Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 22. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1894. NO. 5.

Professional Cards

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS.

GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors,
Notaries Public.
Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
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O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 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

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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. Visits Annapolis Valley twice a year. Old instruments taken in exchange for new. Over twenty year's experience.

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Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
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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.

A. B. PARKER,
SOUTH FARMINGTON,
CAN SUPPLY
PAG WOVEN WIRE FENCE,
ALXANDRA CREAM SEPARATOR,
AND
THE STEEL HARNESS,
For Farmers and Lumbermen. No Whiffletree.
ALSO
THE POPULAR DOOR CATCHER.
All the above will be delivered at manufacturers prices. 48 26

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
Real Estate Security
EDWIN L. FISHER,
Estate and Insurance Agent.
Correspondence solicited.
Bridgetown, N. S., February 21st, 1894.

NOTICE!
LAW OFFICE AT MIDDLETON
WILL BE AT OFFICE AT MIDDLETON THURSDAY, 7th and 21st JULY every alternate *Thursday* thereafter, in the office occupied by ARTHUR W. PHINNEY, Esquire.
Office open at 9 a.m.
49 tf J. M. OWEN.
Annapolis, March 7th, 1892. 49tf

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business. 51 tf

P. C. 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.

BRIDGETOWN
LIVERY STABLES.
N. E. CHUTE, Proprietor.

THE subscriber, having purchased the entire outfit and good-will of the Livery Business carried by Mr. Wm. C. Bath for a number of years past, begs to notify his many friends and the travelling public that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, to furnish any kind of an outfit in single, double, tandem, or other styles, with or without drivers.
The spacious stables are roomy and centrally located, affording every facility for boarding and baiting.
Teams always on hand at station on arrival of all trains.
A specialty will be made of trucking with moderate charges.
When you want a nobby team, a place to hail your lines, or any information connected with the livery business, call on
N. E. CHUTE,
Proprietor of the Bridgetown Livery Stables.
Bridgetown, April 18th, 1894.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
HORSE LINIMENT
Is Infallibly the Cure for
Horse Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Thickness in Wind, Enlargement of Glands, Affections of Kidneys,
AND APPLIED EXTERNALLY
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
In 1892 this Liniment had a sale of 25,000 bottles. Anyone who has ever used it would not be without it for ten times the cost. Write to us for testimonials.
PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE Sold by all Druggists and General Dealers.
F. L. SHAFNER, - - PROPRIETOR
MANUFACTURED at BOSTON, MASS., and MIDDLETON, N. S.

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

HATS! HATS!
Every Christian wears a Hat on Easter Sunday, and the place to get the
Largest Range,
—AND THE—
Latest Styles,
—IS AT—
A. J. MORRISON'S,
MERCHAN TAILOR - - - MIDDLETON, N. S.
His stock of SPRING CLOTHS is complete.

"Once a King." "Always a King."
STEP BY STEP The "WHITE" Triumphantly Progresses!
The Pride of its Friends!
The Enemy of its Competitors!
CINCINNATI, 1888. PARIS, 1889.
World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONORS covering the essential and vital points claimed.
IT'S THE BEST—first, last, and all the time.
JAS. A. GATES & CO., SOLE AGENTS, MIDDLETON, N. S.

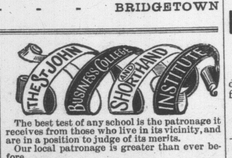
LOOK HERE!
Now is the time to order your Spring Suits. I have now in stock some of the
FINEST GOODS
that can be seen anywhere Call and see them. The
Prices are Away Down!
I guarantee every garment to be a good fit, well-made, and the best of trimmings used.
FRANK SCOTT,
CUSTOM TAILOR, - ROOMS OVER MONITOR OFFICE.

