"Oh, if I had only known only known of this before I made Aline my wife! The horror of it will kill me or morse," with a shudder.

Everard Grayling was standing then in the awful presence of death. His father was dead before him.

Before he died, Arthur Grayling had that his son something that blanched his



Smerara Grayling was standing in the metal presence of death. sadsome face with horror, and left him.

choose man as he was, trembling where stood.

Only one month before Everard had the thought made him tremble, and heavy reads of perspiration oozed out on his

"I will never tell her," he erled; "my henty love, I will bear it alone—if I can, so he brought his wife to the home of me fathers, and surrounded her with whith and luxury. With all her tender personner young heart she loved her modsome husband Forhaps it was this very love that

mened her eyes so soon to the change in Everard. His gay debonair manner had given and his handsome face had grown almost seguard, while he acted like a man ale were broading over some secret trouble. One evening she wandered down by a

Suddenly the book fell from her hand, A moles she know her husband's volcefell on her ears, and then the low liquid works of a woman. Fon will meet me here, then, to-

sorrow evening, and place a thousand sounds in my hand," the woman said, "see the price of silence?" Then her husband's volces

The price of her silence! Yes, For the sake of the woman who bears my some. Oh, heaven, the fatal truth would What? The fear that there might

so a danger of her losing wealth and seettlen?" There is no danger of that My father Froved to me the illegality of the mar-

the time of that marriage. Not that there is the slightest chance of it; but supposing he, my husband,

and been dead and I could prove it. brough my second marriage, I, not cor bright-haired Aline, would be mis-

" Not likely I could do so; therefore I will take the price of my silence and Pallid as death Aline stood; then as her weenand and the woman parted, without the slightest cry she sank white and conscious to the ground.

When she opened her eyes her husband was bending over her. She shrank back with a low cry, As it left her lips Everard's face paled.

but as she shrank back and closed her wes it grow perfectly livid. He looked at her a moment; then he

"Only look at me a moment, Aline me see, did I read your eyes the long dark eyelashes were raised.

the agony and horror combined in han one glance almost made his heart mound atill. "You you know Aline, my wife-

Sens know my forrible secret?" "Yes," she answered calmly, but with the calmness of despate; Amon all, and I pray God that after to-



all the the knew her husband's votes fell on her ears.

I may never look on your face # Grown came from his line. attent Arter, you do not mean that?

The hal bo not touch met An mental Heaven, why did not doubt ment first? mer husband met her glance calmig.

and Allhe the you mean—did you mean works when you said you prayed Wash blumber

lieavons how out you ask met Server me If you have morey!" west morning a note was placed in when whind It ren

"No difference what you thought, all is dear to you now and, Aline, Frank is only my helf-brother; it was in his mother's family the latel madness ran."

He told her all he knew. "Thank God!" was all she said, but he saw her tender eyes turn with mother-Four will knop the scoret, if only for love to their baby-boy, and he echoed the words, as he folded her close in his arms and bissed her sweet red lips, "To preser own eaks, as well as mine for some layer is the love a woman ares.

again. Your husband, Everard Grayling." One week later she held a paper in her and, looking for news of the City of

God help her, she got it!
"Lost at sea by fire. All on board perished."

"My love, my love! Oh, this is more than I can bear!" she cried in the first anguish of her despair. And after that her own feet strayed strangely near to the borders of the shadowy land. It was the little waxen face that nestled closely to her breast that brought her back to earth-One day, sitting up in bed, she heard a

sound of the panels moving.
She glanced towards the place, and a low cry left her lips. A man, dressed in a smoking gown, was standing in the room, looking at her with gleaming eyes. What startled her most was a certain undefinable likeness he bore to her hus-

He raised his hand with a tragical gesture, while his eyes rested on her terrified face. "They call me mad, fair lady," he said; "but I will come again and prove to you that I am 'monarch of all I sur-Madam, I am Alexander Selkirk.

vey.' Madam, I am Alexander source. Au revoir!"
A wild cry rang from Aline's lips, and in reply to it an old woman, who had been in the employ of the Graylings for years, entered the room.

