

LOVE AND CHICKENS.

My aunt Lucretia is an old fashioned old maid with a fondness for wearing little black silk aprons and having cookies for breakfast.

She adores all sorts of feathered things, especially chickens, though she is afraid that this is not a truly genteel taste.

My aunt objected to this, but she persisted in her determination and braided rags for a mat while sitting in the damp seclusion of the grove.

She was able to resume the care of her precious broods herself by the time Almira left, though still very pale and weak, and as she complained, she was obliged to neglect them dreadfully.

I used all my eloquence in trying to persuade her to give up poultry altogether, but in vain, though she promised that she would allow no more hens to sit that season in spite of her conviction that it was cruel to deprive the poor things of this privilege.

When I returned from the city about three o'clock in the afternoon I repaired to the grove to consult my aunt on some household matter, but did not find her there.

On the renewal of an old love affair! The hero of the old love affair had just arrived when I entered the house once more, and it was with difficulty that I restrained from laughter when my aunt came into the room, and greeted him with polite cordiality, not too effusive, according to the advice in the book, but a graciousness tempered with dignity and not a little maidenly reserve.

The hero, himself, was beaming and bland, a little ponderous, perhaps, but ready to make himself agreeable and to have us make ourselves agreeable to him. He was left to aunt Loo chiefly, however, who seemed to entertain him most successfully.

After dinner, it being Friday evening, my aunt's visitor suggested that they should go to prayer meeting together as the chapel bell was calling with an insistent and silvery clang through the sunset.

There are always a good many people at the Hill prayer-meetings, the church being made up of good, faithful christians and then there is nowhere else for the young people to go on that particular evening.

"I thought it best to retreat into the house, but could not resist taking a peep from the open window.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me, but I assure you I have looked forward with great pleasure to this, ah, reunion."

"I thought you were laboring among the heathen," she remarked rather coldly, inviting him to come into the house.

"I hope your family are well," remarked my aunt, readjusting her gold spectacles as if to obtain a better view of her visitor.

"My family consists of one married daughter, whom I trust is well. Her health was excellent when I last heard from her. My wife departed this life last year.

"But lor, she won't believe it," she remarked to me, "n' there she is groaning away for fear I'll either let 'em die or won't discipline 'em right. It does beat all how her mind is set upon them fowls, 'n' she don't do it for profit, neither. The idea of her winterin' fourteen roosters, 'n' they eatin' themselves up pretty much every month, 'n' and she could ha' got much as thirty cents a pound for 'em."

My aunt was confined to the bed for nearly a week, then came a slow period of convalescence when her mind grew more

at ease, for she was able to watch Almira and superintend the care of the chickens at last.

Almira did bravely under the superintendence for some time, though she declared that she could not sit with idle fingers watching them coops for nobody.

My aunt objected to this, but she persisted in her determination and braided rags for a mat while sitting in the damp seclusion of the grove.

She was able to resume the care of her precious broods herself by the time Almira left, though still very pale and weak, and as she complained, she was obliged to neglect them dreadfully.

I used all my eloquence in trying to persuade her to give up poultry altogether, but in vain, though she promised that she would allow no more hens to sit that season in spite of her conviction that it was cruel to deprive the poor things of this privilege.

When I returned from the city about three o'clock in the afternoon I repaired to the grove to consult my aunt on some household matter, but did not find her there.

On the renewal of an old love affair! The hero of the old love affair had just arrived when I entered the house once more, and it was with difficulty that I restrained from laughter when my aunt came into the room, and greeted him with polite cordiality, not too effusive, according to the advice in the book, but a graciousness tempered with dignity and not a little maidenly reserve.

The hero, himself, was beaming and bland, a little ponderous, perhaps, but ready to make himself agreeable and to have us make ourselves agreeable to him. He was left to aunt Loo chiefly, however, who seemed to entertain him most successfully.

After dinner, it being Friday evening, my aunt's visitor suggested that they should go to prayer meeting together as the chapel bell was calling with an insistent and silvery clang through the sunset.

There are always a good many people at the Hill prayer-meetings, the church being made up of good, faithful christians and then there is nowhere else for the young people to go on that particular evening.

"I thought it best to retreat into the house, but could not resist taking a peep from the open window.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me, but I assure you I have looked forward with great pleasure to this, ah, reunion."

"I thought you were laboring among the heathen," she remarked rather coldly, inviting him to come into the house.

"I hope your family are well," remarked my aunt, readjusting her gold spectacles as if to obtain a better view of her visitor.

"My family consists of one married daughter, whom I trust is well. Her health was excellent when I last heard from her. My wife departed this life last year.

"But lor, she won't believe it," she remarked to me, "n' there she is groaning away for fear I'll either let 'em die or won't discipline 'em right. It does beat all how her mind is set upon them fowls, 'n' she don't do it for profit, neither. The idea of her winterin' fourteen roosters, 'n' they eatin' themselves up pretty much every month, 'n' and she could ha' got much as thirty cents a pound for 'em."