R. ALLEN CROWE.
Headquarters for
STOVES, - TINWARE,
—AND—
KITCHEN FURNISHINGS.
QUEEN STREET, - - - - - BRIDGETOWN

Carriages
—AND—
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!
As the season for Carriages, Road Carts, and other appliances for the spring and summer travel is again approaching, I take the liberty of informing past patrons and intending purchasers that I am in a position to supply them with anything in that line they may desire, and that I am also interested in the sale of all kinds of
Agricultural Implements
from the well-known firm of BLIGH & PRINCE.
Mowers (single or double), Rakes, Ploughs, Harrows, Forks, &c.
Call and inspect. Prices as low as any or all dealers.
W. C. FEINDEL.
Middleton, March 6th, 1894. 48 13i

$50 Reward!
THE GAME SOCIETY being determined to put a stop to the wholesale unlawful slaughter of Game are prepared to pay the above reward to any person or persons giving information that will lead to the conviction of the guilty party or parties, viz., for
Killing Moose or Caribou
out of season; or any one person killing more than Two Moose or Four Caribou; or any person or persons hunting Moose with dogs or snaring.
Action can be taken against persons breaking the above law within twelve months after the offence is committed.
GEO. PIERS,
45 tf *Secty. Game Society.*

Potter's Liniment
IS SOLD AT
W. W. CHESLEY'S.



The best test of any school is the patronage it receives from those who live in its vicinity, and are in a position to judge of its merits.
Our local patronage is greater than ever before.
We hold out no false inducements.
People judge of our institution by the breadth and thoroughness of its courses of instruction, and especially by the success of its graduates.
For terms, etc., call at the College, or send for circulars to KERR & PRINGLE.
St. John, N. B.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent. per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly installments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

FOR SALE!
ONE BUGGY. FIVE TEAM WAGONS.
LOOK!
I wish to inform the public generally that I am now at my shop (Carleton's Corner), prepared to do all kinds of repairing of Waggons, etc., in a first-class and workmanlike manner, at prices which defy competition.
Call and inspect.
Carleton's Corner. W. A. KENNY. 40 13i

15 Per Cent
DISCOUNT
—ON—
Men's Long Boots
FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY, AT
J. I. FOSTER'S
JUST ARRIVED:
ONE CAR
Choice Family Flour,
including Vulcan, Acadian, Delicate, Hornet, Five Roses. Also Rose Bud Corn Meal, Feed Flour and Middlings. Ocean Flour always on hand.

TEA! TEA!
If you want a good tea call and get sample of our blend.
To arrive this week, a large supply of
MEN'S PANTS
from $1.50 to $4 per pair.
A CHOICE LINE OF
Family Groceries
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Butter, Eggs and Beans taken at market price.
JOSEPH I. FOSTER,
GRANVILLE STREET.

DYSPEPSIA CURED
BY
B.B.B.

MR. GEO. READ.

Read the Proof.
DEAR SIRS—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for B. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B.B.B. to all my friends.
I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.
Yours faithfully,
GEORGE READ,
Sherbrooke, Que.

LAST DROP
—IN—
FLOUR AND FEED!

Five Roses Flour,	-	$4.75
Delicate Flour,	-	4.25
Acadian Flour,	-	3.90
Success Flour,	-	3.70
Ansonia Flour,	-	3.70
Extra Quality Feed,		1.45
Corn Meal,	- -	2.80
Middlings,	- -	1.20

We have also a full line of
GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, CROCKERY. HATS, CAPS,
Hardware, &c.
All of which we will sell very low, for cash or trade.
We POSITIVELY will not be outdone in the way of LOW PRICES by any firm in the Valley.
GEO. ARMSTRONG.
Kingston, N. S., March 14th, 1894.

Children
who are thin, hollow-chested, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by
Scott's Emulsion
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It contains material for making healthy Flesh and Bones. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.
Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

The Banks Red Gravenstein!
I will be pleased to show the Apples on the trees and give samples to those interested enough to call.
A few hundred trees of this variety fit to set this autumn. Your choice of trees at the nursery for 50c. each.
A. STANLEY BANKS,
August 1st, 1893 Waterville, Kings Co., N. S. 6 1y

WITHOUT PARALLEL.
Truth Is Sometimes Stranger than Fiction.
There has come to light a wonderful case of restoration to health, at Lakeville, Corner, N. B. The particulars were first given out Feb. 3, 1894, and are as follows: Mrs. R. Upton, of that place, had fits, five or six a month and sometimes fifteen a day, for five or six years. Five physicians treated her for her chief trouble—severe and chronic indigestion and inability to retain food on her stomach.
In the spring of '93 she commenced to take "Groder's Syrup." Since then she has had no symptom of fits, her general health has wonderfully improved and she "eats anything."
She took five bottles "Groder's"—and will make oath to the above statements if necessary. The lady who sold her this sterling medicine, Miss F. L. Tapley, says: "I have known Mrs. Upton for over fifteen years, and I know the above statements to be true in every particular."
Your health may demand the use of Groder's Syrup.