She stared a moment at the intruder. "How did he get in here?" she cried.
"How did he escape? Pure careleseness on his keeper's part. Do not be straid; he is not often dangerous."

A few minutes later a man took the innestic swar. Like alone recommend functio away. Aline alone recognized him as a man she had often seen talking

with her husband Aline leaped from the bed and grasped the old woman's arm.
"Who is he? He bears a resemblance to my husband. Who is hef What is

The old woman looked at her. "Do you mean," she said, with the privilege of an old servant, "you don't

75

marras well.

100

0

E GOOD TO

" Madam, I am Alexander Selkirk,"

know or suspect who he is? Madam, he

is Master Everard's brother, and a mad-

"Oh, heavenly Father!" Aline cried.

The old woman went close to her,

"You will pardon me, madam, but I

was Master Everard's nurse, and loved

him as my own. I came here when Mas-

ter Frank-the one that was here just

now-was three years old, and Master

Everard just born, and was it not this

knowledge that parted you and Master

Everard? I understood you overheard

him talking to the woman who claimed

to be Frank's wife, for he was not always

insane, I understand you learned the

secret then, and Master Everard did

"No no! I thought it was he Ever-

ard, my husband-who had married her.

Oh, why did he not tell me? Why not

Everard Grayling stood at the bedside

She had sent for him. Her days were

On her death bed she told him a strange

story—a story, however, that sometime

before would have made his heart leap

he believed me such, but I never was in

reality, for I was not free when I wedded

his home, but I left my boy behind me-little Frank. He was kind to my boy-

his own son he was-but Frank lost his

tary. My father and brother died in a

A great light came into Everard's eyes,

through you he inherited insanity."

The woman looked at him.

"You you are Frank's mother. It was

"Do you mean your father let even you

"I knew nothing of his existence fill

believe that Frank was your mother's

my father lay dying. He was almost

past speech when I reached him. A few

have a brother he he is insane. It-

hereditary. He is not the-first. You-

you be kind to him-Your brother-my-

That is as near as I can come to what

The woman heard him not. Her soul

Everard Grayling's life was saved, and he went back to Aline.

smiles and tears, she told him all—the

birth of his boy, and how near Aline had

wandered to the shadowy land. Then she told him of Frank's escape and of

"Master Everard, your wife knew

nothing of the insanity of your brother.

What came between you, you yoursell

Master Everard, you will not be annoyed if I tell you. From what she overheard she thought it was you who had gone through the illegal marriage

Five minutes later, Aline knew that her

husband lived; ten minutes later he

"Why did you not tell me that, Ever-ard? and together we would have borne the knowledge better; but—oh, my love,

"Alas, that cannot be!" he cried.

Aline's terror and amazement.

He first saw his old nurse, Amid

disjointed words. They were:

"I was your father's wife once-at least

When he learned this, I fled from

My poor boy! It was heredi-

me, my love, my love!"

of a dying woman.

numbered.

with joy.

reason.

he said."

had passed to its God.

must fell," she said.

with that woman

stood before her.

You won't refuse?" "Oh, I suppose not!" said Josie with a lighthearted laugh. "See here, Dolph Gorman, if you don't hurry with that C-"O. Mr. Gorman!" cried an appeal-

They were going to have a grand feeti-val in Barclay.

behind the church; and the school was, accordingly, the scene of much bustling excitement on the morning of the event-

There were a few busy matrons over-seeing; but most of the work—the ar-rangement of the little tables, and the decoration of the room with evergreens

and mottoes-was done with a will by

the young people of the town.

The room was gay and noisy. Bright young faces smiled everywhere, pretty dresses fitted about, and the buzz of

dresses flitted about, and the buzz of animated voices filled the air.

