

The Itinerant Parsonage.

If any one had asked me, twenty years ago, to pick from all the young men of my acquaintance the one least likely to become a minister of the gospel, I should, without hesitation, have named Jackson Williams. For Williams was a very plain youth, of a shrewd, practical turn of mind, sharp at a bargain and given to acquiring property. He was of that type of young man who eventually becomes wealthy in small village communities; he was afflicted, moreover, with a confirmed defect of speech, which in itself would seem a fatal obstacle to success as a clergyman.

At the age of twenty-two, 'Old Jack,' as we called him, married Rosilla Cahill, whom we all knew as the brightest, quick-witted girl in town, although not, perhaps, the most beautiful. In mind she was not a little like Jackson, but was more merry-hearted and humorous. In discussing, at their wedding, their prospects in life, their friends were agreed that they were certain to prosper; or, as one expressed it, 'Nobody need worry about Jack and Rosy! Why, they will own the whole town by the time they are fifty!'

A few months later Jackson Williams attended a series of meetings, presided over by a great revivalist. He experienced a profound change in his convictions of duty, and determined to devote his life to the active promotion of the Christian religion. In the following autumn he began to study for the ministry at a Methodist conference seminary, and in due course entered on his labors as an itinerant minister of that denomination.

It was suspected that the young wife was much dissatisfied with their changed prospects; but if so, she refrained from expressing her feeling even to her intimate friends, and set herself faithfully to become a helpmeet to her husband in his chosen vocation.

The ideal, popular clergyman of the present generation appears to be a personally graceful, eloquent, emotional man. Jackson Williams was no such man. In the pulpit he was conservative and dry in all he said or advised, and his defect of speech helped his cautious words in making him appear lacking in zeal and eloquence.

The ideal minister's wife, too, seems to be an easy-going woman of a social, sympathetic nature, not much distressed about her house or home, but inclined to take life calmly and float with the tide. Rosy Williams was the reverse of that type. She longed for something permanent and stable in life, and lay awake nights, planning how she might save twenty-five dollars a year from her husband's meagre, uncertain salary. When their children, Dolly and Jackson, Jr., began to go to school, she became even more solicitous to shield them from the ill consequences of their itinerant life.

But fate seemed against her. Jackson Williams rarely remained for more than a year on one 'circuit' or parish. The presiding elders of his conference had discovered his useful qualities, as well as his defects as a preacher. Wherever there was a church which was financially weak, or lacked a parsonage, or was in need of repairs or of reorganization, there they sent Jackson Williams.

In such a place his shrewdness, thrift and good hard sense came into play, with the result that often in a single year, always in two, the church was repaired, or rebuilt, or a new parsonage erected, or the church committees reorganized and stimulated to activity, as the case called for. But as a consequence of the expenditures which he got his parishioners to make on the church, he usually left, to go to another similarly degenerate place, with half his small salary in arrears and his wife in despair. For there were numerous 'run down' churches in our state, and the presiding elders kept my poor friend going.

At Link's Mills, where the Williamses were stationed during the year 1898, the condition of affairs had, as usual, been bad. The old parsonage had burned in October, 1897; and after the fire it was discovered that, owing to the neglect of the church stewards, the insurance had been allowed to lapse months before.

Yet during that year Jackson Williams had contrived to get a snug little parsonage of five rooms built and paid for, at a cost of only five hundred dollars besides his own labor. On the other hand when he went to attend the annual conference at Lancaster, on April fourth, his salary was fully five hundred dollars in arrears.

Mrs. Williams stayed at home to care for her family, in some faint hope that they would not be sent to another circuit, since they had but recently moved into the new parsonage. These hopes were short lived.

On the evening of the seventh, a letter from Williams informed his wife that she must again pack their household goods. "But we have not far to move, this time," he added. "It is only five miles. They are going to send me to Marston, down at the foot of the lake. But the church there has no parsonage," he added, "and I suppose that we shall have to rent a house until I go ahead and build one, as I did at the Mills."

