"A fine game " is where they don't fine the players.

Type-setter's song : "We never speak as we pass "pi." A postmaster: The superintendent of

telegraph poles.

How to s arta game of foot bawl: Tread on somebody's corns. "Sa'iva" isu't a popular lecture subject,

and yet it's on every citizen's tongue. A mon in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without

breaking his word. "S xteen cows, twice a day," is the boast of a Vermont milkmaid. She ought to have

lest in the udder world. Bill Snort, editor of The Crosby County Clarion and Farmer's Vindicator, put the following item under the head of " Nautical

Intelligence: " "The Church of Rome has

created a see." "Charlie seems to enjoy life behind that pair of trotters," quoth Smithers to Rattler, as a mutual friend sped past them at a '40 gait. "Why should not he?' answered R.,

"life is but a span." A snow-white hen in Arkansas hatched out five black chickens and killed every one of them after they left the shell. She didn't want the other hens to eye her suspiciously and talk about her.

School committeeman (examining scholar)-"Where is the north pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't know? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the north pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin, and Dr. Kane, and Capt. De Long find it, how should I know where

A dilapidated stranger called on a philanthropist and revealed a tale of woe, want, misery and dejection. At the conclusion he said : "Would you think me at all lacking in philosophy if I should drown my sorrow in the flowing bowl?" The Austin philanthropist looked at him a few moments, and then said hurriedly : "Come, let's go take a drink." The stranger quickly surrounded the contents of a full glass of whiskey. Then he looked appealingly at the philanthropist and observed : "One doesn't usually affect offered them to Lady Janet. "These were Mr. Riley. me." "Well, fill up another; I've had found by my Phil this morning in the enough " said the benevolent citizen, at the boat. I presume they belong to your Ladysame time starting toward the door. "Hold ship?" on," said the sorrowful man, "hold on. Yes; they are mine," was the eager re-Where are you going?" "Home." "Didn't

How We Treat Our Bodies.

The human body is, to many persons, an long?" she said to Ruth. object of much solicitude, but really of very little care. Every act of kindness or neglect | mother were drowned at sea. leaves an impression that may be perpetuated "I am so grieved if I have said anything to herself. for generations, and the fact of error loses to pain you! But that brave old man to nothing by the duration of time. As soon whom my hushand and I owe our lives- fumbling nervously in the capacious pockets a fart is weakened, its vitality impaired, de- surely I heard you call him 'father' last of his coat. teriorating change is its law of existence, un- | night?' less some extraneous force be brought to bear | "I am only his adopted child. He saved for its relief. The ris medicatrix natura my life seventeen years ago, as he saved may sustain the conflict for a long time, but your Ladyship's last night. My father and the limit must ultimately be reached. when were both lost, Nobody knew any-

when every organ performs its intended duty Ruth Mayfield. They said I must go to the street just now, little toddling lads and Seemed happier still. But not for long. There is only just time to catch the forenoon wife who was not a female edition of him- the moment, is a nephew of the Right Hon. in a perfect manner; and any deviation, workhouse. But Benjamin Blunt was there, however slight, is disease. Every object in listening to it all. 'I saved the child's life,' the animate world holds its existence under he said; 'and if nobody else owns her, she them-heaven bless them !-dropped little last word. certain laws; and if these laws be violated, belongs to me. I've got neither wife nor suffering or deformity must tollow. Fashion | child of my own. She shall come and live is a monster whose realm is marked by their with me and be my daughter.' And here I've grandad's birthday. Here's a pegtop. abnormal conditions so extensively that been ever since. health is the exception to the general rule. "A romance of real life. And I've no doubt shall never spin pegtops again in this world. Many call themselves healthy, because they Mr. Blunt loves you as well as if you were This doll is Peggy Dawson's. The poor are not confined to beds of pain or languish- his own child?" ing; but health knows no kinship with headache, debility, or any irregularities.

Our bodies grow slowly. Development is | ter than I do." the work of time, and the result of conforma large part of the organism is impaired, the | you ? abnormal processes go on very rapidly. times." But I tell you there is no margin has influence in many ways." capable of mathematical demonstration that the lapse of ages never varies, so in the government of our bodies there is an equally de- day." monstrable code of action. A slight ex- Surely there must be some way of reposure now may not be felt to-day; but the system has been shocked, its equilibrium disturbed, and expenditure of vitality must occur for its restoration to normal action. But as only a given amount of vitality is furnished at the outset, these exposures finally result in total loss of strength and action. and we talk about "acute attacks," or sudden cases of disease, and seek in vain for the cause. The cause has been a series of wrong doings, extending through a long period of time, and showing the effect of the whole by one grand manifestation of suffering to which the wise (?) give some wonderful name that savors more of superstition and alchemestic empericism than of common sense or even reasou. Now, while habits of body and effects thereof may be perpetuated too late to begin the remedial efforts of reignorance or wilful abuse, may, by strict tohim." observance of legitimate rules, greatly modify evil tendencies, and perhaps utterly remove them from the system,

Active Snakes.

