

At the Turning of the Long Lane

(By Rosaline Masson.)

Miss Janet Galbraith took her best black kid gloves out of her corner drawer, and gave the strings of her Sunday bonnet a final adjustment before she turned away from the mirror.

It was the self-same mirror in a solid mahogany frame with a little drawer in the stand, that had reflected Miss Janet Galbraith's face for over thirty years; but the mirror's task must have been as grateful now as ever, for the face under the Sunday bonnet was undeniably comely and winsome, with the pink or rose petals in the cheeks, and an attractive crinkle in the soft hair that was turning to that beautiful creamy white that recompenses many a Scotch woman in her old age for the red tinge endured in her youth.

But it was Miss Janet Galbraith's eyes that made her lovable—eyes blue and apologetically gentle, with, in them and in the soft wrinkles around them a wistful hint of sadness.

It was not Sunday, and yet Miss Janet donned her Sunday bonnet and took out her best black kid gloves this May morning, and called forth with a face of dignified intention. She was today going to carry out a great resolve, to put into execution a long and prayerfully considered purpose; she was going to select the spot of ground which she intended to purchase in the new graveyard, in order that she might lay there when her time came.

Her father, who had so long been the chief doctor in the small town and everybody's friend in time of trouble, and her mother, whom she could not remember, and the half-dozen little brothers and sisters who had died in infancy before her birth, as well as several uncles and aunts and cousins, were all laid beneath one upright slab in the wall of the older burying-ground; but, alas! an uncle-in-law, who had died ten years previously, had left it in his will that he desired to be buried beside his wife, and this, as Miss Janet pathetically remarked to the minister, "filled up the lair," and left no room for her. But she had not gone against the dead man's wish—she was too gentle to be assertive.

Miss Galbraith visited the grave every Sunday at the conclusion of service. This was a decorous habit, allowing Miss Galbraith's little servant time to run home and rapidly dish the potatoes, and also allowing time for the congregation to disperse.

When Miss Janet had read, line by line, the names and ages of her forebears and kindred down to the inconsiderate uncle-in-law on the last line—"Thomas Wyllie, relict of the above Susan Galbraith"—then she was sure the last lotteries would have gone, and that she could feel secure from garrulous acquaintance. For Miss Janet was hopelessly shy and diffident, and her dignity of carriage and reserve of speech were as much the outcome of this shyness as they were the result of the pride natural in the last survivor of a highly respectable and professional family.

"Ay, she keeps herself to herself," they said about her in the small market town that had known her for over half a century. "She has aye kept herself to herself, and been that respectable I doot if she has ever had an offer o' marriage," it was once added.

But the speaker was mistaken. The anniversaries that are marked in the calendar are not the only ones in a woman's

reckoning. There was a certain day—in June, it was, when the sun shone and the birds sang year after year in unconscious cruelty—when Miss Janet always, unostentatiously, wore black; and in the afternoon, when the duties of the day were over, she would go up stairs to her own room, and after carefully drawing down the blinds, whether to keep out the sunshine or to prevent the birds from looking in was uncertain, would unlock an old desk and take thence three letters tied together, and a photograph, and two or three apparently meaningless trifles. When Miss Galbraith came downstairs again, quite two hours later, the end look in her blue eyes was intensified, and her gentle mouth was somewhat tremulous. But, indeed, there was no one to notice.

When Miss Galbraith walked into the graveyard on that May morning it was with an added sense of importance that she made her way, not to the moss-grown monuments she knew so well, under the dark yew-trees below the church, but towards the newer part that lay east. Here red granite and new black lettering abounded; and, as in most Scottish churchyards, very few of the gravestones were in the form of crosses. Miss Janet went towards a green corner, across which the afternoon sun struck. Her head was bent and she was thinking—perhaps of a grave far away under the palm trees on the Pacific coast, where the hot sand had lain for—as it thirty years? Or perhaps she was thinking of that presumptuous uncle-in-law who had ousted her from her rightful place in the old corner, and forced her to rest at last, as she had lived, alone. Suddenly she raised her head, and, as she did so, she paused, and drew herself up with a quick, shy movement, and a shade of annoyance passed over her gentle face.

There was a man, a stranger, standing beside her "lair." The man had his back turned towards her, and, if one judged by his bent head, was thinking also. Miss Galbraith presently found courage to draw near and take up her position on the little piece of mossy turf she had selected to be her final resting place. She measured the plot with her eye. It would be cosier next to the wall, but that would not get the warm sunshine, and she loved warmth.

