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William Hart,
Assignee.

Notice of Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given that L. S. Bowlby, J. Haddon Balcom, and Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, doing business under the name, style and firm of BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Rumber Manufacturers, has, by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day of August, 1888, assigned to us all their property in trust for the general benefit of their creditors, subject to certain preferential claims. Creditors desiring to execute the same must do so within forty days from the date thereof, said deed lies at our office where the same may be inspected and executed by creditors.

Dated at Lawrencetown, this 31st day of August, 1888.

L. R. MORSE,
ALEX. OSWALD,
Assignees.

NOTICE.—The above mills of Bowlby, Balcom & Co., will be run as usual until further notice.

L. R. MORSE,
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22tf

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VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1889. NO. 3.

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NOTICE!

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of J. Stewart Leonard, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ANNIE E. LEONARD, Executrix.

Paradise, January 12th, 1889. 3m

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

CUT and PLUG

SMOKING TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

See

T & B

IN BRONZE on EACH PLUG and PACKAGE

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

A Dutch Lullaby.

(Chicago Daily News.)

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of gold and silver have we."
Said Wynken
Blynken
And Nod.

The old man laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew:
The little stars were the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea:
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam;
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken
Blynken,
And Nod.

—*Eugene Field.*

Select Literature.

Aunt Sarah's Penance.

(From the Transcript Monthly.)

'Lonesome!' sniffed Aunt Sarah scornfully. 'I don't have time to be lonesome—I have too much to do; and s'posen I was lonesome once in a while, it wouldn't be anything in comparison to being a slave the whole continual time—a slave to a set of shiftless, gadding, do-little girls!'

The girl sitting in the comfortable rocking-chair by the shining kitchen window flushed from throat to forehead.

'I know to whom you have reference, Aunt Sarah,' she answered quietly. 'You mean mother—dear little woman! It's a fact, she does have a hard time, but honestly, here's one of her 'shiftless, do-little girls' that has tried her very best to get something to do and every single door has been shut in her face.'

'Humph!' returned her aunt shortly. 'Just name over the various'—a strong accent here—'ways in which you have tried to earn a living.'

'I haven't had a chance to try,' answered Polly Sanderson dejectedly. 'They won't give me a school, though I have applied to every school agent in the county. Father won't let me go to the factories, I hate the very sight of a needle, so it's of no use to suggest dress-making or millinery to me, and there's no idle money laying round our house to enable me to take a special course in anything, so what is there for me to do?'

An ironical laugh broke from Aunt Sarah's lips.

'Do!' she repeated, 'why, go and get married!'

'Married!' ejaculated the girl hotly. 'I've no good looks, no particularly attractive ways, no money, O-h-h,' and she shut her teeth and hands convulsively, 'O if I were only out in the world, and could have a good time like other girls and dress like other girls, it's little I'd care where the money came from!'

Sarah Sanderson, spinster, could have bitten her tongue short off. It's no light thing to sneer a young, undisciplined soul into such a desperate condition. There was a silence for a few moments.

'Polly,' said her aunt at length, 'suppose somebody should come to you and tell you that your mother was a bad woman?'

The white light of an intense wrath flashed over the girl's face.

'My mother,' she said very quietly, 'my good little mother, whose life has been a long sacrifice—why if anyone should hint such a thing to me, I'd'—she stopped abruptly. Why did Aunt Sarah look at her so queerly?

'Your mother thinks more of you than you do of her,' said her aunt soberly. 'Perhaps you have a faint idea as to how your mother would feel if such a report should reach her ears about her oldest daughter!'

The angry light faded from the girl's face. She laughed uneasily.

'Of course, Aunt Sarah,' she answered apologetically. 'I didn't mean what I said, for I have just as much horror of money that has been dishonestly or dishonorably gained as you have!'

There was a suspicious quiver in Polly's voice but she went bravely on.

