

PRESEVTEBIAN CHURCH-Rev. R D. Ross, Pastor -- Service every Sablath at 300 p.m. Sabbath School at 11 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7 3° p.m. BAPTISC CHURCH-Ber TA Higgins.

Pastor-Services every Sabath at 11 06 a m and 700 pm. Sabbath School at 2 30 pm Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 pm. METHODIST CHURCH-Rev M. Bur

gess, Pastor-Services every Sabbath at 11 09 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

ST FRANCIS (R. C)--Rev T M Dals, P. P.-Mass 11 00 a m the last Sunday of each month.

ST JOHN'S CHURCH (Engli h)-Rev J O Ruggies, Rector-Services next Sun day at 3 p m Sunday School at 1 30 p m, Weekly Service on Thursday at 7 p. m.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 74 o'clock p. m. J. B. Davison, Secretary. rustic congeners-and being a man devoid of moral principle, deliberately left her, and she never saw him again. For weary months she refused to believe in his perfidy, then, when hope was dead, she made no outcry.

"She hed allers bin a gal of few words." Luther said pityingly. Her child was the apple of her eye. He was a beautiful, healthy little fellow, but the neighbors really felt it to be

As he was given to uttering broken their duty to expostulate against the sentences, she gently nodded as she Byleses setting too much store by him. Idols were a snare of the Evil One. placed her bundles under the bear-skin But, poor baby ! his sad fate embalmed robes, and climbed in beside him. The him forever in their sympathies, and mare startes off briskly, and they speedmany a mountain mother told the story ily left behind the few log houses, the over and over to her sad-eyed little store and blacksmith's shop. The ones. We will tell it in Luther's own wooden runner sank softly into the snow. The crows went heavily flap- words, as he told it with despairing iteration to his last days.

operations, so that she was not at a loss to till her farm advantageously. Physically she was strong and well, and in all probability length of days lay before her. The mountaineers regarded her with pitying favor, and in a manner regarded her as a legacy left in their trust, and were always ready to help her in neighborly fashion. And she recompensed them as as she was able in simple, kindly way.

A poor woman dying and leaving her boy-a natural, as they called him -homeless, Hannah took him to her home and gave him her best; and the folk "'lowed it were good fer both of 'em, fer now Hanner could hev company an' help with th' chores an' poor Reub could hev vittles an' house-room." So the years came and went, bringing seed-time and harvest, summer and Hannah that Christmas morning that the wall, the queer deift plates on the old man Crapple and Store-keeper Wray had wished to be a merry one. In these remote solitudes, Christmas festivities were simple. Although greens were plentiful, the country people never used them to bedeck their dwellings, and Christmas-trees were an innovation that had not yet gladdened the juveniles. But they suspended stockings beside the cavernous fireplaces, to which, at gray dawn, stole breathless children, eager to rifle their rude and scanty contents. Thus it was that Reuben, almost before the day had fairly broken, taking down with eager hands his blue stocking, chuckled ecstatically over the six sticks of solid sweetness and the peculiarly shaped dough-nut-man found therein. It was a clear, cold morning. Ice had formed in the water-trouth and hung in crystals from the eaves, and every rude post and rail and branch and tiny twig was furred with a delicate frost that was the very witchery of beauty, while the sun-rays, striking down through the encircling mist, kissed the bleak, frowning rocks to a rosy redness. Here, far remote from the world's tumolts, this Christmas morning had an inexpressible calm ; the earth seemed waiting for that glorious soug to break the stillness : "On earth peace, goodwill towards men." When Hannah and the boy went to tend to the wants of the stock, they were welcomed with evidences of joy. Old gray whinnied, the pigs squealed lu-tily, the cattle lowed, and the chick-

neighbor, but she did not know whose was the animal that was being blanketed and tied to the fence-rail, and the young man who made his way towards the house was a stranger.

"Does Hannah Crawdon live here ?" he asked, doffing his cap.

It was the first time in years she had been called by her husband's name. "Yes, thet air me, tho' its by my

maiden name, Byles, I'm usually called. Come in, come in; tho' I 'low ye're a stranger ter me, you're welcome all the same, sir ! Ye must be cold, of ye're rid fur, set by the fire and warm !"

She bustled about with, shy, simple hospitality, but the stranger stood'silent, his eyes noting everything; the sanded floor, the spinning-wheel in the corner, the strings of dried apples on

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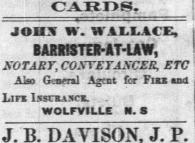
1-bills and Cards will in a few days.

Nov. 1884.

