BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Lena Rivers," "The Homestead on the Hill," "Tempest and Sunshine," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Sabbath following Mary's first acquaintance with Jenny was the one on which she was to go to church. Billy Bender promised that if his mother was not suffering from any new disease he would come to stay with Alice, and in case he failed, the pleasant-looking woman was to take his place. Mary would have preferred going alone, but Sally begged so hard, and promised so fairly "not to make a speck of a face at the preacher, provided he used good grammar," that Mary finally asked Mr. Parker to let

He consented willingly, saying he hoped the house would be peaceable for once. And now it was hard telling which looked forward to the next Sunday with the most impatience, Mary or Sal, the latter of whom was anxious to see the fashions, as she fancied her wardrobe was getting out of date. To Mary's happiness there was one drawback. A few weeks before her mother's death she had given to Ella her straw hat, which she had outgrown, and now the only bonnet she possessed was the veritable blue one of which George Moreland had made fun, and which by this time was nearly worn out. Mrs. Campbell. who tried to do right and thought she did, had noticed Mary's absence from church, and once on speaking of the subject before Hannah, the latter suggested that probably she had no bonnet, saying that the one which she wore at her mother's funeral was borrowed. Mrs. Campbell immediately looked over her things, and selecting a straw which she herself had worn three years before, she tied a black ribbon across it, and sent it as a present to Mary. The bonnet had been rather large

for Mrs. Campbell, and was of course a world too big for Mary, whose face looked in it, as Sal expressed it, "like a yellow pippin stuck into the far end of a firkin." Miss Grundy, however, said, "It

was plenty good enough for a pauper," reminding Mary that "beggars shouldn't be choosers.

"So it is good enough for paupers like you," returned Sal, "but people who understand grammar always have a keen sense of the ridiculous. Mary made no remark whatever.

but she secretly wondered if Ella wore such a hat. Still, her desire to see her sister and to visit her mother's grave prevailed over all other feelings. and on Sunday morning it was a very happy child which at about nine o'clock bounded down the stairway, trdily dressed in a ten-cent black lawn and a pair of clean white pantalets.\*

There was another circumstance. too, aside from the prospect of seeing Ella, which made her eyes sparkle until they were almost black. The

night before, in looking over the articles of dress which she would need, | tell you." she discovered that there was not a decent pair of stockings in her wardrobe. Mrs. Grundy, to whom she mentioned the fact, replied with a violent shoulder jerk, "For the land's sake! ain't you big enough to go to meetin' barefoot, or did you think we kept silk stockin's for our quality to

Before the kitchen looking-glass Sa was practicing a courtesy which she intended making to any one who chanced to notice her next day; but after overhearing Miss Grundy's recises to a close and left the kitchen. Arrived at her room, she commenced tumbling over a basket containing her wearing apparel, selecting from it a pair of fine cotton stockings which she had long preserved, because they were "They are not much too large for her now," thought she, "but I guess I'll take a small seam clear through them." This being done, she waited until all around the house was still, and then creeping stealthily to Mary's room, she pinned the stockings to the pantalets, hanging the whole before the curtainless window, where the little girl could see them the moment she opened her eyes! Mary well knew to whom she was indebted for this unexpected pleasure, and in her accustomed prayer that morning she remembered the poor old crazy woman, asking that the light of reason might again dawn upon her darkened

On descending to the kitchen Mary found Sal waiting for her, and, as she had expected, rigged out in a somewhat fantastic style. Her dress, which was an old plum-colored silk, was altogether too short-waisted and too narrow for the prevailing fashion. A gauze handkerchief was thrown across her neck, and fastened to her belt in front by a large yellow bow. Her bonnet, which was really a decent one, was almost entirely covered by a thick green veil, and notwithstanding the sun was shining brightly, she carried in her hand a large blue cotton umbrella, for fear it would rain! "Come, child," said she the moment Mary appeared, "put on your teakettle (referring to the bonnet which Mary held in her hand), and let us

There was no looking-glass in Mary's room, and she stepped before the one in the kitchen while she adjusted her hat, but her courage almost failed her as she saw the queer-looking image reflected by the mirror. She was un-usually thin, and it seemed to her that her teeth were never so prominent before. Her eyes always large, now looked unnaturally so, and as she placed what Sal had termed a "teakettle" upon her head, she half-determined not to go. But Sal caught her hand, saying, "Come, child, it's time we were off. They'll all know it's Mrs. Campbell's old bonnet, and will laugh at her for giving it to you."

start."

