to the store. I'm goin' to that with Amos a lavender necktie could up 'long in the fall, 'n' then I'll go home with 'em 'n' kind of make out my visit.

milk, too; I expect nothin but what Amos'll Amos's mother, if she had told her of her forget to take it in mornin's, he's so forget- fears about Emerette. And she could not have asked Mary Bean to keep watch; no

"They'll be spyin' into my closets 'n' bureau draw's, as like as not; for I hain't no better opinion than that of Mehitable Pa'tridge. Well, they can't find nothin' left slack nor shif'less, if my mem'ry ain't what

parties, who grew wealthy and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use such paper. At that time all water marks. But when the Parliament

"I-I've left a custard pie in the oven!

of chickens still liable to be ketched by cats, and Amos never bein' one to do for himself and Amos never bein' one to do for himself Mary Bean had been a comfort. When Mrs. Patten dropped back heavily into her she hurried away, as the nine o'clock bell seat; a gay girl with many summer novels rang from the Baptist Church steeple and and an attendant cavalier had tittered audsheet of paper, know as legal cap, was in-Amos came in at the gate, Mrs. Patten felt | ibly, and a ripple of smiles ran over most of so grateful to her that she said to herself that the faces in the old lady's sight. The kindly she 'most wished Amos would be enough like other folks to go home with her.

she 'most wished Amos would be enough like other folks to go home with her.

mind;" but Mrs. Patten was conscious other folks togo home with her.

She thought, too, that it wouldn't have been any great harm if she had yielded to the

> "You just see if my trunk's aboard; I'm kind of hopin' it ain't, because I'm calc'latin' to get off at the next station," she said, with on board," said the conductor. Her dis-

> that she might possibly get back to the city in time to prevent it from being sent on the her to alight at the first station, only five miles from the Port. "l'ain't no use to explain to her that 'tain't the pies, it's the proverdunce; she wouldn't understand," said Mrs. Patten to

She wavered a little and shed feeble tears as she waited in the little way station for a return train. The pies would be spoiled anyway, and through the waste of good vic-tuals was a thing that her thrifty soul had never been able to endure, it was a slight matter compared with the money she had paid for the railway ticket and which the conductor blandly refused to refund.

She consulted several people as to the probable fate of her trunk, and they all, from station master, whose real belief evidently was that trunks should be left to the care of Providence, finally suggested that she might telegraph to the Port to have her trunk detained there if it had not already

already been sent.

This cost money; but old Mrs. Patten had now nerved herself to a fine recklessness. Trains stopped infrequently at the little way station, and the long waiting was hard back to the Port her trunk was there, and again she discerned the finger of Providence.

The Corinna stage had been long gone but Josiah Bement allowed her to ride h with him among his milk-cans, and fastened

SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

MAN IN KANSAS WHO HAS 100,000 TREES Judge Wellhouse is called the apple king of the world. His orchards in Kansas, says the Kansas City Times, consist of 1,630 acres, aining 100,000 apple trees, and are locat-

gambling is the passion of some men and raising fast horses the passion of others.
"I take more delight in planting apple Times correspondent, "than in anything else in the world." Chief precedence, as to favhe has 630 acres; Missouri Pippin, 360 acres; He being the apple king, with an experience of thirty eight years in Kansas, thirty of which have been spent in apple culture, his methods, from his own lips, ought to be o

but to all citizens who have any interest in the product adapted to the state: "In planting apple trees use land in as good state of cultivation as for other crops.
Make the rows north and south, thirty-two twenty inches from the first; the middle strip thus left is thrown out by another round with the plow, the last furrow being about ten inches deep. In the bottom of this dead

and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquors in The darker brown sugars have also disapowing to the methods of boiling and the white granulated sugar. This combination under Cromwell came into power, it made sport of this law in every possible manner, for brown sugar as the article itself, and, be-

Say "Yes" and Prove It. UM IN MATHEMATICS WHICH TAUGHT HENRY Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this

side it saves them a great deal of hunting for

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, ncertain, full of whimpering. acher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses ne trod under foot with utter scornfulness of suitable size for copying, and to day there s very little demand for foolscap outside of 'I want that problem : I don't want any

"'I did study two hours.' " That's nothing to me; I want the les

I want the lesson. ence and courage to defend my recitations. ne in the midst of a demonstration, 'No.' beginning, and on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction.

went right on, finished, and, as he sat down was rewarded with 'Very well.' as he did, and you said 'No!'

Each man has his own personal limitation and it is unwise to expect him or ours is so frequently used in connection with theatrical representations. It is stated to may have been done without much effort to be as follows: Many years ago, in the time of turnpikes, the principal avenue of a town passed close to the entrance of a road leading to the cemetery. As this cemetery had

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER.

Apple King of the World.

he has a little money to spare he buys a little Growing apple trees is his passion, just a

interest not only to all farmers of Kansas

Molasses Going Out. SYRUPS ARE RAPIDLY TAKING THE PLACE "The old fashioned molasses is rapidly

crease, especially in the New England states its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram. manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as the saccharine IT WAS FIRST MADE TO ORDER BY AUTHORqualities are concerned, as loaf, cut loaf cube. and crushed, and differs from them only in "Nearly everybody knows what 'foolsthat its crystals do not cohere. This is becap' paper is, but there are probably few people who know just bow it came to bear that name," said a large wholesale stationer sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the in New York to a Washington Star reporter. reason that there is some molasses in them. Housekeepers have difficulty these days in "In order to increase his revenues, Charles I. of England granted certain privileges finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always amounting to monopolies, and amongst these was the manufacture of writing paper, the preferred for use in putting up sweet pickles, making cakes, and similar uses. As they exclusive right of which was sold to certain cannot get brown sugar any more, it may be well for them to remember that they can simulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of molasses to each quarter of a pound of the English paper bore the royal coat-of-arms in

> brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market.'

be removed from the paper, and that a fool's In this country foolscap was used largely

reasons why you haven't it,' he would say

may study it 10 hours, just to suit yourself. articles on "Nagging Women." He related his experience as a physician, and declared that a large share of human misery was clear-"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the But what about "nagging" men? There are men whose nightly return to their homes "One day his cold, calm voice fell upon always mean needless misery to their house-hold. They find fault with their dinners, "I hesitated, and then went back to the

barred my progress.
"'The next!' and I sat down in red con

"' Why didn't you say "Yes," and stic to it? It is not enough to know your lesson you must know that you know it. You hav world says "No!" your business is to s "Yes," and prove it.'"

ing to the cemetery. As this cemetery had been laid out some time previous to the construction of the road it was arranged that all funeral processions should be allowed to pass along the latter, free of toll. One day as a well-known physician who was driving along the road stopped to pay his toll he observed to the keeper, "Considering the benevolent character of our profession I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."
"No, no, doctor," said the gatekeeper, "we can't afford that; you send too many deadheads through as it is." The story travelled around the country, and the word wideadhead" was eventually applied to those who obtained free admission to the theatre.

—Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.