

BY ERIE'S WAVES; OR, TWO ATONEMENTS,

BY FLOSS.

CHAPTER I.

After a long journey, and a dusty drive Doctor George Lansing, and his fair young bride were at last within the gates of his picturesque little home. "How beautiful it is," his wife murmured as they passed through the short avenue, dark with shadowy trees. He leaned forward, and taking her hand pressed it gently and tenderly. "Her lips trembled as she smiled at him. Welcome home my darling, my wife," he said. "I am glad you like your future home and never shall you have cause to regret the first time I welcomed you here."

"Never while I have you to comfort me dear." She answered, smiling. He smiled also, as he kissed her lovely cheek. But in after years those words so confidently spoken, returned to them both with widely different feelings.

There was not in all the Province, a lovelier home, than that to which Doctor Lansing brought his bride, in the little village of Bayfield, nestling upon the wave-washed shore of the beautiful Erie.

It faced the lake though some distance intervened, and this space was a sweet, harmonious blending of lovely flowers. The cottage itself was picturesque in its quaintness; long and low, with large windows, many of which were entirely concealed by clinging vines, and blossoming foliage. Within all was splendor, displaying the refined taste of the owner.

Doctor Lansing was a man of wealth, and refinement. His father was Captain Lansing (of the barge Royal), who, having died about a year previous, had left George, his lovely seaside home. He had one sister who married much against Captain Lansing's wishes, and in consequences of this he disowned her, refusing to ever look upon her face again. Even in his worst sickness he would not permit them to send for her, but in his last hour, with eternity yawning before him, bitter remorse filled his yielding heart, and with gasping breath he besought his son to assist her in her need. Shortly after Captain Lansing's death his daughter was left a widow. Her husband had died suddenly, leaving her almost destitute, and with a little daughter about a year old. George at once went to his sister's aid, and with the wealth at his disposal he procured her a beautiful home in the city, providing every necessity for the comfort of herself and child.

After his father's death George grew tired of the solitude surrounding his quiet home, and leaving the cottage in charge of a trusted couple (who had been in his father's services) he left his home and after a brief stay with his sister in Montreal, proceeded to visit the principal cities in America.

But one will tire of travelling as will as of solitude, and in a month's time Doctor Lansing returned to Montreal where he intended making a short stay ere he returned to settle in his lonely childhood's home. He wished his sister to return and stay with him but she preferred her city home.

About a month previous to the opening of our story, Doctor Lansing had met the sweet girl who eventually became his wife. Strolling one day through the quiet little cemetery in the outskirts of the city, he perceived a young girl kneeling beside a new made grave in an agony of passionate weeping. How sad to see a mourner weep for those who are gone, sad because hopeless. Doctor Lansing approached the black-robed mourner and with words of sweetest comfort and cheer, he endeavored to soothe the lonely, troubled heart. Being won, as all who met him were, by his kind sympathetic nature, she confided to him the story of her grief.

Her name was Lilly Carleton. Some months previous she and her mother had come to Montreal from New York, where her father had died three years previously. Shortly after their arrival her mother had taken sick, and a week before she had been laid to rest in the lonely cemetery, leaving Lilly alone without a single friend to aid or cheer her in her desolation. Her father, she told him, had been a major in the 15th Hussars and much to the surprise, and delight of both, it transpired that he, and Captain Lansing had been the warmest friends, George remembered having frequently seen him at his house.

Of course George would not allow the child of his father's friend to want for anything and even then he loved the sad, sweet girl who had so much sorrow to bear. During the days that followed Doctor Lansing was Lilly's constant companion, together they explored the beautiful city, and finally amid the glorious splendor of its stately cathedrals, George told Lilly the story of his passionate love, and she with tears of gratitude and devotion in her sad, sweet eyes consented to become his wife. A month later they were married in the beautiful cathedral of Notre Dame, and now upon this bright day of their arrival, Doctor Lansing's happiness was complete as his beautiful bride expressed her admiration of everything. Thus began the wedded life of Doctor Lansing and his wife. Everything looked forward to a happy future, no cloud appeared to obscure the bright horizon of happiness that presented itself to their view. But ah! behind that bright gleam of joyous sunshine there lurked a dark, impenetrable gloom, a shadow that was to darken the life of one, and blot out forever the life of the other. Oh for some power to penetrate the future, some sight to see through the present happiness into the sorrow beyond.

