

"All right Shem, I will be ready in less than half an hour. You need not come to show me the way, I will manage nicely."

When he lifted the skin that acted as door to his little house, he found himself in the fresh dawn. The sun had not yet risen, and all the sky was a dim pearl grey. Not a person or animal in sight. A bird here and there twittered its mate for laziness; that was the only sound. He went to the house and stood looking toward Ishmael's cave. Before many minutes had passed long spikes of rosy light shot high up the pearly dome of sky, making a halo around Zanea's home.

"Zell can see what Zanea cannot, the majesty of the rising sun."

Now the sun itself peeped over the rocks, and someone called Terry. He turned and in the doorway was Zell. The sun lit the quartz, causing it to look like liquid gold, and lighted Zell's magnificent hair until it shone like burnished copper.

"Every morning I watch the sun rise from behind Zanea's cave."

"Every evening Zanea watches it sink behind Zell's home," said Terry, advancing to Zell.

She stepped from the doorway and held out her hand. "Good morning, Terry."

Terry hesitated, but, alas! is hesitation. He took the proffered hand. Zell's head dropped shyly, and she withdrew hers. Shem brought breakfast, and Zell and Terry ate alone.

"Why does Shem not eat with us?"

"I do not know; he never would. I am served like this all the time. Zanea comes to-day; she will be something for me to look at and think of. I am glad she is coming. Do you like her, Terry?"

"Yes, very much."

Zell looked at him a moment, then asked:

"How much?"

"As much as I do you," laughed Terry.

Zell smiled and left the table.

"Come, we will go to the foot of the hill and wait her there. She will be tired by the time she gets down and will have to rest. Shem will carry seats; or no—the rocks are nicer. On the way Terry encouraged her to talk of the rocks, birds, fishes, anything. What a lot she knew in her simple way after all. The sun had climbed high before they reached the resting place. Each found a seat near the water's edge and waited.

"I cannot sit long at a time; I have to move about."

She walked back and forth between the mountain and the edge of the water. Her soft shoes made her steps noiseless. She would stoop to examine a pebble, her hair would fall forward and rest on the ground, then she would straighten herself and with a delightful gesture toss the glinting masses back.

"You are kind to come to meet me."

Zell started as the words so clearly and evenly spoken broke the silence.

"This is Zell?"

Terry watched this meeting with interest. How would Zell take it; what would she do? What would they both do? Zanea made the first advance. She went to Zell, who stood one hand thrust behind her back like a timid child who had been startled, the other hand hung at her side and caught nervously at the folds of her gown.

"We are alike, are we not, Zell?"

She did not answer, but after one look into Zanea's smiling face, she dropped her eyes to Zanea's girdle. Her hand relaxed its hold on the skirts and was reached toward Zanea. At the same time Zanea's hand moved to Zell and caught a tress of her hair and drew it out an arm's length, letting it, a few strands at a time, pass from her grasp. Zell's hand touched softly the golden chain that bound the other's waist.

"What is that for? Why do you wear it?"

Zanea laughed, Terry thought, just as two children would have gotten acquainted over the garden wall at Montreal.

"That? that is to keep my gown close to my waist, and I wear it, well, because—because education has taught me curves are prettier and more graceful than straight lines."

"I have none; why did Shem not get one for me?"

"Take mine. Terry Denver will lift your hair out of the way while I put it on you. Poor Terry. He did it, though, and beautifully. Zanea passed the chain around Zell and clasped it in front. Zell looked at it in simple pleasure, bent lay her hands together and looked coyly at Terry.

"Now, I am like Zanea, am I not? If I could only see myself. Is my face like hers, Terry? Am I not like her now, with this here?"

"No, Zanea has no girth now."

"No," said Zell pitifully, "she has none."

"See, I will bind my waist with this."

She took from her head the white silken scarf.

"Yes, yes; you tie it, Terry, while I hold her hair."

Zanea's cheeks darkened slightly. Terry took the scarf, passed the end around her, drew the ends even, tied them and looked awkward for once.

"Now, Zanea, we are alike. Let me take your hand while we walk."

Like twin druids they wended their

CAUTION.

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Myrtle Navy!

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE OTHER GENUINE

Harcourt.

Oct. 17th, 1892.—Election is all the excitement here, you are 'not in it' if you have not a vote, and yet those who cannot vote get the most excited. But this is just a little side show, compared to what we are saving our forces for on the 22nd; then we are going to say, in language more forcible than words, that Phinney and Gogain are the men we want to represent us.

