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Watchman.

THURSDAY, JULY 21 1892.

HE HAD HIS WAY.

brush is missing, and my shoe can't be found. I cannot see, my hat is ruffled up, my pens are gone astray—this way is naught to me, for baby's way.

my shoes are minus strings, and this betoken babe's been a heart-cry.

though the floor is ever strewn with, by night and day? not pleasure in the thought that his had his way?

to have my mustache pulled, and just suited to my mind; but John all of them, no man can. There is lots and lots of fun when there is his way.

and heir, continue on thy happy, shall thy daddy interpose to raise er discomfort comes to me, cease thy joyous play: as I'm concerned, my boy, go on have thy way.

BROTHER'S SACRIFICE: A STORY.

(By J. TOYS, JUN.)

years ago, whilst touring forshire coast, amongst the and interesting places I shall never forget, Bay, a village ten miles of Saltburn-by-the-Sea. Till I did not believe that such a now exist in England. To words as charming and pleas- would be too inadequate to my feelings, for I was com- captivated with it. The small are roofed with quaint tiles, built right in the side of the with no streets or terraces, and disregard of architecture, but a very pretty and romantic when viewed from along the, while in the background are of the bay, often equalling those the Mediterranean in their clear azure beauty. The people, who and entirely on fishing for a liveli- are like the rest of the fisher- good-hearted, kind, and generous, a little superstitious. They however, a charming simplicity them rarely to be met with. away from the hum and bustle of life, they are as it were shut out the world altogether, for the majority of them are totally of what is going on outside, political and religious discussions trouble them. They live their quiet life, and except when on ocean rarely go far from home, and told by two or three of them they had been born and married Runswick and their sole ambition to die there and be buried in the neighboring church-yard of Hinder- Yet their life, though perilous, very healthy one, and if they brave the dangers of the deep invariably live to a good old age. women's rights agitators have lately ever invaded this peaceful for I was surprised to see the lifting an hauling the cables as well as their brothers and As soon as I saw Runswick struck me what a suitable place it for anyone wishing to live a retir- secluded life, far from the hum din of the busy, madding crowd. had been two or three days at Runswick when I met with a small ture. In going round the rocks tlessness, about half a mile from village, a gentleman who was walk- in front of me slipped on the sea- and fell. When I got up to him and that he had sprained his ankle was unable to walk. Fortunately tide was flowing, and as a boat was at hand with the fishermen, he lifted into it and they pulled with speed toward Runswick. The pain and shock had been too much for and while in the boat fainted away.

As the fishermen were endeavoring to restore him to consciousness, I was enabled to obtain a good survey of him. Though he appeared to be only about forty years of age, he was already grey-headed, and lines of sorrow and care were deeply marked upon his brow. From the fishermen I learned that he was not a visitor at Runswick, but had resided there for about three years. What and who he was they did not know, and not being an inquisitive people, he had settled down in their midst without being disturbed. All that they knew was that he was a gentleman and possessed of means, for since he first lodged with Widow Strong, three years since, had not done labor of any kind. As I gazed on him as he lay in the boat, I thought his history might be worth hearing, and being very fond of listening to narra- tives and experiences, I determined, if possible, to learn this gentleman's story. When the boat reached the shore, with the aid of the fishermen I carried him to his lodgings, and did not leave until I saw him safely under Mrs. Strong's care. As the Runswick women do most of the doctoring re- quired, I did not think it needful to send for medical advice, as Mrs. Strong informed me with a few days rest he would soon be all right again. Before I left he told me his name was John Raymond, and asked me to call again. I did so often, and we became very friendly. He did not, however, men- tion anything about his past history, till one fine day, the first on which he was able to come out, as we were strolling gently by the sea, "I can not bear it."

Then seeing that I was looking rather surprised he said, "Pardon me, I was forgetting you were with me, as I have become so used to my own company, and the ocean often calls up memories of the bitter past. Yet it is but right, for I deserve all the punish- ment that has been inflicted upon me, and the bitter experiences were brought about entirely through my own jealousy and pride, and my remorse and guilt are all the worse because I have spoiled other lives as well as my own. But if you like to hear my history you can then judge for yourself what I have been, and I will only hope that you will learn useful lessons from it."

Finding a piece of the wreck we sat down and he told me the following narrative, which I give in his words.

I was born forty years ago in the country village of Scolby, a place about fifty miles from here. My father was the vicar, a kind, good-hearted man, loved by all who knew him. I scarcely knew a mother's love, for she died three years after my birth. Had she but lived, I firmly believe I would have been a better and nobler man, and my life might not have been a failure, but there is no use dwelling on what might have been. I had only one brother, two years older than myself, and I only speak the truth when I say a better brother never lived. He loved me devotedly, and I returned his love as much as my selfish nature would permit. I was very impulsive and of a jealous disposition, and in conse- quence I often got into trouble which might otherwise have been avoided. If my father had a failing, it was that of indulging me too much, for, being the youngest, I was allowed to do nearly as I pleased.