It would be difficult for anyone, except an itinerant minister's wife to realize the bitterness of soul which fell on Mrs. Rosy Williams as she retold her husband's letter. But as calmly as possible she explained to Dolly, aged fifteen, and Jackson, Jr., aged thirteen, that they must stay at home from school on the next day to help her in packing.

Dolly burst forth in lamentations. "Our new, pretty house that papa made! Have we got to leave it, n other?" she cried.

"Yes," replied the mother, sadly, "and leave the most of your father's too, I fear."

"And live in some old dirty place down at Marston, as we did a year ago at Sim-

onton!" cried the little girl. "I don't care I think it is too bad! I think this house belongs to us—or ought to!" Mrs. Williams thought so, too. Something of her girlish spirit suddenly revived, and it bore fruit that evening in an exploit which will not soon be forgotten in that part of the state.

The weather was still very cold. Snow lay on the ground, and the two feet or more of ice on the lake had not as yet broken up, or thawed perceptibly. Just across the lake from Link's Mills, a crew of loggers with their teams were 'browing' spruce logs. At sunset they were not a little surprised to see the minister's wife approaching on the ice. Her errand was soon made known. She wished to hire them to draw the new parsonage to Marston, and she wanted to have the job done before six o'clock on the following morning.

The foreman of the crew laughed, and returned an evasive answer. Finding that the men could not be induced to attempt such a queer and doubtful job, merely for hire, Mrs. Williams then told the whole story, and appealed to them to help her through with her project. This appeal put a different complexion on the affair. It tickled the humor and no doubt, touched the hearts of the lumbermen.

"We'll do it, ma'am!" exclaimed the foreman, grinning broadly. "You get your crockery down off'n the shelves and your stovepipe cool. We'll be over by nine or ten, and fetch chains and skids and a couple of logs for 'shoes' to haul it on."

The Methodist church at Link's Mills stands a little apart from the village proper, and is separated from the rest of the place by a pine grove where there is a cemetery. The new parsonage stood a few rods beyond the church.

It passed along the road saw teams arriving there late in the evening, they paid little attention. Logger's teams often passed.

The loggers worked quietly and quickly. Before eleven o'clock the little new parsonage, with the minister's wife, family and household goods still in it, started on its singular journey—first down to the lake shore, then out on the ice, and so onward to Marston, where the people were greatly astonished and mystified next morning to see it, set close to their weather-beaten meeting-house, and making it look like an old soldier who has suddenly married a very young wife!

Smoke was rising blithely from the chimney, and all curious inquirers at the door were met by Mrs. Williams in person, who cheerily informed them that she was their new minister's wife, and had brought her parsonage along with her!

The people of Marston could find no fault with such a windfall, but the people of Link's Mills were greatly agitated.

A member of the church, a farmer, driving into the village with vegetables next morning, was the first to notice the absence of the parsonage.

"Wal I'll be planted and hoed!" he gasped. "What's missin'?"

"Brother Blodgett, d'you know our parsonage is gone?" he asked of the first person he met who chanced to be one of the church stewards.

"Gone?" was the surprised ejaculation. "Where could it go to?"

"Dunno; but it aint there, sartain."

The steward hastened to the church. Sure enough all trace of the parsonage had disappeared! With dazed faces, the two then went in quest of other brethren and told the strange news. Few would believe it until they had gone to view the vacant site for themselves.

A crowd gathered, wondered and searched. It was not until nearly noon that the facts became known. Many were very angry, and a meeting of the church-members were held that evening to decide what should be done. Legal proceedings were talked of; but meantime the story had gone abroad and the public generally applauded the exploit.

When the Rev. Jackson Williams returned from conference, Saturday, to preach his farewell sermon at Link's Mills, he was as much astonished as anybody to find his family moved to Marston, and he offered to restore the parsonage; but a certain indulgent regard for Mrs. Williams' 'cuteness' at length led the church-members to offset the house against their late minister's unpaid salary. Mrs. Williams now regards this parsonage as her own exclusive property, and has been heard to say that if their next circuit is not more than twenty miles from Marston she shall take it along with her.