The Methodists of this place are making a grand rally to finish their new church this winter. W. O. Corker, of Moncton, has been engaged to do the plastering. He plastered two houses in Grangeville last week for Rev. S. Smith and W. H. P. Smith. The latter intends to furnish and occupy his new house almost immediately. We believe he anticipates soon taking part in one of those happy affairs where a lady is concerned. Willie is a fine young man, and he has our good wishes.

We are glad to see Mrs. Williamson, of Greenwich, Q. Co., among us again. She is visiting her parents at Wathena Cottage.

Miss Smith, of Grangeville, has returned home after spending a few months in western New Brunswick.

The Harcourt Brass Band are brightening up their music again, and we are serenaded very often. Yours, etc.,

AL.

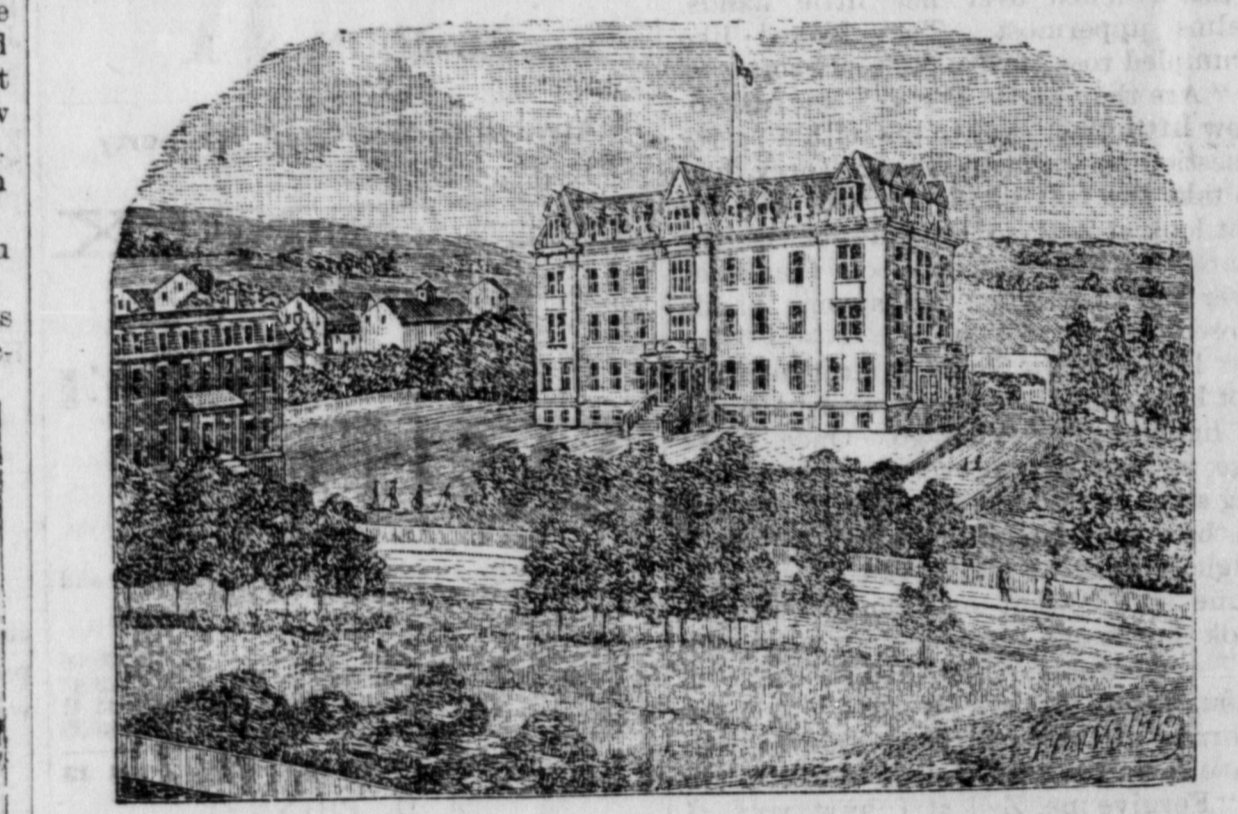
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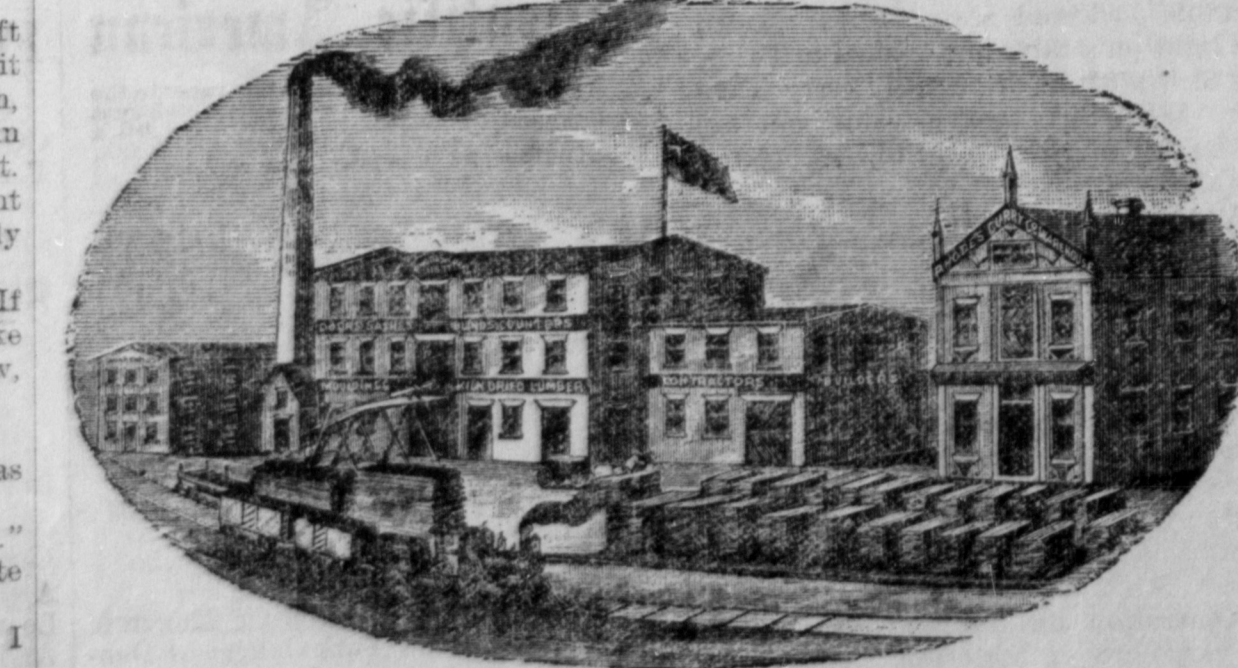
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A political cyclone has struck here, taking in everything from Dominion to municipal council.