Billy had not come, but the pleasant-looking woman had succeeded in making friends with Alice, and as Mary passed out of the yard she saw her little sister spatting the windowsill, and apparently well pleased with her new nurse. Scarcely were they out of sight of the house when Sal, seating herself upon a large stone, commenced divesting her feet of her shoes and stockings.

"What are you doing?" asked Mary, in great surprise. "I guess I know better than to wear

out my kid slippers when I've got no

answered Sal. "I'm going barefoot until I reach the river bridge, and then I shall put them on again." The shoes and stockings being carefully rolled up in a paper which Sal produced from her pocket, they walked briskly forward and reached the village some time before the first bell

Willie's father to buy me any more,

"Come down this street, please, said Mary to her companion, who, with slippers readjusted and umbrella hoisted, was mincing along, courtesying to every one she met, and asking them how they did-"Come down this street; I want to see my old home." Sal readily complied, saying as they drew near the low brown house in which a strange family were now liv-

"There is nothing very elegant

in the architecture of this dwelling." Mary made no reply. With her head resting upon the garden fence, and one hand clasped around a shrub which Franky had set out, she was sobbing as though her heart would break. Very gently Sal laid her hand on Mary's shoulder, and led her away, saying, "What would I not have given for such a command of tears when Willie's father died. But I could not weep; and my tears all turned to burning coals, which set my brain on fire. The next time Mary raised her head they were opposite Mrs. Bender's, where Sal declared it her intention to As they were passing up to the side door Billy, who heard their footsteps, came out, and shaking hands with Mary, and trying hard to keep from laughing at the wonderful courtesy which Sal Furbush made him. On entering the house they found Mrs. Bender flat on her back, the pillow pulled out from under her head, and the bedclothes tuck-

ed closely up under her chin. "Mother was so sick I couldn't come," said Billy to Mary, while Sal, walking up to the bedside, asked: "Is your sickness unto death, my good woman?"

"Oh, I am afeard not," was the feeble response. "Folks with my difficulty suffer for years."

Mary looked inquiringly at Billy, and a smile but little according with his mother's seeming distress parted his lips as he whispered, "She was reading yesterday about a woman that had been bed-ridden with a spinal difficulty, and now she declares that she 'has got a spine in her back, though I fancy she would be in a pretty predicament without one. where did you get that fright of a bonnet?" he continued. "It's like looking down a narrow lane to see

Mary knew that Billy was very observing of dress, and she blushed painfully as she replied that Mrs. Campgave it to her.

"Well, she ought to be ashamed, said ne, "with all her money to give you a cornbasket of a thing like that. Ella doesn't wear such a one, I can

Just then the first bell rang, and Sal, who had mischievously recommended a mustard poultice as being the most likely to draw Mrs. Bender's spine to a head, started to go, saying she wanted to be there in season, so as to see the folks come in.