Over in a corner, Dolph Gorman and

Josie Wheeler were laboring over a motto, which was to convey, in big gilt letters, and an exclamation point, the not highly original sentiment of "Wei-

"Well, I'm waiting for that C, you slow thing," said Josie, spreading out the W-E-L and regarding it admiringly,

and pushing her hair out of her eyes with a sticky hand. "Isn't it going to

"Well, it ought to," said Dolph, holding out his aching fingers with an injured air. "This is the worst job I ever undertook. By the way," he added, looking into Josie's face anxiously;

" Mrs. Thompson is determined to have

me at the candystand—talks though it was foreordained at creation that I should sacrifice myself on the altar of tany and sweets—and says I can ask somebody to assist me in the negle work. Will you?"

the utter willingness she felt, " le ex-

pected to help serve the strawberries

and ice-cream, and I've got my cap and

apron all ready. All the waitresses are

going to wear them, you know."
"I was just going to ask you to wear
a cap and apron," said Dolph unflineh-

ingly. "They'll cast a glory, and lend an

air of distinction to the burnt almonds.

Well," she said, trying not to snow

Josie smiled, and blushed,

al in Barciay. It was to be given in the little school

ing voice And Dolph turned with good-humored haste. A strikingly-pretty and charmingly-

dressed young lady, mounted on the top of a high step-ladder, had turned in Dolph's direction, with her brows in a grieved pucker and her lips in a pout The end of the evergreen wreath which she had been artistically twining about a

post dangled above her head. Miss Lavine was not a Barclavite. Nobody could have mistaken her for such. Her stylish, delicately shaded, glove-fitting dress; her little, Frenchy, lace-trimmed bonnet; her dainty chatelaine watch—were such as no Barclay girl,

however ambitious, had ever possessed. Miss Lavine was on a short visit to old Mr. Gresham, her uncle, and she had hailed the festival joyfully, as a means of enlivening her not over-gay week, and had won the hearts of the Barclay young people promptly and completely. She was the brightest, the airiest, the

ga et girl they had ever seen. The men admired her enthusiastically the girls considered her something more than human. "O, Mr. Gorman!" cried Miss La-

Josie, with her laughing face clouding over, turned to look at her reflectively. was not a suspicious person, it did seem to her that Miss Lavine had required Dolph's services an unreasonable number of times that morn-

Hitherto she had been one of her chief worshippers; but now she began to look at her in a new light. She began to dislike her extremely. " Just look, Mr. Gorman!" cried Miss Lavine, holding up the end of the ever-

green wreath appealingly. Two yards of this provoking thing wanting. Mr. Gorman' -she clasped her hands tragically-"save us!" Everybody laughed; for everybody knew that this was a delicate demand

that Dolph should take his horse and buggy, which had already been of great service in their preparations, and go down to the woods, a mile distant, for a fresh supply of evergreens. "Only too happy, Miss Lavine," Dolph responded, dropping his shears and

paste-board, and rising with accommodating promptness. "See here, Josie," he added in an undertone, "I'll bring the buggy round

here for you. It's lonesome, you know, going by yourself-ch " "All right," said Josie gayly.

"Don't you think, 'said Nellie Storey, a little blonde of fifteen and a half, stealing up to Josie when Dolph had departed, "I'm horrid to say it, but don't you think that Miss Lavine is-well-a little bit affected?"

Josie glanced in Miss Lavine's direction. She was descending a step-ladder daintly, with Charley Ransom rager assistance. Charley Ransom had been "going with" Nellie Storey of late. er Fos, I do," said Josie, with the quick syn the of a fellow-sufferer. "Dread-

fully affected-so there!" "And conceited?" said Nellie. Miss Lavine was strolling towards a

window with Charley Ransom at her "Awfully conceffed!" said Josie. "And officious?" said Nellie.

They were leaning out of the window, necessarily close together. "Horridly officious!" was the energetic response.

And Nellie looked comforted.