'But there's one thing, Aunt Sarah, that I'm going to say and mean every word of it, too; and that is, the whole pack of you—the relations I mean—consider it your privilege to speak slightingly of us girls; you are always calling us shiftless and lazy and good-for-nothing, but not a single soul of you would extend one of your little fingers to help us up out of the Slough of Despond that we've fallen into. That's the truth, Aunt, and you know it. You know, too, that you yourself, though you are always ready with a Scotch blessing for me, that as far as real help is concerned, you wouldn't help me if you could!'

'I would, too!' protested her aunt warmly. 'Moreover, I would only be too glad to help you if it would do any good; but what's the use of dragging a cat along by the tail, you only get scratches for your pains!'

Polly Sanderson clapped on her old felt hat, pulled her shawl up around her shoulders and flung herself out of the house. She ran swiftly through her aunt's garden, following a little beaten path through the snow, passed through an open gate and in a moment was walking swiftly along on the railroad which formed a shorter way home than the road.

How the snow crackled under her feet, it was just level with the top of the rails and as hard as a pine plank; and how it sparkled under the white fire of the great full moon. The air was crisp with frost and alive with sound. The telegraph wires vibrated with a sharp, musical hum to which the telegraph poles added an accompaniment which became faint and fainter still as one left a pole behind, only to grow louder and louder as the next pole was neared; while up from the river came the boom of the falls which never froze over.

At first, the girl's step sounded very much like a stamp—a stamp of rage; and in truth, Polly Sanderson was very angry.

'I will never go there again, never!' declared the girl passionately to herself over and over again. 'She always has a scolding ready for me and she just enjoys heaping it on my head. I just wish I could get even with her! The idea of her saying she would be glad to help me if it would do any good! Hateful, ain't she just hateful. But—ain't she a lovely cook! I declare my mouth waters for some more of those splendid preserves she had for tea. Oh, if I could only make things taste as delicious as she does—'

Polly Sanderson stopped short. For a few moments she stood very still looking down on the snow at her feet and then she threw back her head and laughed—laughed loud and long—and such rich, full, musical laughter as it was; for Polly was gifted with a musical voice, and whether she laughed or sang, scolded or teased, one could but think of a bobolink in a full tide of song. Then she said rather enigmatically:

'I guess I'll hurry up and finish off that navy-blue print of mine. Gracious, how I hate to make those sleeves; and then do up that long white apron, for Aunt Sarah is perfectly spotless about her work, and then—O, won't I make her do penance for her many scoldings!'

A few days thereafter, Miss Polly opened the door of her aunt's cozy kitchen and walked in with the cheerfulest 'Good morning, Auntie' possible.

Then, without waiting for an invitation, for which she might possibly have waited in vain, she deliberately took off her shawl and hat and hung them up. Didn't she look trim and tidy in her snug-fitting, dark-blue dress and spotless, snow-white apron? For once her aunt glanced at her approvingly; but what made the girl's eyes sparkle so? They shone like those of a cat in the dark and her lips were fairly quivering with laughter. Aunt Sarah's approval turned to suspicion. What was in the wind now?

Polly walked over to her aunt's side and slid her arm around her waist.

'Auntie,' she said very soberly, 'a few evenings ago, you told me that you would gladly help me if you could and I know your word to be as good as gold. Well, Aunt, the time has come. It lies in your power to help me and it will be a permanent help, too, something that will be of benefit to me as long as I live!'

'What do you want me to do?' answered her aunt shortly, meanwhile wishing from the bottom of her heart, that she had been stricken with tongue-palsy before she had made that promise to Polly Sanderson.

'Teach me to cook!' was Polly's answer.

'Oh, land o' deliverance!' groaned Aunt Sarah, sinking into a chair and looking at demure Miss Polly with the utmost dismay. Now, everything about Miss Sarah Sanderson's kitchen and pantry was always in the most perfect order; her methods of cooking were wasteless and dainty and her cooking days were days full of perfect success; and now to have one of John shiftless girl's 'messing round,'—well, it was gall and bitterness to her soul.

