

PURITAN DAMES.



We hear a great deal these days of our puritan forefathers, but little concerning the wives and mothers who landed at Plymouth Rock and founded that colony which was destined to play such a large part in our history.

In 1621 Elder Cushman wrote from Plymouth that he "would not advise any one to come here who were not content to spend their time, labors and endeavors for the benefit of those who shall come after, quietly contenting themselves with such hardships and difficulties as shall fall upon them." That self-renunciation and heroic purpose is this! They drowned witches to be sure, but that was no part of their puritanism. It is to the puritan women we owe so much for the spirit in our people which gives them the fortitude to endure hardship and stake life and fortune for their convictions.

The American women of to-day have the spirit of their puritan mothers, but their constitutions are not rugged or able to endure half the hardships of these New England ancestors. Very often they are run-down with weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to their sex, and the constant drain upon their vitality makes them chronic invalids. Many women hesitate to go to their family physician, because they dread the local examinations so generally insisted upon by practitioners.

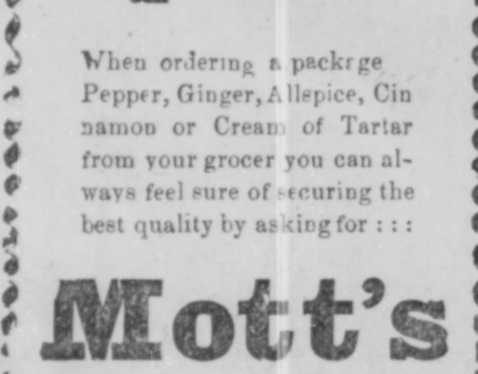
Such women should write Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., giving a full description of their symptoms, history, etc., so that he can give them the best possible medical advice. If Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription seems to suit the case the Doctor will say so. If not, then he will give medical advice which will put such women on the rapid road to recovery and health.

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From December 10th to 31st, both inclusive teachers and students presenting certificates signed by their Principal or Secretary of School Board will be ticketed between stations on this Railway at first class single fare for the double journey.

Tickets are not good for going journey after day of issue, and will be good for return up to and including January 31st, 1899.

FOR THE PUBLIC

Excursion Return Tickets will be issued from December 21st to January 2nd, both inclusive at first class single fare.

Tickets are not good for going journey after date of issue, and will be good for return up to and including January 7th, 1899. Tickets are good only for continuous journey in either direction.

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Beaton's Bargain.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs Winington, Lady Mary Hay, Leslie Beaton and Jack Maxwell are members of London's smart society set. Beaton is Mrs Winington's brother, and being poor resolves to answer an advertisement that promises to get him a rich wife. Lady Mary is a widow whom Beaton admires. Mrs Winington and Maxwell were lovers before the former married. Beaton, with company with Maitland is introduced to the heiress—Edith Vivian—by the latter's guardian. In the meantime Maitland has fallen in love with Edith, which angers Mrs. Winington, who determines that Edith shall not marry him and lies to her about him. Edith has begun to like Maitland and is mortified to hear Mrs. Winington's false description of him.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

"His voice even more than his words enlightened Edith; a sudden consciousness that he wanted to get rid of the engagement dawned upon her with vivid, mortifying clearness.

"Very well," she said, in a low tone, raising her eyes steadily to his; "if I am not necessary to your happiness, the engagement had much better come to an end. But why did you tell me what was not true? Can a fortnight have destroyed what you told me was so deeply rooted in your heart?"

"My dear Edith," cried Beaton, blithely, beginning to see land at last, "you should make allowance for my feeling that I was by no means essential to you. Come, now, be candid, and let us part friends. You are not a bit in love with me?"

"I do not know much about love, Mr. Beaton, but when you assured me that you loved me, and could not face your life without me, though I was greatly surprised, I believed you. I was very grateful; I should have grown to love you well. Now it is very unpleasant, but we can part without much suffering, so good-bye. I will send you all your many presents through Mrs. Winington; the last," with slight emphasis, "is, I believe, in the little silver casket on the red velvet table in the drawing-room."

Her simplicity and composure had a curious effect on Beaton. He felt as he could fancy a man might do after a horse-whipping—cowed and degraded. "Believe me, I shall ever retain the warmest regard, the highest esteem," began Beaton, holding out his hand.

Edith looked at him with a smile, a grave, quiet smile, gave him her hand for a moment, and left him. "That is well ended," he said to himself, with a quick shrug of his shoulders, as if throwing off a burden. "but she knows how to strike home. I must get hold of Jean."

Edith reached her room, took off her outdoor apparel, folded it up neatly, and put it away as she usually did, but her cheeks were flushed and her hands trembled; indeed, her whole nervous system quivered as from the effect of a great blow.

She had been deliberately rejected, she had been completely deceived. At last she understood the object of Beaton's devotion, the desperate need which he expressed for her lifelong companionship; he simply wanted her fortune to mend his own. What a weak, credulous creature she was to believe him! How he must despise her! how she despised herself!

It is true she was not in love with him, but fully believing his representation of his own feelings, she had grown

accustomed to and proud of her of a future spent in his kindly and congenial companionship. The notion of a settled home soothed and satisfied her. Now everything was wrenched away. She was despised, rejected, friendless. Her quiet home in the hands of strangers, her good, kind Mrs. Miles banished, where could she turn? Though as yet she did not connect Mrs. Winington with Beaton's falsehood, she longed to quit her house, to escape from the sights and sounds associated with her humiliation; she remembered that in the innocence of her heart she seemed to hold him to the engagement he was trying to break, and she could not control the angry bitter sobs that shook her slight frame. Gradually, however, her quiet good sense came to her aid; she had really done nothing to be ashamed of, she had only yielded to Beaton after an urgent suit; she was more conscious of deserving Maitland's suspicion, though that also wronged her. Was she to blush because, being herself true, she believed Beaton to be the same? No, she would not allow herself to be overwhelmed, there was plenty to do and to learn. Her first effort must be to escape from Mrs. Winington's house. So having bathed her face and smoothed her hair, and made herself fit to be seen, if Mrs. Winington came or sent for her, she sat down and wrote shortly and clearly to her guardian, Mr. Tilly.