Fifteen minutes later, Dolph's buggy came rattling up to the door. Josie could hardly have told how it happened; but just as she started hastily towards the corner where her hat was hanging, she heard a delighted exclamafrom Miss Lavine-"O. Mr. Gorman! -saw a slender, light-brown figure whisking through the door, and, following wonderingly, saw Miss Lavine, flushed and laughing, waving a graceful adleu from her place at Dolph's side, saw the buggy flying briskly down the

It was high noon when the buggy came back. The preparations in the school were

nearly complete. The saucers and spoons, borrowed far and wide for the occasion, stood ready in a corner; the floor had been swep clean : Josie had finished her "Welcome, and was overseeing Charley Ransom, who was tacking it up, Nellie Storey having refused to have anything to say

Miss Levine sank on to a chair, and was immediately surrounded. Dolph threw his armful of evergreens on to the floor, and hurrled to Josie's side "Well," he began breathlessly, with

The arm was pulled sharply from his grasp; the owner of the arm averted her TRUE LOVE PREVAILS.

"I hope you didn't think I asked her to go?" Dolph went on earnestly. "The Lisa little crooked, Charley,"

was Josie's sole response.
"Of course I hadn't any idea of taking her," said Dolph, beginning to look alarmed "But when she came right out and got in, what could I do? I-"The M ought to go a little higher,"

said Josie calmiy.
"Look here!" said Dolph desperately, "this is ridiculous, you know; it's unreasonable; it's—"
"I think, Charley," said Josie musingly, "that the E ought to be a little lower."

"You're joking, aren't you?" said Dolph anxiously. "You aren't mad? You'll help me sell candy to-night, won't you?" he added dubiously. "How do you dare to ask me?" cried

Josie, blazing round at him suddenly. "No, I won't! Ask Miss Lavine!" "All right," said Dolph quietly.

And the next moment, Josie, standing with heated face and flashing eyes, heard Miss Lavine's soft voice crying

"Help you at the candy-stand? Dear me, yes! How perfectly jolly, Mr. At eight o'clock that evening the nol was transformed. The girls were at their prettiest, in their white ruffled caps, and lace-bordered

Josle Wheeler, among the rest, looked as sweet and fresh as a flower, as she flitted about among the tables, already filling rapidly with trays of crimson berrie and pink, and brown, and yellowtinted cream.

Dolph Gorman watched her wistfully from behind his candy-stand. Miss Lavine was at his side, in a lovely costume of pale and dark blue. She was particularly bright and fascinating. Everybody was magically drawn to her corner; she had already

sold an immense amount. Josie, in spite of her apparent absorption, had watched it all with increasing misery. She had seen the charming blue dress

with a jealous pang; she had kept a mental record of the number of remarks Dolph had addressed to his pretty companion; she had noted her smiling responses bitterly. "I don't know, really," said Nellie Storey, depositing Mr. Rickett's straw-

berries before him, and addressing Josie over his head, "I don't know what people see in that girl." (Charley Ransom had been hanging about the candy-stand.) "Why, everybody's crazy over her.
Just look at old Mr Lane buying chocolate-drops! And Squire Simpson bought a candy dog and whistle. I saw him! I don't know as I ought to say it, Josie, but don't you think that blue thing of

hers is a little loud?" " Perfectly horrid!" said Josie. "Perfectly Did you say vanilla, Dr. Pell? Perfectly disgusting!"

The object of their remarks was at that moment making her way towards the central post, with Dolph Gorman in close attendance. The evergreen wreath, over which the had all labored faithfully, and which she had tacked up with her own hands that morning, had started to come

One huge end hung despondently; and greadful sight!-its little green needless and feathery bits of ground pine, and several loosened tacks, had

dropped down on to the Rev. Mr. Blundel's silk hat, his table being fuet beneatl: Lavine's bright face was full of

comic distress.

whispered. "Look at Mr. Blundel's hat! Dear me!" A score of admiring youths who had gathered round her offered their services eagerly, but Dolph swept them aside.