Accordingly they again set forward, attracting more attention, and causing more remarks, than any two who had passed through Chicopee for a long time. On reaching the church Sal requested the sexton to give her a seat which would command a view the greater part of the congregation, and he accordingly led them to the furthest extremity of one of the side galleries. Mary had been there at church before, but as she had always sat near the door, she did not know in what part of the building Mrs. Campbell's pew was located. As she leaned over the railing, however, she concluded that the large square one with crimson velvet cushions must

Ere long the bell began to toll, and soon a lady dressed in deep mourning appeared, and passing up the middle aisle, entered the richly cushioned She was accompanied by a little girl, tastefully dressed in a frock light blue silk tissue. A handsome French straw hat was set jauntily on one side of her head, and her long curls hung over her white neck and shoulders. Mary knew that this was Ella, and involuntarily starting up, she leaned forward far enough to bring her bonnet directly in sight of some

commenced tittering and pointing her out to those near them. Blushing scarlet, the poor girl sank back into the seat, saving half-aloud, "Oh! I wish I hadn't come."

thoughtless girls, who immediately

"What's the matter?" said Sal. "Has somebody laughed at you? I'll warrant there has," and leaning over the railing herself, she shook her fist threateningly at the girls whose eyes were still directed that way. Mary felt instinctively that her com-

panion was attracting more attention than her bonnet; and twitching her dress bade her sit down. Sal obeyed; but she had no opportunity that morning of deciding whether the sermon were grammatical or not, for she was constantly on the lookout, and whenever she saw any one scrutinizing Mary or herself more closely than they ought, a shake of her fist and a horrid face warned them to desist. Twice during church time Mary thought, nay, felt sure, that she caught her sister's eye, but it was quickly withdrawn, as if unwilling to be re-

When church was out Sal insisted upon going down immediately; so they descended together to the porch below, reaching it just as Mrs. Campbell appeared in the doorway. Had she chosen, Mary could have touched the lady's dress as she passed; but she rather shrank from being seen, and would probably not have been observed at all, had not Sal planted herself directly in front of Mrs. Campbell, saying loudly enough for all near her to hear, "Madam, do you not recognize your munificent gift of charity in yonder amazing bonnet?" at the

hat, as if to remove the offensive Mrs. Campbell haughtily pushed gave her as she looked back from the gal aside, and advancing toward the child, said, "I am glad to see you window. Sal seemed unusually silent, at church Mary, and hope you will and even forgot to take off her shoes

same time pointing toward Mary, who

force down her tears before she replied that she was going to her mothgrave, and wanted Ella to go

mission. Only tell her not to get red and heated," said Mrs. Campbell; and gathering up the folds of her rich silk, the texture of which Sal Furbush had been examining and comparing with her own plum-color, she walked

Scarcely was she gone when Jenny Lincoln came tripping up, and seizing both Mary's hands, exclaimed, "I you hadn't come until I heard them talking about a crazy woman. iet's go to my class and you'll have a chance to see Ella while the scholars are getting their seats."

Mary accompanied her young friend to a pew, at the door of which she met her sister face to face. There was a sudden exclamation of joy on Mary's What's to hinder? Haven't I told part and an attempt to throw her arms around Ella's neck, but the little girl drew back, and merely offering her hand, said, "Oh, it's you, isn't it? I didn't know you, you look-

"Heavens! what a headdress! as our carriage top any day!" was the exclamation which reached Mary's ear as Rose Lincoln brushed past. Glancing from her sieter to Rose, Mary half-determined to tear the bonnet from her head and trample it under her ieet, but Jenny softly squeezed her hand and whispered:

"Don't mind what Rose says; I love you and so does Billy Bender. I saw him in the village yesterday and asked him if he didn't, and he said he

It required more than Billy Bender's love to soothe Mary then. Her sister's cool reception, so different from what she had anticipated, had stung her heart; and sitting down near the door she burst into a passionate fit of tears. Jenny, who was really distressed, occasionally pressed her hand in token of sympathy, at the same time offering her cloves, peanuts, and sugarplums. There was a brighter flush, too, than usual, on Ella's cheek, for she knew that she had done wrong, and she so jumbled together the words of her lesson that the teacher made her repeat it twice, asking her what was the matter.

By the time Sabbath school was over Mary had dried her tears; and determining to make one more advance toward her sister, she said, "Won't you go to mother's grave with me? I want to tell you about little Allie. I have taught her to call your name most as plain as I can."