'Why don't you learn to cook at home?' she snapped out at last.

'Mother hasn't got the time to teach us,' answered Polly earnestly. 'She's always in a hurry when she begins to cook and she says we don't know how to take advantage of our work and so we hinder instead of helping her'—Aunt Sarah groaned audibly—'and besides, we are wasteful and she can't abide that.'

Aunt Sarah groaned again—truly, she was doing penance already.

'Does your mother know about this plan of yours?' she questioned feebly.

'Not in the least,' answered Polly brightly. 'I wish to surprise her some of these fine days.'

'Well,' said her aunt crossly, 'I wonder how you are going to manage to come here every day and not let her find out what you are doing?'

'Don't I have to bring you a quart of fresh milk every morning?' questioned Polly in her turn.

'Well,' said her aunt, fairly driven to the wall, 'I suppose I shall have to do as I agreed to, anyway; but what will be the good as far as you are concerned? You'll take two or three lessons and then you'll have something more important on hand, and that will be the end of it.'

'Aunt Sarah, when you tell me of your own free will that I can cook as well as you can, then I'll stop taking lessons and not before!' answered Polly firmly.

And she kept her word. Though she served one of the most rigid apprenticeships that could be imagined; though she crimsoned many a time over her awkwardness and many a time secretly shed tears tears over her mistakes; though the words of blame were many and bitter, and the words of praise few and grudgingly given, still the girl never faltered in her resolution to become a good cook; and her reward came.

It was a hot morning, early in July. Polly had finished cooking and not one single complaint in regard to one daintily cooked article of food had Aunt Sarah uttered; indeed, for that matter, it had been many weeks since she had given utterance to one of those terrible groans of hers, the very sound of which was enough to give Polly over to confusion and dismay.

'I guess, Aunt Sarah, I'll go home now,' said Polly soberly, as she took down her hat. 'You see, I have not helped mother in the forenoon very much for quite a while. She looked just ready to sink this morning when I started away, and if it hadn't been for my promise, I would have stayed at home. Good-by.'

'Wait a minute, Polly!' called her aunt—somehow that sharp voice had lost some of its acidity. The girl retraced her steps.

'What is it, Aunt?'

'Nothing, only I thought I would tell you something of 'my own free will.' You are as good a housekeeper as your Aunt Sarah!'

'Do you mean it, Auntie?' ejaculated the girl joyfully.

'I mean it!' said Aunt Sarah earnestly. Polly threw her arms around her aunt and kissed her over and over again.

'There, don't smother me!' said her aunt, giving her a peck of a kiss and pushing her away.

'O Aunt, you've been so faithful in your teaching!' cried Polly. 'Thank you over and over—'

'There, that'll do! You needn't thank me again, though mercy knows I deserve to be thanked, for if ever a poor soul did penance for a foolish promise that soul was me; though I'll own that I ain't sorry now, for truth to tell, Polly, your cooking does me credit.'

Polly's eyes danced.

'Let me tell you something Aunt Sarah,' she said confidentially. Her aunt bent her head. The girl whispered in her ear, 'I've had to pay penance, too, Auntie,' and then whisked away, leaving the sound of laughter in the air.

Mrs. Sanderson was just beginning to make some strawberry pies as Polly came in, breathless from her rapid walk. Her wan face did not brighten in the least or her heavy eyes show a sign of gladness in them as she glanced up at her eldest daughter. Polly's heart smote her sorely as she thought of the weary eyes that this poor mother of hers had toiled so uncomplainingly for them all, had denied herself all the luxuries and many of the comforts of life for their sake; and now, this hot July morning, she was at work in this stifling kitchen preparing a tempting dinner for her family while three of her four great, grown-up girls were fanning themselves in the coolest spots they could find.

'Who would think that the children of such a hard-working, self-sacrificing father and mother would be so selfish and lazy,' questioned Polly to herself.

'You have been equally selfish and equally lazy,' was the answering thought.