"What shall we do, Mr. Gorman?" she

"Where's the step-ladder?" he de-The step-ladder was found somewhere behind the screen; hammer and tacks

were unearthed from some corner, and Dolph went to work. And then somebody joggled the stepladder, which was shaky; there were two

or three frightened cries from those who saw it and a crash. Josie dropped Dr. Pell's strawberries into his lap, pressed a trembling hand against her thumping heart, and rushed across the room, followed by the doctor himself, in happy unconsciousness of the

strawberry-stain on his shirt-front. There in the midst of a dismayed gathering, lay Dolph, quite unconscious. One hand still clutched the hammer; the other was cruelly bent under him.

A confused period followed. Everybody crowded round and uttered startled exclamations. Several people, each unaware that anybody else had thought of it, rushed

for water, and doused the quiet face with it
Dr Peil stamped about angrily, in ineffectual attempts to disperse the

gar ering for increase of air, and to stop the lood of water. Poor Josie leaned against the post,

white and motionless, as utterly wretched a little being, probably, as at that moment existed. "There, I've fetched him!" cried Charley Ransom, triumphantly flinging

the last drop of water from an ice-cream Josie gave a little scream of joy; for Dolph had opened his eyes, painfully, and was trying to sit up; was trying, weakly, to wipe the water from his face,

was actually on his feet! Dr. Pell lifted the arm which had lain under him. Everybody shuddered; some of the girls grew faint, 1: it bent midwway between the wrist and

"Broken," said the doctor briefly. "Get your hat, young man. My buggy's at the door. I'll give you a lift home. Perhaps it was only that Josie was

nearest at hand-perhaps it was for reasons of his own-that the young man seized her arm for support, and walked to the door leaning heavily upon it, the lookers on immediately clearing a path "Weil," he observed, with a smile and

a twinge of pain mingling queerly in his white face, "I wasn't sure you'd speak to me!" "Oh, Dolph!" said Josie tearfully.

"As for Miss Lavine," said Dolph simply, "she's a jolly girl; but, for me, I greatly prefer—ah!—somebody else," said Dolph, looking steadily into his companion's face, which had grown rather red. When Josie turned back presently-

the doctor's buggy having rattled away—the look of distress in her eyes had given way to one of perfect contentment.
"I don't know, after ail," Nellie Storey remarked later in the evening, " ar Miss Lavine is so-bad." Charley Ransom had engaged Neme's

"She's just as nice as she can be, and live!" said Josie warmly.

CHINESE IN AMERICA.

ry About the Str The Mystery About the Strange (aundry-Keeping -A Chinese G Store-Description of an Opium -The Chinese in Sunday-school.

There are probably fifty-five millions of people in the United States, and the number of Chinese distributed over the entire country scarcely exceeds one hundred thousan

The total number of immigrants from the Flowery Kingdom between 1855 and 1882 was only 266,071, and according to the last census, there were, when it was taken, but 105,465 Chinese in the whole of the States and Territories.

By a law passed in 1882, Chinese immigration was prohibited for ten years. CHINESE APPAREL AS WE SEE IT.

John Chinaman seems to be hope-lessly an alien while here. With but few exceptions he takes no care to Americanize himself. The change of climate necessitates

some modification of his costume. After a time he is apt to doff the comfortable shoes he brought with him, and to clothe his feet with the calfskin integuments manufactured in Lynn or

He takes kindly to the American slouch hat, but wisely draws the line there. John sees no wisdom in substituting for warmth and comfort in head gear, the neat appearance of the Derby and the "plug" hat.

He loves to feel his clothes set lightly and roomily upon him. The "store pants" which in time he adopts are 'aggy and an eyesore to the esthetic tainer; but what philosophicial mind can do otherwise than envy the free and easy style of dress affected by the Chinese, who has only as far become the victim of American institutions as to adopt the few changes indicated?

As a matter of course he retains the half sack coat and half cloak, which must be among the most comfortable of garments. Splendid specimens of work, too, some of these garments

HIS PHYSICAL INFELICITIES.

John moves with ease and possesses muscular activity, but he never looks graceful. As a rule he is too small a man for this, and his dress, if comfortable is not becoming.