CHAPTER II.

Two years have glided over the quiet little village on Lake Erie, years of happiness to Doctor Lansing and his wife, but alas! the shadow of sorrow and gloom was soon to fall.

It was in the beautiful autumn and Lilly sat in the drawing-room gazing out at the glorious reflection of the setting sun as its last rays tarried to caress the mirror-like surface of the Lake below Doctor Lansing came in and said, "Would you like to go for a ride, dear, I am going out in the country to see a patient."

"I would indeed enjoy the drive," she answered, "but I think I should rest awhile to be in readiness for Mrs. Talbot's party. It comes off this evening at eight you know." "Ah, yes, I had forgotten the party. You should rest by all means. I'll

be back in time to take you," and kissing his wife upon her snowy brow, Dr. Lansing passed out, and in another moment he passed down the road in his buggy.

For a few minutes Lilly sat gazing after the shapely form of him she so loved, and then as she was about to leave the room she saw a little boy advancing.

"Be you Missis Lansing?" he asked. "Yes," she said but even while she spoke he handed her a sealed envelope. "A gent down at the hotel told me to give it to you," he said and turning round ran off to the village again. Lilly stood gazing at the writing with paling cheeks and trembling limbs, and finally sank into a chair beside her. Opening the envelope she read the words inscribed upon the note therein, and letting it fall from her trembling hands she cried aloud in the bitterness of anguish. "I knew it! I knew it! Oh my happiness may now be ended, terminated forever by the cruel interference of this heartless man. Why did I deceive him upon this one point in my bitter past. Oh I meant not to deceive him, but why, oh why, did I not tell him all?"

The note which threatened to wreck her fair young life was short and precise, only a few words, and yet, though she knew it not now, those words were her death-warning. It ran;

"DEAR MADAM,—Only yesterday I learned of your present happiness (never mind how.) I also learned that your haughty husband is not aware of your previous marriage. It rests with yourself whether he shall ever know.

Awaiting our meeting at seven by the avenue in the lawn,—Thine Charles Carleton.

After her first gush of anguish had passed, Lilly again read the fatal note, and for a moment her eyes flashed scornfully, but as she sat gazing at the words her expression changed and she said,

"I will see him anyway, and hear what he has to say."

As she spoke the clock on the mantle chimed seven, and throwing a shawl about her Lilly Lansing passed out into the gloaming, not to meet the destiny awaiting her. Two minutes later she was in the shadowy avenue, and leaning against a tree, leisurely enjoying a cigar, she beheld Charles Carleton.

"Oh, ma belle," he said, extending his hand. "So you have come."

"Heartless, cruel man," she cried, stung by his cold greeting, and air of superior power, "I will not touch your hand; tell me why you wish to see me to-night."

"You must be extremely dense dear lady! if you do not understand why I desired this interview to-night. I told you in my note that I had discovered a secret and as I am out of funds I hope to get a supply by keeping said secret quiet. You are wealthy now, you know, and can afford to pay me something for 'my lord.' I hear has extremely high notions about honor, and all that sort of thing."

"I have done nothing dishonorable, how dare you insinuate such a thing; you who robbed your own poor brother, and caused or, at least hastened his death."

"Let the dead and the beautiful rest" he quoted. "But you know you have deceived Lansing in not telling him of your former marriage."

"If I have deceived him I shall tell him all now," she exclaimed "my sin is not so great but that I can hope for forgiveness, Charles Carleton, cruel, wicked man you shall never obtain money from me by those boastful threats, you shall never have me in your cruel power to jeopardise my happiness whenever the fancy might take you. 'To-night my husband will know all.' And with a graceful gesture of her hand, Lilly Lansing turned and walked away leaving Carleton stunned, and bewildered gazing after her. Finally recovering himself with an effort, he muttered, "the game is up, but, jove! how my lady braved it out! I had never given her credit for so much spirit." Lighting a fresh cigar, he strolled away arriving at the village in time to catch the stage for the nearest station.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mahomedanism in Liverpool.