Florida contains fewer dangerous reptiles than people at a distance suppose. We have two kinds especially that are harmless to mankind. These are the "king snake" and "black runner," neither of which ever permits a rattlesnake to get off alive when they meet. The king is very quick, and in the encounter watches his chance-seizes the rattler in the throat, or back of the head, then coils himself around, and squeezes him to death. This snake puts up a fair fight, but the rattler is at a disadvantage owing to its clumsiness. On the other hand the black runner is up to all sorts of tricks. As is well known the rattler's own bite proves fatal, and when lying at full length can only trike back of him, and in doing this invariably brings its tail in contact with its fangs, resulting always in death. The black snake, whenever it finds a rattler in this position throws itself across the middle of its body, the result being as above stated. It also kills its victim like the king snake, only after wrapping itself around; its body being nothing but muscles, stretches out, thereby breaking every joint in its antagonist. The black snake is of more value than the king, as it preys upon all other snakes of a dangerous nature.

Roofing-linen.

new covering material called "roofing-linen" head should be hurt !" has been introduced, which is about half the thickness of good curtos pierre, and consists Blunt." of a layer of coarse linen which lies between of several years' use.

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NO 20

John Wesley.

lived on a trifle and gave the rest of his in-

was chiefly to blame, but he is not alto-

husbands as she did. That he gave her any

and it is to be hoped that their whole course

Low Spirited People.

afraid he has given offense. Another is

their relatives and friends for more than a

quarter of a century, and who are just as

awful affliction, as those know who have

ever passed through the mill. Of course it

is a species of insanity. Yes, but if all who

all they have done in the way of asylum pro-

Coming Leap-Year.

and 2400 are .- The Critic.

likely as not to be thinking at this moment

A Type of Beauty.

From the Norristown Herald.

Here hang my bangs o'er eyes that dream. And nose and rosebud lips for cream, And here's my chin with dimples in. This is my neck without a speck which doth these snowy shoulders deck; and here is - see, oh double T-O-N, which girls all wear, like me; and here's a heart, from cupid's dart, safeshielded by this corset's art. This is my waist too tightly laced on which

a bustle big is placed. This is my dress. Its cost, I guess, did my poor papa much dis-tress, because he sighed when mamma tried it on, and scolded so I cried, but mamma said I soon would wed and buy pa's clothes for him instead. It's trimmed with lace just in this place, 'neath which two ankles show, with grace, in silken hose

to catch the beaus who think they're lovely These are I suppose. in slippers my feet now if we meet we'll flirt should chance to street. How sweet. a little on the

BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER. for twenty years?" she said.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.-CONTINUED,

Rath took down the locket and chain and

Where are you going?" "Home." "Didn't ply, as Ruth placed them in her hands. him. Maybe I'm too old to fret. I know you bring me down here to drown my sor- "Thank you so very much. This locket I can't be long after Jim; and somehow it row?" "Yes." "Well of course you contains a likeness of my grandmother-the know a man can't drown unless he goes only relic of her that I have. I would not to now. I know he's there awaiting for me; down three times. Say you fill 'em again." have lost it for a great deal." Perceiving that the chain was broken, she placed the trinkets on the table at her elbow. "But to me that Jim and I can't be far away from your mother-shall I not see her before one another."

"I have no mother. Both my father and

"That I'm sure he does. And as for me-

"My husband and I owe our lives to him. ity to certain fixed laws of diet, exercise, How shall we thank him sufficiently?

" Nobody ever calls me anything else." When checked in some inpropriety, how You must tell me, Ruth, before Mr. often we hear people say, "Oh this never Blunt come in, in what way we can best hurts me! I have done it thousands of show our gratitude. Sir Harry is rich and thought that maybe it was fashionable to

allowed to any of Nature's laws, nor excep . Your Ladyship must excuse me saying tions in favor of individuals. As through- so; but I don't think you can do anything Mr. Blunt, did you see my husband, Sir out the material universe we have laws for father. He does not want for money. This house is his own property, and he

> compensing him, though only in part, for the only show our gratitude in some way !" great debt we owe him.

"There's a poor widow in the village, Mrs. Riley by name, whose husband was killed the other day, leaving her with several young children. If your Ladyship could do anything to help them, that would please my father it out. And if Sir Harry and you would

best of all." band. But I am anxious to do something grand. I'll back our Ruth against anybody for Mr. Blunt himself; or if not for him, then for you.'

"I don't think there's anything your Lady. | She was putting down her cup and saucer, father and I would be very fond of that. picked them up.

