THE DIRTY-FACED BRAZ.

"Please let me scrape off the snow from
"our walk?"
"No! Got out! You dirty-faced brat!"
And he went, with a curl sticking out
through a hole In the top of his little torn hat; But he furned once and said, with a tear

in his eye,
"Please, mister, my mother is poor,"
"I told you once, no! take your shove!

And don't you come back any more." His jacket was threadbare, his thin hreeches patched.

And his boots were too large for his feet.

To he shivered and stood in the falling

And the cold, bitter winds in the street. Itis face was a picture of hunger and

want. And his face was a stranger to joy; He looked, as he wiped his brown eyes with his sloove,

Like the wreck of a beautiful boy, Sweet charity coaxed him to try it again, And urged by the voice of distress. He picked up his shovel and wandered along

" Through the snow with a hope of suc-He felt in his brave little heart that some friend

Would aid him because he was poor. That night he went home, made his mother's heart glad My driving the wolf from the door. *

He told his poor mother how he had gone in And asked to scrape snow from the door, But the gentleman called him a "dirty-

facual brat." And ordered him out of his store. How he walked down the street and was hailed by the voice

of a little girl, who wanted to know If he'd walt there a minute. "Little boy, mamma says, Won't you come in and shovel the

"God bless the lady!" that poor mother

"She's an angel on earth in disguise." As the little boy knelt by his bedside in prayer she watched him with tears in her eyes. They were tears of affection and love for

her child-Tears from her bosom of joy-Tears proof to God that a mother had raised A Christian and dutiful boy.

That poy is no longer a boy, but a man, And his poor mother died years ago, But his beautiful wife is the sweet little

Who asked him to shovel the snow. And he's now taking care of the wreck of of a man In his home, who's as blind as a bat,

And who never will know that his friend shoveled snow, Or was over a "dirty-faced brat."

-Courier Journal. DOLLY'S SUBJECTION.

Mille. Brownetti's gold-mounted riding whip executed a series of sharp litthe taps against her bespangled gauze skirts, as she ejaculated rather excited-

"I love you, I love you—that is what you men are constantly saying. How am I to know, Dick Strutton, If it is myself you care for, or the money that Firefly and I can earn? I wish to good-ness had just remained Dolly Brown insteal of becoming the celebrated equestrionne, Matte, Prownetti. Then I would have a good chance, perhaps, of being loved for myself."

Ignoring the reproachful glance of her companion's eyes she added

that he aderes me, and yet if I should break my leg to night, I wonder if there'd be one faithful among my many admirers."

Then smiling archly, she continued mischievously; "Do you think it would be worth my while to sacrifice a limb?"
Dolly, you know."

Holding up a pretty dimpled hand, Miss Dolly, with a coquettish pout, stayed the words upon his lips, then shaking her head and assuming a dole-ful look, she rejoined:

"But they all say that."

A sancy rippling laugh escaped her
protty lips, as, after making him a most piquant little courtesy, she tripped gracefully toward the ring entrance, whilst Dick Stratton, biting his nother lip, exclaimed savagely:

An artful little coquette! I'll cease to love her from this moment." Which resolve he immediately set in



force by hurrying to see that everything was as it should be about the trappings of bolly's pretty mare, Firefly.

The applause was deafening as Midle.

Brownetti executed one daring leat efter

once or twice the little rested rather anxiously upon Dick Stratton's handsome face, and she was decidedly piqued at his apparent neglect, for not once during the pauses between her acts did he approach

Not that she lacked for attention, a-bovy of her admirers being on duty in the ring, but the fair equestrience ap-peared not to be her usual amiable self this evening, for her devoted followers were one and all snubbed.

Malles Brownetti was just about to do the finish by placing her foot upon the mare's neck, when she lost her balance and fell, striking heavily against the ring curb.

length the accident to the popular forth the dangerous risks circus-rider, and concluding

"We regret sincerely the dangero accident to our fair equestrienne. Its lady may live for years, never again will she delight an audience with her daring and graceful performance."

Notes of condolence, flowers, etc., poured in upon the stricken equestrienne,



Uncommonly pretty did Mille. Brownetti look and the first day she was able to

She laughed softly to herself as one by one her admirers bowed themselves out. How quickly their ardor had cooled! "So sorry," etc, but not one had said to her now that she was disabled from earning her living, "Will you give me the right to work for you? Will you be my wife?"