Poetry.

Poor and Yet Rich.

No wealth on earth, except that godlike gift,
A happy nature and unbroken health,
And sweet contented heart, thoughts which can lift
The soul to Heaven itself, if this be wealth.

No joy on earth, except it be to watch
The ev'ning crimson tinging earth and sky;
Or burden of the wild bird's song to catch
When scented night winds hum their lullaby.

No rank on earth, except his rank who stands
Free, pure before his God, and asks to know
That perfect justice at His mighty hand
Omniscient mercy only can bestow.

No hope on earth, except that time shall free
His soul at last to pass beyond death's portal,
Where wealth and joy and rank and hope shall be
The heritage of all who once were mortal.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Select Literature.

A Little Mouse.

When the Rev. Gedney Just had been inducted—this word is submitted with a pride perhaps pardonable—into the office of assistant at St. Simon's Church, there was a distinct rise in charitable fervor. This increase of course, was feminine in quality; for the average man has one invariable way of loving his neighbor as himself—he growls and puts his hand into his pocket.

Good works are gratifying in themselves, yet a spiritual pill is a pill for all its immateriality; hence it is none the worse for a sugar coat. The Rev. Gedney was interesting; the more he tried to efface himself the more so did he become. He could not change his form, which was tall and straight and robust, nor his eyes, which were expressively azure; nor his color, which—dear, reader! if this category be continued, it will seem that confidential remarks at the meeting of the Dorcas Society have surely been overheard.

But the young clergyman did not see himself as others saw him. Had he, he might have lingered, Narcissus like, by the pool of vanity, instead of scouring the by-ways and hedges. In that case, the rector, the Rev. Dr. Muffin, would have been constrained to do something himself, a dangerous innovation on the conviction of years, established through careful study of Trollope's novels, that in any reasonable division of churchly labors and emoluments the curate assumes the former. No, Gedney Just was well content with his lot. He was single in devotion to duty—too single, alas! furtively sighed the spinsters.

No wonder these vestals were unanimous in his praise; he was so hearty, so unaffected. When he met one on the street and gave the handshake, with its superimposed clasp, and asserted "I am so glad to see you," with an acute accent on the "so," that one thereafter maintained that his face fairly shone with a poetic, a yearning, a holy light! Alack, for the frailty of spiritual signs. This intensity, in truth, was a reflection of the wretched man's striving to recollect his accoster's name.

For the Rev. Gedney Just had his secret, his born in the flesh, legitimately there, too, since he derived it from his father. That parent had been so absent-minded that his only son had been a constantly-recurring surprise to him. "Ur? Ah?" he would ejaculate, "Gedney, hey? Why, when was he born?" One day that parent had forgot to breathe, and hence had died, and then Gedney's mamma had forgiven him, but for all that she determined that the son should not follow in the steps—the missteps—of his father. She strove in vain, however, only succeeding in implanting in the lad a strong shame of his falling.

As a clergyman, therefore Gedney not only concealed this trait from habit, but he had a keen sense of the sacredness of his office, and felt that ridicule, while endurable by the man, could not be submitted to by the priest. He cultivated various systems of mnemonics and tried by the association of ideas to conserve his own identity. Poor, single man! Often in the midst of his planning, his mind would float away and then luck alone could answer for the erratic actions of his body. Poor, humble soul! he little realized how closely he was watched.

When he tied a blue thread around his little finger, meaning thereby "laundry," he never imagined that the next day a score of maidens would be similarly decorated in the belief that thus they were imitating some mystical form of worship.

It was a great comfort to Gedney's mamma when he had been called to St. Simon's, for she recognized that her sheep need not be exposed to the ruthless shearing of the ordinary boarding-house keeper. Her intimate friend, the Widow Barling, dwelt in the town in all that comfort of which an affluent middle-aged widow is apt to be an expert. Letters were exchanged, and, after his induction—if that term may again be attempted—Gedney occupied the second-story front rooms of her luxurious home. And when, of an evening, after he had found his slippers in his writing desk and, as a consequence, fished out his sermon from under the bed, he settled into his easy chair before the glowing hearth, he would speedily regain his equanimity, and murmur, "It is good to be here."