'It's so, for a fact, but with the Lord's help I'll show mother that I aint all self!' resolved the girl; and we have seen that Polly was good at keeping her word.

She stepped up to her mother and taking the pie-plates out of those toil-worn hands she set them aside rather emphatically. Then catching hold of her mother's skirts, Polly started on the run for a cool piazza on the west side of the house. Mrs. Sanderson, perforce, had to follow. When they reached the piazza, Polly unceremoniously tilted a chair containing her sister Alice to such an uncomfortable angle, that Alice grumblingly sprang out of it. Polly then whirled her mother down into the vacated seat, caught up a palmleaf fan that lay on the floor and thrust it into her mother's hands.

'Now, mother Sanderson, don't you stir out of that chair till I get those pies done!' she said with an emphatic pinch of her mother's chin.

Her mother looked up to her incredulously.

'You—why you don't even know how much sugar it takes to sweeten a pie,' and she attempted to rise, but Polly's hand was on her shoulder.

'Now, Mother,' she asserted earnestly, 'those pies won't be a failure, I know they won't! Just let me try, won't you?'

'Well,' said her mother, yielding to her overpowering desire for a little of the restful coolness of this vine-wreathed, shady piazza and sinking back into her chair.

Polly returned to the hot kitchen, singing merrily, while the rest of the Sanderson family went on with their fanning and reading. Such utter quiet as reigned save for the faint, musical click of a far-off mowing machine, and the creakity-creak of Mrs. Sanderson's chair as she slowly rocked to and fro in such evident enjoyment of the cool, sweet air and this unexpected opportunity for rest that none of her daughters failed to notice.

An hour went by and then Alice Sanderson missed the creak of that comfortable, old rocker in which her mother sat and glanced up. Just then, Ruth Sanderson with a rustle and noise began to turn her paper.

'Sh-h-h!' cautioned Alice, lifting a warning finger. Mrs. Sanderson was leaning back in her chair fast asleep.

The girl looked at their mother silently. It looked something like death, this sleep of mother's. The eyes that were always so full of gentle kindness were closed; the dear face was wan and colorless; the lips half open; the head bowed down wearily upon her breast. Mother was very dear to these 'do-little' girls despite the fact that they had never exerted themselves very much to help her. Out in the hot kitchen was Polly, and the effect of her loving self-denial was very potent and quickening.

Ruth laid down her paper noiselessly. Alice caught up the palmleaf fan that had slipped from her mother's nerveless hand and fanned that dear, weary face softly. May tilted her mother's chair back imperceptibly to a comfortable angle, and motioned Ruth to slip a bit of wood under the rocker. Then the minutes slipped on to the fervid noontide in perfect silence.

'Dinner, mother!' sang out Polly cheerily, pushing away the little 'trig' under her mother's rocker.

Mrs. Sanderson awoke with a gasp of surprise. Then she got up hastily.

'What made you let me sleep so long? I had a splendid nap to be sure, and I feel like a new woman, but O, your father's dinner,' and she hurried into the dining-room.

Mr. Sanderson was already seated at the table with a look of rare good humor on his face. It was enough to make a hundred men good-humored to see a tempting, smoking hot meal before him—a tender roast of lamb done to a turn, new potatoes and great, fat, delicious green peas that would almost melt in one's mouth, and last but not least a dessert that was a thing of beauty, a delicious strawberry pie.

Mrs. Sanderson took her place at the table in dumb surprise; but Alice at once exclaimed incredulously:

'Polly, did you cook this dinner your own, very self?'

'My own, very self!' laughed Polly.

'But who taught you?' pursued her sister. 'You did'nt learn at home?'

Mrs. Sanderson winced.

'I took lessons of Aunt Sarah,' answered Polly. 'Didn't she put me through a rigid training though—it makes me tired to think of it; and didn't she find fault with me though, and didn't she groan over my work at times till it would have been a positive relief if the kitchen floor had suddenly given away and let me down into the cellar!' and Polly gave an unearthly groan that extorted a whine and then a loud bark from the house dog.