When I was seventeen a friend of my father's died, leaving him as guardian to his only child, a girl about my own age. It was settled that she should stay at the Vicarage with us, and after the funeral my father brought her to her new home. She was a girl of medium height, with a fine, noble forehead, sparkling eyes, and dark waving hair, and in appearance was as graceful as her name, which was Marguerita. Her disposition was kind and gentle; in fact she was the most lovable of her sex I have ever met with. She soon got accustomed to her new home, and became as a sister to my brother and I. From the first she and I were good friends, and as the years rolled by the friendship on my part developed into such a love as one can only feel once in a life-time, and I felt that life without her would be a misery.

Though I did not know whether my affection was reciprocated, I was blindly jealous of any little attention my brother paid to her, never thinking that he might love her as well as I did; he could not have loved her more.

Three years passed away and I was nearing manhood, whilst Marguerita was just verging into womanhood. The promise of beauty of her early years had developed into a gentle gracefulness, and she was as lovable in disposition as ever. My love for her had grown more with the years, and I determined to make my declaration at the first available oppor- tunity.

It never came, for though impulsive I was very nervous, and for days I shunned the presence of all the other inmates of the house. Of course, this threw my brother more into Marguerita's company, and I still grew more jealous. I need not have done so, for my brother, noble fellow that he was, had stified his own love and was doing all he could to aid my suit.

The jealousy and rage pent up in my bosom increased, till it ended in a scene the infamy and shame of which will go down to the grave with me. One night, when I was returning from the Vicarage, I met my brother and Marguerita walking hand in hand. I was about to pass without speaking when he exclaimed, "Now, John do not be sulky."

The hot blood rushed to my head, and

in my impetuous temper, for the first time in my life, I knocked my brother to the ground, and that in the presence of her I loved. He fell without a groan, and then I realised what I had done. I would have given worlds to recall that blow, but it could not be. The brother who had loved and tended me from childhood, who had tried all he could to supply a mother's place, probably lay dead before me, and it was my hand that had struck the blow. For aught I knew I was another Cain. In my dazed condition I determined to get away from justice, and snatching a hasty kiss from Marguerita, which she did not attempt to resent, I hurried off and was soon far from Scolby.

In the afternoon of the next day I reached Whitby, and there joined a ship about to sail on a three years' voyage to all parts of the world. After that was up I returned to England, but could hear nothing of my brother, though I made all the inquiries I dared without risk of discovery. I then took ship for the United States, and had been in New York two years, when one day while walking down Broadway I nearly collided with the brother who I thought was dead. In an instance he had clasped me in his arms, and I knew I was forgiven. We returned to my lodgings and he told me what had occurred since my flight. He had recovered consciousness and with the aid of Marguerita had reached home safely. Though I had sinned so deeply all had forgiven me and mourned my absence. Every enquiry had been made, but four years passed away without any trace of me being found. Then it was that Marguerita had shown her love for me, for she implored my brother to go and bring me back again if I was living. He, generous, noble fellow had at once consented and said he would find me if he searched the wide world over. He had been a year on his errand before he met me. I at once consented to return home with him and we took berth in a vessel sailing for Newcastle-on-Tyne. He did not disguise the fact that both my father and my darling were in a poor state of health, and I knew I was to blame for this, though he did not charge me with it.

All went well with our vessel till we reached the Yorkshire coast, when a thick fog settled on the ocean. We kept bright lights burning to avoid a collision, but all in vain, for about one o'clock in the morning a steamer ran into us, and our vessel began to sink. The boats could not take all, and my brother and I were amongst the few left on the deck of the sinking ship. He had a lifebuoy, which he put round me, urging me to jump over- board a id wait till I was picked up. Then in that hour of peril I indeed realised what a noble brother I possessed. He had sacrificed his love, and now would gladly and willingly give his life for the one who had treated him so badly. I would not consent till he exclaimed, "John, you must! Do it for Marguerita's sake. If we are both drowned what will she do?" Then, and then only, did I yield; and as we parted he said, "Tell father and her that I was prepared for death, and I met it well and calmly." I got about forty yards away from the ship before she went down, taking with her one of the noblest men that ever breathed.

I was picked up by one of the steamer's boats, and with those of our crew that were saved were landed next morning at Whitby.

Troubles never come singly, and as I journeyed to Scolby, burdened with care and sorrow. I never thought that burden would be terribly increased. At last I reached my native place, and before going to the Vicarage I sat down in the church- yard to rest. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I read on a new tombstone close by:

Sacred to the memory of
MARGUERITA ANDERSON
Who died March 10th, 1873.

The my darling was dead, and my brother's sacrifice had been in vain. So overcome with remorse and shame to think that I had runned two lives that I sank down by her grave and remained in a stupor for hours. I returned to myself long after the sun had set, and then I thought of the living. Once more I trod the dear old garden path, and as I entered door I could hear my father praying for the wanderer. In an instant I was in his arms and had confessed all. When he heard of my brother's death he exclaimed "Father, Thy will be done." He only said to me, "My son, I will not reproach you, for none has suffered from your sin more than yourself." He then told of the last moments of my darling: how worn down with sickness, she had longed to see me once more, and had given a last message that if I followed out the teach- ings of her mother's testament, which she left for me, we would meet again. I have carried that testament next to my heart ever since, and I wish it to be buried with me. Its teachings too have not been in vain.