But the vestals of the Dorcas Society did not think it good for him to be there; no, not at all. In their eyes the Widow Barling was not old enough, nor her daughter Norah young enough, to give his abode a decorous air of monastic seclusion. However, the former soon withered into a crone and the latter shrank into a chit before a more imminent danger. It was whispered that Venetia Lane's disdainful glance waned as it rested on the clergyman; waned, and then grew warm.

Doubtless it was this same atmosphere of disdain which had preserved Venetia Lane; for she admitted to be thirty-five years old, with a curling lip which plainly asked: "What of it?" And, indeed, what of it? She was a beautiful woman, stately as a Queen, with the walk of a goddess. What of it, indeed? Was there a man who ever came within her influence who had not sighed to kiss her hand? Was there a woman who ever saw her who dared to dispute her superiority? Thirty-five years old? Why, of course she was, and for the next twenty years she proposed to be the same peerless, superb, unapproachable Miss Lane.

It was after Diana had chanced upon Endymion that her first wrinkles appeared. Passion is a disturber; it wrenches placid nerves and drives away beauty sleep. A few months after Venetia Lane met Gedney Just she changed her views regarding the future, and perceived that the time of her marriage had arrived, since the right man had come. Eighteen years of social success had given shrewdness to Venetia. For her every masculine book was without a clasp. She read Gedney accurately, and was taught admiration by his strength and love by his weakness. The blue thread had no mystical meaning to her, yet it bound her to him like a band of steel. How charming he was in his simplicity. Ah, what a guide she would be for his ingenuousness if only he were eager to choose! Yes, Gedney Just's darling secret was open to her, to her alone of all the devotees who worshipped at his at his shrine, with one trifling exception. This trifling exception was that chit of a daughter, Norah Barling. And truly the young girl was rather insignificant. She was short and slight and brown, and were it not for her eyes, indeed, the Rev. Gedney Just would have never remembered her name, yearn as best he could; but they were such virgin pools of light that he never even had to pause to think. Not that he saw much of Norah. She was still busy with her music and languages, still o'ershadowed by her mother's lingering vivacity. But gradually, in his mind, a thousand little unnoticed attentions and comforts revived and combined, and associated themselves with the limpid glance of those pure young eyes; gradually he came to realize that he liked her, and that without her, instead of occasionally losing himself, he would be completely lost. And those same soft orbs were keen. Norah knew all about the thorn in the flesh, else how could she so often deftly avert its point. It delighted her to think that she could serve this grand man; that when he, the King, became involved in a net of trifles, she, the little mouse, could gnaw away the strands. Oh, yes; the Rev. Gedney Just liked Norah; perhaps that was why he was so blind to Miss Lane's predilection, so insensible to the advantages of her protection. There are shepherds, it is well known, before whom the dumbest sheep will with confidence open its mouth and bleat. It was mortifying for Miss Lane to turn from her beauty to her ingenuity; but her passion was too exigent for any hesitation. Since the young clergyman would not be active, he should be passive. Only let the opportunity arise when his unsuspected absent-mindedness should lead him into some flagrant blunder, exposing him to the ridicule and even the contempt of his parishioners, then her sympathy and countenance should sustain him, and out from gratitude would spring love. Only let—ah, the easiest permission was to inaugurate, to direct, to control; she, herself, would make the occasion, the instant scattered chances were in sight! Of course, such recourse was mortifying; but what then? Once the goal is reached, who cares for the path? Once married, a good man will be happy with any sort of a wife, and she would be the very best sort.

Therefore, Miss Venetia Lane kept surveying the landscape o'er for signs of promise, and meanwhile, she cultivated frequent meetings, since habit will sometimes lead the blind. St. Simon's had ever been celebrated for zeal in the cause of temperance. Repudiating all restraints of sect, it has founded and prompted the "Woman's Interdenominational Temperance League," in which all city churches were united. Naturally enough, St. Simon's led in this cause; naturally enough Miss Lane was St. Simon's leader; in a word, she was President of the society. As such, it became her duty to arrange the anniversary celebration to be held in St. Simon's church, and here she could with reason call on the assistant for assistance; she could and she did.

