

GIVE A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

Do you know a heart that hungers For a word of love and cheer? There are many such about us; It may be that one is near. Look around you. If you find it. Speak the word that's needed most. And your own heart may be strengthened By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters On the brink of sin and wrong, And a word from you might save him— Help to make the tempted strong. Look about you, O my brother. What a sin is yours and mine If we see that help is needed And we give no friendly sign.

Never think kind words are wasted. Bread on waters cast are they. And it may be we shall find them Coming back to us some day, Coming back when sorely needed, In the time of sharp distress. So, my friend, let's give them freely; Gift and giver God will bless.

A MAN WITH A HISTORY.

"I can't see those three palm trees," said the major, a grey-headed "ranker," who supported his wife and a family of six in West Kensington, out of his pay. He and the best part of his regiment under his command were winding their way across the desert, through thick thorny scrub, between treacherous looking low parallel ranges.

"I can't make out those palm trees," said the major; "Lieut. Lovett, shoot the guide at the first sign of his playing false."

"Lieut. Lovett's gone with two file of men and the guide to the top of the ridge to reconnoitre, sir."

Lieut. Lovett and the two file of men never came back, and the major said no more, for a volley from the ridge stretched him lifeless.

Officer after officer, sergeant after sergeant fell, marked out by their uniforms as distinctly as if they had been branded. The Arabs evidently had some renegade among them well up in English uniforms.

Still the column fought its way on doggedly. At last there was only one commissioned or non-commissioned officer left—a smooth-faced boy, fresh from school, just rushed through Sandhurst. But still the magic of discipline held the men together. And then, he, too, was picked off by the sharpshooters; and if he had been a Crimean veteran, the effect could not have been more instantaneous. The men, who were half of them little better than recruits, commenced a "sauve qui peut," each man rushing for the nearest boulder or thicket to shelter himself for one minute from the murderous hail of bullets which poured from the ridges. The Arabs had been waiting for this, like vultures waiting for a lion to die, and sprang out of the scrub with spear and knife to make shambles.

Next moment one of the rank and file sprang forward to where the dead boy lay, sword in hand, clutching the colors which he had seized as the color-sergeant fell. Quick as lightning he caught hold of the sword, and waving it in the air, thundered out the command, "Form company square."

The men, when they heard the familiar signal and the familiar word of command, sprang into their places with one accord. They were again a regiment and not a flock of sheep without a shepherd. They had a strange commander; a fine man enough he must have been once, but his ruined complexion and blood-shot eyes, with their look of devil-may-care, told the tale of dissipated years. Still the men felt that they had a master among them once more, and neither bullet nor blade could make any impression on their firmness, though their number diminished woefully fast, and, owing to their commander being one of the rank and file like themselves, the sharpshooters could not pick him out. Their ammunition was failing, and they knew that in a few minutes death must await them as surely as it did an hour ago, when each was covering to save himself, when suddenly they heard the noise of a machine gun and saw the swarthy hordes of Arabs mown down. The heart of every one but the man with the bloodshot eyes beat high. He did not value his life.

In another moment he was dead, pierced to the heart with a shot fired by an Arab in his flight—at random. A moment after the general dashed up at the head of his cavalry, and the main force appeared at the top of the ridges. The Arabs were in full flight, and the hussars were ordered to complete the rout. It appeared there had been double treachery. The regiment's guide was one of the enemy, who had led them into a trap, and with the enemy was an Arab in the service of the English, who had slipped away at the earliest opportunity and taken the alarm to the general, who had hastened to the rescue with his whole force. The general found the soldiers crowded round a fallen comrade, a man in a private's uniform, with the regimental colors in one hand and an officer's sword in the other.

He leaped from his horse, and while the saved men told the story of the man whose presence of mind had saved them,

he unbuttoned the dead man's tunic, and shirt, for he had caught a glimpse of a slender gold chain round the swarthy neck. The chain was attached to a leather wallet, brown with sweat and wet with the blood from his death wound. It hung next his skin. The general opened it reverently, and as he examined it the rough soldiers standing round him were moved, for tears rolled down his cheeks. The wallet contained only a tress of hair, fair and silky, the miniature of a beautiful young girl with a delicate, highbred face, and a letter, worn by being carried about in the pocket, addressed to: "Captain the Honorable Charles Le Grey, White's." The paper inside was crumpled and splashed with tears, the note was very brief:

"My first and last darling: After this terrible morning I can never, never marry you—I can never see you again. But, by my hope of heaven, I am yours and yours only till I die. She whose fondest wish on earth was to be your wife. G. C."