Mrs. Fraser, of Canaan, who died on Saturday last, was buried on Monday. The funeral procession was very large. Rev. F. A. Wightman officiated.

The temperance people of this place had a public meeting on Monday evening last, in accordance with the request of the chief officers in the temperance organization of the province. Through the instrumentality of the local temperance organizations, a public meeting is to be held in each place where they exist, that an expression of public opinion may be had on the matter of a better temperance legislation for our county. The specific purpose of passing a resolution asking the Government that a vote may be taken at the approaching general elections, with a view to ascertaining the state of public opinion regarding prohibition.

The meeting at Harcourt was an enthusiastic one, and if it was any index to the provincial mind, there is no doubt the time has come for the legislation of the country to take a long step forward on these lines. Mr. H. Warman acted as chairman. The speakers were Revs. McLeod and Wightman, and Mr. Andrew Dunn and Mr. J. F. Dorthay. All of these gentlemen gave stirring speeches, and presented the various phases of the question in a telling manner, while appropriate music gave variety and enthusiasm. Although the hall was packed to the doors with the citizens of the place, when the vote was taken, which was a rising one, it was unanimous. It is to be hoped the end sought may be attained.

We noticed quite a reunion of the family at "Wathena Cottage" last week.

Captain Malcolm and bride are visiting the sister of the groom, Mrs. McLeod at the Presbyterian manse.

Politics are rather quiet as yet, but more anon.

Vote the ticket, and the straight ticket, Phinney and Gogain.

There is anxiety regarding the fate of Capt. Lawlor, who sailed from Boston, in June last, in a twelve-foot canvas boat for a trip across the ocean. His wife received a letter from him at North Sydney, C. B. on July 9. A few weeks later he was spoken by a vessel near St. Pierre. That is the last information received as to his whereabouts.