It was determined that the Rev. Gedney Just should deliver a commemorative sermon. The day was set for a certain Saturday, and then a difference arose between the plenipotentiaries. The clergyman wished the exercise to occur in the morning; the young lady preferred the afternoon. After a sporadic discussion, the subject was dropped, he retaining a vague idea of success, she knowing that her views would be carried out. With characteristic zeal and absorption Gedney plunged into the work of his address. He chose the pungent text, "There is death in the pot," for his theme, and he sustained the allegation by a terrific presentment of incidents and statistics.

Then came the scattered chances for which Miss Lane had been peering; although their combination did not at first suggest itself. An old and faithful sister of the Church, Miss Tabitha Potts by name, who had for many years borne the heat and the burden, and who would surely have been a Deaconess had that order been recognized, died. Her benefactions had been numerous and munificent; from the gargoyles on the tower to the roredos of the altar, the name of Potts, as given, flashes at the glance. It was also hoped that her will would show the way to other gifts; hence it was concluded that her burial services must attain the dignity of obsequies, since there was not only the assurance of duty, but the probability of dust from dust. The Rev. Dr. Duffin sent for his assistant.

"My dear young friend," he announced. "I fear you must cast yourself into this breach. My spirit, as you know, is willing, but my flesh—ah, I am a sad invalid, but I must submit. The funeral will be on Saturday, in the afternoon, I think. Prepare such a memorial sermon as I would have prepared in the days of my activity. Won't you stay to dinner? No? Well, the Lord be with you."

The Rev. Gedney Just, like the gallant Christian soldier that he was, did cast himself into the breach. For the next two days he worked almost incessantly, and when mechanically performed such extraneous details as eating and sleeping, his intellect still kept fixed and absorbed on the duties of the approaching Saturday. A great day it would be for him, since one which would approve his usefulness. In the morning the exercises of "the Temperance Interdenominational League"; in the afternoon, the solemnities in memory of the lamented Tabitha Potts. Mindful of the bit of original weakness which his father had passed on to him, the young clergyman frequently contemplated this order of events, until it became stationary and permanent in his mind.

Meanwhile Miss Lane as President of the league, has issued invitations for the anniversary exercises to be held Saturday afternoon. Meantime the relatives of Miss Potts, deceased, had notified Dr. Muffin that friends and acquaintances were summoned to attend with them the last sad rites to be performed at the church Saturday morning.

It was late Friday afternoon when Miss Venetia Lane gathered these scattered chances into an occasion. She was hastening homeward from the final meeting of the Executive Committee when she was joined by the Rev. Gedney Just, who had been verifying some statistics at the Free Library. He was pleased in his readiness for the morrow, pleased that he had been able to sustain one of his keenest arguments with numerical proof.

"Ah, Miss Lane," he began almost gayly, "I presume, like a careful general, you have every detail in perfect adjustment for the morning. We shall have a great, a noteworthy gathering from all I hear."

"In the morning?" repeated Miss Lane. "I have striven to the utmost of my feeble powers with the address," continued the clergyman, fervidly. "I believe I was blessed in my selection of a text. Does not this portion of Scripture, taken from the fortieth verse of the fourth chapter of Second Kings, "There is death in the pot," strike you as predestined in its force and aptness?"

"For to-morrow—" again repeated Miss Lane, and then intuition and experience came to her aid. "Oh!" she cried, with enthusiasm, "the very thing. I'm sure your words will convince many that there is safety alone in total abstinence. But I fear you will be so tired for the funeral in the afternoon."

For shame, Miss Venetia Lane, to thus clinch the misconception of this wretched young man! Think how overthrown and ruined will be his career of usefulness if, before that decorous assemblage of mourners he should announce such an astounding statement as the theme of his eulogy! Would the bereft ever doubt the fiendish cunning and mischief of that most unfortunate play of words? Would the victim ever recover his wits sufficiently to attempt to elucidate the mystery? Explain, oh, explain ere it be too late, the error of this wool-gathering, and requite the disappointment of hopes by the consciousness of duty done!

But no, the view was too clear, too felicitous. Venetia could foresee the confusion, the bewilderment, the uproar, the surge of indignant audience, the retreat of the panic-stricken preacher. And then, when all had turned away in anger and contempt, she could see a fair form bending over him, a white hand stroking his fevered brow, and hers were that form and that hand!

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Just," she continued, "to-morrow morning you will do much for the league."