My aunt was confined to the bed for nearly a week, then came a slow period of convalescence when her mind grew more

at ease, for she was able to watch Almira and superintend the care of the chickens at last.

Almira did bravely under the superintendence for some time, though she declared that she could not sit with idle fingers watching them coops for nobody.

My aunt objected to this, but she persisted in her determination and braided rags for a mat while sitting in the damp seclusion of the grove.

She was able to resume the care of her precious broods herself by the time Almira left, though still very pale and weak, and as she complained, she was obliged to neglect them dreadfully.

I used all my eloquence in trying to persuade her to give up poultry altogether, but in vain, though she promised that she would allow no more hens to sit that season in spite of her conviction that it was cruel to deprive the poor things of this privilege.

When I returned from the city about three o'clock in the afternoon I repaired to the grove to consult my aunt on some household matter, but did not find her there.

On the renewal of an old love affair! The hero of the old love affair had just arrived when I entered the house once more, and it was with difficulty that I restrained from laughter when my aunt came into the room, and greeted him with polite cordiality, not too effusive, according to the advice in the book, but a graciousness tempered with dignity and not a little maidenly reserve.

The hero, himself, was beaming and bland, a little ponderous, perhaps, but ready to make himself agreeable and to have us make ourselves agreeable to him. He was left to aunt Loo chiefly, however, who seemed to entertain him most successfully.

After dinner, it being Friday evening, my aunt's visitor suggested that they should go to prayer meeting together as the chapel bell was calling with an insistent and silvery clang through the sunset.

There are always a good many people at the Hill prayer-meetings, the church being made up of good, faithful christians and then there is nowhere else for the young people to go on that particular evening.

"I thought it best to retreat into the house, but could not resist taking a peep from the open window.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me, but I assure you I have looked forward with great pleasure to this, ah, reunion."

"I thought you were laboring among the heathen," she remarked rather coldly, inviting him to come into the house.

"I hope your family are well," remarked my aunt, readjusting her gold spectacles as if to obtain a better view of her visitor.

"My family consists of one married daughter, whom I trust is well. Her health was excellent when I last heard from her. My wife departed this life last year.

"But lor, she won't believe it," she remarked to me, "n' there she is groaning away for fear I'll either let 'em die or won't discipline 'em right. It does beat all how her mind is set upon them fowls, 'n' she don't do it for profit, neither. The idea of her winterin' fourteen roosters, 'n' they eatin' themselves up pretty much every month, 'n' and she could ha' got much as thirty cents a pound for 'em."

My aunt was confined to the bed for nearly a week, then came a slow period of convalescence when her mind grew more

at ease, for she was able to watch Almira and superintend the care of the chickens at last.

Almira did bravely under the superintendence for some time, though she declared that she could not sit with idle fingers watching them coops for nobody.

My aunt objected to this, but she persisted in her determination and braided rags for a mat while sitting in the damp seclusion of the grove.

She was able to resume the care of her precious broods herself by the time Almira left, though still very pale and weak, and as she complained, she was obliged to neglect them dreadfully.

I used all my eloquence in trying to persuade her to give up poultry altogether, but in vain, though she promised that she would allow no more hens to sit that season in spite of her conviction that it was cruel to deprive the poor things of this privilege.

When I returned from the city about three o'clock in the afternoon I repaired to the grove to consult my aunt on some household matter, but did not find her there.

On the renewal of an old love affair! The hero of the old love affair had just arrived when I entered the house once more, and it was with difficulty that I restrained from laughter when my aunt came into the room, and greeted him with polite cordiality, not too effusive, according to the advice in the book, but a graciousness tempered with dignity and not a little maidenly reserve.

The hero, himself, was beaming and bland, a little ponderous, perhaps, but ready to make himself agreeable and to have us make ourselves agreeable to him. He was left to aunt Loo chiefly, however, who seemed to entertain him most successfully.

After dinner, it being Friday evening, my aunt's visitor suggested that they should go to prayer meeting together as the chapel bell was calling with an insistent and silvery clang through the sunset.

There are always a good many people at the Hill prayer-meetings, the church being made up of good, faithful christians and then there is nowhere else for the young people to go on that particular evening.

"I thought it best to retreat into the house, but could not resist taking a peep from the open window.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me, but I assure you I have looked forward with great pleasure to this, ah, reunion."

"I thought you were laboring among the heathen," she remarked rather coldly, inviting him to come into the house.

"I hope your family are well," remarked my aunt, readjusting her gold spectacles as if to obtain a better view of her visitor.

"My family consists of one married daughter, whom I trust is well. Her health was excellent when I last heard from her. My wife departed this life last year.