His Grizzly.

The author of "Recollections of a Nonagenarian," says that the gigantic sequoias or denizens of the "Big Tree Grove," in California, were discovered by a hunter named Dowd, who was employed by a water company to procure meat for their workmen. One day, while Dowd was pursuing a grizzly bear which he had wounded he suddenly came upon one of these immense trees, and was amazed at the sight. He forgot his bear, and stopping in mid-career, he stepped back and surveyed the tree. Then he walked around it and estimated its height and circumference, after which he took his way back to the camp.

He told the men what he had seen, but was only laughed at for his Munchausen story. His companions declared that the fright cause by the bear had disordered his vision. Subsequently he induced some of the men to go with him, ostensibly in quest of a wounded grizzly. Leading the way he was soon able to point out the tree, and then exclaimed, "There is the grizzly I spoke of!"

The story soon spread, and the existence of the grove was ascertained. This has since become a place of resort for visitors from

all parts of state and the land. The whole area occupied by it is about fifty acres, and there are nearly one hundred full grown specimens of the species. Twenty of them exceed twenty-five feet in diameter.

PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Early Breakfast.

A hired girl who dreams about her work—not over it—should be a treasure. The Wrongs of Detroit have such an one. The Free Press says that the other morning at half past two Mrs. Wrong awakened her husband out of a sound sleep.

"Henry," she said, "Henry did you hear that?"

"What?" asked the drowsy Henry.

"There's someone in the dining room!" Henry sat up. Yes, there were doings in the dining room. Plates were rattling. But Henry was loath to investigate and suggested it might be rats.

"But it sounds like Maggie," said Mrs. Wrong.

Henry laughed outright.

"Well, you just go out and see! commanded the wife. Henry understood that tone. He got up, lifting his feet high, and managed to reach the dining room door.

He threw it open. A bright light burst out into the corridor.

"Agnes!" he called to his wife. "Agnes, look here!"

Mrs. Wrong came to her husband, and they both stood in the dining room doorway and gazed. The table was laid. All the lights were lighted. They heard the sizzle of the coffee pot and the teakettle in the kitchen. Then the door into the culinary department was flung back, and into the dining room strode a wide-eyed, staring girl, with no expression on her face, bearing three dishes of oatmeal on a tray. When they had recovered from their amazement, Mrs. Wrong awoke Maggie, steered her back to bed, and locked her door.

Answering An Advertisement.

An exchange offers a sample of great honesty in a business transaction. In a certain school the children are given widely varying exercises in the use of English. Sometimes they copy poetry for the blackboard, or they write letters and answer advertisements.

The other day a 'wanted' advertisement appeared on the board, and all the little girls were required to hand in written applications in reply.

"WANTED: A milliner.—Apply by letter to Miss Smith, 10 Blank Street."

This was Edith's application, promptly written and handed in:

"DEAR MISS SMITH: I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know at once. EDITH JONES."

His Preference.

"Mamma sent me to get a hairbrush." "What sort of a hairbrush do you want?"

"I want one with a soft back."

Mixed Tribute.

On a tombstone in an old New England churchyard there is an epitaph which never

fails to bring a smile to the face of the reader:

To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattie, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James B. Rollins. They made home pleasant.

Man's Obituary Dictum.

He: There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman. 'Indeed, and when are they?' 'Before he is married and afterward.'

'We are now midway between England and America,' said the bluff skipper. 'Can't we get up a midway dance?' ventured the jester tourist.

When on the curb you waiting stand And see the cabman wave his hand, And pass you by, you rage in vain In anger at his rude disdain.

Put when you're safely fixed inside And some outsider wants to ride, You smile and hear his pleading call And somehow do not care at all.

BORN.

Halifax, March 4, to Mrs. W. A. Robertson, a son.