Mr. Quilliam, of Liverpool, leader of the Moslem party in England, who last year had an audience of the Sultan in reference to providing for the wants of the Mahomedans in this country, confirms the report that Moslems in Burmah, British India, and other large centres are aiding the Liverpool Mahomedans by subscribing to the proposed building of a religious edifice to supersede the temporary mosque in Liverpool. It is also intended to build in Liverpool a moslem college, to be under the immediate superintendence of the officers of the congregation, and having for the principal Professor Karl Falkner, of the Universities of Basle and Zurich. It is pointed out that many Mahomedans in Turkey, India, Syria, Egypt, and the British colonies on the West Coast of Africa desire to give their children a good education, but hesitate to send them to Europe lest they should be influenced in their religious views. The college will adjoin the new mosque, and religious exercises will form part of the programme. It is also intended to purchase land for a Moslem cemetery in Liverpool.

"The Lord Is My Shepherd."

PSALM XXIII.

"The Lord is My Shepherd" forever; No good from my soul shall he keep. He leads me in greenest of pasture, By waters in stillness that sleep.

My footsteps from sin and from sorrow In paths that are righteous he leads, "My soul he restoreth to gladness;" His mercy divine ever pleads.

And, "Yea tho' I walk thro' the valley" "The valley of the shadow of death," My soul for no evil shall tremble: My spirit shall breathe of thy breath.

"Thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort: Thy tabe before me lies spread; "My cup runneth over with gladness; With oil thou anointest my head."

"O surely, shall goodness and mercy Bless me all the days of my life; And I in the house of my Shepherd Dwell free from all sorrow and strife. Keswick, 1892. —[J. E. Pollock.

A Fragment.

Down lowly way where angels tread,
A whispered prayer stole on the wind,
And stirred the flowers o'er sleeping; dead
With gentle sway.

A mother's tear was shining there,
Its radiance caught the floweret's bloom,
And mingling with the scented air,
Made silver balm.

The Dead beneath, slept silent on,
The Mother's prayer grew sweeter far,
A Blessing from the Golden Shore
Came to her there. —[B. Kelly.

Hard Sleddin'.

Of a winter like this, when the snow on the road
Will scarcely leave tracks where you're treadin',
And the ox at the sled must be urged by the goad,
While the "shoes" in the gravel squeak under the load,
Now Eng'landers say it's hard sleddin',

In the jostle of life that we see every day
Some folks struggle on, 'tho' now dreadin'
The same future that hope one time painted so gay,
But in colors that fade and long left them to say;
With me, that life's mighty hard sleddin'.

For instance, Jones died, leavin' numerous "cubs";
His widow is meekly a treadin'
The dull journey of life, and she sighs as she rubs,
(To feed four little mouths she now washes and scrubs),
That's what seems to me like hard sleddin'

Yes, she was a fine girl, and her father had wealth;
(They made a display at the weddin')
But he soon lost his all, and poor Jones lost his health,
Then grim Death, on his rounds' in his heart-chilling stealth,
Took him, leavin' her but hard sleddin'.

But I've known silver snow fall for many a one,
And leave a crisp mantle a spreadin'
The long way from the rise to the set of life's sun,
As with music of sleigh-bells fine teams they spin,
It 'peared they were havin' fine sleddin'.

For myself I admit life has lost all its charm,
And now forced to earn daily bread in
Chorin' round in the cold in the old poor-house farm,
(But, of course, my grown children don't mean me no harm),
I say life's been mighty hard sleddin'.

—[By John F. Stewart.

The Ax-Covered Grindstone.

Though bright to my heart are some scenes in my lad-time
Which fond recollection presents to my view,
One thing I remember that brought me no glad-time
How awful to my childhood an indigo hue.

As down to the creek with my tackle I fled,
To hear father's voice, "One good turn needs another";
Come turn at the grindstone that hangs by the shed,
The old crooked grindstone,
The wobbling old grindstone,
The old squeaking grindstone that hung by the shed.

Ab, many's the hour I've turned it and grunt-ed,
For 'twas the millstone that burdened me down;
While nuts were to gather and squirrels to be hunted
There was always an ax or scythe to be ground.

It never was oiled and was hard in the turning;
"Only grease of the elbows it needs" father said,
And the handle would often slip off without warning,
And instantly tumble me heels over head.

The old dented grindstone,
That worn away grindstone,
It gathered no moss as it hung by the shed.

"This stone," father said, "like earth turns on its axes,
But compassion fails on the matter of force,"
I said, "though the speed of the earth ne'er relaxes,
I am sure it would stop 'neath those axes of yours."

The nicks they were deep in the ax or the lathe;
And father bore on till sweat dropped from his head;
If I'd pause to put water on then I would catch it;
"Watch the crank and keep on with the motion," he said.

