The Canadian Post.

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THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

Capital	$10,000,000
Accumulated Funds	15,000,000
Invested in Canada	250,000
Yearly Income over	5,000,000
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Rates and Premiums as low as in any other respectable Company. The settlement of loss prompt and liberal. The resources and standing of this company afford those insured in it perfect security against loss.

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Has been introduced into Canada, and particular attention will be paid to this branch of the business. For particulars and to effect insurances apply to

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30TH ANNUAL REPORT.

CANADA LIFE Assurance Company.

ESTABLISHED - 1847.

Capital and Assets	$3,000,000
Assurances in force	16,450,000
Annual Income	600,000
New Assurances, 1877	1,000
Amount of New Assurance	$2,097,921
Claims by death	140,246

The successful operations of this Company are well illustrated by the following table:

Yrs to Apr. 30.	No. of New Polic.	Amt of New Assur'ce	Annual Income.	Assurance in force.
1868	447	$ 567,494	$183,446	$4,753,993
'70	1,092	1,384,156	374,742	6,104,458
'72	1,432	2,115,094	111,185	9,687,746
'74	1,579	1,854,266	514,970	11,934,666
'76	1,696	2,07 261	600,470	16,117,936

The Canada Life has added to its usual table of rates the

MINIMUM SYSTEM TABLE

By which the assured is allowed an immediate reduction of premiums by the application of future profits based upon the past 30 years experience of the Company. For rates and every information apply to

F. C. TAYLOR, Agent

Lindsay, Sept. 5th, 1877. 919

$89. 1877

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Capital,	$241,062
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Live Stock and everything else, included under one sum in "Ordinary Contents."

No other policy so favorable in this respect.

No hazardous risks taken.

No dividends or profits for any one except the policy-holders.

Organized on the true Grange principle.

No interest charged on due bills till due.

MR. JOHN HORE

is now on the "war path." Send him word to call.

S. CORNELL, Agent.

STATEMENT OF THE Connecticut Mutual Life INSURANCE CO.

Gross Assets, 31st December, 1876	$46,213,006 33
Liabilities, assuming 4 per ct. int.	42,091,043 10
Surplus	$4,121,962 93
Total Receipts since organization in 1846.	
For Premiums	$4,289,134 15
For Interest & Rents	34,070,909 57
	$38,200,194 52

Disbursements.

Claims by death and matured endowments	$3,624,473 15
Surplus returned to Policy Holders	30,305,324 37
	61,706,237 50
Expenses, including Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, &c., &c.	10,058,376 06
Business of 1876.	
Receipts	$9,619,114 13
Disbursements — Policy Holders, Death Claims and Matured Endowments	$3,691,216 35
Surplus returned in Cash	2,161,930 32
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies	356,181 31
	$6,018,738 68
Expenses, including Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Printing, Stationery, &c.	869,062 72
	$7,001,033 19
Ratio of expenses to income, 1876	9.96 per ct.
Ratio of expenses since date of organization,	8.5 per ct.

Policies in force, 31st Dec., 1876 ... 68,618.

The surplus heretofore returned to Policy Holders on cash on whole life plan varying from not less than 20 per ct. on first year, to 30 per ct. and upwards at 5th yearly return. A credit or loan of 30 per ct. is allowed on first annual premium if desired on whole life policies to draw 6 per ct. interest—upon short term and endowment policies a like credit of 20 per ct. is allowed.

JAMES R. KNOWLSON, Agent, Lindsay

THE Ottawa Agricultural INSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA.

Capital, $1,000,000.00.

Deposited with Government for Protection of Policy-Holders.

$50,000 IN CASH.

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It insures all products of the farm, agricultural implements, carriages, harness, &c.

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Insure in the Ottawa, thereby saving money and at the same time encourage Canadian enterprise.

The insuring public will please notice that our DEPOSIT is not in Debentures or Stock, generally of doubtful value, but CASH, securing absolute safety with low rates.

We would caution farmers and others not to be deceived by persons asking them to be insured in the Agricultural, but to be sure it is in the OTTAWA AGRICULTURAL, now the most popular and best Farmers' Company in Canada. Insure in no other.

