

Poetry.

"Good-bye—God Bless You."  
 Like the Anglo-Saxon speech,  
 With its direct revealings—  
 It takes a hold and seems to reach  
 Way down into your feelings;  
 And those folk deem it rude, I know,  
 And therefore they abuse it;  
 But I have never found it so—  
 Before all else I choose it.  
 I don't object that men should air  
 The Gallic they have paid for—  
 With "au revoir," "adieu, ma chere"  
 For that's what French was made for.  
 But when a crouny takes your hand  
 At parting to address you,  
 He drops all foreign lingo and  
 He says: "Good-bye—God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase  
 With reverence impassioned—  
 A thing come down from righteous days,  
 Quaintly but nobly fashioned;  
 It well became an honest face—  
 A voice that's round and cheerful;  
 It stays the sturdy in his place  
 And soothes the weak and fearful.  
 Into the porches of the ears  
 It steals with subtle unction  
 And in your heart of hearts appears  
 To work its gracious function;  
 And all day long with pleasing song  
 It lingers to caress you—  
 I'm sure no human heart goes wrong  
 That's told "Good-bye—God bless you!"

I love the words—perhaps because,  
 When I was leaving mother,  
 Standing at last in solemn pause  
 We looked at one another,  
 And I—I saw in mother's eyes  
 The love she could not tell me—  
 A love eternal as the skies,  
 Whatever fate befell me;  
 She put her arms about my neck  
 And soothed the pain of leaving,  
 And, though her heart was like to break,  
 She spoke no word of grieving;  
 She let no tear bedim her eye,  
 For fear that might distress me,  
 But, kissing me, she said good-bye  
 And asked our God to bless me.  
 —Chicago Daily News.

THE LOSS OF THE HECTOR;  
 Or, The Transformation.

BY JAMES DE MILLE.  
 Concluded from last week.

There was a rushing, a gurgling of water in the hold—"Now, now!" shouted Pentonville, as a huge wave approached, and taking each lady he raised them with Herculean strength, and leaped far out into the bosom of the coming billow!

Borne onward on the crest of it he held tightly to Emma with one hand, and holding one of the oars in the other, the strong man struck boldly out to reach the shore with his precious treasures. But useless were his efforts. The waves, rolling on, bore him swiftly along. Now mounted on the summit of one, he could see the shore which he approached, and again sinking down into the hollows, all would be shut out from view, and the rushing waves behind would fall on them to overwhelm them in its depths. As each one rolled over them, he would prepare to rise again; and after the conflict he would cry to Emma, to see if she were alive. The last billow had dashed upon them, and now from the summit of another he saw the beach, upon which this wild wave would throw them. It was smooth and sandy.

"Emma, are you alive?"  
 "Yes, and strong yet," she replied, courageously; while the other answered as bravely as ever.  
 "Now, then, be strong!" cried Pentonville. Winding his arms around them both, he held them with a mighty grasp, and then in the next moment they were thrown far up on the shore. Pentonville clutched wildly at the root of a gnarled tree which grew there. The wave retiring drew them with fearful force, but the oars were fastened to him, and he held the tree. They were saved! Hurriedly he raised them, and they ran up the low bank, beyond the reach of the water; when with one impulse they fell on their knees, and lifted their voices in thankfulness to Heaven.

It was dawn, and the first faint light of morning came to them. As with one impulse, they looked toward the water to see if there were vestiges of that ship which lately had borne herself so gallantly through the ocean waves.

"Good God!" cried Pentonville "they are all lost!"  
 Alas, they were lost! all in that proud ship—the strong and brave-hearted, the weak and cowardly, all had passed away! A few vestiges of the wreck appeared on the face of the deep, but that was all; and the wind, as they gazed, took to itself a solemn sound, as though it moaned a requiem.  
 "Peace be to them!" murmured Emma's aunt. "Peace be to the victims of the sea!"