A moment later, the front door was opened, and Blunt came slowly in, supporting on his arm a very old, old man, as dried up and so strong as it had once been. He took the a deep crape band on his hat, a broad- a better view of it. "This her grandmother!" had the intelligence and vivacity of a far | too-Janet! No. no; such a thing is not younger man, and his snow-white hair was possible !"

still plentiful. Lady Janet rose and stood back a little. while the two men slowly crossed the floor. Not a word was spoken until the old gentletage of the diversion to retire into the back

premises on domestic thoughts intent. "Mr. Blunt, I believe?" said Lady Janet as Benjamin turned and faced his guest. "Old Ben Blunt, at your Ladyship's service :" and with that he took off his hat and

made an old-fashioned bow. Lady Janet advanced a step or two and held out her hand. "How can I thank you, Mr. Blunt-how show my gratitude sufficiently for the great service you have done

my husband and me? Ben gazed on the white slender hand for a moment; then, after, after giving his own brown hand a furtive rub with the tail of his coat, he took hold of it gently, almost reverently; but Lady Janet's fingers closed warmly on his as her eyes filled with

"That pays for everything," said Ben huskily. "Bless your pretty face, I should like to see the man as wouldn't go through According to the Deutsche Bauzeitung, a fire and water, rather than a hair of your

"All men are not such heroes as you, Mr.

"Me a hero! I hardly know what the two layers of thick roll-paper. The cohe- word means. I'm only a simple ignorant sion of the three layers is effected by an old fellow, who tries to do his duty accordasphalt composition of special make, called ing to the light that's given him." Then "roofing paint." It is stated that this paint seeming to think that enough had been said should be freely applied to roofs immediately on so trivial a subject as himself, he sterged after their completion, and again about sir back a pace or two, and pointing to the old weeks afterwards. This operation should, gentleman in the armchair, he said : " Will it would seem, be repeated every few years. your Ladyship allow me to introjooce to The linen costs about 10d. to 11d, per square your notice Jim Riley's father. Jim hisself even to himself. "You do not remember yard, and the paint 10s, to 11s, per cwt. | was run over six week ago and was killed, | your mother?" Although this new method appears to have To-day is grandad's birthday. He was points which deserve commendation, a real ninety-five at twenty past six this morning, an infant." estimate of its value cannot be formed until | and we're all very proud of him. They the material have been exposed to the test | can't show such another old man for twenty miles round. By-and-by, he and I were go- of my father."

ing to have a drop of something hot and a pipe o' baccy." Then turning to the old about either of them ?" fellow and elevating his voice a little, he l

"Ay, ay, lad, that we do," responded age. "We've done it for twenty years, and father and your mother." we're not going to give up a good old custom at our time o' life."

Lady Janet crossed over and shook hands with the veteran. "I am charmed to make your acquaintance, Mr. Riley," she said; 'and I hope with all my heart that you will live to enjoy many more anniversaries of this

"Thank'ee, mum, thank'ee. It's ninetyfive years this very day since I came into the world ; but I'm here yet-I'm here

"And likely to be for another twenty

years," remarked Ben in his cheeriest voice. Then turning to Lady Janet, he added: "Will your Ladyship excuse me for a minute while I take off my Sunday collar ? I don't seem to talk easy in it. Not but what this sort of collar has its advantages. Nobody can say as it isn't respectable; and anybody to go to sleep in church who's got gotten his presence. when it's got up stiff and proper, I'll defy bedroom

"Yes, mum, for twenty years ever since he came to this village. He's a little chap, and there ain't much of him ; but he's got the heart of a lion. He's like Admiral Lord Nelson-he don't know what "You have had a great misfortune lately,

" Meaning in the death of my boy. Yes, mum; it will be six weeks next Tuesday since he was run over and killed. But, somehow, I don't seem to fret much after him. Maybe I'm too old to fret. I know mother grew up, knowing nothing of her I can't be long after Jim; and somehow it don't seem quite so lonesome for me to look died, and your mother was thrown on the died. and when I sit in the porch and watch the sun going down yonder in the west, it seems

Lady Janet took out her tablets and made a note or two. "I must get Harry to do something for these poor people," she said The old man had risen to his feet and was

"Have you lost anything, Mr. Riley? Can I assist you in any way?' asked Lady

things into my pocket-toys and what not -all they had to give—because it was old kneeling on one knee, took one of his rough regret not having seen him at the hotel this her; I will not recall her." And then he many high positions, the latest having been Little Billy Johnson gave me that. Ah! I cheek. shall never spin pegtops again in this world. thing wants dressing. Ann here's a paper the little one that was left him—for your write to him either from London or South- gathering power. Even its greatest en- properties being situated in Tipperary and of sweet-stuff and a farthing. And this is sake—he tried to bear up like a man. I -I ampton, and enclose a further remittance emics cannot deny this, while those who are Kildare. He was a supporter of Home t isn't in human nature to love him any bet- Jacky Taylor's big alley taw. I shall keep used to see a good deal of my friend at that for the benefit of the brave fellows who neither enemies or adherents, but quiet, in- Rule, under the leadership of the late Isaac them for a day or two, and then give them time, and I often used to take you out—that were Mr. Blunt's companions last night. telligent onlookers cannot help acknowledg- Butt, and when Mr. Parnell secoded from all back again.'