She would feel easier in her mind when this purchase was settled, and she knew where she would be put when her time came. She had left all directions for the funeral, and everything would be decent and in order. There would be no chief mourner. She was the last of her race. Her annuity would die with her—so would her race. She was so lost in these thoughts that she quite forgot the vicinity of the stranger, and failed to observe that he had become aware of her presence, and was talking quietly regarding her. He was a tallish man, older than one would have judged from his broad shoulders and upright carriage. His hair was grey and grizzled, and his grey moustache hid his mouth and showed only his firm chin. Under his rather shaggy eyebrows his eyes were alert and keen and kindly.

Yes, her annuity would die with her, and so would her race. They had been much respected folk, the Galbraiths; but she had done them no discredit. She had died quietly in the little stone house with the front garden, had been peaceable with her neighbors and helpful as far as her means and abilities allowed, had been a dutiful church member, and had trained her maid-servants and given them tea when they left her to be married, and had done up her hair neatly morning after morning in front of the mahogany mirror with the drawer in it. Well,

one day it would be over, and they would lay her here, where the afternoon sun struck the grass. They would carve her age on the tombstone. There would be no chief mourner; but beside her in the grave, if her written instructions were carried out, a little sealed packet—Miss Janet suddenly became aware that her tears were tickling her face, and, worse still, were falling on her best bonnet-strings. She drew out a folded cambric handkerchief and shook it open, and in doing so nervously remembered the man a few paces away, and glanced in his direction. But at the hint of the handkerchief the man had turned quickly on his heel, and Miss Galbraith's agitated look found him apparently absorbed in contemplation of a budding ash-tree. She raised her veil and dried her eyes, and furtively regarded the stranger. What could have brought him to the graveyard of the Parish Church? It was not any past association, for that would have taken him to the older graves down among the yews. Could it be a future interest? Could he also, like herself, be selecting a "lair?" There was room for but two in this corner; was he then choosing the one next to her own? Miss Galbraith kept her eyes on the ground, and began to walk slowly to the path that led to the gate; but in doing so she had to pass the stranger.

"Are we to pick up our last moorings alongside, in this little haven?" asked a quiet voice, and she looked up to find him standing in front of her, his hat in his hand.

A sudden pink tinge Miss Janet's pale cheeks, where the marks of tears still showed. She bowed gravely. "It would seem so," she answered, in her soft, low, Scottish voice.

They stood in silence side by side for a moment or two, she with shyly averted face. He still kept his hat in his hand, and Miss Galbraith, to whom these courtesies were unfamiliar, was gratified.

"It is a pleasant spot," the man said presently.

"And very peaceful," the woman replied demurely.

He glanced at her kindly. "That is what I was seeking, ma'am," he told her, "but you—" he paused, "look the embodiment of peace in yourself," was how he ended the sentence in his own mind.

Miss Galbraith made no answer. She thought the conversation ought to cease—it was very irregular. But it seemed ungracious to walk away; and then—what had he said?—something about last moorings and a haven. It really seemed like an introduction sanctioned by the church—by the burial service.

"I have come home from a wandering, seafaring life purposely to lay my bones in old Scotland, beside my parents; but—" he glanced westward towards the yew. "Is the lair full?" she inquired, with sudden interest. "That is just how it is with me!"

And after that it seemed very natural that they should saunter west together to the older graves among the yews. Thus it came about that she learnt, from one tombstone, that his name was Jamieson, and that his father had been a farmer; and she learnt, from another tombstone, that her name was Galbraith, and that her father had been the doctor of the little town.

"Doubtless they would have been acquainted, living so near one another," she hazarded.

"And some day we are to have homes next to one another," he reminded her.

After this it became a tacitly accepted custom that he should accompany Miss Galbraith after service on Sundays to visit

In the World of Labor.

There are nearly 50,000 Chinese at work in South Africa.

Brooklyn box makers are striking for an increased wage scale and a nine hour day.

It is estimated that the convention of the anthracite coal miners will be held at Shamokin, Pa., during the first week of November. Delegates representing union mine workers will attend. From the statements made by President John Mitchell and the demands of two of the district conventions, it is believed the convention will remand a recognition of the union, an eight-hour day, the present scale of wages, weighing of coal and payment by weight, a revised conciliation board, the sliding scale feature and the check docking boss features of the present agreement. Efforts will be made by Mitchell and his officers to increase the membership of the union, which is now said to number not more than 60,000 out of 150,000 mine workers in the region. The operators do not believe a strike will take place.