Upon this island the government of the neighboring province of Nova Scotia had built sheds and huts for the succor of the shipwrecked sailor. Pentonville, as he looked around, saw one of these close by, and there he led the shivering forms of the ladies. The one which he found was built strongly to withstand furious hurricanes. In it were articles of food and clothing, for men and women. A stove also was there. Pentonville gathered some wood, kindled

a fire, and then left them. After an hour he returned, and found Emma dressed in some rough clothing, while her own was drying.  
 "My aunt is sleeping," said she. "Oh, George, I owe you my life! You have saved me from a horrible death."  
 "Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" murmured George. "But are you not weary and cold Emma?"  
 "O no; the room is warm. But are we to remain long on this desolate island?"  
 "I hope not. Many ships pass here continually."  
 "Is not the storm abating?"  
 "Yes, quickly. By mid-day it will be warm and pleasant. But now, Emma, do as your aunt did, retire; I will go to look for ships."

Pentonville left, and going to an eminence he gathered some wood and kindled a great fire. Then he took a long pole, which he saw near the hut, and hoisted his handkerchief as a flag. The hours passed away, and the storm ceased. The sun came out and all was pleasant. Pentonville had sat beneath the shelter of a rock, and overcome with fatigue he yielded to it and fell asleep. All were in quiet slumber. The fire, replenished carefully by Pentonville, burned brightly, and his flag waved on high as before. Mid-day came. The ladies arose, and found their garments dried. Emma sat musingly by the door, looking out and wondering where her lover was.  
 "Where is Pentonville?" said her aunt.  
 "I suppose he is watching for ships."  
 "The noble youth! the brave youth! We owe our lives to him, Emma."  
 Tears stood in her eyes while she spoke, and in Emma's also a drop sparkled.

"He has lost all his property; he is ruined, Emma."  
 "Ruined! How?"  
 "The captain said he was a merchant, and that the cargo was all that he owned in the world."  
 "And he is ruined. Ah, how I pity him!" And the gentle girl heaved a sigh of sympathy.  
 Suddenly there sounded a loud report, the report of a cannon, which reverberated all around. They started and ran to the door, and, turning the corner of the hut, looked out towards the sea.  
 "A ship! a steamboat!" they cried.  
 "We are saved! O joy!"

The sound awakened Pentonville from his slumbers. Starting up, he saw the steamer now coming towards the shore. He ran quickly to the hut.  
 "Get ready, get ready; we are saved, and a boat is lowered. We will be taken on board at once."  
 "We are all ready," said Emma, smilingly; "We have no preparation to make."

Pentonville walked down to the shore with the ladies, and arrived there as the boat landed.  
 "When were you thrown ashore here, sir?" said the captain, who had come in the boat.  
 "Last night."  
 "Last night? Whew! What ship, pray?"  
 "The Hector, of Boston."  
 "And are you all who were saved?"  
 "All; we alone out of all on board have been preserved. Strange fate!"

By this time they had entered the boat, which soon arrived at the steamboat. It was one of the mail ships which touch at Halifax. She was on her way from that port to Boston, and, seeing the fire and the flag, had stopped to take off those who might be ashore.  
 That evening Emma and Pentonville stood on the deck as before. What things had happened since last they stood there together! What sufferings in soul! What pangs of bitter sorrow! They had met death in his most terrible shape, yet had not quailed. They had been witnesses of each other's fortitude.  
 "We will be in Boston by sunrise to-morrow morning, Emma. You will then be at home."  
 "And you will be alone and penniless?"  
 "O no, I have friends in Boston who can assist me."  
 "You know of one, if all others fail. But wait till we arrive there."  
 "Emma, you cannot forget me."  
 "Never, never, my preserver. Oh, what do I not owe to you, what cause have I to bless you, and my father will thank you, and do all in his power to reward the noble preserver of his only child."