Then Polly went on and told the whole story which was received somewhat differently by the various members of her little audience. The girls were bitterly indignant at Aunt Sarah's opinion of them; the mother's eyes were dim with tears at the thought of a neglected duty; but John Sanderson laid his hard, brown hand caressingly on his eldest daughter's head and said very earnestly:

'It was pretty hard work, Polly, but somehow I feel as though it established a bond between you and your lonely aunt, for despite what she might say to the contrary, I know that she sees a good many lonesome days that time is going to test; and when the trial day comes, Polly, stand by your aunt!'

'I will,' answered Polly briefly.

One lovely morning a week later, when the world was all a-spangle with dew-drops, Polly ran lightly down to Aunt Sarah's. She had hardly taken off her hat when she heard the sound of wheels followed by the sound of the driver's voice as he checked his horse in front of the door.

Forthwith, Miss Polly pursed up her lips and perked up her head in a way that caused her Aunt Sarah to choke in an attempt to smother a laugh.

'My Lord Louis,' she said softly and hurriedly. 'Now, Aunt Sarah, you just take notice of the lofty way in which he greets his shiftless cousin Polly. Oh, but he's got a pet corn and wouldn't I like to jam-m it!'

The next moment, a rather fine-looking young man stood in the door way.

'Good morning, Aunt Sarah,' he said blandly, and a novice could have detected the overweening conceit of Louis Sanderson in the very tones of his voice. 'Mother wishes for the pleasure of your company to dinner and so I thought it best to harness up the horse and drive over while it was cool. You will come, will you not, aunt? Oh-er good morning, Polly!'

'Oh-er good morning, Louis!' drawled Polly, exactly imitating her cousin's supercilious tones. Louis glanced at Miss Polly in surprise. She did not deign to look at him, but rocked away very much at her ease, her head turned so that he could see but little of her face; but somehow, there was the faintest suspicion of a laughter dimple in the corner of that red mouth. Strange he had never noticed before how red Polly's lips were! Fact was he had always considered these girl cousins of his as beneath his notice. But what had come over Miss Polly? She had always been rather timid in his presence, and here this morning she was actually laughing at him to say nothing about her absurd mimicry.

He added stiffly:

'I'm sure mother would be quite happy to have you come, too, Polly, if you could see your way clear to do so.'

Polly turned her dancing eyes full upon him.

'Louis, do you know what happened to Ananias?' she questioned gravely, then catching up her hat she kissed her aunt pinching her arm suggestively at the same time and hurried away, leaving her aunt struggling to conceal her laughter.

Soon after, Aunt Sarah and Louis were on their way. Both were rather silent; Aunt Sarah from a natural taciturnity, Louis, partly from thinking about his saucy cousin, partly from the fact that he had his hands full in controlling his mettlesome young horse. His aunt watched the animal's antics with some apprehension.

'What a kinky beast that colt is!' she said crossly. 'Why didn't you take one of the other horses?'

'They are both at work, Aunt,' answered Louis. 'Besides, you needn't feel worried about Max. He is rather spirited, but he is quite safe, I broke him in myself.'

'Humph!' said Aunt Sarah and relapsed into silence.

There was a thunder of horses' hoofs behind them. Louis tightened his grasp on the reins and guided his dancing horse out close to the side of the road. A span of magnificent grays whirled by.

'Doctor Childs' team,' commented Aunt Sarah. 'Aint those grays splendidly matched? Who was that man in the carriage with the doctor?'

'One of those famous New York surgeons, I believe,' answered her nephew. 'He has broken down from over work and is down here for rest. Doctor Childs says he has the steadiest hand he ever saw. Splendid looking man, isn't he?'

'I didn't notice his looks,' said his aunt sharply. 'I hope I shall never need the aid of one of that tribe of sawbones; but if you don't look after that cranky horse of yours, I shall need a surgeon this very day!'