Oh, that old shaky grindstone,
That slow-grinding grindstone,
That hard-running grindstone that hung by the shed!

Yes, dear to my heart are some scenes of my childhood,
The orchard, the cider, the neighbor's peach trees,
The school-hours I pleasantly passed in the wildwood,
And the honey I stole unbeknownst to the bees.

But that circular horror, whose motion was rotary
To-day makes my anger all fly to my head,
And I'm willing to go and make oath to the notary
That I was ground dull by that stone by the shed.

That lop-sided grindstone,
That old hated grindstone,
That confounded grindstone that hung by the shed.

Northern Winter.

When 'mid the silvery pillared aisles of beechen
Gay colored leaves had fluttered softly down,
And the old oak, forlorn of summer's love,
To earth had gently cast his sylvan crown,
Then there were portents in the sky, on earth,
Of winter's imminent reign and boisterous mirth.

Some morn on rising would be seen
A change most subtle in the brooding heavens,
A dreamy softness, as of hovering wings,
And sounds all coming soft, and low, and even,
But soon Old Winter did unveil his face,
Throw his broad mantle o'er the resting earth,
And, glorying in his robes of purest white,
Bic fairy elves of snow and frost to work.

The merry chime of bells rang on the air,
As borne by horses that were fleet and strong,
On pleasure bent, or toil with little care,
Swiftly the hardy travelers sped along.
That was the season when old friends did meet,
And round the ample fire's cheerful blaze,
Did each the other with unfeigned pleasure
And call up scenes of by-gone happy days.

Full scope there was for story, song, and dance
In those long nights when pleasure and hold full
Away.

And whispers fond of love, and stolen glance,
Made hours, as moments brief, glide swift away.

Long lasted bluff old Winter's reign,
By some weak ones called dismal, lone and drear,
But, judged by sports of glittering, icy plain,
And kindred joys, the dearest of the year.

And when at last the days of winter done,
And violets 'gan to peep in budding woods,
And the deep rivers, freed by glowing sun,
Down to the mighty lakes did pour their floods,
There was a freshness in the balmy air,
As change complete from death to glowing life,
And birds, and flowers, and all seemed wondrous fair,
Radiant as such sweet ending of the strife.

—[William G. Reynolds.

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

The Population of the Ancient City—Customs of the People.

"The conservative estimate of the population of Jerusalem," says ex-Consul Gilman, who has just returned, to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "is about 50,000, of whom one-half are Jews and the remainder Moslems and Christians, the former being in the majority. It is impossible to estimate the number, however, as the gathering of statistics is made unlawful by the koran, the Mohammedan bible. A copy of that book is very hard to obtain, and anything published concerning it that falls into the hands of the Turkish government is immediately destroyed.

"The English Missionary society still exists in Jerusalem, but makes no Moslem converts, owing to the fact, in great measure, that a converted Moslem is at once driven out of the country by the natives. Indeed, I am better satisfied that they remain as they are, for, as a general rule, a proselytized Christian who has to renounce the koran usually loses his best characteristics and goes to the bad.

"There are practically three Sabbaths in Jerusalem—Friday, the Moslem day of worship, Saturday for the Jews, and Sunday for the Christians. Practically there is no Sabbath, for business goes on uninterrupted every day in the week.

"Jerusalem is growing—toward the northwest—just as was predicted by the prophets Jeremiah and Zachariah. The city is surrounded by a wall and to accommodate this increase in growth a new gate has been cut through. The old gates were made in the shape of the letter L, probably to prevent the easy entrance by enemies, but the new gate was cut directly through. It is situated near the old tower of Goliath.

"The Americans have a colony by themselves, and are very popular with the high caste Turks, who visit them in large numbers. Probably one reason for this is the fact that the American ladies are not hidden from their sight, as are their women. To see and talk to an unveiled American woman charms them. Some years ago a number of Americans, mostly from Chicago, went to live in Jerusalem, believing they were to see Christ on earth. Their belief is shattered by this time, I think, for five of them have died. The visitor to this country must be exceptionally well read. There is so much to see that a man must be well-versed, especially in bible history, to adequately comprehend it all. The foreign resident consuls have the best opportunities for seeing and learning everything there that the customs allow them to see. A consul is looked upon as a sort of prince, has the entire to the highest places, and is heralded when he comes and goes.