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POLYNESIAN	" 29th.
SARMATIAN	Oct. 6th.
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MORAVIAN	" 20th.
SARDINIAN	" 27th.
PERUVIAN	Nov. 3rd.
POLYNESIAN	" 10th.
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FOR SALE.—Several small houses and lots in Lindsay. Well situated. Easy terms.

E. D. ORDE, Lindsay

16th Sept., 1876. 883-tf

TWO DESIRABLE TOWN LOTS IN LINDSAY FOR SALE; well fenced; near the Court House. Terms reasonable. Apply to P. MITCHELL, Court House. Sept. 6, 1877.—933-tf.

FARM TO RENT.—Lot No. 1, 10th Con., Emily, containing 100 acres. About 55 acres under cultivation. For further particulars and terms apply to MICHAEL O'BOYCHLE, Lindsay.—941-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.—W. ½ of Lot No. 18, in the 8th Con., Emily, containing 50 acres; 35 acres cleared and in a good state cultivation; new frame barn. Terms, liberal. Apply to NEIL McFARLANE, Lindsay, P. O. 929-3

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT. East Half of Lot 20, in 1st Con., Verulam, containing 100 acres; about 70 acres to be cleared; good buildings. Three miles from Fenelon Falls. Apply on the premises to C. G. KEITH, Fenelon Falls.—933-tf.

FARM TO RENT OR SALE.—Lot 9, Front Range, Bexley, fronting on Balsam Lake, 75 acres cleared; good frame barn and shed; hewn log house; nice garden. S. & O. BIGELOW, Bexley, July 3rd, 1877. 930 3m.

DESIRABLE FARMS FOR SALE. Lots 13 and 14, in the 11th Con., Township of Ops, 200 acres. About 80 acres cleared and under cultivation. Comfortable log house and barn; good water. Apply to O'LEARY & O'LEARY, Barristers, Lindsay. August 16, 1877.—930-tf.

DESIRABLE FARM FOR SALE in the Township of Ops, within two miles south of the town of Lindsay, beautifully situate on the River Scugog; 90 acres cleared and under cultivation; balance good wood land. Possession given immediately if required. Terms easy. Title indisputable. Apply to O'LEARY & O'LEARY, Barristers, Lindsay. Sept. 5, 1877. 938-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.

Lot No. 6, in 6th Con. Fenelon,

Containing 100 acres, and partly cleared. The Victoria Railway runs through a corner of the property. For further particulars apply to the proprietor, DONALD McDONALD, Cameron P. O., or to P. McDONALD, at J. Chisholm's store, Lindsay. 924-tf.

FARM FOR SALE.—Lot No. 6 in the 6th, and Lot No. 6 in the 7th Cons., Fenelon, containing in all 140 acres. 93 acres hay land, 40 acres of which are water. Good cultivation. Rich soil; good log buildings; young orchard. The farm is situated within a mile and a quarter of Fenelon Falls and half a mile of the line of the Victoria Railway. For further particulars and terms apply to CHAS. ANDERSON, on the premises, Cameron P.O. Fenelon, Aug. 31, 1877. 938-tf.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.—Lot No. 22, in 11th Con., Ops, containing 150 acres, 120 under cultivation. Good barns, sheds, and stable, one of the finest in the country. An inexhaustible well, and good orchard, four miles from Lindsay on a leading road. Also, a fine

TWO-STOREY BRICK DWELLING,

on Bondi-st., Lindsay. Containing eight rooms with kitchen fitted-class out-buildings, and everything to make a comfortable home. Good cistern and excellent well. The house is heated by a hot air furnace from the cellar. The premises comprise nearly half an acre of land. Terms easy. For particulars apply to W. BLACKWELL, Proprietor, Lindsay, or to W. L. RUSSELL, Lindsay. 944-tf.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT. East Half Lot 25, in 10th Con. of Eldon, containing 105 acres; 65 cleared and well cultivated; balance hardwood and some cedar all dry land. There are good frame house, good frame barn, with stable and granary; all nearly new and in good order; good well in yard; and a nice young orchard. Stone bearing fruit. The farm is on good road, within three miles of the Victoria Road Station and Post Office on the Nipissing Railway. There there is a first-class grist and saw mill, and every convenience; all within half a concession of the Victoria Road—a leading county road. A new brick school just built on south end, and a Methodist church adjoining. This is one of the best wheat farms in the county. Either for sale or spring. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to DENIS POLLOCK, on the premises, or to SMITH POLLOCK, Glenarm P. O. August 28th, 1877.—933-tf.