"ORPHETS" LODGE, 'I O O F. meets in Cddfellows' Hall, on Fuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WCLFVILLE DIVISION S or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

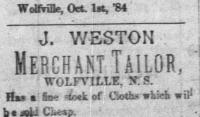
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G T. meets every saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.09 o'clock.



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ping overhead, and a flock of birds twittered as they perched upon some dead mullein.

iate need of friendly offices, he wished

her "a merry Christmas ter-morrer,"

Before the door stood her primitive

sled, on the seat of which was an over-

grown boy who held the reins over a

sleek gray mare. Seeing her come out,

he chuckled gleefully, pointing to the

"Now ain't it ? ain't it jes'-?"

candy-jar now restored to its place.

and withdrew to the fire-place.

But as the narrow read crawled upwards into the heart of the hills. all sounds of life died away and nothing was heard save the occasional soft thud of the falling snow that had been massed upon the trees. The perspective of the woods stretched away a silent land of magical dreams; the very cascades were mute-frozen into silver

ribbons upon the bare rock faces. But Hannah and Reuben-mountain bred and born-were not oppressed by silences that were part of their existence. As they jogged along, they knew well where, after a level space,

they would come upon the clearing with its thirty acres of land, and the log cabin that was their home. The mare knew it, too, for breaking

her trot, she started into a ridiculous canter, and did not stop until she reached the barn and greeted her foal within it with a loud whinney. A team of dun oxen stretched their necks over the fence rail, a white-faced cow and a brindled heifer were pulling down wisps of hay on the suuny side of a barrack. In the pen close by grunted four fat pigs, while under a shed, black, red-combed hens and a cock were scratching the loose gravel. These were Hannah Byle's "critturs." This

her days. In her youth Hannah had been the mountain b.lle; a pretty, amiable girl, so docile that Luther Byles, her father, averred, "thet thet Hanner of his'n couldn't be made to find downright fault with th' old bad up hisself; she

was the home where she had lived all

some notions, Melindy an' me, that mornin', an' Hanner an' Bobby were to hum alone. 'Twer a purty day an' she wer out of doors with him, pickin' posies down that by the turn in the road, when she jes' heered that colt Burney makin' a racket in the lane.

"We wer gone tor th' settlemint fer

"Ye know ther's planks thar fer the the critturs ter git over the brook ; an' thar wer a bad hole into 't thet I'd bin meanin' fer ter tinker up a long spell, but it hed kinder passed along an' no harm come till thet thar mornin', when it hed ter be thet Burney must git his foot into 't.

"Ye know Hanner's thet soft-hearted she can't 'bide nothin' ter be in trouble, so she jest leaves Bobby settin on the edge of the woods, an' tellin' him not ter stir, she goes down ter see ter the colt. Waal, Burney was a restless young crittur, an' was mighty scared. an' she hed trouble ter keep him from breakin' his leg; but she managed ter git him free, an' then she hurried back ter Bobby.

"But, bless you, man, Bobby weren't thar! Jes' his lettle shoe lay by a scun wi' th' posies into 't.

"Queer, wa n't it, thet the minute we come long the road an' I heered Hanner callin' him, I knew somethin' wer wrong ? Th' hull settlemint ter a man turned out ter hunt up that lettle creetur, but he wa'n't ter be found, jest es ef a wild varmint hed cotched him, or

the earth swallowed him up. "But ther' come a time when we jes' hed ter give it up an' set down

quiet. When it come frost an' cold. an' we uns hed ter shet the door of wer thet suft-hearted thet th' wild evenin's, 'twer jest z ef we war sl ettin' dresser shelves,-then his gaze eame back to the pretty, faded woman with her appealing eyes. His breath came short and hard-he grew pale.

"Mother," he said. For a few seconds not a word was said. The clock ticked loudly, the cat purred in the sunlight, a foolish fly lured from its sleeping place buzzed on the window-panes. Hannah's eyes dilated. She bent forward.

"Man, ye said mother ! Who in God's name are ye?"

"Your son Robert. Heavens she is dving !"

He caught her, and laid her on the settle. She heard his words as through a mist.

Yes, this was death. A spirit had come to her from the next world ! Bobby had been sent to fetc. her. She was ready .- but she heard faintly Renben's pitiful whimper, and her gentle heart reached back to the poor, helpless lad, and the dumb creatures she was leaving-if she could just have seen the neighbors, to give them into their charge.

But as the moments went by, and the faintness passed, she grew conscious of a strange reality about this man who was chafing her hands. She heard the fire crackling, the tame robin chirping in his cage, and the words that were spoken by the warm breathing lips. "Father took me away from here when I was a baby. I always thought you died when I was born. 1 came to find you as soon as I knew the truth." The story stopped there. He could

(Continued on fourth page.)