Street scene in Chinese quarters

good-natured dame, Nature, to give him only an apology for a countenance? coarse hair, pigtail, mean little eyes, his nose struggling out of the middle of his serio-comic expressionless, beardless face are from being things of beauty.

He is stamped "unique" in distinct if not large letters. The "heathen Chinee" is so regarded less on account of his peculiarity of faith than his insur-

mountable foreignness. THE CHINESE LAUNDRY.

His alleged disposition to remain what he was when he came, has received every encouragement.

Prejudice and sometimes violence have compelled his countrymen to herd together in the American cities, where they live by themselves, and their life is largely a mystery.

The man who keeps accounts with a brush and black paint, and calculates by means of the time-honored abacus is more of a mystery than his singular arrangements for business indicate.

It is not by any means certain that the laundry with its red-curtained window is really under the actual proprietorship of "Sam Lee," "Hong Fat," or another man supposed to "run" it from his name appearing on the window; or whether Chinese companies of vast wealth simply employ this individual as their agent.

"NO TICKEE, NO WASHEE,"

Our Chinese laundry man is not quick and brilliant and refuses to be hurried. He tells when a job will be done and never fails to have it done at the time stated. He charges a lump sum for the work, which to those who may take the trouble to reckon it is found to be exactly the right amount according to the schedule of rates stated.

In this punctuality and square dealing, as well as in good washing, starching and ironing may be found reasons why Celestial washing establishments thrive over the land.

HEADQUARTERS IN THIS COUNTRY. In San Francisco the life of the stranger may be better observed than elsewhere. There, strange sights are to be seen in China town, a reproduction in great part of city life in the great Empire on the other side of the Pacific The theatre with its splendid mount-

ings for "blood and thunder" plays, of, to our view, inordinate length, and a band which discourses most execrable noises, including the inevitable tom-tom, is one resort of the sight seer. A propensity to gambling has by de-grees, found its most convenient ex-

pression in the use of the ordinary playng cards. Opium-joints have their victims by the

hundred. Horrifying reports are now and then published of Chinese debaucheries, but fewer since an outraged public opinion has prevented, as far as possible, the importation of females from the old country.

THE CHINESE GROCERY STORE. In New York and other cities, as well as in San Francisco, are to be seen Chinese grocery stores. These are quiet seeming establishments, with a few dulllooking parcels in the window, the lower part of which is covered for greater privacy, varied and enlivened somewhat by cups and saucers seemingly of indubitable Celestial origin.

An artist accompanying your corresindent in the collection of mate. for this article, undertook to explore one of these establishments. He found five blue-coated, flat-faced, twin-brother looking Chinese sitting in the warmth of a stove which was the genuine product of American in

dustry. Being a young man of an obliging ois position he tried to be accommodating, and accosted one of them thus:

· Wantee see keepee storee.



A Chinese grocery.

social importance, and understood to speak English with the ease of the native American, who gave him leave to sketch the establishment, as herewith presented.

AN OPIUM-JOINT.

The Chinese is here to make money. and alive or dead, such is his expectation, will repose with his ancestors. He accordingly makes good use of his opportunities while here, and finding "Melican" people willing to share with him the vices of Oriental life, gives them the chance to do it.

His best friends must lament this fact. to which is due the existence of the opium-

joint and accompaning vice. The joint itself varies in its pretensions and the price paid for access into it. Great precautions are taken against the admission of persons likely to cause trouble to its proprietor and patrons. Nobody enters one of these places until he has been thoroughly quizzed from

within. The statement is made on good authority that there are as many as fifty of these demoralizing places in New York City, and the questionable pleasure of smoking opium costs from twenty-five eents to twenty dollars.