FARMS FOR SALE.

The North Half of Lot No. 23, in the 3rd Con., and the West Half of Lot 23, in the 4th Con. of Eldon,

200 Acres. There are about 120 acres of excellent farming land, consisting of part clay and part sandy loam. About 40 acres of which are cleared and under cultivation, remainder hardwood bush. A comfortable Log House is erected thereon. About 80 acres of the land consists of a beaver meadow, capable of raising from 50 to 60 tons of hay per annum, and considered the best beaver meadow in the county. The remaining portion of the land is swamp, but by cleaning out a creek that runs through the lots, and proper drainage, both the swamp and beaver meadow are capable of being converted into excellent meadow land. The farm offers unusual advantages to a party desirous of raising stock. Never failing creek and spring on lots. Two miles from Eldon Station, on T. & N. R. R., and 9 miles from Woodville.

Also the

East Half of said Lot 23, in the 4th Con. of Eldon,

Nearly all dry land and easily cleared, and within one mile of Eldon Station.

Also,

Lot No. 4, in the 9th Con. of Laxton,

200 Acres, good land, in good settlement, and within 3 miles of Norland and 5 from Coboconk.

Also about

4,000 Acres of land in the Townships of Somerville, Laxton and Bexley.

Lists and particulars of which can be obtained by application to the undersigned.

TERMS:- One-third down, and balance in five yearly instalments with interest.

E. D. ORDE, Lindsay.

Lindsay, 7th May, 1877.- 922-tf.

Kirkfield.

JOHN MCTAGGART, Kirkfield, Commissioner in B. R., Conveyancer, Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company. Money to Loan on most favorable terms, at a low rate of interest. Fire Insurances effected in first-class companies. Orders taken for Monuments, Headstones, &c. Land and General Agent. Office—Kirkfield, Ont.—882-ly.

Harness & Saddlery.

JAMES HAISLEY HAS REMOVED TO THE HARNESS EMPORIUM Premises in Thirkell's Block, Lately occupied by "THE CANADIAN POST."

Give him a call.

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Once more the Heavenly power hath shown
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her gathered sheaves,
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors, every year made new!
O gifts, with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty over-runs our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines on still.

God gives us with our fertile soil
The power to make an Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and blood?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Besides the bountious board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that freedom's arm
Can change a rugged soil to gold,—
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let our altars, wreathed with flowers,
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

ON A MELON SCHOONER.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Go below I did. The cabin was cool and pleasant. The table had a clean white cloth spread on it. There was a good piece of corned beef, flanked with cabbage and potatoes, and in one corner loomed up a lighthouse of duff, in a sea of white sauce. Miss Kitty condescended to wait on me.

"Sorry, Miss Kitty, I had not time to tidy up. The melons got piled up on the forward hatch, and I was really too tired to move them," I said, apologetically. There was no answer. I returned to the trellis. "This evening I will make that trellis for you. Some more cabbage, please."

I regret to say the dish of cabbage was almost hurled at me. Why did Miss Kitty hate me! I was very hungry, and disregarding slights, set to with a will.

"If you are fond of flowers, there is a horticulturist in town," I said, with my mouth full.

"A horty-what?"

"Well, a flower man."

"Why don't you talk English?" asked Miss Kitty.

Like the spearsman in "Enid," who

"let his cheek
Balge with the unswallowed piece, and turning, stared."

I too turned and stared, and half choked with an unswallowed morsel. If she had sympathized the least in my unfortunate condition, she would have patted me on the back; but she left me to my fate, covering, I said, "I do try to talk English. The man who has the hot-house has geraniums and pinks. It would be elegant in winter to have some bulbs growing in glass in the cabin."

"We do not live in the schooner in winter."

"Ah! don't you? I was only going to tell you that in Holland sailors grow beautiful tulips in their dingy looking cabins."

"Holland! Ever been there?"

"Yes. I should like to give you some choice plants. There must be some plants, amphibious ones."

"Phibby—what?"

"Some plants which would grow at sea."

"I should not accept of them. I would not wish my poor plants here to have the conceit taken out of them."

Miss Kitty was certainly petulent, if not rude. I determined now to hold my peace.

"Any tea?" she asked.

"No tea," I replied.