With a half-expectant, half-wistful look, she glanced at the clock upon the mantel, as with a smile, followed quickly by a sigh, rather

"I wonder if he will fail me, too?" Then with a comical little twinkle shining in her eyes, she added; "If he should, and he my last chance."

Uncommonly pretty did Mdlle. Brown etti look, despite her serious accident. as she lay propped up by soft pillows on a wide lounge, the color coming and going in her fair cheeks as she listened for a certain step. But when the owner of that step entered the room it was a very sedate greeting he received.
Raising her hand to his lips he exclaimed passionately:

"To think of this, my darling!"
"Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?" swered she, softly patting the hand he had kissed, while again the comical twinkle shone in her eyes, but it died slowly out and a sweet shyness stole in its place beneath the lowered lids, as Dick, his voice hoarse with emotion,

said: "When you were well and strong you drove the love I offered you back upon me, doubting its truth. I tried to kill the love you despised, but it lived in spite of me, and so once more I bring it to you. My darling, try to love me a little—be my wife. Give me the right to protect and shield

"Dick, do you really mean it? Do you want me just the same without any —any—legs?" And Dolly was actually laughing, while the tears clung to her



"Minus legs?" she archly interrupted.

Dick, gaining courage, passed his arm about the young girl's should-

As she did not rebuke him, she did not probably notice it.

"Well, just a little," was the demure reply, followed by: "Won't you look funny wheeling me about in one of those chairs! Not that I have made up my mind to accept you. You see, it would be such a dreadful sacrifice on your part."
Pressing her tenderly to him, he

whispered:
"Sacrifice, Dolly, when I love you
better than my life?"
Then his lips touched gently those
near his own, as he murmured:

"Dolly, my wife, is it not?"

"I don't suppose I can do better. It's not likely a helpless thing like me will ever get another offer." Then smiling, at his protesting look, she added:

at his protesting look, she added:

"Now, just let me blindfold you for a minute, and when I say three you can take it off."

As he would have submitted to anything from those fair hands, he obediently knelt down to have the handchief placed about his eyes, it and stood as he was requeste

Suddenly he felt two plump arms stealing about his neck, and forgetting all about the one, two, three business, he tore off the bandage, and there, beside him, hiding her blushing face upon his shoulder, stood Dolly.

"You're—you're not——"
"Hinus legs?" she archly interrupted, as, humming an aris, she walted gracefully around him.

and the accident happened so opportune ly. But, Dick, I think right down in m heart I believed in you; anyway I would never have got over it if you

came in immediately after us, and seated himself in such a way that he could look directly in her face without seeming to be rude, and during the entire service he seemed so absorbed in gazing at her that he apparently knew nothing After the service I said quietly to

as I once was. Twenty-five years ago I was a widow, as I am to-day, but then I was thirty-five, and to-day I am sixty. Then I was attractive—to-day I don't know what I am. When James-that was my husband's Miriam as we rose: name-died, he left me unprovided for, and as I had a home full of good furin a gray suit is my second-floor front."

She said laughingly: niture, and a lease on a house in a good position, I was advised by my friends to let my rooms.

I had little trouble in letting all my rooms, except the second floor front, the best in the house, and for this the applicants all said that I asked too much. However, I would not come down, and so two months passed with my best " I met you at church last night. That apartment empty.
One day the chambermaid, whose duty was a remarkably pretty girl you had

it was to attend to the street-door, told me that there was a gentleman in the parlor who wanted to see the second floor front, and in answer to my question brought forth by her contemptuous wav the parlor. of using the word "man," when in all other cases it was "gentleman," she

said: "He's a rough-lookin' person, ma'am, kinder country-lookin', and not so very young, nayther, though, mebbe, he may

WALTER GRAYS WILL

It's hard to confess it, particularly hard for a woman, but I am obliged to admit that I am no longer as young

be single. I went to the parlor to find a man of about fifty, of not attractive face, which showed exposure, rough hands, exhibit-ing labor, and of very careless dress, though everything he had on denoted that he was not poor.