Ella looked down at her embroidered pantalets, and hanging her head on one side, said, "Oh, it's so dusty. I'm afraid I'll get all dirt-and hot, too. Mamma doesn't like to have me

"Why not?" asked Jenny, who atways wished to know the reason of "'Cause it makes folks' skin rough

and break out," was Ella's reply. "Oh, pshaw!" returned Jenny, with vain attempt to turn up her little bit of a nose. "I play every day till am 'most roasted, and my skin ain't half as rough as yours. But say, will you go with Mary? for if you

"I guess I won't," said Ella, and then, anxious to make Mary feel a little comfortable, she added "Mamma says Mary's coming to see me before long, and then we'll have a real good time. I've lots of pretty things-two silk dresses, and I wear French gaiters like these every day." Glancing first at Mary, and then at

Ella, Jenny replied: "Pho! that's nothing: Mary knows more than you do, anyway. Why, she can say every speck of the multiplication table, and you only know the tens!" When Ella was angry, or felt an-

noyed, she generally cried; and now declaring that she knew more than the tens, she began to cry; and anouncing her intention of never speaking to Jenny again "as long as she ved and breathed," she walked away, while Mary and Jenny proceeded together toward the burying ground With a bitter cry Mary threw herself upon her mother's grave, and wept for a long, long time.

"It would not be so bed," seed Mary if there was anybody left, but I am all alone in the world. Ella does not love me-nobody loves me." It was in vain that Jenny told her

of Billy Bender's love, of her own and George Moreland's, too. Mary only wept the more, wishing that she had died, and Allie too. At last remembering that she had left Sal Furbush behind her, and knowing that it was time for her to go, she arose, and leaning on Jenny, whose arm was passed lovingly about her, she started

Afternoon service had commenced ere they reached the church, and as-Mary had no desire of again subjecting her bonnet to the ridicule of Rose incoln, and as Jenny had muchrather stay outdoors in the shade, they sat down upon the steps, wondering where Sal Furbush had taken her-"I mean to look in and see if she is here," said Jenny, and advancing on tiptoe to the open door, she cast her eye over the people within; then clapping her hand over her mouth to keep back a laugh, she returned to Mary, saying: "Oh, if it isn't the funniest thing in the world. There sits Sal in Mrs. Campbell's pew, fanning herself with that great palmeaf, and shaking her fist at Ella ev-

ery time she stirs! It seems that Sal had amused herself during the intermission by examining and trying the different pews, and taking a fancy to Mrs. Campbell's, she had snugly ensconced herself in one corner of it, greatly to the fear and mortification of Ella, who chanced to be the only one of the family present. When service was out Selly gathered up her umbrella and courtesying her way through the crowd, soon found Mary and started for home, declaring the clergyman to be a "well-read rammarian, only a trifle too empha-

tic in his delivery. As they were descending the long hill which led to the river bridge, Mr. Lincoln's carriage passed them, the sour-faced woman, the pleasant the matter. and Jenny, who was inside, seized the looking woman, the girl with the reins, saying, "Please, pa, stop and crooked feet, and half a dozen others, she sobbed out: "She's gone she's let them ride there's nobody but each of whom commented upon the Rose and me in here, and it is so not phenomenon after her own fashion.

Mr. Lincoln might possibly have

complied with his daughter's request, had not Rose chirruped to the spirited horses, and said, "Don't father, for mercy's sake, ask those paupers to Did you ever!" While a third remarknervously grasped the string of her ride. forgot the long walk by remembering the glance of affection which Jenny

and far."

pany Ella home after the Sabbath school, if you like."

The words and manner were so cold and formal that Mary was obliged to knowing that Sal would in her own good time make her thoughts known. They had nearly reached home, when Sal suddenly turned aside, and seating herself upon a rook under a white beech tree, said, "Miss Howard, I've been thinking what a splendid minister was spoiled when they put dresse on met Oh! how hard I had to hold myself to-day to keep from extemporizing to the congregation. I recison there wouldn't have been quite so many nodding as these were.

