

My Mother-in-Law.

It was hard to realize, as I came home desolate and forlorn the day of my father's funeral, that I was alone in the world; that no longer my first impulse on entering the house must be to fly with quick steps to the library to see the handsome head raised from his work of writing with some word of love on his lips, when now only an empty chair and soundless space hereafter would prove my greeting. His illness had been so short, so sudden, that it almost seemed as though I awoke from the frightful nightmare of the past few weeks and find it all a dream, vivid but unreal. Only a fortnight before he had been stricken down, and I had sent in hot haste for my old practitioner, to find him absent and a stranger in his place. At first I felt regret, but when I saw Dr. Phillips and witnessed his earnest, skilful care, that feeling gave way to congratulation and the assurance that if human skill could avail, he would be saved. It was he who told me finally there was no longer hope; he whom I turned upon with quick fury that he should dare assert that my father's life was in absolute danger, when in all the wide world we two were alone together; he who stood beside him at the last, then, with firm, gentle hand, drew me from the chamber of death and himself prepared the sleeping draught which sent restful sleep to quiet my strained nerves. In my new sadness, my utter despair, he came and went as of old, until it seemed as through a brother's protection had been offered me, and I began to wait and watch for the hour when I should see him, to feel a keen disappointment if it passed without him, until one evening, sitting alone by the low, smoldering fire in the first day of spring, I was roused by his familiar step.

"Helen," he said, drawing a chair close beside me, "Dr. Edwards, you know, has returned, and my own patients in Philadelphia are demanding my presence among them. I have stayed already longer than I intended."

"And you now are going?" I questioned, while a black cloud swept before my eyes.

"Yes," he answered, "but if you will let me, I am coming back. I did not mean to tell you of my love just yet. I can hardly hope that in all the dreary desolation which has overspread your life, love had found time to plant a single germ, but with me it has been different. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you, and my fondest ambition is to see you my wife. Do not answer me now; only when the birds sing and the flowers bloom try to think they breathe a message from me, and when I return in the fall, remember my home will have been made ready for you, and if you can come to my arms, they will open, oh, so gladly! to receive you."

He left me, and I let him go with no answer, for I did not know my own heart. That it was love beating at its portals for admission—love which had made his coming so welcome, his going so sad, I could not realize until he had gone; and then came only the long, brotherly letters, so full of earnest solicitude for my comfort, so unselfish in the careful guard ever shown in his own feeling for me, till the time drew nigh when he was to come again. Then doubt, uncertainty, all fled, and I knew my heart had passed from out of my keeping. So I went to meet him, standing in the open door of my house as he came up the pathway, and in answer to his question as for a moment he held me off while he looked straight into my eyes: "Helen, is this my wife?" I could only falter: "Yours forevermore."

The succeeding week flew swiftly by. He suddenly grew impatient of delay, and declared he could not go back to his work until I went with him. The thought of my loneliness without him urged me to consent, and so the days were filled with busy preparation, while in the evenings I sat by his side, content and blissful, while he told me of his home, of his widowed mother who shared it, and of the new, sweet daughter he was to bring her. But when all was over, when I had stood in my wedding robes before the gray-haired minister, and knelt to receive for the last time his blessing, when my husband's first rapturous kiss had been pressed upon my lips, fervent congratulations offered by the few friends present at our quiet wedding, my wedded dress exchanged for traveling garb, the long journey at last over, it was with a feeling of tired relief that the carriage in the dusk of the evening drew up before a handsome house, and my husband welcomed me to my home. But where was his mother? All day visions had danced before my eyes of two loving arms waiting to enfold me, of a sweet, motherly face bending over me to imprint the kiss of greeting on my cheek, of the whispered words: "Welcome, my daughter," sounding in my ear; but no; the door was thrown wide open by a servant in livery, but the handsome hall in its long vista presented to sight no other occupants, and, to my amazement, I was hurried past the elegant drawing-room, where I caught sight of a cheerful fire burning on hearth, and upstairs into my own luxuriously furnished apartments.

"And how does my bird like her nest?" questioned my husband, bending

over me with tender care as I sank exhausted into a chair.

"So much, Hugh, that she feels as though she must stay here forever. May I not have tea here to-night?"