Such places as are patronized by vicious men and women of the lowest grade, have an inner room provided with bunks after the style of the steerage of a steamer, in which the vice is indulged in a recumbent at-

titude. The rough boards constituting these bunks are covered with matting. A large table similarly provided is times made the resting place of eight

Having entered this vile place the intending smoker takes the place he or she wishes to occupy. An atterant thereupon brings a tray upon which is the pipe, a small lamp, and a rod of iron, which, heated at the lamp, can

be used to relight the contents of the pipe in the event of its going out. Proviously he has cut off sufficient opium from a "chunk" to fill the pipe. which he rubs in his hands and then places in its bowl. This is small, thimble-shaped and about the size of that accessory to the lady's work-basket. It is made of a kind of clay and is situated about two inches from one end of the

pipe-stem. This is of bamboo, and from two and a half to three feet in length. Both pipe and opium are believed to be imported from China. The former improves with age and use, like the meerschaum pipe of the tobaccosmoker.

An instance is recorded of a Chinaman caught in a joint, who refused to give his pipe to the police. He persisted in smoking while under arrest. and valued the filthy tube in his hand at twenty-five dollars.

Before handing the pipe to the smoker. the attendant lights it, and the operation proceeds. One pipe lasts from half an hour to an hour and a half, according to the persistency of the smoker. Some old smokers can burn out from two to three pipefuls before stupefaction arises, but in the generality of cases.

stupefaction induced lasts three or four hours. In some stylish joints the entrance fee is as high as five dollars, and fifteen or twenty are charged for the exclusive use of a room in which to indulge in smoking.

to the writer, is correct.

So oned old smokers visit the joint one r even twice a week. Some smokers go as seldom as three oreven twelve months. Habitual smoking certainly shortens life, by how long

SOME OF JOHN'S GOOD QUALITIES.



Chinamen at Sunday-school.

tion for moral and religious improvement lies in his respectful docility, his persistence in learning English, in the delight which he takes in singing sacred songs and in his disposition to be taught the benign doctrines of the Christian religion.

e ictoria

BIDAY, MARCH LOTUS.

4 to The Warder. RENTED. -Mr. e east of this place farm to Parker, whoff as farming do him. It is repe e to Toronto as book ing wholesale house. TORS. -The Misse Ballyduff are

angue also Mrs Scil been visiting her bri AENING. - Boys be dogs in this neig keep late hours. ysters. - We had on the 22nd, given h at the residence of to a few chosen frie QUELTY TO ANIMAL lled to a person in lty to a span of HE second social reday evening was a good atte

eant evening was sp ent programme of re vocal and instru given, Miss Will iding at the organ oseph and Heber violine, R. Bancrot The following me:-Instrumenta 's address, part so nie wee widow by J mmental music, re Cabe, instrumental

Mr. McLaren, song

seillaise by Nichola

tled the Life Bo hes, instrumental ion. Part 2nd. R. Bancrott, Wells by John F Mr. McLaren. ic, speech W. H. F S. L. McCabe, re ches, instrumental tled a tale of a turk Gill, speech W. Nels ing remarks, God S ceeds of the evening

The Poor I

he Editor of The Warder IR. EDITOR,-lam ased that Mr. Eyre per to reply to my the unfortunate Ble san honorable man sentative of both t church and anythi in that behalf shou ght with the public. what has really b ears by Mr. Ey nicipal council ha 221 a year for two ily of three or four t deplorable and w that human bein ted, a situation so ible that a descript be admitted for pub gnificent charity realthy township it a sum to wrin tets of the ratepay ose! How their ion must have been consented to dre s treasury of such ? But it was d iall that greatness o one is sufficient for this purpose. The e council and no credit for every c e will now turn o cannot be more than approximately averaged. Perhaps the average of lifteen or twenty years, given by a man about town

church and see by it in a case pted to the scope of so much requir strations. Mr. Ev ered valuable aid b what it is. Now I ion the truth of it would be more would tell us exa g has been done the to show for it. T h as a body have t e Blews, it has par side without an nal members m ng but the chu Who ever her nearers think of er, he that give th to the Lord? family have ha nt, sympath not even the Bible and since voice has b sound of praye in that mis have been left

es to huddl tike pige upon a be or covering of rage saturated th vermin. N for such a sta casedly christai ch has spent