It is said that over 100 employers in New York have signed the new contract with the stove makers and that 1,500 men, out of the 2,100 on strike, in New York city, will go back to work.

New Haven, Conn., street car men have secured an increase in wages.

The first labor union organized in the United States was by the tailors in the year 1803. The first local printer's union was organized in 1831. In 1845 an industrial congress was held in the city of New York, and this may be said to be the real beginning of what is known as organized labor. There have been local organizations before, as stated, but while the progress was slow for a number of years, the real beginning of the real work of organization may be said to date at the time of the New York industrial congress.

Members of unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor pay yearly

the tombs of her forebears and of his, and then that they should leave the shadows of the yews and linger on the green patch of open ground where they had first met.

And so May passed into June, and June brought the anniversary with it, and it fell on a Sunday; and Miss Galbraith, clad in unostentatious black, walked slowly beside the stranger who was a stranger no longer, and the thought of the old desk and the coming rite of the afternoon kept her cold and silent.

They stood beside her parents' grave, and he laid his hand on it. It was a broad, bronzed hand, and on the little finger was a thin, worn old wedding-ring. Her eyes rested on it; she had not seen him wear it before. He followed the direction of her glance, and took the ring off, and held it thoughtfully.

"I don't know what made me put it on today," he said.

She made no reply; but she shivered a little as if with cold.

"It was my mother's," he said. "I was not a good son to her—I was a wild, headless lad, and I ran off to sea, and never wrote."

He looked from the name on the gravestone to the ring that lay in the palm of his hand.

"I should like to make a good woman happy before I die," he said.

Miss Galbraith turned silently to lead the way as usual to the newer part of the churchyard; but he put on his hand and detained her.

"Won't you have it?" he asked, and

into their respective treasuries about \$25,000,000, of which immense sum \$2,000,000,000,000,000 for sick, death and out-of-work is expended on account of strikes and \$22,000,000,000,000,000 for insurance, etc.

There are about 6,000 men in the Illinois Steel Company's plant in Chicago who depend upon 300 skilled men in the rail, plate and converting departments. Their wages range from \$8 to \$30 a day, the latter figure being for the men who tell when the blast of the furnaces is ready for pouring. There are at least 1,000 helpers in these departments who work for less than \$2 a day.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners will soon organize locals in the Philippines.

In Indiana it is misdemeanor for a railroad to permit men in the operating departments to work more than sixteen hours continuously.

The American Brotherhood of Cement Workers held its annual convention recently at Springfield, Illinois.

The bricklayers and masons have over half a million dollars of accumulated funds.

Union labor is now recognized in England's government dockyards.

More than 2,000 Philadelphia painters recently struck for increased wages and shorter hours.

Though mining machinery has made great inroads in the mining industry within the past decade, it is estimated that hardly one-half the mines if, indeed, that many, are using mining machinery.

In France sickness, accident and old age insurance is provided for; also, compulsory insurance against old age for miners, compulsory superannuation insurance

held out his hand, in the palm of which lay the ring. Ever since I first saw you standing there all alone crying, with your sweet face—

"Oh, whist!" she interrupted.

A sudden pain leapt into his eyes. "Does that mean—" he cried, hoarsely, and his fingers closed tightly over the ring.

"You are surely forgetting what day this is," she said; "this is the Sabbath!"

He laughed outright, in a sudden revulsion of gladness. "Have I broken the Sabbath?" he cried. "Rivet it, then, by accepting me."

That afternoon Miss Janet Galbraith pulled down the blinds and unlocked the old desk, and sat long with its contents lying on her lap. She did not read the letters, but suddenly she laid her cheek against the photograph.

"Oh, laddie—it's not that I forget you!" she said, "but see how young you are by me—you'd maybe expect me to be the lassie you left—and oh, laddie, I've been so lonely!"—Scottish Review.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN

New York, Sept. 16.—Julian Magnus, a well known theatrical manager, died today at his home in this city, as a result of a stroke of apoplexy. He was born in England 55 years ago and for many years was associated with the theatrical enterprises of the late A. M. Palmer. He wrote several plays in collaboration with the late A. E. Knicker. Last season he managed Charles Hawtry company.

for examen by the state. In Italy provision is made for sickness, accident and old age insurance.

The Austrian supreme court, denouncing the findings of all lower courts as unconstitutional, declared blacklisting illegal, and said workmen subjected to same in past or present, are entitled to damages from their employers. A similar decision was recently rendered by the German supreme court.

The Belgian government has issued a decree prescribing the precautionary measures to be observed by owners of workshops to safeguard the health of the employees and to provide against accidents to them.

Higher wages and a pension, under a retirement bill, were the two main questions that came before the Letter Carriers' National Convention in Portland, Ore., recently.

It is estimated that there are nearly 1,500,000 people employed in the coal mines of the world.

Representatives of the garment workers and tailors, who recently met in Detroit (Mich.) on the amalgamation proposition, have agreed upon a plan of combination as well as a label, and the matter will be put to a vote of the members of both organizations as soon as possible. The joint organization will be called the Garment Workers and Journeymen Tailors' International Union.

International Association of Factory Inspectors recently held a convention at Detroit, Mich.

The attitude of English labor leaders toward Joseph Chamberlain's fiscal policy was shown by a vote recently of the Trades Union Congress, which held its annual meeting at Hanley. By a vote representing 1,253,000 members against 26-

000, the congress declared for free trade, asserting that "any departure therefrom would be detrimental to the interests of the working classes, upon which the burden of protection would press the most heavily."

San Francisco, Cal., labor council has adopted a resolution declaring its determination to exercise the right of the strike, boycott and picket, despite the injunctions issued against it.

The Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees has succeeded in obtaining agreements with the street railway companies in south Chicago, extending over two years, and conceding the men a slight increase in wages.

A new local of the International Plate Printers' Union has recently been established at Albany (N.Y.).

Officials of the new union known as the International Association of P. Workers have asked the assistance of the American Federation of Labor in organizing the workers at Montreal and Quebec before the opening of the winter season.

The railway companies of England and Wales employ between them 312,000 men. The Scottish and Irish companies employ 40,000 men between them.

Painters' district council at Boston (Mass.) have all voted in favor of forming a plan for the equalization of wages throughout the district.

A lockout in the marble quarries of Carrara, Italy, has thrown 6,000 men out of employment.

The net loss of population caused by the recent Fall River (Mass.) strike is shown by the official returns to have been 6,925.

KOMURA IS IMPROVING

Bulletins Issued Yesterday Say That Jap Envoy's Condition Is Satisfactory.

New York, Sept. 17.—Two bulletins were issued today on the condition of Baron Komura, the Japanese envoy, who has been ill in this city for some time. The first issued during the forenoon was as follows:

"The condition of Baron Komura continues favorable in every respect and a prompt convalescence is expected by his physicians."

The second bulletin was issued tonight and read:

"The condition of Baron Komura at 6 p. m., in the opinion of both physicians in attendance, was satisfactory in every respect. Dr. Delafield will see him only once tomorrow."

(Signed) "SATO."

The wedding of Charles Stafford Kirkpatrick, of Kingston (Ont.), to Miss Mary Elsie Worrell, daughter of His Lordship Bishop Worrell, will take place at St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax, on Wednesday, Oct. 4.

FISHERY REPORT

Halifax, N. S. Sept. 16.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Port Is Tour—Halifax fair.

Lunenburg—Herring reported plenty; few cod going; two dozen. No. 2 mackerel taken today.

Salmon River—Cod fair; halibut scarce.

Port Malcolm—Herring fair; no squid or mackerel.

Gabarus—Cod plenty.

Louisburg—Cod plenty.

Louisburg—Cod plenty; herring scarce. No mackerel.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Alberton—Hake fair; cod scarce. No mackerel.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Grand Manan, off Swallow Tail—Hake fair; No cod or haddock.

All branches dull at Arichat, West Arichat, Desousses, Point Escuminac, Lockport.

Port Hood, Cheticamp, Meat Cove, Newport.

Point, Mabou, Petit de Grat, Bloomfield.

Port Daniel, Malpeque, Whitehead, South West Point, Anticosti, Ste Adelaide de Pabos.

BAIT AND ICE.

Bait obtainable at Annapolis Basin, Digby, Pictou Island, North Head, Seal Cove, Rippling, Long Island, Grand Manan.

Ices at Digby, Tiverton, Freepoint, Westport, St. Mary's Bay, Sandy Cove, Yarmouth, Whitehead, Ganse, Georgetown, Port a Tour, Lockport, Lunenburg, Pubnico, Queensport, Pt. Hood, Island, Liverpool, Louisbourg, Arichat, Seven Islands, North Head, Grand Manan, Half Island Cove and Halifax.

Frozen bait at Pt. Mulgrave, Half Island Cove and Queensport.

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