I did not care for the man as a second floor front; and when he asked to see it. me' him with the price, putting on three tollars a week more. This did not seem to disturb him, and

so I could do nothing els than show it. When I did, he merely walked in, stalked over to one of the windows, and gazing out of it for a few moments, turned to me and said :

"I'll take it, ma'am; and here's a month's rent in advance." In the afternoon the expressman left two large trunks, and then I knew that my lodger's name was Ralph Brown.

That evening he followed his trunks and I sent Norah up to see if he wanted anything or would have a cup of tea. She was gone ten minutes, when she returned smiling, and said:

"Shure, misthress, Misther Brown's parfick gintleman. He didn't want a thing in the warrid, but some hot wather ivery mornin' at eight o'clock, an' d'ye see now what he gave me, an' says I hall have it every month rigiar;" and Norah displayed a five-dollar bill.

Oh, oh! thought I, is that the way the cat jumps? If so, I'm too independent to take advantage of it; and then I asked Norah what Mr. Brown was doing. thinking, of course, she would say he was unpacking his trunks. Shure nothin', ma'am, but lookin' out

at the windy." Looking out of the window was all Mr. Brown did when he took the rooms, and that's what I found him doing the next morning, when I went to his room to ask him if there was anything I could do to add to his comfort, and that's all Norah found him doing when she entered his room to attend to her duties therein.

Mr. Brown was coldly polite when 1 called on him. He wanted nothing, he said, and, Norah declared, asket no questions, not even my name, but only looked out of the window.

Could the me be developing a necu Har feature of insanity? I remembered to have read years be for a case where a patient had, for forty years, stood in one particular corner, and was only violent and dangerous when he was removed from it, and I thought to myself that perhaps Mr. Brown's mania might come under that

By-and-by it began to disturb me very much. I was only a type of my sex, and it had become a matter of personal cur

iosity with me. I went out frequently when I knew he was in the house, so that I could go to the corner, cross the way, and look up at the window, and there I always saw him half concealed behind the curtain. Sometimes I could hear him run quickly dowr 'he stairs, and rushing rapidly into

the street, walk away, up or down, as

the humor seemed to take him. At last an idea struck me. He was a detective, and was watching one of the houses opposite, and with that idea for a clue, I became still more vigilant, and with Norah's help, came to the conclusion that his attention was riveted on a small house almost opposite, on the side of the door of which was a sign, with the name of "Cavendish, Dress

maker," on it. Then I called in Norah's help again who very soon discovered that "Caven-dish, Dressmaker," meant an elderly lady, and her daughter of nineteen, who to all appearance, had seen better days, but had piled that vocation in the same locality for two years, during which time the old lady had been a confirmed invalid and rarely left the house while they had no company except one , oung

man, who was suspected to be Miss Miriam Cavendish's intended. So far, so good; and now what con-nection was there between the Caven-dishes and my lodger? That I was determined to find out, though some

people would say it was none of my business; but I say it was as long as he was my lodger. The first step in the matter was to be come acquainted with the Cavendishes.

I walked in upon them one morning, introduced myself, and told them I wanted a dress made.

I ras received by both—the mother, a pale, fligh-bred, gentle-spoken woman; the daughter, a beautiful, dark-haired, dark-eyed girl. I never met with a sweeter creature

in my life than Miriam Cavendish. I loved that girl from the first moment I saw her, and I made every excuse while they were working for me to run over and gossip with them, and I uses to take them over little tid-bits, and if I had nothing else to take, a jar of preserves or pickles, some particularly fine tea, or a bottle of wine for the old lady, for it

By and by the Cavendishes and I be same well acquainted, and I used to talk to them all about my lodgers, and especially about my second floor front.

It was clear to me at once that they new nothing about him.

he house so strangely at the house he had lit was because in his watching he had seen Miriam come out of her house, and he followed her, coming back when she he followed her, coming back when she he followed her, and her out the followed her, and her out the followed her, and sure, joining her or

church, and one night I invited myself to go with her, satisfied that Mr. Brown followed her, and I found that I was

"Don't look now, dear, but presently lance over to your right, and that man

"He'll never have to pay a tax on his beauty, Mrs. Fisher, will he? I think he's about the ugliest man I ever saw." It was plain that she did not know him. The next day I met Mr. Brown in the hall, by his own intention, I am sure. "Good-morning, Mrs. Fisher," he said.