"If he wishes to reward me, there is one way to do it; there is one reward."  
 "What is that, dear George?"  
 "Do you want to know? I am gazing now upon that reward. You, Emma, you."  
 "Tell me all about this wreck, and this youth who saved you," said Mr. Randolph, in the evening after their arrival, to his sister.  
 "We were wrecked on Sable Island. Mr. Pentonville, by means of oars and a life-preserver, brought us to the shore."  
 "And were all lost?"  
 "Every one. The property of Mr. Pentonville was also lost. But about

him I have something more to say—about him and your daughter."  
 "About him and my daughter? What? Has anything been going on between them?"  
 "Yes, during the voyage."  
 "During the voyage? Sister you should not have permitted it. You should have done your duty better."  
 "Was not that my duty?"  
 "No; for I have another destination for Emma; and how can I fulfil my wishes if I find that she is already fond of this Mr. Pennington?"  
 "His name is Pentonville; and you, with your desire for a rich connection, will not find his equal anywhere, let me tell you. I honor Emma's love for him."  
 "What? And do you suppose I will permit my daughter to give herself away to an adventurer?"  
 "When he wooed her he was her equal in wealth. How did he know that he would lose it? If he were poor, he would be too noble to give you an opportunity of saying that he was capable of meanness."  
 "Sister, you are enthusiastic. I think I should like to see this gentleman who has won the hearts of both of you so easily," said the brother, scornfully.  
 "If he were rich, would you object?"  
 "I cannot say that I would. But you know that, as a careful parent, I must see that my daughter is made comfortable, and that she does not throw herself away; and as a man, I do not wish to see my property going into the hands of a needy adventurer."  
 "Brother, you are cruel. Why will you speak so?"  
 "I will tell you the true reason, sister. It is not because I despise Mr. Pentonville, but the fact is that I have intended Emma for another. Long years ago when in England, I formed a friendship with Lord Henry Elginstone. His son is the man whom I intend for Emma. I expect he is already in town. Did you not hear of him in the steamer?"  
 "No; and I would not care to hear of him. What lordling can equal the chivalrous, the noble Pentonville?"  
 "Well, you may talk on thus, but you must see that it is hard for me, as a wise parent, to break up so good a match; Emma herself, when she grows older, will see the folly of this. Suppose I were to consent. Why, in five years, yes, in two, she would bitterly lament my conduct—and justly she might."  
 "I tell you, brother, she will never consent to be the wife of any but Pentonville."  
 "Wait until she sees Elginstone. If he is half as handsome as his father, she cannot resist him."  
 "He may be here to-morrow."  
 The morrow came; Emma and her aunt sat in the parlor, and Mr. Randolph was there too. Emma's face was gloomy, and her heart was sad; for since her arrival she had not seen Pentonville. Her father had told her all his intentions; and she hated the name of Elginstone.  
 "Ha, there he is now," said her father, starting from his chair as a carriage rolled up to the door. "There he is."

Emma's eyes sank to the floor. "I cannot look at him," said she to her aunt.  
 "Elginstone," said the servant, announcing him.  
 The noble entered. He was a tall man, with dark hair clustering about his head; his eyes were black, his nose Grecian, and altogether his appearance was most striking. And there was an air of frankness and open-heartedness about him which won the heart at once.  
 "Lord George Elginstone, welcome. Good Heaven, how like your father. Were he not dead, I should take you for him." And Mr. Randolph shook his hand warmly.  
 But his sister had started from her chair with an exclamation of wonder as soon as he had entered the room. She spoke not a word but seemed spell-bound.

As to my Lord Elginstone, he shook warmly the hand of Mr. Randolph, and did not say anything, but looked towards Emma, who sat by the table with her head leaning on her hand, looking down.  
 "Emma," said he.  
 She started. "George—George Pentonville! Oh, can it be?" and Emma suddenly overcame her aversion to noblemen; for she ran toward him, and scarce knowing what she did or where she was, took his hand in hers and cried for joy.  
 "What, why, how, how is this?" stammered Mr. Randolph.  
 "Mr. Pentonville, I beg your pardon. How do you do?" "But how can you be two persons at the same time?"  
 "I am not two persons," said he, smilingly, taking her hand. "I am, if you please, Lord George Elginstone, or Mr. Pentonville. You knew me by the latter name. May I hope, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Randolph, "that you will know me by a nearer name than either."  
 Mr. Randolph spoke not, but with tears in his eyes pressed the hand of Lord Elginstone; and then placing the hand of Emma within his, "Heaven

bless you," he cried. "Noble youth. You have saved her life; she is yours."  
 Ah, how soon Emma's smiles returned.  
 "But how were you a merchant?"  
 "I was not; the cargo belonged to some Liverpool house. The captain thought I was their partner. I came out in a ship because I wanted to enjoy myself, and found you, Emma. I took the name of my mother's family and won you as a simple merchant—plain Mr. Pentonville. May I hope, dearest Emma, that Lord Elginstone will be as welcome to you?"