In the excitement of the moment Sal arose, and throwing out her arms, gesticulating in a manner rather alarming to Mary, who had never beam real glad you are here. I thought fore seen so wild a look in the crazy woman's eyes. Soon, however, her mood changed, and resuming her seat, she continued in a milder tone, "Did you ever hear that I was an author-

"An authoress!" repeated Mary-"an authoress! Why, no; are you? "To be sure I am," answered Sal you repeatedly that I once possessed an unusually large amount of judgment? and this, added to my knowl edge of grammar, and uncommon powers of imagination, enabled me to produce a work which, but for an unaccountable freak of the publisher, would have rendered my name im-

"I don't understand," said Mary, and Sally continued: "You see, I wrote about six hundred

pages of foolscap, which the publisher to whom it was sent for examination was impolite enough to return, together with a note, containing, as suppose, his reasons for rejection; but if he thinks I read it he's mistaken. I merely glanced at the words. Dear madam-We regret, and then her. "And I don't want him to come appointment, and came near turning brain; but there are other publishing houses in the world, and one | kind of- I don't know what.' of these days I shall astonish mankind. But come, we must hasten on, or the gormandizers will eat up those custard pies which I found in the cellar with the brass kettle covered

Accordingly they started for home, but found, as Sal had predicted, that supper was over and the pies all gone. By a little dexterous manage- fits all the time."

ment, however, she managed to find half a one, which Miss Grundy had tucked away under an empty candle box for her own future eating.

CHAPTER IX.

The next morning, for a wonder, Jenny Lincoln was up before the sun, and in the large dark closet which adjoined her sleeping-room, she rumtop shelves until she found and brought to light a straw hat, which if she had been weeping. was new the fall before, but which Mary's odd-looking bonnet elicited, sour!" and she now determined to give her

the richest child in Boston."

and then as a new idea came into her head she said, "Ma, if you should sleep by some one whispering her die, and pa should die, and everybody name in her ear, and starting up she should die, and we hadn't any money, saw Sally bending over her. wouldn't I have to be a town pauper?" "Come with me," said she softly. said Mrs. Lincoln, overturning a you ever saw."

went in quest of her sister, who had Mary caught the words, "My child one just like it. Rose did not care a my poor child." ent from Billy, and at first Jenny I'll never draw her profile again, and thought that nothing would tempt I'll call her Mrs. Grundy after this!" her to part with it, but as Rose was decided, she finally yielded the point, brushing away a tear as she placed the bracelet in her sister's hand. Then putting the bonnet in a basket, and covering it with a newspaper, she

started for the poorhouse. "Good-morning, Miss Grundy," said she, as she appeared in the door- lay sleeping. At the faneral many way. "May I see Mary just a little minute? I've got something for her." usual this morning on account of a from falling, when with others she sudden illness which had come upon gazed upon the pale face which, in Patsy, so she jerked her shoulders, its dreamless slumber, looked calm and without turning her head, re- and placed as that of a child Mary ain't goin' to be hindered by Miss Grundy's sin, and her secret goin' on nine o'clock and them dishes often a mother's form was bending not done yet! If you want to see her, and a mother's tears were shed, when you can go into the back room where the world was dark and still, and

reception, Jenny advanced toward the "back room," where she found Mary at the "sink," her arms immersed in dishwater, and a formidable pile of plates, platters, and bowls, all ready to be wiped, standing near her. Throwing aside her bonnet and seizing the coarse dish-towel, Jenny exclaimed: "I'm going to wipe dishes, Mary, I know how, and when they are done, if Miss Grundy won't let you go upstairs a minute I'll ask Mr. Parker. I saw him under the woodshed grinding an ax.