At that moment Mr. Blunt re-entered the rest, etc. Now if growth is a slow process, What shall we do to repay him? Tell me, room. He had got rid of the famous collar, disease is none the less so. But when once Ruth-you will let me call you Ruth, won't and was his own free-and-easy self again. "Would your Ladyship like a little rum in your tea?" he asked. "No, thank you, Mr. Blunt."

" Many ladies like a drop in their tea. drink 'em together.' "When you were at the hotel just now,

Harry Trevor ?" "Ididn't see him; but our Phil did. He

has saved something besides for a rainy sent word that he would be up here in about half an hour's time." "Oh, Mr. Blunt, if Sir Harry and I could

"Your Ladyship couldn't show it better than by eating a good breakfast and bringing back the roses to your pretty cheeks. We've a nice lump of cold beef in the cupboard. I can't think why Ruth didn't bring only stop to dinner, Ruth should make one "I will speak about it at once to my hus- of her potato pies. You would say it was

for potato pies and pancakes." "I must hear what my husband has to Ruth shook her head gently but gravely, say," answered Lady Janet with a smile.

ship could do for us-unless you were to when her elbow accidentally swept the chain send us your likeness as a keepsake. Both and locket off the table. Ben stooped and from generation to generation, it is never But here comes father himself," added The lady opened the locket and handed it the girl, with a glance through the to Mr. Blunt. "That is the portrait of my er go."

form, and often the victims of prenatal window. "Perhaps your Ladyship will talk grandmother, taken when she was eighteen, Tell me Mr. Blunt, whether you think it in any way resembles me?" The old fisherman seyesight was no longer

withered as a Normandy pippin. He wore portrait to the window, that he might have skirted coat of coarse blue cloth, and knee- he muttered under his breath, while all the breeches; thick gray home-knit stockings color died out of his face. "Why, it is the no, thank heaven! he would not take their write to me," she said kept warm his poor thin shanks. His eyes | very face of my own lost darling ! The name,

"By your silence, Mr. Blunt, I suppose you cannot detect any likeness?" Ben came back from the window, and standing close in front of Lady Janet, he man was safely deposited in Ben's own arm scanned the sweet, smiling face before him chair in the chimney corner. Ruth took advan- closely. "There is a likeness, Lady Trevor, waters. But there was something he could now standing in the middle of the room. a very wonderful likeness," he said with a hardly tell what, that kept him back. He "Good-bye, Mr. Riley," she said, holding likely only to make them worse. It is an strange quaver in his voice. "You-you

say that this is the portrait of your grand- him from among the trees, and he put off do-"Yes-of my grandmother, who died many years before I was born."

Then resting his hands on the oaken table | him ?" and with his eyes fixed earnestly on her, he said: "Lady Janet Trevor, don't think me shook his head. mad, don't think me impertinent to ask such a question-but what was your name before | that--you were married?" "Janet Redfern."

He sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. He rose and crossed to the went silently. window, and stood gazing out with his back | to the room. Lady Janet watched him won- as if to clasp her to his heart; but next dazed look in her eyes, as of one suddenly the old Julian calendar still holds, and those ferent with two young men. Not so differderingly. What could have moved the moment he drew them back "No, no! roused from sleep. Then with a cry she countries will count it a leap-year. After ent, we take leave to say, or, if differstout-hearted old fisherman so strangely! God help me ! it must not be," he mur. flung herself on her knees by the side of February, 1900, therefore, the difference ent, very likely a great deal worse, and Ben was communing with himself. 'The mured.

same hair and eyes-the very same. I "But you can tell me where his grave is?" life-my father?" my own child ! But I must remember my his and my mother's grave ?" promise, Yes, yes; that must not be for-

CHAPTER III.

Presently Mr. Blunt came back from the at sea." window and sat down near the table. "Lady Trevor, I have a question to ask you," he said. His voice sounded husky and strange

" Nor do you remember your father?" "No; I have not the faintest recollection | when he thought of all this, and of how

"Oh, Mr. Blunt, how do you know that? for the best." added : "We always do have a drop of some- You tell me things that make me sad. How added: "We always do have a drop of something hot on our birthday; don't we, do you, an old fisherman, know so much
about me and mine?"

They are both dead," she said; "both fathcreasing multitudes. According to his own is to have a cab painted a delicate primrose.

The latest fancy of the London mashers
creasing multitudes. According to his own is to have a cab painted a delicate primrose.