An Interesting Romance from the South.  
 NEW YORK, June 30.—A despatch to the Press from New Orleans says: "The latest information respecting the recent troubles in the Bay Islands is brought by the 'City of Dallas' from Belize. Three vessels arrived at Belize from Ruatan crowded with foreigners, who reported the islands to be in a state of extreme disquietude. Of thirty men and women who immigrated to Spanish Honduras from Belize fifteen were declared conspirators and disturbers of public peace. On June 7, General Lopez, Governor of Ruatan, issued an order to arrest them at all hazards wherever found. The explanation of this action reveals a pretty little British plot to grasp a position in the Caribbean, menacing not only the independence of the Central American republics but also the position of the United States in regard to them. At a dinner to Dugmore in Ruatan, reference was made to the possible seizure of the Bay Islands by Great Britain. This reference was favorably received by the English colonists. Senor Lopez naturally considered this manifestation seditious. This accounted for the capture of Captain Dugmore of the 'Rosaland.' He arrived in Belize from Ruatan on June 10, and reports that while sleeping on the islands he awoke and found himself surrounded by an armed guard. They threatened to shoot him if a gun was fired from the 'Rosaland.' He was then conducted to the vessel, the 'Honduranian' gunboat firing a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and the 'Rosaland' returning the compliment. All the British inhabitants of the islands fled to the mainland, having been charged with conspiracy against the government of President Bogian. It is said that private information received at Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, from a secret agent in London warned the government that Captain Dugmore was acting under orders from the British admiralty to extend the British seizure of territory on the coast to these fertile islands. In the event of the completion of the Nicaragua canal Ruatan will occupy an important strategic naval position, and would also give England a needed coaling station. The move was to be made under cover of a local commotion, to be stirred up by the English emigrants sent from Belize for the purpose."

Make your own Candy.  
 Now is the joyous season of the year when, if you are only acquainted with the precious secret of their preparation, you can make for yourself with ten minutes' work candies more delicious than were ever purchased at the most expensive confectioners'. The latter never have this particular sort of candies for sale, because they will not keep; but fresh cooked they are morsels for the gods, and this is the way to make them:  
 Take some big strawberries, ripe but firm, and hull them. Then mix two cups of granulated sugar with a little less than one cupful of cold water. Put the mixture on a hot fire and let it boil hard, without stirring, until a spoonful dropped into cold water crystallizes to the brittle point immediately. Now take it off the fire and pour it into cups, previously warmed in the oven. Dip the strawberries one by one into this hot solution as quickly as possible, fishing them out with forks and laying them on greased tin pans.  
 The briefest sort of an immersion will be sufficient to give each berry the desired coating of sugar candy. Finally, set the pans on the ice in the refrigerator, and as soon as the fruit is cold it will be ready to eat. Perhaps "gobble" would be a more appropriate word, considering the eagerness with which such strawberries are usually consumed. In very truth they are not rivalled by any other kind of sugar plums, as you will yourself confess if you try them. Malaga grapes and nuts as well may be treated in the same way.