"Mr. Beaton and I have agreed to break off our engagement completely, as I have no doubt you anticipated. I therefore wish to leave Mrs. Winington's house as soon as possible. There is no one in the world with whom I can stay but Mrs. Miles. Do persuade Mr. Dargan to let her come to me, and we can stay for the present in the lodgings we had last spring. Do help me in this, dear Mr. Tilly.

"Always yours,
"EDITH VIVIAN."

Then she felt calm and equal to meeting Mrs. Winington. These were dreadful days of trials to Mr. Tilly. He never knew when he was safe from the incursions of the reckless South African. No longer able to pass on all his responsibilities to the universal Dargan, nor to escape the searching queries of the new heir, who fulminated the most tremendous accusations against the acting guardian, and almost called him rascal to his face.

The day after Beaton had succeeded in shaking off the shackles of his distasteful engagement, David Vivian descended on the victimized Mr. Tilly, before he had quite swallowed his breakfast.

"This is a pretty business," he ejaculated, throwing a letter on the table, and drawing a chair violently opposite to Tilly. "That hound Beaton has broken with Miss Vivian. There, read that! I appointed him to be with me this morning, to talk over a new settlement, and intended to make a handsome addition to my cousin's little fortune. I understood he agreed to come, and this morning by first delivery I got that precious epistle."

Tilly with an air of resignation took it up and read the contents. It stated in cold, clear terms that Miss Vivian had never cordially responded to the writer's feelings, they had, after a calm and friendly discussion of their relative positions at present, agreed to put an end to their brief engagement; therefore, as there was no necessity for occupying Mr. Vivian's valuable time, Beaton begged to bid him adieu with all good wishes for his and his charming cousin's future happiness.

"Well, what do you think of that?" "Ahem! I am not much surprised on the whole," said Tilly, slowly. "You see it was entirely a marriage of convenience on his part."

"Then why did you consent to it?" asked David, angrily.

"Well, you see it was hard to know what to do with the young lady, and Mr. Dargan thought—"

"Never mind what he thought! He'd sell her to the blackest inn in hell if he could make sixpence by the transaction! I suspect for all he is such a fine gentleman, Beaton and your right-hand man understand each other."

"Not that I know of; not that I know of, I assure you, Mr. Vivian! He—"

But Mr. Tilly was not destined to finish his sentence. Another letter was laid before him, which in his turn he handed to David. It was Edith's expressive little note.

"Ha! it is a regular split, then," cried David. "I suppose nothing is to be done?"

"Well, no, a breach of promise of marriage case is not to be thought of."

"No, by George! I was hesitating whether I should lick the scoundrel or not." He stretched out his right arm, and a fierce light came into his restless hazel eyes; then taking the letter from Mr. Tilly he read it over again, pulling his long mustache as he did so. "Yes, we must get her out of that house at once. I'll go over to Dargan and tell

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THE BARGAIN CORNER

W. D. MCKAY

him I am going down to Liverpool this evening. I'll bring back Mrs. Miles with me to-morrow, and settle matters about lodgings and that. Shall I go and see Edith? No, I'd better not; I'd be kicking some one down-stairs. Give us pen, ink and paper; I'll write a line and tell her to keep up her heart, and another, by Jove, to Beaton, telling him he is a good riddance. Suppose that poor young thing has given him her heart? What equity can adjust that balance? I have been in love a good many times myself, and I can tell you it's no joke. Where is your blotter?"

He made a hasty, vehement search among Mr. Tilly's belongings, to that neat and orderly gentleman's distress, and set himself to write, assuming the attitude of a spread eagle while at his task; but he covered the paper rapidly with large, scrawling characters, occasionally pausing to look with an air of satisfaction at his work.

"There," he said, at length, when he had addressed the envelopes, and folding his notes, not too neatly, thrust them into the covers, "that will settle Mr. Beaton, and I hope my nice little kinswoman will feel she is not without a backer when she reads this. Mind you write, too, as kind as you can. Now I'm off to Dargan; if he hasn't that statement of accounts ready it will be the worse for him. In whatever I may be obliged to undertake against him, I can, of course, count on your help, Mr. Tilly, otherwise you are an accomplice; and I believe you are an honest, well-meaning man. Good-bye to you! I don't think I can see you till the day after to-morrow." He clattered away noisily, leaving Tilly in a state of collapse.

(To be Continued)

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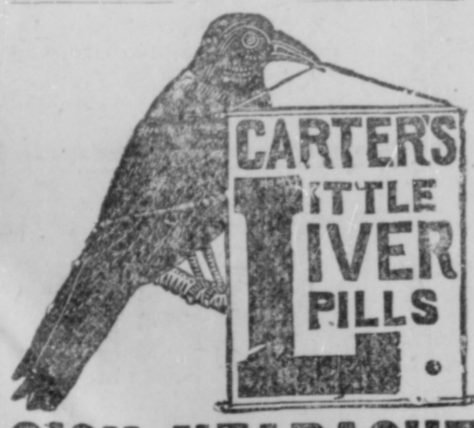
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