Father lived for five years longer, and he was laid by the side of her I loved. I had nothing then left to live for, and I wished that I too could die. But it was not to be. For ten years I have sought death in various forms in all parts of the world, but in vain, so I became resigned to life, and retired to spend the rest of it in this quiet village three years ago. Some- how I seem to think I shall not live long, and my only wish is that even in the hour of death I may be of use to someone. I sometimes visit the grave of my Marguerita, and if possible when dead I should like to lie beside her.

This concluded his story, and I thanked him heartily as we returned to Runswick. Two days after we parted to meet no more.

One morning next summer, while perusing my paper I came across a para- graph which riveted my attention. It was headed "Thrilling Incident at Runswick," and told of a bathor who when in peril had been nobly rescued by a gentleman named John Raymond, but at the cost of his own life, as the current had swept his body out to sea, and it had not been recovered. So my friend's wish had been gratified. His last act was the noblest of his life, and though he cannot rest side by side with his Marguerita they will have been united again.

FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS

To all our Subscribers for 1892.



We, the publishers of "North American Homes," in order to increase the circulation of our journal throughout the United States and Canada, will spend this year over one hundred thousand dollars among our new subscribers in the form of an artistic Crayon Portrait and a handsome frame (as per card below), to be made free of charge for every new subscriber to "North American Homes." Our family journal is a monthly publication consisting of 16 pages, filled with the best literature of the day, by some of the best authors, and is worthy of the great expense we are doing for it. Eight years ago the *New York World* had only about 15,000 daily cir- culation; to-day it has over 300,000. This was obtained by judicious advertisement and a lavish expenditure of money. What the proprietor of the *N. Y. World* has accomplished we feel confident we are doing ourselves. We have a large capital to draw upon, and the handsome premiums we are giving you will certainly give us the largest circulation of any paper in the world. The money we are spending now among our subscribers will soon come back to us in increased cir- culation and advertisements. The Crayon Portrait we will have made for you will be executed by the largest association of artists in this city. Their work is among the finest made, and we guarantee you an artistic Portrait and a perfect likeness to the original. There is nothing more useful as well as ornamental than a handsome framed Crayon Portrait of yourself or any member of your family; therefore this is a chance in a lifetime to get one already framed and ready to hang in your parlor absolutely free of charge.

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Send us \$1.50, price for one year subscription to "North American Homes," and send us also a photograph, tintype or daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from same an artistic half life size Crayon Portrait, and put the Portrait in a good substantial gilt or bronze frame of 2 inch moulding absolutely free of charge; will also furnish you a genuine French glass, boxing and expending same free of expense. Cut this out and send it with your photo- graph at once, also your subscription, which you can remit by Draft, P. O. Money Order, Express Money Order, or Postal Note, made payable to

NORTH AMERICAN HOMES PUBLISHING CO.,
References—Any newspaper publishers, Rev. T. Dewitt Talmadge, World Building, New York.
For Sample of our work see Editor of this paper.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

WHICH WILL YOU HAVE?

The latest Blue Book shows that after providing for all liabilities the surplus of the ROYAL CANADIAN for the protection of its policy holders at the close of last year was \$509,074, besides stock to the amount of another \$100,000 subscribed but no called up.

The same Blue Book shows that the surplus of the London Mutual was \$67,176 composed entirely of the unassessed portion of premium notes which no policy holder ever expects to be called upon to pay.

The following table shows at a glance how the affairs of the London Mutual have been going during the last few years:—

Year.	Losses unpaid at close of each year.	Cash available for paying losses at close of each year.	Money Borrowed	Surplus reckoning premium notes at full face value.	Investments each year.
1885	\$6,047	\$63,963	None	\$101,816	None
1886	9,878	50,686	None	115,955	\$6,500
1887	12,455	27,701	\$20,090	97,268	5,000
1888	23,014	20,721	40,000	75,334	None
1889	20,436	13,911	40,000	74,068	9,028
1890	26,182	1,403	60,000	67,176	11,797

It should be borne in mind that during the last three years the London Mutual col- lected in heavy assessments over \$30,000 more than usual, and yet at the close of last year, after collecting a full year's income, they had only \$1,403 with which to pay \$26,182 of unsettled losses. In regard to security no one should hesitate as to which company to select.

S. CORNEILL,
Lindsay, July 22, 1891
Agent Royal Canadian Company.

A. W. HETTGER

as removed to the store lately occupied by Mrs Gernsjager east of the Benson House, where he will keep a large stock of

Fancy Goods, Wools, Embroider- ies, silks and all kinds of Goods in that line.

Wools and other articles now Selling at Cost.

STAMPING DONE TO ORDER

DYEING and SCOURING promptly and neatly executed

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Ladies call and see my display of

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For this Season's Wear.

I am in receipt of the very latest designs, which will be found in my carefully selected stock.

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