She did need one that 'very day;' for that afternoon when returning home, the young horse shied, bolted for the roadside gutter and upset the carriage. Louis and his aunt were both thrown out. Louis escaped with a few bruises and a thorough shaking up; but Aunt Sarah's injuries were so severe that she was borne to her home in an unconscious condition.

When the injured woman opened her eyes, she found herself on the great, wide lounge in the sitting room surrounded by a crowd of relatives. She heard a full, rich voice say authoritatively:

'Stand back, please; she can get no air,' and the next instant the New York surgeon bent over her. He attempted to take her hand but she pushed his hand and himself aside.

'Polly,' she called piteously.

Louis made his way to her side.

'Oh, auntie, I'm so sorry—' he began, but she cut him short with—

'Where's Polly? Why didn't some of you go and tell her? She wouldn't fail to be here if she knew!'

'Come, my dear madam,' said the surgeon, 'don't be troubling yourself about anyone else. Your injuries must be seen to at once.'

Aunt Sarah was in terrible agony, but her face grew as determined as her voice and words.

'I tell you I won't have a thing done till Polly comes. She will know just what to do and she knows where everything is; and now just look at this confusion!'

'Send for Polly at once,' said the surgeon, turning to the others.

'But Aunt,' ventured one of her nieces, 'whom do you mean? Polly who?'

'Why,' said Aunt Sarah fiercely, 'there isn't but one to me, John's Polly!' and she clenched her teeth over a moan of pain.

Louis at once went after his cousin.

The surgeon awaited with something of curiosity the appearance of 'John's Polly.' He had heard the whisper that went from lip to lip.

'One of John's shiftless girls! What in the world can she want of one of them? I verily believe she is out of her head!' and still this shrewd, grim-faced woman seemed to hold this 'shiftless girl' in the highest estimation. Surely 'John's Polly' must be a contradiction.

There was a little stir at the door and a young girl came forward. Her face was as white as snow, but there were no tears and she said but one word, 'Auntie!'

The suffering woman opened her eyes, and a look of joy spread over her face. The girl sank on her knees beside the lounge and drew her aunt's head on her strong young shoulder. Then they all heard the painfully articulated words:

'Oh, thank the Lord, Polly, you've come!' and then Aunt Sarah went off in a dead faint.

The Sandersons were somewhat astonished but they were destined to be more astonished before that day was over, for everything that Polly set herself to do was done quickly and well. She proved an invaluable assistant to the surgeon, obeying commands instantly and following instructions implicitly, while all the rest could only flutter about and 'Polly, where's this?' and 'Polly, where's that?'

Then after it was all over and Aunt Sarah was sleeping quietly under the influence of an opiate, Polly put on one of her aunt's long white aprons and under the eyes of a round dozen of the Sandersons, deftly got up a supper for them all that was simply delicious—and the keen-eyed surgeon noted it all.

In passing, we will say that after that day a Sanderson was never heard to say anything about John's girls being shiftless.

Six or seven weeks afterward, when aunt Sarah was on the mending hand, Mrs. Mary Sanderson, Louis' mother paid her one of the latter's weekly visits.

'You're getting along nicely, now, ain't you, Sarah?' she said inquiringly, after laying aside her wraps and taking out her knitting—Mrs. Mary Sanderson never sat with folded hands.

'Yes,' answered Aunt Sarah, 'thanks to Polly. Bless that child! She's been everything that's good and faithful and loving to me!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Mary, thoughtfully, 'Polly certainly is very womanly. Where is she?'

'She has gone to ride with Doctor Moore,' answered Aunt Sarah with some complacency—she knew that the famous surgeon was regarded in the light of a superior personage by the Sandersons. 'He said this morning in that up-and-down way of his, that Polly had confined herself too closely to the house these last few weeks, that she had lost every particle of her color and a ride would do her good, so he whisked her off.'