"Oh, darling, mother would be so disappointed not to see you! Come, change your dress and look your prettiest, that I may present you to her."

Change my dress! Even to-night, in the quiet home circle, must I remove my dust-stained garb and go through the exertion of a fresh toilet ere my husband's mother extended to me her welcome! But I could not refuse, and when my toilet completed, Hugh's proud glance of approval met mine, I felt rewarded. Then he led me downstairs, and we entered the drawing-room together. In the farthest corner a tall figure rose from an arm-chair, and in all the rustling dignity of velvet and lace approached me.

"My wife, mother," Hugh said, while I felt a cold hand take mine in a passionless grasp. A kiss as if a fallen snowflake had rested on my brow, and Mrs. Phillips fell back with grace into the chair from which she had risen.

It was some six weeks before her birthday that I once heard her express a wish that she had a picture of her boy (for so she ever called Hugh), and instantly a resolution was formed in my brain. I had always had a talent for painting. Before my father's death it had been my delight and his pride, and I determined upon carrying a miniature of Hugh I possessed to an artist I knew well and ask his assistance in transferring the likeness and painting a portrait. Perhaps I thought as my work it might soften her heart toward me. So the next morning I started out, and to my inexpressible delight, I found my desire feasible, and received the artist's permission to use his studio for four hours each day—the hours I knew Hugh would be away from home. It was not long ere I saw that Mrs. Phillips watched my coming and going with suspicious eyes, but I, picturing her shamed looked of surprise when she found my mission, went silently on my way until the picture was almost completed, and I had received the artist's congratulation upon my success, when, entering the room flushed and happy, I overheard onto his library addressing my husband:

"Four hours every day, Hugh, she is absent. What can be her purpose? I told you when you brought a young, giddy thing into this house you would regret it. It is your duty to see where she goes and what she does."

But I could hear no more, as with flashing eyes and head erect, I entered the room.

"Since I entered this house six months ago, happy bride, a joyous girl, I have met, madam, at your hands, with insults and scorn, which I have suffered in silence. As my reward you now try to take from me the last thing left me—my husband's confidence. What my mission has been you shall know to-morrow. Accept it as my gift—the gift of an injured woman to a cruel injustice." Hugh, turning to my husband, "the same house no longer can hold us two. Choose between us!" and I turned onto, at Mrs Brown's.

Miss E R Brown, Messrs J Lee and A N Mitchell are home.

Mr and Mrs W J Mills, St Joseph's, Mr and Mrs J C Mills, St Mary's, visited their father who has been very ill.

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order, N S for the most useful invention, a machine for quartering apples.

He also sits in a design for a bicycle wheel which is calculated to accelerate the speed on up grade.

Monday July 5th, Mrs Thomas Craig had had an attack of apoplexy and died Wednesday, aged 38 years. The interment took place at Hampton. Deceased was a faithful wife and mother and leaves a little daughter aged 4 and her husband to mourn her loss.

He has chosen between us. He will not give her up." With this thought hugged to my heart for comfort, I saw him leave me next morning with an anxious frown upon his brow, and I quickly gathering together a few things, called a carriage and was driven rapidly to the depot from which I had determined to take the first outgoing train. My plans were all formed. I would go to the house of my old nurse, who would care for me in my coming trouble, and if I died there would be none to regret me, since even Hugh had given me up.

"My babe, my bonny child!" Oh, how the words of motherly greeting fell on my heart as she clasped me in her arms when I alighted at her door, and I told her in broken words as much of my story as I thought necessary. But as the weeks grew into months, and I spent long, busy hours in fashioning the tiny garments the little stranger coming was to fill, softer memories began to creep into my heart, and a dim wonder as to whether I had let my pride gain too much ascendancy, and if Hugh really had given up his mother for my sake, could I still have loved him so well? So, drop by drop, the gentle dew of repentance fell on my heart, and tear after tear upon my work, until there came a day when all was done—a day when a child's cry broke for an instant upon my ear as if a sound from Heaven had reached me, and then darkness closed round, and I knew no more.