Kingsport, Feb. 22, to the wife of J. D. Ellis, a son.

St. Peter's C. B. to Dr. and Mrs. Bisset, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 28, to the wife of Edward Stairs, a son.

Halifax, Feb. 21, to the wife of William Parker, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 19, to the wife of Joseph Lowe, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 22, wife of Frederick Veinot, a son.

Shelburne, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goldberg, a son.

Halifax, Mar. 1, to the wife of Frank Etheridge, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 28, to the wife of David Price, a son.

Dartmouth, Mar. 2, to the wife of W. Millard, a son.

Truro, Mar. 1, to the wife of Walter Donkin, a daughter.

Salmon River, Mar. 1, to the wife of Daniel Cook, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Aaron Hebb, a daughter.

St. Peter's, C. B. to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Calder, a daughter.

Folly Village, Feb. 4, to Mrs. Henry McLean, a daughter.

Kingsport, Feb. 22, to the wife of C. H. Borden, a daughter.

Springhill, Mar. 1, to the wife of Alex. McKinnon, a daughter.

Kentville, Mar. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huggins, a daughter.

Auburn, Kings, Feb. 14, to the wife of W. P. Farnsworth, a son.

Nicholsville, Mar. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Lyons, a son.

South Range, Feb. 15, to the wife of Benjamin Sabado, a son.

Folly Village, Feb. 20, to Mrs. David Whidden, a daughter.

Brooklyn, Kings, Feb. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson, a son.

Margaretville, Feb. 19, to Capt. and Mrs. James Cleveland, a son.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Starr Ford, a daughter.

Newport, Mar. 1, to Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Armstrong, a daughter.

Chipman's Corner, Feb. 18, to the wife of William Young, a daughter.

Springhill, Feb. 28, to the wife of Rev. David Wacht, a daughter.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 5, to the wife of George F. Haley, a daughter.

Lunenburg, Feb. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Zwickler, a daughter.

Taunton, Mass., Feb. 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gardner, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Everett, Mass., Feb. 19, Allan A. Corkum to Maud A. Palmer.

Clifton, Colchester, Feb. 28, by Rev. L. W. Parker to Mrs. Eunice Norris.

Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. Fr. Kinsella, Joseph Arsenault, to Evelyn White.

Caledonia Mines, C. B. by Rev. J. A. Forbes, R. T. Wilton, to Isabella Scott.

Liverpool, Feb. 22, by Rev. David Hickey, David Shay to Mrs. Lenora Taylor.

Clifton, Mar. 2, by Rev. L. W. Parker, Theodore Darr, to Annie L. Hamilton.

Truro, Feb. 22, by Rev. John Wood, John McMaster, to Mrs. Nettie Smith.

Elmsdale, Feb. 26, by Rev. A. V. Morash, George O'Brien, to Elizabeth Anthony.

Gabarus, Feb. 20, by Rev. D. Sutherland, Dan D. McLeod, to Mary Ann Stewart.

Yarmouth, Feb. 20, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Albert Harris, to Catherine Surrette.

Burington, Hants, Feb. 22, by Rev. Mr. Whitman, Joseph Noel, to Nettie Burgess.

Elmsdale, Feb. 26, by Rev. A. V. Morash, George O'Brien, to Elizabeth Anthony.

Yarmouth, Feb. 21, by Rev. M. W. Brown, James B. Wyman, to Mary E. Landers.

Truro, Feb. 28, by Rev. James W. Falconer, Samuel McCarries, to Lizzie Hughes.

Barrington, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. D. Sterling, Albert W. Crowell, to Nellie A. Ryer.

Green Hill, Pictou, Feb. 24, by Rev. J. R. Coffin, William Rose, to Catherine Fraser.

Windsor, Feb. 15, by Rev. S. Wilkinson, Alice A. Schurman, to Herbert H. Davidson.

Londonderry, Feb. 28, by Rev. O. N. Chipman, D. E. Louten, to Mrs. Annie I. McCully.