They had reached the corner where their ways separated, and the clergyman was standing with hat doffed in parting salutation, when a man whom they both recognized as Dr. Muffin's servant handed him a letter. The Rev. Gedney thrust it abstractedly within the inner lining of his broadbrim, and Venetia gave a sigh of relief. Doubtless that missive related to the hour set for the funeral. Well, then, five minutes Miss Venetia Lane talked at a rate which would have left the most expert stenographer tripping over his symbols; and when at length the young man hastened home he was as oblivious of the contents of his hat as that hat was of the head which it so decorously crowned.

The next morning was a time of nervous excitement for the Rev. Gedney Just. Many trifles annoyed him, and in so doing grew mountainous. Never before had every article of dress so successfully secreted itself; never before had his tie been so unruly and his hair so refractory. At length, with a general indefinite sense of being undone, he set forth, first thrusting his temperance sermon into his pocket, and gaining therefrom a solitary gleam of satisfaction. "That's all right, at any rate," he muttered.

As an incident of his rattled condition, it may be mentioned that he wore the oldest of his old hats. Consequently when Norah Barling noticed on the hallrack the seemly tile which he should have worn, certain suspicions which had sprung from his superlunary gaze gained strength. But when loving examination led to the discovery of the note, with seal yet unbroken, concealed beneath the band, then she realized that her hero had gone forth to meet the events of this great day without the armor of self-possession. What else might he not have left at home? She sped to the study; there on a desk lay a manuscript. She opened it; it was the funeral sermon which even now he ought to be delivering! What, then, had he taken in its stead? What, then? Why, of course the temperance address with which his head had been so full. Horrors unutterable, should he thus mix morality and mortality, it would not be total abstinence but total extinction for him! Ah, little mouse, now is the hour for thy devotion! The lion, heedless and overconfident, hath stepped full into the toils. Haste, and obey thy heart, for love is its unerring monitor!

Through the streets sped Norah Barling, with the sermon within her breast, and as she sped she heard the solemn knell of St. Simon's great brass bell. As she approached the church she saw the long line of carriages and the press of people fulfilling the obligation of respect. Oh, she was too late! Through the windows came vibrations of a processional, a march to doom, of which her poor, dear, innocent Gedney was the victim! How could she reach him, surrounded as he was by the clergy and engirded by altar boys and mourners? And yet there was the side door, close to the steps leading up to the pulpit. The pulpit itself was a great, roomy circular box, massive and curiously carved, and inclosed to the height of a man's chest. It was gloomy in the church, and no one would notice her; yes, she would make the attempt, since no other way of attempt appeared.

It was just when the funeral procession turned into the main aisle, while the attention of the congregation was concentrated on its deliberate and stately progress, that a little brown shadow fluttered up the pulpit steps and crouched under the reading desk among the pamphlets and Prayer Books.

When the Rev. Gedney Just had reached St. Simon's that morning it was late. He had rushed into the vestry room intent on joining his brother clergymen already seemly in surplices. During intervals of his attiring the consciousness recurred that something was wrong, that once more had his darling fault led him astray. But the present duty was so urgent, so evident, that he did not stop to trace his premonitions to their inevitable conclusion. Whether it was morning or afternoon, whether the league's anniversary had been held or was postponed he had no time to try to recollect; one thing was certain, the funeral of the lamented Miss Tabitha Potts was at hand, however it had arrived, and he, too, was at hand to conduct it, however he had kept the assignment. The Rev. Gedney Just joined his brethren and advanced with a mind devoted to the sad truth that "man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble."

There was silence in the great, shadowy church; silence and gloom, as the young clergyman slowly mounted the steps of the pulpit. Slowly he took his station, with the deliberation of habit; slowly he laid his manuscript on his desk and adjusted the degree of the light. Now, at least, he felt at home; now, at least, with the written words before him, he couldn't err. And, indeed, it behooved him to do well, for how solemn were the myriad white faces; verily, he was before a jury, too serious of heart to deal out any pity! Do well; of course he would, for he was prepared. The friends of the decedent should be grateful; his friends should be proud—his own friends, of whom he saw so many. There on the side sat that respectable Miss Lane. How intent seemed her gaze; doubtless she was thinking of those anniversary services, to be—or had they been? Well, no matter, the present was quite adequate for his attention; let the past and the future take care of themselves.