It was a rare thing to see Jenny "Do see the little thing," said one; "handles the wiping rag like any-

"And look there," cried the second; "setting them up in the cupboard! ed that she wore silk stockings, won-So the carriage dashed on, but Mary dering whether they were bought on purpose for her, or had been cut over from a pair of her mother's

dress was splashed with dishwater, and her white apron crecked by the so dirty?" asked the girl with "I s'pose so," said Jenny carelessly

"but then she soolds most all the time, so I don't mind #!" The dishes being done, and Miss Grundy making no objections, Mary accompanied Jenny upstairs, where the latter, opening her backet, held to view a neet-looking straw hat, far prettier than the one which Mrs. Campbell had presented. "See," said she, pleaning it

Mary's head; "this is for you. I wanted to give you mine, but 'twesn't big enough, so Rose let you have hers. It's real becoming, too. The tears which fell from Mary's

eyes were caused not less by Jenny's kindness than by the thought that the haughty Rose Lincoln had given her a bonnet! She did not know of the sacrifice which the noble-hearted Jenny had made to obtain it, and it was well she did not, for it would have spoiled all the happiness she experienced in wearing it. AThank you, Jenny, and Bose, too,

said she. "I am so glad, for I love to go to church, and I surely would never have gone again and worn that wouldn't either," returned

Jenny. "I think it was ridiculous for Mrs. Campbell to give you such an old dud of a thing, and I know mother thinks so too, for she leuched hard for her, when I described it, though she said nothing except that beggars shouldn't be cheosers.' I wonder what that means. Do you know?" Mary felt that she was beginning

to know. but she did not care to enlighten Jenny, who soon sprang up, saying she must go home, or her mother would be sending Henry after

threw it aside. It was a terrible dis- here, said she, for I know you don't like him, and there don't hardly anybody, he's so stuck up and In passing through the hall the

girls met Miss Grundy, who had just come from Patsy's room. As soon as she saw Mary she saids Clap on your bonnet quick, and run as fast as ever you can to Miss Thornfield's. Dr. Gilbert has gone there, and do you tell him to come here right away, for Patsy is dreadful sick, and has There was a tremor in her voice,

and she seemed much excited, which surprised the girls, who fancied she would not care even if Patsy died. Mrs. Thornfield's was soon reached, the message given, and then they hur-

"Is Patsy worse?" asked Mary, as she saw the bedroom door open, and two or three women standing near Miss Grundy did not answer, and

maged through bandboxes and on the when next her face was visible the girls saw that her eyes were red, as "Funny, isn't it?" said Jenny, as

her mother had decided unfit to ap- she started for home. "I didn't suppear again in the city. Jenny had pose anything would make her cry, heard the unkind remarks which and I guess now the tears are sort of

Dr. Gilbert came, but his skill this one, though she did not dare to could not save the poor idiot girl, and do so without her mother's consent. at four that afternoon she died. So after breakfast, when her mother Around the bed of death there were no was seated at her work in the parlor, tears of lamentations, for those who Jenny drew near, making known her stood by and watched the lamp of request, and asking permission to life as it went out felt that the spirit carry the bonnet to Mary herself. which was leaving them would be "Mercy on me!" said Mrs. Lincoln, happier far in another world, for "what won't you think of next, and never in this had a ray of reason where did you get such vulgar taste? shone upon poor Patsy's darkened It must have been from your father, mind. We have said there were no for I am sure you never took it from tears, and yet, although the waters me. I dare say, now, you had rather came not to the surface, there was play with that town pauper than with one heart which wept, as with unflinching nerve the cold, stern woman For a moment Jenny was silent, arrayed the dead girl for the grave. That night Mary was aroused from

"What absurd questions you ask." "and I'll show you the queerest sight

workbox to find a spool of cotton Trembling in every joint, Mary which lay directly on top. "Do what arose and followed Sal, who led her you please with the bonnet, which I toward the room where Patsy lay. As fancy you'll find as much too small she drew near the door they paused. for Mary, as the one she now has is and by the light of the autumn moon. which streamed through the curtain-Jenny felt fearful of this, but ed window, Mary saw Miss Grundy where there's a will there's a way;" kneeling by the cold body, and soband after considering a moment, she bing bitterly. Once she spoke, and

fig for the bonnet, and after awhile Wonderingly she looked up to Sally she agreed to part with it on condi- for an explanation, but the crazy tion that Jenny would give her a woman only replied, as they returncoral bracelet with gold clasps, which ed to their rooms: "Yes there's been she had long coveted. This fanciful queer doings some time or other, it's little ornament was a birthday pres- very evident; but I know one thing.