Tusket Wedge, Feb. 21, by Rev. Fr. Foley, Arthur Surrette, to Madeleine LeBlanc.

Gabarus, C. B., Feb. 20, by Rev. J. W. Turner, Philip E. Hardy, to Hester L. Muggah.

West Somerville, Mass., by Rev. C. H. Watson, Frederick E. Vye, to Katie Edna Smith.

South Boston, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, John D. Macquarrie, to Mary A. Fitzgerald.

Inglisville, Feb. 24, by Rev. Lewis F. Wallace, Andrew Malcolm, to Mrs. Hope Slawenwhite.

Pleasant River, Queens, Feb. 26, by Rev. G. C. Crabbe, Allister H. Whitman, to Bertha May Lovelace.

DIED.

Sambro, March 3, Rebecca Gray, 62.

Dartmouth, Feb. 27, Jane Bolen, 84.

Amherst, March 3, Cyrus Black, 89.

Halifax, Sophia C. Bentley, aged 92.

Chicago, Nov. 30, Enos C. Halifax, 55.

Shelburne, Feb. 23, Hannah Butler, 71.

Halifax, Feb. 28, Mrs. Susan Smith, 40.

Halifax, March 2, Anna Vessie Fite, 80.

Truro, March 2, Robert Paris, 5 months.

New Glasgow, March 4, Andrew Walker.

Bridgewater, Feb. 26, Elias Marshall, 83.

Halifax, March 3, Frederick L. Harris, 15.

Lynn, Feb. 17, Rachael A. Salter, aged 39.

Pictou, Feb. 24, Angus McMillan, aged 82.

Halifax, March 1, James Skallish, aged 60.

Pictou, Feb. 25, Daniel D. Skinner, aged 36.

Greenfield, Pictou, Bertha M. McKenzie, 21.

Westville, Feb. 16, Alexander McDonald, 63.

Dartmouth, Feb. 24, Albert F. Gates, aged 50.

Halifax, Feb. 28, Henry Salter Laurillard, 63.

Antigonish, Feb. 3, Jennet McDonald, aged 39.

Bridgewater, Feb. 21, Douglas Lantz, aged 60.

Yarmouth, Feb. 11, Henry Montague, aged 79.

Hammond Plains, March 8, Richard Roche, 76.

Pictou, Feb. 13, Mrs. Angus Cumming, aged 65.

Wharton, Feb. 25, Joseph Bowden, 'Sr.' aged 64.

Moydart, Feb. 17, Mrs. Isabel McDonald, aged 82.

Yarmouth, Feb. 21, Herman C. Nickerson, aged 18.

Halifax, March 7, Florence Elizabeth McDonald, 20.

Fort Morien, Feb. 22, Mrs. John Ferguson, aged 76.

Middle Musquodoboit, Feb. 23, Mary Jane Archibald.

Yarmouth, Feb. 25, Joseph Daniel McNeil, aged 10 days.

Inverness Co. Feb. 16, Mrs. Roderick McLennan, aged 62.

Pictou, Feb. 22, child of Murdoch P. and Marion McLeod.

Port Maitland, Yarmouth March 1, William Durand, 52.

Halifax, Feb. 27, Florence Delrosa White, 2 years 10 months.

Granville Ferry, Feb. 11, Clifton Wadstan Stevenson, 5 months.

Boston, March 1, Jessie Archibald, wife of Clay, son Archibald.

McINNIS—At Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Feb. 28, Fred B. McInnis, 40.

Dartmouth, Feb. 28, Mab Margarette Boutlier, 2 years 8 months.

Charleston, Mass., Feb. 24, Georgie, wife of William P. Coade, aged 22.

Pictou, Feb. 23, Thomas, eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Falconer.

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 9, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Halet.

Truro, Feb. 27, Archibald C. infant son of H. A. and Mrs. Baker, 17 days.

Arlington, Mass., Feb. 26, Karl, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wood, 15 days.