'Well, he was very thoughtful, I'm sure,' returned Mrs. Mary, 'and he's very faithful, too. Just see how he's tended out on you; and he ain't lost it yet it seems, for I hear he comes right along now, as often as ever.'

'You're trying to quiz me a bit,' thought Aunt Sarah, 'well, let's see how much more you will know when you go away than when you came. Yes,' she said aloud, 'he does come pretty often. He says he's taken a notion to me.'

'H'm! He hasn't taken a notion to anyone else, has he?' said Mrs. Mary with a sharp glance in Aunt Sarah's direction.

'You'll have to ask him to find out,' said the other grimly. 'He hasn't told me anything about it!'

But Polly had. At that very moment Aunt Sarah knew about the engagement, had seen the magnificent engagement ring and had a very distinct remembrance of a remark made by radiant little Polly at the close of her confidential little talk with aunt.

'And, O Auntie, he said that what first attracted him was my thorough knowledge of housewifery. O Aunt, ain't I—ain't you glad that I made you do penance.'

—MRS. PERCIA V. WHITE.

Common Sense

In the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, stimulate the Liver, and cure Sick Headache. Ayer's Pills, as all know who use them, are a mild cathartic, pleasant to take, and always prompt and satisfactory in their results.

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for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

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"Sweet Home"

"There is no place like home" runs the old song, and we know how true it is.

The impressions made in the home are lasting. A mother's words never pass from the mind. A father's counsel remains fresh so long as life lasts. The last benediction of parental love and solicitude—with what tenacity it clings to the memory when almost all else has gone.

How important, therefore, that the home be maintained intact as long as possible—a haven of loving counsel, of peace and joy to the growing children. How sad when death invades, when the fire goes out on the hearthstone and the family is scattered. What the children lose by the death of a parent only those realize who have grown up without that love and advice which a parent alone can bestow.

There are tens of thousands of parents today in agony of mind through fear of death from kidney disease, who do not know they are doctoring only symptoms—such as wakefulness, nervousness, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one another, dropsy, weak heart action, pneumonia, neuralgia, fickle appetite, etc., while the real trouble is poisoned blood caused by diseased kidneys. Unless purified with Warner's Safe Cure they will just as surely die, as though poisoned with arsenic.

Doctors publicly admit that they cannot cure advanced kidney disease; they are too bigoted to use Warner's Safe Cure because it is an advertised remedy; consequently, unless you use your own good judgement, secure and use Warner's Safe Cure, a specific, which has proved itself in tens of thousands of cases to be all it is represented, your home, through your death, will be broken up and your loved ones deprived of that which money cannot purchase or friends supply.

—The "Julius Pam" diamond, which is valued at from £15,000 to £20,000, has arrived in London from Kimberley. It weighs 241½ carats, or fully 90 carats more than that other beauty, the Porter-Rhodes diamond, and was found in the New Jagersfontein United Mine, of which Mr. Julius Pam is principal owner. It is longish in shape, and of exquisite color—a pure blue white. The only larger diamond in existence is the Imperial, but it is said to be inferior in quality to the "Julius Pam."

Like Half a Dollar.

"About 8 years ago my feet and legs became poisoned, and came out in great sores as large as a half dollar which ate in almost to the bone. After the failure of other remedies, the sores were completely healed by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters." Joseph Gonyon, Tupperville, Ont.

Veal and Macaroni Pate.—Chop two cupfuls cold boiled macaroni fine. Mix with it a beaten egg, and line a buttered mould—a plain one—with the macaroni. Inside this, place the remains of cold veal, chopped small, well seasoned, and moistened with gravy. Spread the macaroni over the top of the meat, cover the mould tightly, plunge it in a pot of boiling water and boil an hour and a half. Turn out in a platter, and pour gravy or drawn butter over it.

—For nearly half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the most popular cough remedy in the world. The constantly increasing demand for this remedy proves it to be the very best specific for colds, coughs, and all diseases of the throat and lungs.