I answered, "Yes, and as good as she was pretty," and then, seeing that he was inclined for a goesip, I invited him into

I told him all I knew of Miriam, which really was not much, but what seemed to trouble him the most was that Miriam, was engaged to be married to Charles McIntyre, the young man whom, no doubt, Mr. Brown had frequently seen calling there, and they were only waiting for McIntyre's promotion—he was a clerk in the post office-to bring it about. One thing I did not forget to let him

know, and that was that the Cavendishes were very poor. After this, but on the other side of the street, there was commotion. The first was caused by the arrival of a beautiful bouquet, with only a card inscribe From a friend." Then came a basket o. costly

fruit the same way, without any chance of questioning the mes-enger. To be short, almost daily came something, even to a cartload of groceries, and all untraceable, and so sent that they could not send them away, without absolutely throwing them into the street.

The Cavendi-hes could not imagine the source, and were terribly amazed. I did know, but did not tell, and laughed away their doubts and fears, until the old lady looked upon them as gifts from heaven, and accepted blindly, while I

wondered as much as ever. Could Brown be in love with Miriam and afraid to declare it? Absurd! he was old, ugly, queer, and, I found out partially deformed; and, stranger still when I offered to take him over to Mrs. Cavendish's, and introduce him, he peremptorily declined.

And now comes the strangest part of all, and the end. One morning, I was startled by the screams of Norah, and I rushed up to

Mr. Brown's room to find him stretched senseless on the floor, just under the window, where he had, doubtless, faller while looking out. We got him on the bed, and Norah ran for Dr. King, who pronounced it

apoplexy, and said that he might recover for a while, but the attack was He did recover consciousness and speech in a few hours, and bade me send

a message for a certain lawyer. When the lawyer came, he and Dr. King were closeted with Mr. Brown for several hours, and then I and one of my lodgers were called in to witness a will. Fo three days Mr. Brown angered, and I must say that Norah and I did our

duty by him, as well as the doctor, and saw the poor fellow, who the lawyer

said had neither friends nor relations in the whole world, quietly laid to He requested us all that we have his will read immediately after his funeral,

and that Miss Miriam Cavendish be present at the reading. I was not surprised at all this; and yet, at the same time, when, the day before, I had whisperingly asked him if he would like to see Miriam, that if he would I would bring her over, he had shaken his head in a frightened

manner, and had turned his face to the The will was read, and after enumerating his property, which footed up to nearly a million, everything was left to Miriam Cavendish, with the proviso that she was never to marry, and if she refused it upon these terms, then search was to be made for Ellen Moore, of ---- county, New Hampshire-and the whole given to her or her heirs. Failing this, he gave it to hospitals and various charities, which he named. The con-

cluding part of the will read: "In leaving my property to Ellen Moore, I leave it with my forgiveness for the cruel way that she treated me over thirty years ago, a way that drove me from my native land and made my life a wreck, and for further explanation, I refer her, if living, to my letter accompany-

ing this will." "I shall refuse this bequest," said Miriam. "I am engaged to be married, and I would not break it for all the wealth

of the world. "And I," said old Mrs. Cavendish, who had come over with her daughter, "claim it as Ellen Moore, of the town of county, New Hampshire, though I never knew any one by the name of Ralph Brown."

"The will is made and signed by Walter Gray," said the awyer quietly.
"Oh!" exclaimed the old 'ady, excitedly. "I thought he was dead long

"I fe-got, mamma, that your name was once Moore," said Miriam. Then Mr. Brown's letter was read.

It was long, but the short of it was that he told how, when he was eighteen, he had fallen in love with Ellen Moore, and being rejected, he had left home, changed his name, and had ever since been a wanderer on the face of the earth. He had become rich in California, and was on his way back to his native town,

when, one day, walking through the city, he had seen Miriam, who so startled him by her likeness to his early love, Ellen Moore, that he followed her found out where she lived, and from that mothough he felt no disposition to approa her nearer than he had, and died in norance as to who she really was.

Mrs. Cavendish gave her own explanation of Walter Gray's letter.

"When I knew Walter, over thirty

years ago, he was a shop-boy, and was not earning enough to keep himself, let alone a wife, while my father was rich and an officer in the Navy. He fell in love with me, and I laughed at and dis-"He disappear is all. "He disappeared, and I have not heard from him until to-day. I afterwards married Mr. Cavendish, and when ill e overtook us we came here, and,

of course, poor Gray could not recognize in Miriam anything more than what he thought the chance resemblance to Ellen Moore." Ellen Moore took Walter Gray's wearth, and her daughter married McIntyre, hile North and I each took a smale gasy which Mr. Brown had willed us.