"You knew my father and mother, Mr

Blunt! You would not deceive me in this: I know you would not. And, as you say, no one ever told me anything about them, will you not? I think about them bothoh, so often. But my uncle and aunt have never allowed me even to mention their names, and that has been the only unhappi-"I will tell you what I know about them

on one condition-that you never mention to a soul, except your husband, what I am now going to say to you." He spoke with a your own. simple dignity that did not fail to impress his hearer.

a moment's hesitation. Old Riley was basking in the genial

For a few moments, Benjamin Blunt's gaze went out through the sunlit window ; with a sigh, and when he began to speak, it these young uns do grow." was in a low troubled voice, which, howaway from home to marry a strolling player. It seemed to her friends as if she had disgraced herself and them, and they would band and I come back from India-" have nothing more to do with her. After a world. It was just about that time thatthat my friend-a man in fact, known well to me, saw her and fell in love with her. He was a rough, plain spoken fellow, years older than she-but not bad at heart, I think. loved her as much as a man can love; said. and she-perhaps because she had no longer a home-agreed, after a time to be his

"And she loved him in return, did she

"I was just trying to see what I've got in him very dearly. Well, they were as happy heard of the wreck, has just driven over to which she by and by regarded him, is not may sustain the connict for a long time, but your Ladyship's last night. My father and the limit must ultimately be reached.

Health is that condition of the system

Health is that condition of the system of the best abused man of the system of the sys lasses came out of the cottages and wished Your mother—died." There was a sob in train at Deepdale. I have sent a carriage to self. After twenty years of a very cat and R. Moore O'Farrell, who was the devoted me 'Many happy returns.' And some of the old fisherman's voice as he spoke the take you to the station, where his lordship dog married life she left him and never re- follower of O'Connell through all his

Lady Janet slipped off her chair, and Mr. Blunt, for me. Tell him that I greatly "I did not forsake her; I did not dismiss dare and latterly for Longford, and held hands in both hers and pressed it to her morning. I enclose a bank-note for fifty calmly went on with his work as before. the Governor-Generalship of Malta. Through

nearly broken-hearted; but for the sake of him in any way he may deem best. I will tifying to its wonderful vitality and ever which he was otherwise unconnected, his is, he and I used together—into the fields and lanes where the wild flowers were a-grow
Start for the station as quickly as possible exerted, and is exerting still, has and is very one which he now leads, Mr. Errington reing, or down on the shore to gather shells after receiving this, or we shall miss our largely, if not exclusively, for good. "The mained with the old party, numbering for a necklace, or into the little churchyard train. Yours. where your mother lay sleeping; and he used to say that the Janet he had lost was coming back to him in you, for you had her | brought Ruth into the room. hair, and just the same sunny smile; and after a time he began to feel that there was

something left worth living for." "Pray go on, dear Mr. Blunt." "Well, one day a 'cute lawyer chap came | table. down from London. Your uncle and aunt "The carriage is at the gate," remarked the nearest relation, and they wanted you Ruth, taking the hint, quitted the room to go and live wifh them, and they for a moment, returning presently with Lady would bring you up as a lady, and when Janet's plaid and hat. The latter article she

"Yes, yes! My father and I were to | "Yes, I must go," repeated Lady Janet go and live in Landon with my uncle and as she took one of Ben's hands in hers.

He was a rough, ignorant fellow, and they I am far away from dear old England. And wanted nothing to do with him."

"But my father would not let me go?" "At first he said no. But the lawyer came again and again, and told him how he shall write to you, and either you or Ruth away from him, she would be taught and How my heart clings to you! When I was own estimation at all corners. A hundred brought up as a lady-be rich and happy, a little child and you carried me in your How, with him, she would grow up a poor, arms, I feel that I must have loved you ignorant country girl, and as such she must very much. I love you very much now. live and die, At last they persuaded him- | Farewell !" Oncemore her arms were round

"Oh, if he had but kept her! I would rather have had his love than all the riches | words were little more than a whisper. The in the world."

was doing the best he could for his little the nearest chair and the others turned girl. They bound him down by a solemn their faces away; they felt that his grief was promise never to try to see her or ister- sacred. fere with her in any way. But he would not take the money they offered him- her affectionately. "You must promise to

"Poor papa! He did it for the best-he in dismay. did it for my sake-but he should not have

"For a long time after you were gone, he was like a crazy man. Day after day he went to the Willow Pool with his mind the door. Lady Janet turned to Riley, been spared. Who would not pity such ning water, and hung up to dry. The flax made up to end his troubles under its black who had risen from his easy-chair and was people, and yet to pity them and go in with and hemp fibres, in absorbing the tannin, are waters. But there was something he could now standing in the middle of the room. all their whims won't do either, as it is at the same time better fitted to resist wear. seemed to hear his wife's voice whispering to out a hand to him.

ing it till another day." happy we should have been together ! But "You're not going to leave him like that, "Ah! He restored the locket to her. where is he now? Can you not take me to are you?"

Slowly, mourniully the old fisherman | blue eyes. "Leave him like that, Mr. Riley? "Do not tell me it is too hte !-- that-

Very tenderly he laid a hand on the fair young head. "Your-your father is dead !" She covered her face with her hands and

The fisherman rose from his chair and then sat down again. His features were working strangely. "What shall I say? how shall I put her off ?" he asked himself. Then he said aloud, 'Your father died

"Poor-poor papa! Bit you were with "Yes-I was with him His last words, his last thoughts, were o you. He pictured you in his mind growing up a refined, edu-"Poor dear mamma died when I was quite cated lady. He pictured you married to some rich gentleman, who would love you and cherish you and mate you happy. And

little he could have dose for you had he the sun : He can't shine when it rains.

