

The Fenelon Falls, Ontario, Canada.

VOL. VIII.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

N. O. 52.

Boyhood.

No pallid winding sheet,
No coffin, and no dim
And narrow earthly grave
Were made by man for him.

And yet he is as dead
As any corpse that lies
Secreted from the light
Of the encircling skies.

Dead, many years ago!
His spirit passed away
So swiftly, silently,
I cannot tell the day.

I loved him passing well,
This boy light-souled and fair,
Because he loved me so,
And bore the name I bear.

Doubt.

The waves are breaking on the beach,
And on the soft, wet sand I stand;
Far out as human sight can reach
The ocean stretches from the land.

What is it that ye seek to reach?
Cold, curling, crestled waves, that roar
An unintermittent speech
Along the endless, wreck-struck shore?

"Oh, tell me that beyond the sea
A peaceful harbour lies!" I wail.
A mocking echo answers me,
"Lies! lies!" and I can see no sail.

Retrospection.

The gray-bearded man feels no pleasures
So dear as the joys he has lost.
As once he looked out sweeter
When viewed through a vista of frost.

HIS VICTORIA CROSS.

By the author of "A STRANGE WEDDING-
EVEN," "CLARE STANHOPE'S
DIAMONDS," &c.

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

"I am glad you did, Cecil. Never let
any trouble worry you that I can lighten."
The girl laid her hand on his shoulder,
came back, and put her arm in the most be-
seeming, coaxing way within his.

"Why do you stop in here all alone?" she
said persuasively. "I am sure you can't
be busy every evening. What do
you do?"

The Colonel laughed; he did very little
out of an evening; he could not read or
write when alone, he could not hear
himself chatter, for his own laughter, or
Cecil's piano. Not that these things dis-
turbed or annoyed him, but they raised a
thousand memories within him.

"I am obliged to confess, Cecil, that I do
very little," he said; "but I always did
something in the library. It had
everything here that I wanted."

"Has it everything now?" said Cecil,
archly.

"Just at this moment, yes," he answered
quickly; "always care for the presence of
my elders, Cecil; it causes restraint."

"Oh, no, no! Never with you!" inter-
rupted Cecil eagerly. "Won't you come
now and play? she asked coaxingly."

"Thanks, how good of you!" And Cecil
led Colonel McLeod captive to the drawing-
room—a willing captive enough.

And so it was that another of the Colonel's
solitary habits was given up, and his even-
ings were no longer passed in the library,
unless he really had business to do; then
Cecil would come and put her early head in
at the door and say in her witching way—

"When are you coming in, Colonel Mc-
Leod? The piano has been open this half-
hour."

CHAPTER V.

It was a somewhat secluded life that the
Verners led at Ridgeway; for Colonel
McLeod himself never went into the society
that Hyde afforded, and indeed he had not
much chance to do so, for his wife's affec-
tion for him was such that she was almost
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She supposed he was bringing her up for
himself. She wondered if Miss Verner knew
that Captain Gherapont. Those ought to
be the intimate friends of the Major's wife,
thought the Colonel, and had met her
of the kind, and hoped the Major's wife
would do nothing indiscreet.

The idea was absurd, she said, Miss Ver-
ner was like a child. She had talked to her
the review a great deal, and had met her
once or twice besides. She had seen her
with the Colonel, and his manner was just
what it should be to a girl more than twenty
years younger than himself. And she was
quite sure that Colonel McLeod would not
forget that Miss Verner was his daughter-in-
law. "Did you see her at the review with
Fairleigh of ours?"

"I think," remarked the Doctor's wife,
who was calling on the Major's wife, "that
you were talking to her much struck with
Miss Verner. She is very beautiful, certainly,
and a most interesting girl. It is certain
that she goes to Ridgeway more than any
one else."

"Oh, my dear Lady, trust me, gentlemen
don't find such charms in the society of
their own sex as that! It would be a
very good match for Cecil Verner. I sup-
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her, for the bright-haired, soft-eyed child,
who sang
"I will give her into your keeping, because I
trust you. But I can in no way urge her,
or bias her mind. I mean that I must leave
her perfectly free and unfettered to make
her own choice."

"By not thanking me, my dear boy,
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