"What, no tea! Where were you brought up! Are you not giving yourself airs?"

"How, miss! Does my declining tea force you to imagine that I am not unenable to the rules of polite society? How airs, Miss Kitty?"

"Oh, in a great many ways. What has a seafaring man calling himself Arden to do with a match-box with a P on it, when it should be an A! We do not allow marriage in this schooner," and Miss Kitty's eyes flashed fire.

"Aha! is that it?" I said to myself. "Miss Kitty has used those handsome eyes of hers to some purpose when she picked up that hitherto neglected match-box of mine. Now is the time," I thought, with some misgivings, "for a desperate plunge into a whole maelstrom of white lies."

"Why, bless you, Miss Kitty," I floundered out.

"I can exist without your benediction," interposed that young lady.

"Well, Miss Kitty," I continued, and here I deemed it advisable to drop into quite a family construction of English very foolishly thinking it might belong to the nautical character of one of the co-boarders, "them things have been given to me by a friend, which his name was Robinson. I was a hand on board one of them yachts, as her name was Peerless, and them high-and-lofty kind of folks wants every man as they wears any thing to have it branded with a P. P means Peerless, the name of the craft." The perspiration stood out on my forehead.

"Is that it? Well, I'm not bound to believe it. I am obliged to you for having saved my skirt, but I am not used to waiting on people. Have some duff?" and the dish was moved, with a slight show of courtesy, toward me.

"Duff! Certainly. May I have another plate?

"Trouble enough to clean up all these things. You can't spare your pudding on a cabbage plate. You might want a finger bowl."

That last cut told. "There was once on a time," I replied, musingly, "a real, real princess, who had a nightmare because she slept on a dried pea."

"You are no sailor-man!" Miss Kitty cried, in an angry tone. "Look here! we are plain people, and not used to false manners or shams."

What more the irate young lady might have said to my confusion, was interrupted by a voice from the deck, saying, "We are awful snarled, Enoch. What's six hams, weighing eighty-nine and a half pounds, at sixteen cents, and he awanting to take them or jerked beef out of melons? How must I trade with him? Mrs. Bascom is obliged to give it up."

"Offer him eighty-four melons, and if he won't stand that, throw in another melon," I said, after a moment's calculation.

"I don't suppose you guessed that," said Miss Kitty.

"How guessed it? It would have been wrong to have guessed it, and made your father lose by it, perhaps," I answered.

"People's ideas of right and wrong, I am afraid, are quite confused at times. Have you ever taught school?"

"Never."

"Of course you can read and write well?"

"I do not know about the latter, miss. I have been trying to write for a weariness long time, but people do not seem to think much of my writing."

Miss Kitty looked puzzled.

"Why are you not mate, then, of some vessel, instead of a lounger on the wharf, and hiring by the day as helper on a melon schooner?"

Here were enigmas for me. Why was I a melon man? My pretty examiner looked me squarely in the face, shaling her handsome eyes with her round plump hand. The question was embarrassing. Miss Kitty saw my trouble, and continued, "Do you think me silly enough to believe all this stuff about the Peerless? There is no resemblance in you to any Arden I ever knew. You are not good-looking enough."

This last sentence capped the climax. "I give you my word and honor as a gentleman"—I was losing my temper—"that—"

"Stop, sir," interrupted Miss Kitty. "Why, you are a seafaring man. Gentlemen don't hire on a schooner at a dollar a day."

"I was, though, miss, on the yacht that landed me here a few days ago."

"Maybe steward, cook or barber," said Miss Kitty, disdainfully, "and you ape the manners of your masters. Then you did not belong to the lumber craft?"

"No; and I told your father so. Now what on earth is the matter with you, miss! Can't an honest fellow come aboard this craft, not a-forcing of himself, but axed—axed to come—without your trying to get the wind ward of him, and picking a quarrel with him, and abusing of him?"

"I never did it, sir. I cannot stoop to quarrel with you. Here is my father and mother landing you up to the skies until I am sick of hearing of you, and you not aboard half a day yet. Mother has some idea that it is her duty to reclaim drunkards, and the Ardens in particular, and you are one of her experiments. Mostly all of her efforts have been very unfortunate, as I dare say it will be in your case. You can understand, or you ought to, that such scape-graces as mother, with no doubt the best of motives, lights upon, have not been quite acceptable to me, 'axing your pardon, sir.' Why don't you tattoo your hands to keep up the character?"