It was hardly worth while, as the neighbors thought, to be at all the trouble and expense of carrying a foolish girl without friends or relatives to the graveyard, so they buried her beneath the shadow of a widespreading maple, in a little inclosure where several other unfertunate ones wondered at the ghastly whiteness of Miss Grundy's face, and why Miss Grundy was crosser than grasped at the coffin lid, as if to keep

"It's Monday mornin', and There were but few who knew of bugs nor nobedy else. Here 'tis was buried in Patey's greve, where there was no eye to see, save that of Nothing deunted by this ungracious Him who said, "Go and sin no more."

CHAPTER X.

One afternoon about the middle of October Mary sat under an apple tree in the orchard, weeping bitterly. It was in vain that Alice, who was with her, and who by this time was able to stand alone, climbed up to her side, patting her cheeks, and trying in various ways to win her attention. She still wept on, unmindful of the sound of rapid footsteps upon the grass, nor until twice repeated did she hear the words, "Why, Mary, Lincoln in the kitchen at the poor- what is the matter? What's happenhouse, and now the fact that she was ed?" Then looking up she saw Billy there, and wiping dishes, too, cir- Bender, who raised her in his arms, culated rapidly, bringing to the spot and insisted upon knowing what was Laying her head on his shoulder.

gone, and there's nobody left but Sally. Oh, dear, oh dear! "Gone! Who's gone?" asked Billy. "Jenny," was Mary's reply\_ "She's gone to Boston, and won" come back

till next May; and I loved her so yes, I know," returned Billy "I met them all on their way to the depot; but I wouldn't feel so badly. Jenny will come again, and besides rom a pair of her mother's

Thus noticed and flattered Jenny to tell you." worked away, assisting in scouring knives and washing spiders, until her "About Ella?" said Mary.

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No, not about Ella, but about myself; I'm coming here to live with

"Coming here to live!" repeated

Mary, with astonishment. "What for?

Are your folks all dead?" Billy smiled and answered. "Not quite so bad as that. I went to school here two years ago, and I know learned more than I ever did at home in two seasons. The boys, when Henry Lincoln is away, don't act half as badly as they do in the village; and then they usually have a lady teacher, because it's cheaper, I suppoee, for they don't pay them half as much as they do gentlemen, and I think they are a great deal the best. Anyway, I can learn the most when I

go to a woman." "But what makes you come here, and what will your mother do?" ask-

"She's got a sister come from the west to stay with her, and as I shall go home every Saturday night, she'll get along well enough. I heard Mr. (Continued next week.)

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Starving the Chinese in B.C.

Has the City Council of Vancouver Chinese by taking away their sapply of meat. Such might be the inference by a cynic from the following despatch from the B. C. city: When the City Council approves of a commendation of the Health Board to-day rats will be quoted ca the local market at fifty cents a dozen. dead or alive. The bounty is the first step in the precautions against the entrance of the bubonic plague. Other B. C. ports are likely adopt a similar measure. Dominion Health Superintendent Montizambert is expected here to-day. Reports that there have been five deaths from outbreak in Seattle are misleading; only one death is known so far to be due to the plague.

8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.

November 14th, 1907.

Physician

McALPINE.-Corner P. Colborne ets., Lindsay.

throat and lungs.

and attention paid to diseas

sours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.;

DR. F. BLANCHARI

GRADUATE TORONTO UNIV

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DR. FULTON S. VROOL

N.W. cor. Cambridge and Peel s

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7 to 9.

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