The Rev. Gedney Just opened his black-covered manuscript. Instantaneous as had been his thoughts, they were nothing in rapidity to those which now surged through his brain; for before his protruding eyes glared the words of the text: "There is death in the pot." His lips were even trembling with their utterance! In the glance he saw his insane, his fatal error; saw the fair fabric of his aspirations tottering, falling and in their ruins read his disgrace. What could he do, what explanation could he make; even his discovery was more bitter than his stupidity, for now, when he might retrieve, he could not remember one word of that discourse which he had so carefully prepared for this impending occasion! Remember? How could a hapless mortal remember when his hair was straining and his tongue was cleaving and every limb was shaking and racked with pain? Why, were he not alone, so woefully alone, he would believe that he felt a pinch on his left leg. Absurd! a part and parcel of his mania; but yet—the Rev. Gedney Just instinctively reached down. As he did so, something was thrust into his hand; and a sweet voice whispered, "Here is the sermon; I brought it to you. Don't be confused, but do your duty as you always have."

Do his duty? Aye, that he would. Chronic absence of mind has this recompense; its victim is accustomed to surprise. Without a falter the Rev. Gedney Just placed the manuscript before him; without a tremor he began the delivery of the now familiar words. If an angel had come to his rescue, the least he could do was to avail himself of that angel's help. What man wouldn't do his duty when his future happiness lay at his feet?

It was after the services were over, when the congregation had dispersed, and the eulogized Tabitha had been gathered to her fathers, and when Miss Venetia Lane had crept home in hopeless amazement, that the old sexton, about to leave, noticed a couple standing hand in hand by the chancel rail. At first he softly whistled with surprise as he recognized the Rev. Gedney Just and Norah Barling. Then he smiled with satisfaction, for his shrewdness told him that he saw the rehearsal of a scene which would surely bring him a goodly fee.

"The Proof of the Pudding's the Preen o't."
James Kennedy, Esq., the well-known merchant St. John N. B., after personal test of Hawker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry says: "I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from a cough or cold and would ask them to test it and be convinced.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
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MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
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Death List Growing Larger.

TERRIBLE RESULTS OF EARTHQUAKE IN GREECE.

Athens, April 23.—Many reports from the towns which suffered more severely from the earthquakes were received yesterday afternoon and evening. The loss of life and property is much greater than first supposed. In Laeris district 29 persons are known to be killed by falling walls, and many others are missing.

The parish church in Proskine collapsed during vespers and 30 men and women were killed outright.

There was a small loss of human life in Athens and its environs. The damage to property is enormous. For years the work of restoring the famous Byzantine church at Daphne has been in progress. The dome and wall which had been repaired, yesterday were cracked and crumbled, and the beautiful mosaics disfigured beyond hope of restoration. In dozens of towns the houses were destroyed, and the inhabitants are camping under shelter unfit for human beings.

London, April 23.—A despatch from Athens says the earthquake destroyed eight villages in the district of Atlanta. In that district alone forty persons were killed and several hundred injured. Huge chasms opened in the earth about Atlanta.

Corn Sowing.
Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes; they are dangerous to use and are sold simply because they afford the dealer larger profit.

—Every act of life—all our work, and study, and enjoyment, our temptations, our sins, our repentance, our faith, our virtue, are preparing us—whether we think it or not—for happiness or misery hereafter.

—Bad blood causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cures bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

—On many stock farms are to be seen dull-eyed, rough-haired, undersized and spiritless colts, whose distended bodies during the winter season show plainly that they are the victims of too much hay or straw and too little of the condensed and nutritious oats and bran.

A Bad Breath Would Spoil the Beauty of a Venus.
Catarrh, the fruitful source of bad breath is positively cured by using Hawker's Catarrh Cure. Try it. Only 25 cents.

—This is an excellent time to begin spraying the vines and trees to destroy fungus and spores. It is never too early to begin, and the work should be done frequently, which will lessen the labor after the buds appear.

—Write the Proprietors of Puttner's Emulsion for copies of testimonials to the excellence of Puttner's Emulsion from the most skilful physicians and prominent citizens of Nova Scotia.

USE THE BRUSH.—This is the season when the brush will prove beneficial if used on the hide of the cow. It is as important to keep her clean as it is to groom the horse.

—English Spavin Liniment removes all hard soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeney, Sitfles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by deBlois & Primrose.

—Brittle and rotten hoofs are often caused by the horses standing in the soft, ammoniated stalls too long at a time.

—The reputation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood medicine, is maintained by daily cures.