It was impertinent on my part to say, "So I will, miss. I will have a lover's knot, a mermaid, sailor's rights, the Declaration of Independence, a church by moonlight, my true-love, and the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*—a whole marine gallery, if you please, and the illustrious Martin Hildebrandis, the only flesh delineator of Oak Street, New York, shall put it on. I will no longer, to please you, be 'a fellow of no mark or likelihood."

Miss Kitty opened her eyes at this tirade.

"Nonsense, sir. Any more duff."

"No, thankee. It is time for me to be on deck."

"I should think so. Do you want a match?"

"No, I am obliged to you." That unfortunate box of mine I had made up my mind should go overboard.

"You might break off some of these matches, if they are too long, and put them in your box."

"My old pewter box is full."

"It is not pewter; it is silver. Pewter is not gilt inside. I repeat to you, I do not believe a word you say. By the way, my mother and father are to take me to a place of amusement tonight. They may propose you shall accompany us."

"And I should like to go, above all things."

"I do not want your company," was the curt reply.

The conversation was certainly taking an acrimonious tone, when the skipper's wife came below. "On deck with you, Enoch. The captain is all at sixes and sevens, and wants straightening out. Well, Kitty, you look kind of ruffled. Hoped you would be friends. Enoch, she is out or temper because you did not praise her duff."

"It was splendid." I said, though I remembered that in our quarrel I had not tasted it. Miss Kitty now sought refuge behind her curtain.

"Enoch, the captain is well pleased with you. You are the straightest Arden I most ever saw. But give up ardent spirits, and it will be the making of you."

"I never was drunk in my life, Mrs. Bascom."

"Then you are for temperance. Will you sign the pledge.

"I will think over it. The vices of my family have, it is true, been a warning to me."

"A warning! I should think so. William Arden told me once he would take warning, just as you have done, and that was twenty-five years ago, and he died crazy mad of liquor two years afterward. There was always a mixture of good and bad in those Ardens. We have only seen the good in you so far; the bad may come out later."

It was apparent to me that, if I was not in Miss Kitty's good graces, I had propitiated Mrs. Bascom. Somehow or other, Miss Kitty's handsome face and impetuous ways had made an impression on me. I commenced to think I was making a dunce of myself under the guise of an Arden, and that I might come to grief in the comedy.

On deck, matters, if not exactly in confusion, certainly required unravelling. "See here, Enoch, in this melon business you be brains and I will be hands. I am more lusty than you, and can pass them up quicker. Oh! I forgot to tell you; under the last tier of melons there are ten barrels of apples—prime pie apples! If you can get a decent price for them, sell 'em. It's my wife and Kitty's venture. These women have been planning what they are going to do with the money. It's dresses and finery, and books for Kitty, and I don't doubt but that some poor folks around our neighborhood will be all the better for some of the money those apples fetch. Let us put them on deck. Jump below, reeve a tackle, and we will have them on deck."

Melons had glutted the market for the nonce. Would there be a demand for apples? Had I been Rothschild, with the Prince of Hesse's capital, I could not have been more anxious about the trust. An offer of four dollars a barrel I refused with scorn, and replied a bid of four dollars and seventy-five cents. "Captain," I said to my skipper, "keep this man who wants the apples dancing around for a minute while I go on the dock."

"You ain't after a drink, are you?" inquired the captain, anxiously. "The Ardens never could work long without it."

"Nonsense, captain. Don't you know that this is a temperance town, and liquor-selling is not allowed?"

"So it is called, only there ain't a window where bottles of one kind are not put on show. Seems to me people hankering after bottles must be kept up. Stationers show off bottles full of ink, and eating-houses bottles full of salad oil and best white vinegar; but I haven't a doubt but that other things, which ruin men's souls, are for sale. You know—you know," and the captain shook his head depreatingly.

Not heeding his admonition, I ran to the nearest provision store, at the end of the wharf, and found there was not a pie apple or any other kind of apple in the town. On my return I ventured to place six dollars a barrel as my lowest price, and sold them all out of once. The captain was delighted. "Its just forty dollars they are about, sir. Enoch, I do believe you do drink—at least not every day, though you might by spells. Do try and keep steady. Take the pledge, stick to it like a man, and it may be the making of you yet," and the skipper went below. Very positively Captain Bascom and his wife had made up their minds, then, that I was an inebriate, being an Arden; but whether Miss Kitty thought so was another question.