"And you have not been told anything kept you to himself, he said: "My sufferings are nothing. Everything has happened

Janet stood up, Her face was very pale; "Listen, Lady Trevor. I, Benjamin Blunt, er and mother lost to me forever; but it is Riley in the thin piping tones of extreme old an old fisherman, as you say, know both your something to have learned their history, sad though it be. And you knew them bothwere the friend of both ! These hands have | ly after he commenced preaching in the open | ages. touched them-those eyes have seen them- air, and his life was thenceforth consecrated The Czar seems incontestably a happy you have spoken with them as you have to religious labors among the people. He man in one respect—his domestic relations. the daughter in the boat called by the mother's name!" Her arms went round his neck, she pressed her lips to his cheek once, twice; tenderly, lovingly, as a daughter might dependent religious community which in do. "I kiss you for the love you had 1790 numbered 76,000 in Great Britain and for those I have never seen in the world, Think of me-tind a nook for me in your heart, as if I were a child-a daughter of | died in London, on the 2nd March 1791, in

During the last few minutes, Riley had rstry. Few men ever wrought harder or for woke up to the fact that something out of the a longer period. For fifty years he rose at "I promise," came the low reply without ordinary way was being enacted at his el- four in the morning, summer and winter, bow. It may be that he was not quite so and not a moment of his waking hours was hard of hearing as people generally credited wasted. He was according to his own acwarmth of the fire. He neither stirred nor him with being, and that a portion of the count, always in a haste but never in a donor, as during their reception she spoke a spoke, and the others seemed to have for- dialogue between Blunt and Lady Janet had hurry. He generally travelled about four or word of thanks to each, although they were been comprehended by him. In any case, five thousand miles every year,—preached frequently people she had never seen or an unwonted gleam of intelligence lighted as a usual thing, at least once every day, heard of before.

up the withered mask of his face and bright-read much, and wrote voluminously. Never Wellington spoke of Abd-el-Kader as "a ened his eyes. "Pretty dear !" he muttered was there a case of a man so outwardly calm | captain, who, with more troops and better Lady Janet drew up her three legged and one might have thought he was watch- to himself. "Why that must be Ben's own and quiet, putting multitudes into such a arms, would have made Algeria unconquerstool and at down near the old map. "So ing the white-plumed waves as they came daughter—the little Janet he used to talk so ferment. In eating and drinking he was able." Marshal St. Arnaud is alleged to you and Mr. Blunt have known each other rolling shoreward; but in truth he saw them much about twenty years ago. And she don't singularly abstemious. His favorite drink have said unhesitatingly to Napoleon III. not at all. He came back to the present recollect her own father ! Lord, Lord ! how was water and he was a rigid total abstain- "Ab, if Abd-el were a Frenchman we should

ever, gathered strength as he went on with speak. Then he said: "I do think of you, this fact he attributed to his regular habits, the dry imperial reply. his narrative. "Your grandmother, the and always shall, as if you were my own his rigid temperance, and the frequent lady whose likeness is in that locket, ran child. But after to-day I shall never see you change of air he enjoyed from travelling. cently lost his two horses with which he

"Ben Blunt will be sleeping quietly under and this of course also promoted his good and retained seven pounds of it for tithes time, your mother was born, and a few years the turf. But-you will send me your health. He had a thousand cares resting on that were due, thus putting money in his later your grandfather the actor died. Then likeness and a lock of your hair before you him, but they never worried him. He could own pocket, and the angry subscribers are your grandmother took to keeping a child's leave England? I have some of your say with all truthfulness, "I feel and grieve talking of an action against the rector for school in a country village, and there your mother's hair, and—and you shall have but by the grace of God I fret at nothing." obtaining money by false pretenses.

Old Riley wasstill maundering to himself. healthily worn out. Order and method per-"And to think she don't know it's her fath- vaded all his doings. From his youth he er she's a talking to," he murmured. At that moment, Phil Gaylor entered the come away. It is said that in the course of room carrying a letter in his hand, which his life he gave away about £30,000. His He only knew your mother as the daughter he presented to Lady Janet. "A note for marriage was a great mistake. He ought to

> "A note from my husband h' she ex-claimed with a little trepidation. "Why many wives, not altogether to be classhas he not come in person?" With that ed with Antippe, would have grumbled had

she tore open the envelope, and read as fol- they received as little attention from their "She grew to love him afterwards—tolove My DARLING-Lord Portisdown having ground for the outrageous jealousy with rector for years. and I will meet you. Thank our preserver, turned. All that he said on the subject was, struggles, was M.P. for many years for Kilpounds—all I have with me—which please that work is still bearing fruit in almost his influence Mr. Errington was returned a give him in our joint names, to be used by every land. Every year is incessantly tes- 1874 and again in 1880 for Longford, with

The vision of a carriage at the garden gate | ledge as the founder of their church system, | county Cork.