ELEVATED RAILROADS.

Through the Air in New York ery Year-Comfortable Rapid Transic Not Let Provided in the M tropolis.

has most wonderful thing in New York to the average visitor is its system of elevated railroads, thirty-two miles in length, which carries about a hundred million passengers a year.

HIGH FARE AND LOW FARE. During the early morning and early evening when people go to and return from business the fare is but five cents for the single passage; at all other times on



Waiting for the cheap fare.

week days ten cents. During the whole of Sunday passengers are carried for the lower price, very much to the public convenience and augmenting by large figures the aggregate of passengers carried.

The majority of people in New York don't like to pay more than they are required to pay by the horse-car companies for a street ride. Nothing suggests this more plainly than the sight presenting itself at all the stations at about the time when the change of fare takes place.

Just before half-past eight in the morning the station offices are thronged with people eager to get their ticket before the red side of the card, showing the fare to be five cents, is reversed and the white side confronts the belated passenger, doubling his expenditure by the simplest process conceivable.

In the language of the immortal Eccles, "it is 'ard" to convince the average man or woman that the lapse of a second should double the consideration for which the company contracts to carry the passenger.

The scene is reversed at half-past four, when folks stand awaiting the turn of the card giving them the right to ride for half the figure charged the instant before. The crowding of cars at certain times

in the day is inconvenient and dangerous, especially as hundreds of people ride long distances on the platforms, with no strap to hold by and exposed to inclemencies of weather and annoyance from smoky particles which are thrown from the chimney of the locomotive.

The structure on which the cars run, with the exception of that on Second Avenue, would not support in habitual use a train with a locomotive heavier

than from eighteen to twenty-five tons and drawing tive cars each containing seats for forty-four persons, more or During the busy hours of the day

trains cun from the City Hall at twominute intervals, and from South Ferry with the same frequency. When they reach Chatham Square Station they alternate at intervals of only one minut, and trains are besides run out from this point quite often, so that, from Chatham Square up, three sets of trains are running at the same time on the structure, all going the

same way with the average of less than a minute between trains. This is on the Third Avenue line, the most erowded of all. GOING TO THE TRAIN. Travelling on the "elevator" induces greater hurry in a people apt to be in too great a hurry before its introduction.

An ingenious writer has attempted to show that its use has increased the number of persons sullering from disease A man starts to catch a train. Ten to one before he has half reached the long flight of steps leading to the station, he hears and sees one coming. Whereupon he hurries to catch it, thus increasing the

fatigue of his ascent. He nervously gets his ticket, rushes on to the platform, probably forgets to throw his ticket into the box, and is called to



the performance of this duty by the uni-formed official whose duty lies in seeing the tickets deposited and in cancelling This he does by working a species ump-handle which is the most pron ent feature of the box at which

Two sides of the top portion of this box are of glass, the other two of wood. The ticket is received into a wedge-shaped interior of glass, not closed at the bottom but allowing the ticket to fall on a movable glass bottom.

When the official moves the handle of the box this bottom is lifted up, throwing the ticket or tickets into an unseen interior, where the motion of

ced traveler keeps his ticket

and jumps on the train, to be off in an

Very funny things happer at the

of a woman throwing her baby into

one of them, but both men and women

not infrequently tumble money into their interior, handfulls of change and some

Umbrellas are jammed into the re-

What is a man to do with a mouth.