In the anxious time which followed I was aware of some one near me with Hugh's eyes, some one with Hugh's voice, and I would try to catch and bid it stay, but in vain, until one morning the mists cleared up, and I

opened my eyes to see his dear face bending over me, but he sealed my lips with kisses, as he murmured:

"Not a word, my darling! We cannot expect a woman's wisdom from a child, but our little mother must grow wise now for her baby's sake."

Then, with a happy, dreaming smile, I fell asleep again, his hand clasped close in mine. When I was strong he told me how he never had lost sight of me, but thought it best to let my own better self work out the end, and when he whispered: "There is some one, Helen, waiting to see you—some one who said no one could take care of baby as she could. May she come in?"

I gave glad assent; and when, a few moments later, a sweet, motherly face bent over mine—a face from which all the hard lines seemed forever fled, as her arms clasped close a sleeping infant, and her gentle voice whispered: "My daughter," in my ear, I could only clasp my arms around them both and answer: "Mother!"

Relief for Lung Troubles the D.L. EMULSION

IN CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING of BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS of APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of the D. L. Emulsion which I have got rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year and a half. I applied this Emulsion so well I was glad when the time came around to take it.

T. H. WINGHAM, Q.C., Montreal

50c. and \$1 per Bottle

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL

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ENNSKILLEEN

Visitors—Miss Ethel McCullough, Prince Albert, guest of S Gilbert; Miss Etta Gifford, town, guest at Dr Potter's, Mrs Campbell Ditchburn, Mrs Phelps Courtwright Carbondale, Pa., Miss E Pollard, Charlotte, N Y, at Dr Mitchell's; Miss Mary Gamsby, Toronto, at Mrs Brown's.

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ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

UXBRIDGE.

The following pupils passed the recent Entrance examinations at Uxbridge, and are admitted to High School, subject to the approval of the Education Dept. Marks necessary to pass: 422: E Anderson 515, M Green 486, E Brooks 452, C Crozier 528, Z Cook 482, E Clemence 432 O Chrysler 494, N Crosby 460, A Foot 465, B Flumerfelt 485, E Johnson 465, C King 497, O Ottewell 540, Z Purvis 484, E Quigley 448, M Ramsey 461, M Sellers 471, I Scott 580, Thom 650, M Um phrey 450, F Vernon 448, E Wag 528, B Thompson 450, W Chapelle 422, A Gray 482, W Hackner 483, Fred W Johnston 584, H Johnston 422, M Lapp 485, S Lowrie 507, E McGrattan 467, H Munroe, D Nesbitt 509, W Reid 422, F Robinson 491, E Symington 501, F Thompson 587, G Tunstall 422, J Vanderburg 505.

Recommended—Fred G Johnston and M Leonard. The scholarships offered by the Uxbridge High School Board, were not awarded, no pupil having obtained the requisite 75 per cent of the total marks.

The following Public School Leaving candidates were successful at Uxbridge: W Boyd 666, R Campion 644, C Dickson 781, J Ward 616, W Webster 685. Marks necessary to pass 612.

The following obtained Entrance stan- ing: W Brethour 410, J Brethour 867, C Arper 587, A Jones 583, J McNevin 570, C Cunningham 567, M Gray 484, M Hamilton 866, A Kennedy 463, Z Mitchell 560, M St. John 889, V Walton 411 E Ward 527.

BEAVERTON.

The following pupils passed the recent Entrance examinations at Beaverton and are admitted as High School pupils, subject to approval by the Education Dept.: Charlotte Bruce 517, Nellie Crosby 422, Lizzie Fox 516, Jane A Givens 454, Clara Lyle 522, Mann O'Boyle 449, Jessie Ritchie 602, Violia Sheridan 448, Maude Spencer 548, Maude Vrooman 474, Will Burns 430, Ernest Dunshane 475, Henry Johnston 462, Ernest McKenzie 449, Stanley McGrath 521, Philip McGovern 478, Willie McRae 483, Peter McCraig 468, Fred O'Donnell 465, Alphonse McDonnell 422, Frank Payne 422 Richard Therian 446.

Recommended—K. McArthur, R Birchard. The Scholarships (free tuition) offered by the Uxbridge High School Board, were not obtained, no pupil having taken the requisite 75 per cent of the total marks.

The