When sundown came, having fairly earned my ten shillings—four-fifths of the whole cargo having been sold—I was tired to death. I was throwing my final bucket of water on the deck, chasing away the last melon seed, and making things look cleaner than tidy, when the captain came forward, and seating himself on the hatchway, beckoned on me.

"Enoch"—here he drew his pipe and lit it, and said thoughtfully, "Enoch, you have done a square day's work. The *Kitty B.* never looked neater than she does to-night. I don't believe you have had a drink to-day. See here, my man, can you sail a craft like that? My wife has an idea. It is a kind of risky. If I do not know you to be a sailor, I have proof that you are honest, for there never was an Arden than wan't. See here; though we are mortal afraid of the Ardens, still we hang to them somehow. Once I was a poor, God-forsaken boy, and one of the wildest of all those Ardens—an angel when he was sober, and a fearful man when he was drunk—took hold of me, cared for me, and saved me from misery. That is why I hanker after Ardens; and both of us—my wife and I—when we come across one of them, try to save him from himself. This feeling on my wife's part has kind of extended. Folks at home laugh at us, and call the *Kitty B.* a sailing reformatory, from the fact that we both of us preach temperance whenever we get a chance, especially with our own people."

What was the captain driving at, I thought to myself. "Captain," I said, "to-day's business is most closed out. There is a matter of some forty dollars coming to you from sales this afternoon then, so could I: only I am sorry to say, under the aggravation of you presence, my temper may have gotten the better of me. If I have made you uncomfortable, I ask your pardon." If you had deigned to look at the few books on my little stand, you might have found a Goldsmith and a certain comedy of his, 'She stoops to Conquer.' I do not stoop to conquer. There was even a Tennyson there. I might even presume to quote a verse or two for your special benefit, for all last winter the children in my class recited 'Enoch Arden.'"

"Will you pardon me, Miss Bascom?" I pleaded.

"I will, providing you carry out your determination."

"Won't you shake hands with me?"

"I owe you some small return for having saved my dress. Will you take another melon?" Miss Kitty said, scornfully. "Mr. Arden, since that is what you call yourself, do you remember a certain line in that poem of your namesake's which reads as follows:

"Clothes they gave him and free passage?"

The latter portion of the verse is peculiarly applicable. Pray take it to yourself," and here Miss Kitty's foot drummed on the deck.

Here was a dismissal which, notwithstanding its poetical character, I must confess was particularly humiliating.

"Miss Kitty," I said, "you harbour revenge like a Malay. On my word, when I was pressed into the melon service I had not the faintest idea that there was on this little vessel a person of age at all resembling yourself. Until I made my appearance in the cabin this morning, I had never seen you. You might have been forty, as ugly as sin. If I have offended you, it was most unwittingly done."

The young lady hesitated for a moment, then she said: "Appearances were altogether against you. You may be, though, now telling the truth. I will give you my hand. Perhaps I've been a trifle rude."

"Miss Kitty, pray don't quote anything more at me, for you might well say,

'Your fal-shood and yourself are hateful to us.'

You don't remember the line? Well, I am glad of it."

"Well, here is my hand," she said, and she gave me just the end of her fingers.

"You have been very severe with me, Miss Bascom, and have made me quite ashamed of myself. You do owe me something for having saved your skirt. Will you give me the book you are holding?"

She hesitated a moment, when she said, "Yes, take the volume. 'Enoch Arden' is in it. I do not think you ever read it carefully. It may, by diligent study, become a lesson for you—"

"And a reproach!" The girl was silent, as I took the book from off the taffrail where she had placed it. Just then a voice from below cried "Enoch! Enoch!" and never looking behind me, I sprang on the dock, hurried to my hotel, and so ended my day's work on the schooner.