"But lor, she won't believe it," she remarked to me, "n' there she is groaning away for fear I'll either let 'em die or won't discipline 'em right. It does beat all how her mind is set upon them fowls, 'n' she don't do it for profit, neither. The idea of her winterin' fourteen roosters, 'n' they eatin' themselves up pretty much every month, 'n' and she could ha' got much as thirty cents a pound for 'em."

My aunt was confined to the bed for nearly a week, then came a slow period of convalescence when her mind grew more

USE SURPRISE SOAP on Wash Day. Follow the Directions on the Wrapper.

COLONIAL HOUSE, MONTREAL. Prints, Etc., at Great Reductions. French Dress Sateen, 17c. per yard; Scotch Crepon Zephyr, (Gingham) 25c.; French Colored Lawn for Blouses and Dresses at 25c. per yard.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal. Complete Stock of Kitchen Utensils, 5 per cent. Discount for Cash. Granite Ware, Wooden, Iron, Wire Screens for Windows, Magic Ice Cream Freezers.

Taylor's Safes ESTABLISHED 1855. 145 & 147 FRONTS EAST TORONTO.

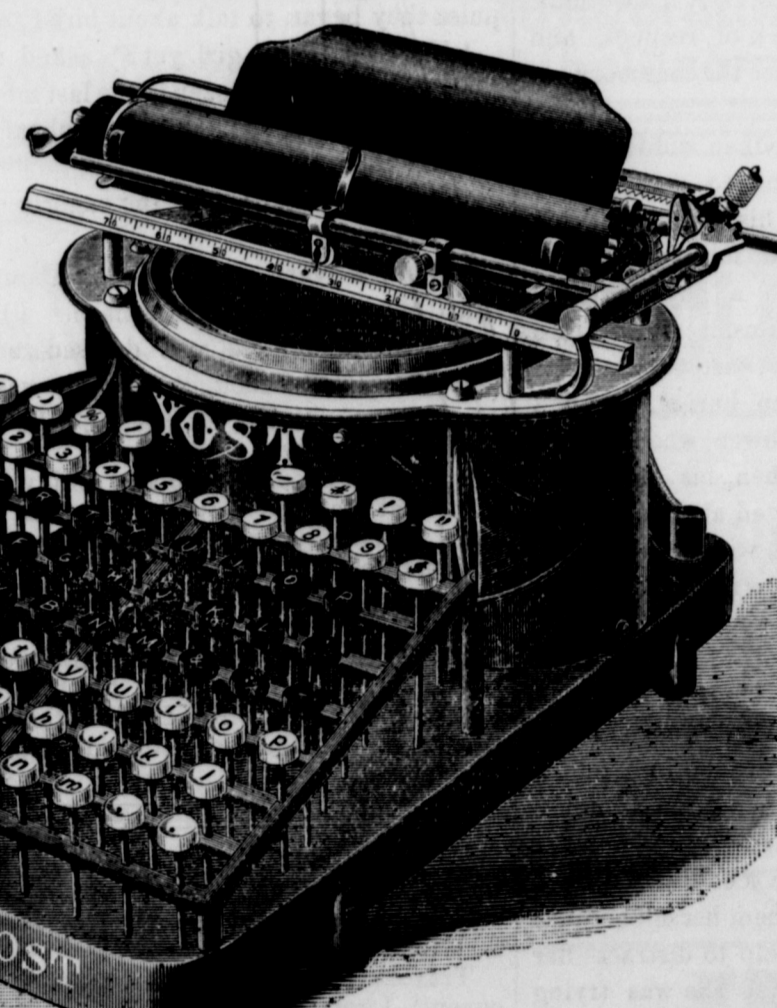
PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.

"THE NEW YOST" NOW TAKES THE LEAD.

THE No. 4 Machine acknowledged to possess all the features of a perfect WRITING MACHINE. See what some of the users of the OLD STYLE "YOST" machines say of them. here are but samples of many other equally strong endorsements.

St. John, N. B., 3rd July, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST," which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unqualified in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, and at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. ROWLES, Barrister.



St. John, N. B., June 28th, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., City. Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 3rd, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 30 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and the great saving of expense in the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type-guide (consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness in other typewriters, viz., imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchasers to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. E. K. SPINNEY, Hardware Merchant, 67 Canal Insurance Ag't, &c., &c.

The New "YOST" far surpasses the machines referred to above, and the No. 4 has many entirely new features. The Yost is by far the cheapest Writing Machine, because it is the most economical in respect to INKING SUPPLIES, REPAIRS, DURABILITY, EASE OF LEARNING, EASE OF ACTION, SIZE, WEIGHT, BEAUTY OF WORK, SPEED, ETC., ETC. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents: Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanMeter & Butcher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dumas, Clementsport, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, Advocate's office of Sydney, C. B.; J. Bryenton, Amherst; W. P. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carleton Keelha, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.