Having read the note over to herself, of church life and individual conduct will Lady Janet now proceed to read it aloud. always be such that we shall have no reason "I must go at once," she said with a wistful to be ashamed of them. look at Ben as she laid the bank-note on the

its beauty for ever.

"But I shall not forget this morning. I "You were to go; but not your father, shall love you, and often think of you when you will not forget me, will you?" "Forget you! Ah--"We shall only be away three years,

was standing in his little girl's light-how, must answer me. And now-farewell ! my friend, I mean-to let his little daught. his neck ; once more her lips were pressed

"Farewell-my darling-farewell!" The tears that he had kept back so manfully would "He thought-God help him !- that he be restrained no longer. He sat down on

> Lady Janet turned to Ruth and embraced "Oh, your Ladyship!" exclaimed Ruth

"And let me know before the wedding comes off. We shall not forget either you or Phil." This was said in a whisper.

Phil stood with his hand on the latch of The old man looked fixedly at her

for a moment or two, then lifting a skinny "Why did he not fetch me back? How finger and pointing it at Ben, he said: have felt, or feel still, in that way, were to be shut up, the provincial authorties, after A startled look came into Lady Janet's vision, would have to "arise and build."

> I don't understand you." "You are not going to leave your father like that, are you?" "MY FATHER!"

"Your father," quoth the old man, "as countries the year 1900 will not be a leapsure as you stand there." For a moment or two Lady Janet stood calendar. In countries where the Greek "he" or "him" will be heard while the Mr. Blunt's hands went out involuntarily with her hand pressed to her side and a Church is established (Russia and Greece), person is within ear shot, and that it is dif-Ben's chair. "Are you-you who saved my between the two calendars, which is now possibly meaner by far. If not "she" it is

carried her in my arms last night from said Janet presently in a broken voice. He laid a trembling hand on each of her the boat, and never knew that it was "You will take me to it, vill you not—to shoulders, while a strange light came sudbeing a leap-year in both the Julian and Did ever any one hear a man tell a persondenly into his eyes. The secret he had kept | Gregorian calendars. The rule for leap-year | ality that did not tend to his own exaltation? so faithfully for twenty years had been told may be thus stated, according to the Gre- If not never, yet we must affirm hardly by another. He was absolved from his premigorian calendar, which differs from the ever! ise. His head bent forward till his lips Julian only in a special treatment of the touched the golden ripples of her hair. century years : All years whose index number "Janet-my child !"

author's rights becomes actionable.

(THE END.)

In one respect the bootblack resembles

PERSONALITIES.

What the World of Eminent Folks is

Saying and Doing. President Arthur is credited with having

a fine burytone voice for singing. Three American girls are the heroines of Laurence Oliphant's new novel, Altiora Peto.

The Empress of Austria has ordered a printing-press, and is going to print her own poems. Many a poor poet, who can get no one else to do it, would be glad to follow her example. Mr. James Russel Lowell wrote the in-

scription for the memorial window presented recently by American citizens to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Eng. in honor of Sir V'alter Raleigh. Prince Napoleon's son is being educated

at Cheltenham College. His late imperial cousin was at Woolwich, the Duke of Genoa One hundred and eighty years ago John at Harrow, and the son of Don Carlos is at Wesley was born at Epworth, where his father a Roman Catholic school near Windsor.

account he was converted when he was 35 color, and drawn by a chesnut horse. The years of age, though he had been a teacher Junior Army and Navy Club appears to be and preacher long before that. Very short. the headquarters of these brilliant equip-

spoken with me. And now you have saved built chapels, organized a ministry and Had an uncongenial marriage been added to worship, allowed laymen to preach,—a thing his miseries at Gatschina for the past eighteen unheard of in England before—and at last months his life would have been unendurfound himself at the head of a great and in- able. The recipients of honorary degrees at Oxford University this year will be the Arch-

57,000 in America. What it has grown to bishop of Canterbury, Lords Rayleigh and since, all the world is aware of. Wesley Alcester, Lord Justice Bowen, Dr. Schliemann, Sirs C. Wilson and F. Abel, and his SSth year, and in the 65th of his min- Prof. Frazer. Over one hundred floral tributes were sent to Mr. and Mrs. Roebling on the opening of the bridge, and Mrs. Roebling, it is thought, must have memorized the name of each

er long before Total Abstinence was heard of. have another Napoleon." "Perhaps it is as For a moment or two Ben could not He was a singularly healthy person, and well for me then that he is an Arab," was An English workman, Joseph Bayley, re-Like some other great men he could sleep earned his livelihood. His clergyman, the "You must not say that. When my hus- at will and from childhood never lost a Rev. R. Ruck-Keene, raised nine pounds by night's rest. His temper was very serene, subscription to buy the man a new horse,