Now all this came to pass last summer. But to-day I have the fondest hope that not only my wages (ten shillings) will be paid me, but that the captain's daughter has forgiven me. Maine is not an *ultima thule*, and as it happened this winter, about Christmas time, that our managing editor wanted a special man to go to Maine on some newspaper business, I was lucky enough to be sent there. I arranged matters so as to visit a quiet little haven in the State, where a fruit schooner lay docked up for the winter. Now when summer comes, I shall be waiting for the first southern melons. I know exactly the town the *Kitty B.* is to sail for, the time she will arrive, and even the dock she will be tied up to. I am quite prepared to assume the functions of a melon supercargo. Mrs. Bascom has written to me. She says: "If do not hold to your bothering over melons. But sign the pledge you must. That is my last word about it. Though you may not be an Arden, you have all their willful traits." A dear little woman writes me, too; yes, writes me once a week. In her first letter she said: "If I had only remembered that my name and address were written on the fly-leaf of the Tennyson, I would have torn it out, but you carried off my book so quickly. I never had the chance. All the hyacinths you sent me are in bloom."

THE END.

WICKED AND HEARTLESS.

[Charlottetown, (P. E. I.) Patriot.]

Almost every newspaper we open bears testimony to the fact that Sir John A. Macdonald has become a protectionist of the strictest and narrowest sect. Not only does he advocate protection to the manufacturers, but in order to buy his way into power he is so utterly unprincipled and heartless as to advocate the enactment of corn laws for Canada, more stringent than the corn laws which were repealed in England at the demand of an indignant and an oppressed people. The corn laws of Great Britain imposed a heavy tax on breadstuffs when there was a good crop in the country; but lightened the duty on foreign corn after a bad harvest. But Sir John A. Macdonald when the crops fail, and when bread, under any circumstances would become dear and hard to be procured by the poor man, would increase the affliction of a light crop by a heavy bread tax. We own that it is difficult to believe that any man in his sober senses would think of inaugurating artificial means the suffering that follows a scanty harvest; but Sir John A. Macdonald—the politician we are asked to almost worship—is the man to advocate a policy which we can only; from its cruelty and heartlessness, term diabolical. Here is what he said the other day at Bury:

"Gentlemen, you know Canada, from east to west, lies nearly in the same degrees of latitude, and we do not produce a great variety of crops. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the country is subject to the same climatic influences; but the United States, extending from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, possesses a variety of climate. If wheat fails in the west, corn may succeed in the middle states, and if both wheat and corn fail, rice and cotton may succeed in the south. In Canada, however, if by an unfavorable season the crops are scanty, we are without such resources and then *the farmers of the United States pour in their products, upon us, we live are defenceless. For, the farmers, who in an unencouraging season might get some recompense for scanty crops in the enhanced price they would bring, find that hope gone from you. Even the little hoarded the storms have left you, you find enhanced the price of the Western States is poured into the markets of the Dominion. Shall we suffer in this way? Shall we not say Canada is for the Canadians and protect our own markets for ourselves?* SHALL WE NOT SAY IF WE HAVE A SHORT CROP, OUR OWN PEOPLE SHALL CONSUME AND PAY US A FAIR PRICE FOR IT? If we have a large crop, let us not have our own markets and the distant markets of Europe only, but let us say to the United States, we allow you to send the products of your country into your markets, let us have the same privilege and send ours to yours. That is the policy of the Opposition! This is the policy my friends are going to fight to the death."

We have underlined the passage in the above quotation in which that "jolly good fellow," Sir John A. Macdonald, deliberately proposes to convert scarcity into famine by means of a protective tariff. This unprincipled appeal to the greed of the wheat growers of Ontario is of a piece with Sir John's corruptionist policy. To induce them to give their consent to a high protective tariff on manufactured goods, he offers them the privilege of grinding the faces of the poor when it should please Heaven to afflict the Dominion with a short crop.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RAINSFORD'S SERMONS AND BIBLE READINGS.—The remarkable popularity of the young clergyman who held the revival services in the Anglican Cathedral at Toronto recently will render this volume very acceptable to the public. The frontispiece is a capital photograph of the preacher. Published by Belford Bros., Toronto, and for sale at Porter's.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. (D. Appleton & Co., New York).—The October number is a capital one. The frontispiece gives a view of Donner Lake, a fine picture intended to illustrate the leading article, "With Wheeler in the Sierras." Then follow "Possum, I can." "A Struggle," "Wise Women of the East," "Prophecy," "Out of London," "Woman's Love," "The Friendship of Birds," "Good Bohemians," "Cherry Ripe," "The Comic Muse," and several others. For sale at Porter's.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.—(Toronto: Hart &