"Society is unlike our own. Caste is rigidly the rule. The highest class is composed of effendis, pachas and the oldest families, and the scale graduates down to the peasant. There is no color line there, the negro being given equal privileges with themselves, and for that one thing the Moslem laughs at the American.

"In dress the natives have not changed since the time of Abraham. Their methods of pursuing agriculture are the same also. The primitive wooden plow is still used, and this they guide with one hand, while with the other they hold the reins, thus literally following out the words in scripture. The soil is naturally fertile, and with more rain or some method of irrigation could be made to yield bountifully. The land is very rocky also, and the fertile soil exists only in patches."

An American Monte Carlo.

A statement comes from Chicago that a company has been formed with \$10,000,000 capital to establish and carry on a great gambling establishment on a small island in the Pacific. Most of the stock is said to have been subscribed in New York; but Mr. Gardner S. Chapin, a business man of Chicago is also interested, and has made the following remarks in the course of an interview:—"Just as soon as the company can get the island preparations for fitting it up will begin. You see there are international differences about this island. It lies about 30 miles off Santa Barbara, in the Pacific. Between it and the mainland is the island of Vera Cruz. The island the company has in view—I forget its Mexican name—is about four miles long and two miles wide. Both the United States and Mexico claim it. When the idea first originated it was thought that Mexico had perfect control over it, and negotiations were opened to lease it. Mexico did not hesitate to lease the land for that purpose, but our Government did, and the scheme was hindered by the United States pressing its claim of ownership. We have a lawyer working on the case at Washington, and I heard the other day that he had everything fixed. When we secure the use of the island it will be fitted up with hotels and palaces for gambling in the finest style. It will be the Monte Carlo of the United States. A line of steamers will be put on to ply between the island and California ports. The idea took form when the talk began of abolishing the European Monte Carlo. People will gamble, and no doubt there is big money in this enterprise. Santa Barbara has a new railway, which brings San Francisco—400 miles away—within a ten hours ride. At Santa Barbara the Southern Pacific Railway Company is to build a million dollar hotel near Hope Ranch. It is a great enterprise, and will help Southern California's future immensely."

The jeweler has drills so small that they can bore a hole only one-thousandth of an inch in diameter through a precious stone. A leap year fancy is a scarf-pin in the form of an interrogation point. It is designed for young ladies to present to eligible gentlemen friends.

Catarrh

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Buried Alive.

A telegram to Dalziel's agency from Paris states that the Petit Parisien hears from Rouen of a most extraordinary occurrence at the village of Notre Dame de Boudeville, where a man named Tougard has been buried alive. For a long time past Tougard had suffered from paralysis, and on Monday morning he was believed to have died. The doctor who was sent for, after examining him, gave a certificate of death. The burial took place on the following day. Whilst the grave was being filled up the gravedigger thought he heard some groans, and informed one of the municipal council, who, in presence of more than 50 people, had the earth thrown out again. The coffin was found to be broken open, and it was evident that the unfortunate man had made gigantic efforts to force his way out before he became exhausted, and finally succumbed to suffocation. His face showed that he had gone through fearful suffering. His hands were clenched, and the skin was rubbed off in several places. It appears that he was in a state of coma when supposed to be dead. The authorities have opened an inquest.

Lost by Waiting.

Solomons, Sr.—"Vell, Ikey, haf you propose to Miss Goldstein yet? Telaya was dangerous."

Solomons, Jr.—"Mein heart was proken alretty. I haf not to courage to speak till last night, and her fadder haf just made an assignment, so she vas too far above me forever."

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewistown, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumption his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Terrible Murder Case.

A terrible murder case, illustrating one of the worst phases of lower Paris life, came before the Seine Assize Court on Tuesday. A Russian, named Dogmatchof, who for the last six years has lived upon the earning of an unfortunate woman, named Demothe, was abandoned by the latter at the beginning of September last. A few days afterwards the abandoned scoundrel met Demothe in a wine shop in the Rue Saint Jacques. After the woman had paid for a drink she ran away, pursued by Dogmatchof, who cut her throat in the open street. The assassin, on being arrested, treated the matter with the greatest levity, merely remarking that it was the result of his former mistress crossing his path. Dogmatchof was ably defended by Maitre Albert Vannois, but was condemned to death.

In some German telephone offices an electrically-driven clock is attached to each telephone, which will work as long as the telephone is off the hook, and stop directly it is replaced.

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