"Crackers" in England.  
 A Pittsburger, writing from London, details a little experience in that city's hotel life which seems worth relating, says the Pittsburger Dispatch.  
 They were four in number, all Americans, and they were having dinner in the gorgeously furnished dining-room of the Hotel Metropole. When the soup was brought the Pittsburger in the party asked the waiter to bring some crackers.  
 "Beg pardon," said the waiter; "what did you say, sir?"  
 "Crackers," replied the Pittsburger.  
 The waiter looked puzzled, but walked off and did not appear again near the table for several minutes. The soup was getting cold, and the Pittsburger called another waiter and sent him after the first with a renewed injunction to bring some crackers. Another minute or two passed and then both waiters re-entered the room with the stately head waiter. They were engaged in earnest conversation for another minute. At last the waiter originally sent bashfully approached the Americans and laid beside the Pittsburger's plate a pair of silver nut-crackers.

There was a general laugh, in which the Pittsburger joined, when another member of the party said: "If you want crackers to eat you must call for biscuits as long as you're in England."

I wished a wish—but then 'twere vain,  
 To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow and this is not saying a great deal.

J. A. ARNEAUX

CASH SALE.

Come and see our great Bargains in

FURNITURE.

We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one.

Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25.

Our \$30 one for \$23.

Our \$20 one for \$15.

Everything in proportion for the next 30 days

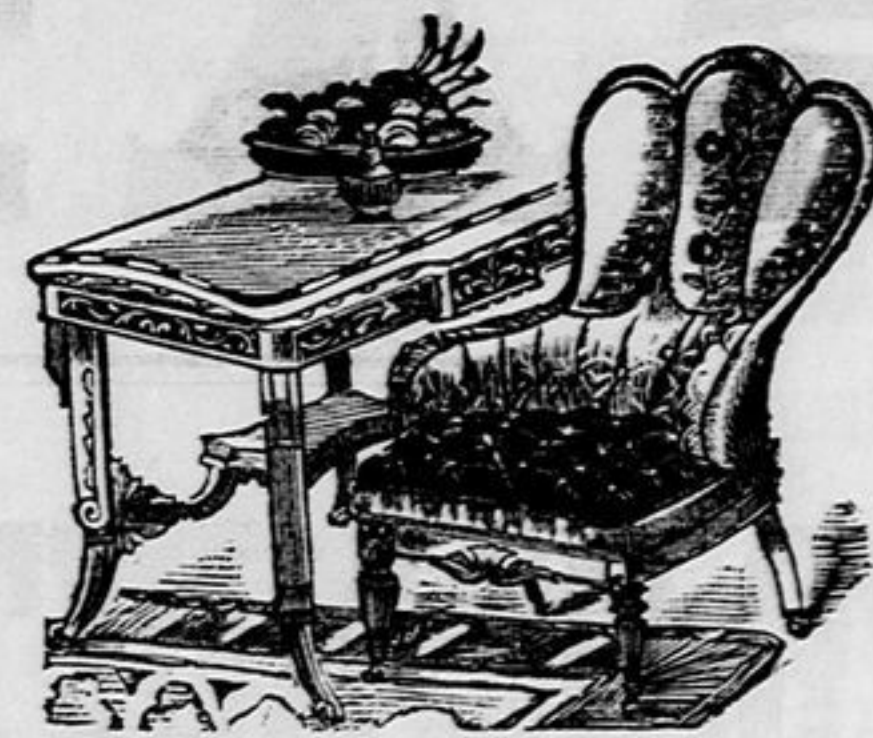
Come along and you will get a Bargain.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.  
 Kent St., Lindsay.

What a Correspondent says of The House of

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,

What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced—A model piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals.



That the success of every business man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printers' ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisements all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that their best goods exist only on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad," but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisement in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not come up to. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:—

"Carrie, dear,"

sid her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me to your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, Pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

Household Furniture

from OWEN MCGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and fancy articles, such as the most beautiful odd-piece suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' desks, easels, statuette tables, gilt chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rattan rockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing cots, cribs, and a full line of the very much admired bed furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the cheapest—quality considered—in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's further and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from 7, 8.50, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and up to 85 dollars, the highest priced ones the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest furniture store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to exist on paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention made of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a house from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a diploma for exquisite workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable, intelligent, and kind man, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affords. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a cut of which is given above, consists of a drawing room chair and a centre table.  
 The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scrollwork carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold brocade.

The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the real beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn green with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a descent in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

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1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal