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In re Estate of Reubin Tuplin, of Kensington, deceased

All persons having any demand upon the estate of the above named deceased, are hereby required to exhibit the same duly attested, as by law required, at the office of Charles R Smallwood, Solicitor, Charlottetown, within one year from the date of this advertisement.

Dated this 2nd day of September, A. D. 1899.

JAMES TUPPIN, R R FITZGERALD, { Executors. S W BODD,

THE WOOD LILY.

Within the forest's meadow bordered hem, Poising, light tilted, on a single stem; In lonely beauty, seldom seen with more Than three companions at the forest door, I hail thee as a messenger of grace Sent to enliven sunless wold and space.

Slim petaled wonder of a race too few; Shy cousin of that tossing retinue Which top with splendor the tall meadow grass, Joicund are they with all the sprites that pass— Bee, bird and zephyr. But thou shinest alone To brighten here the wood's unbragous zone.

Looking the dense roofed forest up and down, Nothing seems more imperial than thy crown; 'Tis never far from knoll or meadow side, Never uplifted with cool, flaunting pride, But comes, in all its glorious garb arrayed, Beauty's evangel to the gloom and shade. —Joel Benton in Harper's Weekly.

BACK TO SIGHT AND LOVE How an Officer Proved That Love Is Blind.

The silent stars looked down through a clear, still night upon a host of sleeping men. The brigade had advanced by forced marches and now lay within two miles of the dervish camp. Tomorrow's dawn would see the assault. Two officers stood together talking in low whispers, for it was of the utmost importance that the enemy should be taken by surprise, and the orders as to silence were strict.

"Buck up, old chap, you'll come through all right. And if not, what does it amount to? You've got no women folk to bother about."

"No, thank heaven. It is in times like this that one is glad never to have married—like poor old Harcourt."

"Why poor?"

"I was thinking of his wife. I should not care to be tied to an ugly woman myself."

"That's all rot, Hamilton," retorted the other. "I don't believe it matters a row of pins, so long, of course, as she isn't repulsive or underbred."

"Think so?"

"Yes. The most unlikely women sometimes attract most."

"Well, old chap, I'm precious thankful I've no thoughts of woman to bother me tonight. I shall try for a lead tomorrow, even if I have got the route. We've a good chance of being first into the zereba."

"We will give you a race for it, anyhow. But we'd better try and get a sleep, for this awful heat takes it out of a fellow."

The two went to their separate posts. And as he lay sleepless the thoughts came to Hamilton that it was somewhat lonesome to think that no woman's eyes would fill at the news of his death; and he looked upward at the stars above him, wondering where his soul would be tomorrow.

The shadow of death lay upon him, as at times it does upon the bravest soldier; he would fight none the worse for it in the morning.

The sun had risen. In the previous short half hour of dawn the assault had been delivered, the dervish forces had been driven from their intrenchments and now the black, grinning "Gippys" were fraternizing and triumphing with their laughing and chaffing white comrades.

Backward, across the half mile of plain, the surgeons were busy. Away to the southward could be heard the sounds of pursuit as the British officers chased the flying Baggara.

A field hospital at the front is not a

pleasant place. Neither can it be described in cold black and white. War correspondents, as readers of the dailies have no doubt noticed, judiciously avoid more than the merest mention of such places.

There were some ghastly cases, and both surgeons and assistants had been worked hard. But the pressure was over and at last there was time to attend to the wounds which were not deadly.

"Now, Hamilton, let's see," said Surgeon Major Murphy, approaching an officer who lay motionless on a stretcher—who had so lain half an hour at least. The doctor looked his patient over, gave a low whistle and beckoned to one of the orderlies who at that moment turned his head.

"Look, see, Dawkins, here's a bad case! He must go back to the hospital."

"Bad as that, doctor?" asked the motionless man faintly.

"Tis so. Now you keep quiet."

Lieutenant Hamilton had been totally blinded by the explosion of a shell in an earthwork as, well in front, he was leading his company. He was sent to the rear—to hospital—and Sister May was given charge of him.

He had not much pain, only he was blind. Treatment appeared to have no effect on this. It seemed likely to be a long business. The days began to hang heavily. Then came the old story, "Love in Idleness."

Hospital sisters do not cease to be women when they take up their work. Sister May was just as susceptible to love as though she had been a silly young thing of 18, though, in fact, she was ten years older. And he? Pity being akin to love the recipient of pity runs a double risk. Her voice was soft and musical, her touch was soothing, her care of him seemed first motherly, then sisterly, and then—

So it was that by easy stages they drifted into that strange attraction which the world calls "love."

And her one fear was that some day he might see again. The surgeon said it was just possible and was advising a consultation with the world famed Professor Augewirte of Glaefrath. She prayed against that possibility, for in her own eyes she was plain—nay, ugly past redemption. Yet, though she could not realize it, her too large mouth and prominent teeth, her irregular nose and all the fancied imperfections of her face mattered little; for her large gray eyes were soft and full of animation, her skin was like velvet, her figure and carriage perfect. But, womanlike, she could only dwell upon her facial defects and was full of apprehension lest some day his sight should be restored, and, seeing her features, he should loathe her.

Her cousin Kate, a sister nurse, seeing how things tended, chaffed her unmercifully.

"Now, May, I thought you had long ago sacrificed your life to nursing; and yet the first good looking young lieutenant—"

"He will always want nursing, Kate," she faltered in excuse.

"Ah! but suppose Dr. Haggerty is right and his sight comes back. He won't want any nursing then."

Sister May did not answer. A week later Hamilton left the hospital for Graefrath full of hope. The night previous to his departure they came to an indefinite understanding, and though she would not give an unqualified answer to his pleadings, she had not the courage to stop him altogether. In recklessness she allowed herself to drink in the sweets of his passionate words; they would at any rate be a lifelong remembrance, even though on his return he should cast her off.

The operation was successful beyond his hopes, and in a few weeks he was rushing back to his love—eyes shaded, it is true, but with the certainty that in a short time his sight would be fully restored.

"I want to see Miss Johnstone," he said to the orderly at the hospital entrance.

"Miss Johnstone, sir? Which?"

"Why, the nurse."

"Yes, sir; but there's two of them."

"Well—er—she's very good looking. I did not know there were two."

"Oh, yes, sir; there's two. But I know the one you mean now."

And he was shown into the waiting room.

"Gentleman wants me? Who can it be?— Then the door opened. He started forward.

"My love!" he whispered. "I knew you were beautiful. I have come back to claim you."

Sister Kate drew back startled. For the moment she could not imagine who this man with the shade over his eyes could be. In that moment he had drawn her to him and was wildly pouring out his love.

In that moment also the door again opened, and Sister May, looking in, saw all.

She faltered and stepped back, the beating of her heart choking her for the minute.

"Stop, sir!" said Kate, regaining her senses. "You must be Mr. Hamilton?"

"Yes," he answered, amazed, releasing her.

This frivolous little voice was not that of his love. This overfrenzied hair these shallow eyes were not

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beautiful at the second glance. What had he done?

"Are you not Miss Johnstone?"

"Yes. Kate Johnstone."

"Kate? And is your sister?"

"Cousin."

"Is she not here?"

"Yes," said Kate, with a smile. "Stay here. I will fetch her."

"Why, May, you there?" she whispered, on finding her at the threshold and wondering if she had seen or heard. "Here is Mr. Hamilton. Come!"

"No, never! I will never see him!" she panted between her heart beats.

"Nonsense! He has come back on purpose for you, and his eyes are all right."

"Yes, and he expects to see a pretty girl like you!" retorted May bitterly.

"Look here, May, don't be a fool! Go in. He is waiting."

But Hamilton had already grown impatient. The door opened, and he saw them both.

"Here she is," said Kate.

"Ah!" he said.

Sister May looked down, trembling.

"Are you May Johnstone, my dear nurse?" he asked, his voice full of tenderness and love.

"Yes," she whispered.

Kate had disappeared; they were alone.

"My darling, I have come for you," he said.

"But—you can see now?"

She looked up recklessly, and their eyes met.

"Yes, thank God, I can see my love!" Then she surrendered herself.—Cleveland Herald.

THIN GIRLS GET PLUMP

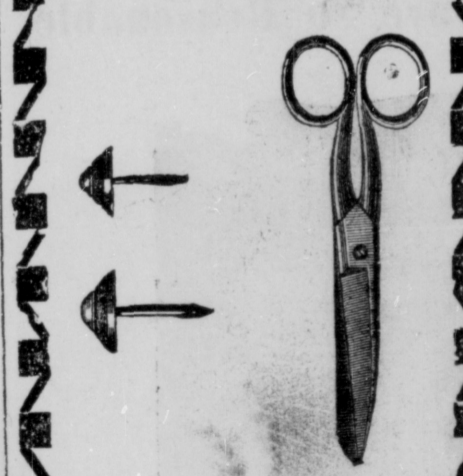
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