Canon Case, whose death is announced, will be much regretted both by members of the Roman Catholic Church, to which he of late years belonged, and of the Episcopal Church, of which he was a distinguished cleric in early life. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and was a prominent member of the early Tractarian of a village school-mistress. Well, he your Ladyship from Sir Harry Trevor," he have remained single. Very likely his wife Ritualistic School. He was for some time have remained single. Very likely his wife All Saints Margaret street Long curate of All Saints, Margaret street, London, and, like many of his fellow curates of that church, joined the Church of Rome. Possessed of considerable private means, Canon Case enriched and adorned the Catholic church at Gloucester, of which he was

> George Errington, who has acquired the people called Methodists" have no reason twenty now, and led by Mr. Butt's immedito be ashamed of him whom they acknow- ate successor, Mr. Shaw, the M.P. for

Oyster Weather. "Oysters haven't been very good this spring, owing to the dry weather. How's that? Well, you know the oyster lives on stuff that runs down the rivers and into the What is the reason that so many people there's no rain the rivers are low, the curwho get into low spirits have a certain rents are sluggish, there is not so much stuff vague indefined sense of coming evil which washed into the streams, and poor Mr. they died, you would come in for all their regarded rucfully. The salt water had spoilt they can neither explain nor justify by any Oyster finds hard picking. But when there's of the external facts in their lives? Their heavy rains, then the rivers are high and judgments on ordinary occasions tell them full of food for our friend, and he sits with that there is nothing in all these perplexi- his mouth open and just cats and drinks his ties. They have felt it before, and nothing fill, and gets fat and saucy. He can't go to came of it but what was good. Still, this market, you know, and so unless the martime there must be something real, and ket comes to him pretty well stocked it is something shockingly dangerous. Well, hungry times for him. Now you know why what is it? Oh, they don't know. One is dry weather makes poor oysters."

sure he is going to be dismissed from his A Rabbit with Snow Shoes on situation. A third is "cut dead" in his The snowshoe rabbit is a small animal chances to one there is nothing in it. All is | that has exceedingly large hind feet, the toes the result of mere childish megrims, or of the of which are covered with long, fine hair. overflowing of a bilious stomach. What This peculiar formation enables the creature makes you think that acquaintances have a to travel, in search of food, over the lightest curious, quiet laugh at your expense as they | snow without sinking. The snowshoe rab. pass? What, indeed? The real fact is they | bits are a little smaller than the cotton-tail have nothing of the kind. And yet the rabbits of the Eastern States. They are misery is real enough in all conscience-so excellent eating, after you have lived on real that death is often looked upon as a rusty bacon for a few weeks. I know of no most desired result. There are men and more deceptive tracks than these animals women, too, in Toronto alone, by the hun- make. Judging from the size, the animal dred, miserable as the day is long, who have should weigh at least thirty pounds. It been weakening themselves and tormenting | really weighs about two.

According to the Milling World, sack. of suicide as a relief sovereign and complete | cloth and canvas can be made as impervious to all their miseries, or if not that exactly, to moisture as leather, by steeping it in a dethey are trying to persuade themselves when | coction of one pound of oak bark with fourthey hear of some one being dead, that it teen pounds of boiling water. This quanwould have been far better that such as | tity is sufficient for eight yards of stuff. themselves had lain down in the grave, The cloth has to soak twenty-four hours, and those really prominent and useful lives | when it is taken out, passed through run-

Why are fish and chickens so dear? Punch told the English lately that there is plenty of the former for all if they only could keep them out of the hands of middle men. Best way is not to bother with them. But then people are all so prosperous. Nothing but champagne and everything of the finest. Well! It is better just to drive warily. Some in Winnipeg are to day glad to make a meal of porridge whom nothing would A correspondent writes to inquire if 1900 satisfy a year ago but the rarest and most

is a leap-year. In Catholic and Protestant expensive delicacies. It is said that if one pass two young year, they all having adopted the Gregorian | women talking there is a dead certainty that twelve days, will become thirteen days, and sure to be "I," and "I" is the hero of some

Every one knows that there are some (1883 is the index number of the present folks who will never work as long as they Author's Note.—This story having been dramatised, and the provisions of the law as regards dramatic copyright having been not leap-years, unless (2) their index number of the present can beg, borrow, or steal. One of that fraternity has been lately going round Toronto playing the distressed immigrant role. He forges letters, calls himself Sylvester, and otherwise tries are leap-years; unless (2) their index number and otherwise tries are leap-years. duly complied with, any infringement of the is divisible by 400; in which case they are and otherwise tries to pull the wool over soft leap-year. Thus, 1700, 1800, 1900 and people's eyes. He is a fraud, and we 2100 are not leap years, while 1600, 2000 willingly say to all,—Give him a wide and 2400 are — The Critic. man, or starve. It is the only alternative, and a blessed one it is. You have a chance When a man sings "A Hundred Fathoms to turn over a new leaf. Take advantage Deep," he has to go down to the C to do it. of it forthwith.