The secrets of the cancelling-box have

ceptacle, much to the annoyance of the

ful of tobacco-juice, under the circum.

stances, but void it into this convenient

to be exposed not seldom to oblige

the passenger who in his haste has de

posited in it what he can spare less than

times whole pursefulls of cash.

cold-blooded canceller.

the tiny bit of pasteboard for which he paid a second before. THE CARS ON AERIAL RAILWAYS. Cars on the elevated roads are hand. some and spacious, but heavy, most of them probably weighing not under sixteen thousand pour-They are divided off into comfor e seats, ex. ases, the full tending in perhaps mos length of the car. But there are cross seats in the middle part of some of the cars used on all the lines. Suitable rea insurance of panelled exit it against accident. The enger is exhorted to purily his I, to take

corns, to buy hats of a particular maker, and what not. He is cautioned against putting his feet on the seat, and while perfectly at liberty to make a spittoon of the matting, he is politely requested not to

certain magazines.

expectorate out of the window. . VIEW OF THE ELEVATED SYSTEM. The thirty-two miles of elevated rail. roads in New York City are now under the management of one company, which shows a praiseworthy disposition to

meet the public convenience as far as Probably every reader is acquainted



Scene at Chatham Square. the elevated railroads of the American metropolis. What are known as the Sixth Avenue, Ninth Avenue and Third Avenue lines all run to South Ferry.

The Ninth and Sixth Avenue lines are on the West side of the city; the re-

maining two on the East. The Ninth and Sixth Avenue lines are joined at 53d Street, and are continued singly to the Northern terminus at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue. Both the Third Avenue and the Second Avenue lines terminate at the South bank of the Harlem River.

In general appearance the various lines resemble each other. The railway is supported on iron columns standing forty feet apart. In some of the system the up and down tracks are connected by girders; in other parts they are entirely separated excepting here and At frequent intervals is a station, generally speaking of pretty design, and having besides the office, com-

fortable waiting-rooms, a newspaper stand, and, in some cases, a book-stall and store of cigars, etc. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ROADS. The mention of a few interesting facts concerning them will end this talk about the New York elevated reilways, in a useful manner.

The first half mile was opened, March 20, 1868. On April 20, 1871, the locomotives were first used. These were dummy engines weighing about five tons, and the first train consisted of one of these drawing tiree old street cars placed on railway tracks. The first road, that known as the Ninth Avenue, was reconstructed in

1879 and 1880, to give it strength equal to that of the new structures.
On October 1, 1877, the line from
Rector Street to Central Park was begun. This, the Sixth Avenue line, was opened June 6, 1878. An extension was begun the next fall, and the first train over the extended line to 155th Street and Eighth Ave ue, was run on December 1, 1879. The highest point in the entire system

is on this line, at 110th Street, namely. fifty-eight feet. From seventeen feet to that figure is the range of elevation which the roads present. The Third Avenue road was started at South Ferry in the fall of 1877, and the first train run as far as 420 Street on July 1, 1878. In the fall of the same

year the line was opened to Harlem River. A branch from this line and, at the same time, of the Second Avenue line, runs to the City Hall, and trains leave both this terminus and that at South

Not before February, 1879, was the last and most substantial of the roads begun. It starts at Chatham Square, and the Second Avenue line was completed to Harlem River in the fall of 1880.

THEIR STRENGTH AND SAFETY. The foundation of each column supporting the structure is made of masonry nsisting of flag stones and hard burnt bricks laid in hydraulic cement mortar. It varies in depth, according to the nature of the soil, from seven feet to thirty feet, but is usually the first-named depth, and seven feet square at

The bed-plate of each column is three feet and four inches square, and its eight nearly two thousand pounds. There can be no break-down, and a system of longitudinal guard timbers absolute impossibility the chance of a

train becoming derailed. Nev Yorkers appreciate the accommodation provided for them by the railroad A timid passenger returns to the box, and thereby loses his train. The dation provided for them by the law to the company, but its inadequacy to the requirements is very apparent.

hedictor FRIDAY, JU

Cobocon Standing of

Senier fourth-N n Sin pson, Gussi Junior fourthelis Wellwood, Ali Senior third-A eys, Ann Graham Junior thirdlie Moore, Sarah Senior secondbore, Wilfred Ma Junior secondorgina Finly, Part II-Dora S

ond, J. B. Puale

Some Following is the Somerville, for mes are arrang Fourth classhird class-Gord eBride, Elsie wper, Bertha D erman Cox, Wi eBride, Geo. ss-Annie Cow ottie Davis. Fi ary Quinn, Wal owery, Gertie owper. First i an Cowper, Ros M. I

SCHOOL REPORT e report of S. r the month re inserted in r fourth-Lill urth-Willie Takins, John Da Sadie Eakina lames Bearden Leslie Webster. ie Oliver, Cha akins. First cl eorge Webster, Pogue. W. L. Bal Report of S. month of

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