"I often prescribe Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for Erysipelas," said a physician to us.

Big Cove.

Mr. Editor:

Long time I no see big Injun talkum your paper, so me tink it bout time I—what you callum—shootum off mout.

Big time lections now. One big chief, you know up Fledlietion, Mr. Blair, he go way huntin, den one big fellow, Mr. Puglum, stealum big office fur friend, den big chief he klick den two; tree more fellows he klickum, den big chief he go governor gittum—what you call—washout, meltum, dissolve parliament, which makum lection all over province.

Well, I never gittum so much surpris as one day las week. I goen one day sellin basket up little place callum Harclourt. Very big feelin people stay Harclourt; don't see how two, three, leetle street holdum. Well, I go dare, I axum how lection; everybody talk lection. Dey tellum me dat Mr. Blair pickum Tomus Delaney—what you callum—his lieutenant, and Oliver Lebon—what you callum—underneath, sub-lieutenant, in place of Mr. Plide, givum up.

When I hear dat, my glacioun, I never laugh so much since I born. Well, I guess I makum what you call one full stop dis time.

PETER FRANK.

Oct. 9th, 1891.

Last year \$400 was paid out of the Kent County treasury to meet expenses arising from Mr. Blair's registration and health acts.

The Nominations.

Nomination day proceedings throughout the province resulted in the selection of the following candidates:

Govt.	Ind.	Opp.
Restigouche, Labilouis Mott		Barberie Murray
Gloucester, Sievewright Blanchard	Veniot Paulin	
Northumberland, Tweedie O'Brien Burchell Robinson		Morrisey
Kent, Legere Barnes Westmorland, Richard Smith Killam Wells		Phinney Gogain
Albert, Emmerson St. John City, Carleton Trueman Hetherington Allen	Lewis	Jonah
St. John Co., McLeod Dunn Charlotte, Mitchell Hill Russell O'Brien		Stockton Alward Shaw Smith
Kings, White Flewelling Scovil		Rourke McKeown
Queens, Ferris Hetherington Sunbury, Harrison		Murchie Grimmer Maxwell McGowan
York, Blair Wilson Anderson Colter	Pitts	Kierstead Fowler Gilchrist
Carleton, Connell Dibble		Wood Pearson
Victoria, Tweedale Madawaska,	Baird	Perley Glasier
	Therault	

Main River.

The weather for the past few weeks is all that could be desired, and the farmers are taking the advantage of it.

Mr. Geo. E. Warman, of Molus River, is threshing in this vicinity. George, as a millman, needs no recommendation. We all wish to see him back again next season.

Most of our farmers have their potatoes dug. The crop is well up to the average.

Our school is largely attended, and ably conducted by Miss Tena Fraser, of Kingston.

Mr. James McDermott's leg, which has been sore for some time, is improving under the skilful treatment of Dr. Olloqui.

Mr. Alexander Targett has purchased a fine young colt from Mr. Geo. Mountain. Rumor says Alex will purchase more than the colt from Mr. Mountain before spring.

Weddings have been the chief talk of late, but so far only one has taken place; by which Mr. P. Turncoat and Miss Mary E. Muckle were united. The boys gave them a good charivari, but the strong drink took such an effect on some of them that they had to be carried to their homes.

A number of our able bodied young men intend leaving for the States soon.

The opposition candidates, Messrs Phinney and Gogain, lectured in the school house last Friday evening to a large and attentive audience, and we feel safe in saying that they are the men to vote for.

Miss Annie McEachern, of Chatham, was the guest of Mrs. G. Young, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Peter Beers has returned to our midst after an absence of two years in the far west.

Miss Maggie Donaher has returned home after an absence of four months in the town of Richibucto. No more from

PANCAKE.

October 17th, 1892.

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1 cask Cream Tartar.	125 half chests Tea.
75 Choice Cheese.	10 bbls. Washing Soda.
50 drums Bi-Carb. Soda.	Also, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee, Morton's, Stephen's & Lazenby's Mixed Pickles, Soaps, Spices, Vinegars, Confectionery, etc.

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I will endeavor to be at my office, Robertson's Hotel, Kingston, on Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday of each week, and at Harcourt the remaining days of each week.

W. W. PRIDE.

Harcourt, July 8, 1892.

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