"G. C., Gwendolin Carbis," said the general in a husky voice, and he kissed the letter and miniature fondly, and returning them to their wallet, put them in his pocket. "Bring the body to my tent," he commanded, and they hastily knocked up a stretcher, and on it they laid the body of Pte. Harris, with the boy officer's sword in his hand, and the tattered colors of the regiment laid over his body as if he had been by commission as well as by fact their commander.

CHAPTER II. The castle of Doom, where the long line of the Earls of Morvah had reigned in feudal splendor, commanded St. Ives bay, and, like most of the Cornish castles, was quite close to the sea. On the ordnance map it was marked Carbis Castle, but for generations and generations Cornishmen had called it the Castle of Doom, for its owners had always met some horrible fate. Not one earl of Morvah, not one Baron de Carbis before them, had died in the natural course, and the gloomy Norman keep on the brow of the bending cliff, with the waves roaring in the galleries they had honeycombed beneath, seemed itself ominous. And now the long Morvah had dwindled down to two persons, Petrock, 18th earl, and Lady Gwendolin Carbis, the lily of Cornwall. The earls had been all sorts—soldiers of fortune, bandits, debauchers, spend-thrifts, blacklegs; they had only talked in coming to a violent end. Earl Modred, the last, had been a miser and usurer, so grinding, so fiendishly brutal to his debtors and tenants, that a family of stalwart sons, ruined by one of the life tenancies in vogue in Cornwall, and enforced upon their father's death with more than ordinary heartlessness, had turned upon their ruiner and killed him, though they all swung for it afterward. His miserliness made him keep up the family tradition; it had also an effect upon this history, for he left his savings to his daughter, which made her the highest heiress in the west of England. Earl Petrock had no very distinguishing vices except his ungovernable temper; he was a member of two or three crack fast clubs, at one of which he saw much of Charles Le Grey, the brother of a peer and a captain in the Rifle Brigade. How Captain Le Grey lived was a mystery; he had long ago squandered his patrimony. Lord Morvah knew this, but for a man of his temperament the captain had a strong fascination. The Morvah blood was wild enough in all conscience, and there was nothing in gambling daredevilry that would stagger Le Grey. He had lived life to the dregs. At last, in an evil moment, the captain thought of Lady Gwen. Carbis' jonture as a means of satisfying his creditors. Lord Morvah was one of his most intimate friends, and he imagined that his consent went without asking. Hers was a more delicate matter. She might not think so well of a rouse and debauch. Making her acquaintance was not difficult; he had only to learn from mutual friends what houses she went to, and as a member of the same set there were sure to be some where he would have the entrée. So it proved, and Lady Gwen proved an easy victim. She heard so much of his exploits from her brother, and she, too, had the wild blood running strongly in her veins. The pure young girl gave her whole heart to her blase hero, whose exploits, it must be admitted, had many of them been on the battle field.

Not so Lord Morvah. Capt. Le Grey might be good enough to be his friend, but he was not good enough to be his sister's friend, much less her lover. Lady Gwen's spirit was equal to her brother's, she was her own mistress, and she would have her own way. Lord Morvah forbade him the house.

CHAPTER III. On the highest point of ground of the St. Ives peninsula in Lord Morvah's park stood a disused engine house, such as one sees dotted all over Cornwall, like castles battered in the civil war. One of the earls had had the resemblance heightened by adding battlements and putting in windows. It did for luncheon at shooting parties

for it saved going to the castle and back, and the telescope at the top swept land and sea for miles and miles. Out side this tower one autumn morning, while the mist was still thick enough to hide everything a few miles away, stood Capt. Chas. LeGrey. He was kept some time waiting, and occupied the time—for his breakfast had been of the very scantiest—in picking the glorious blackberries that grew unprotected shaft. As it is usual in breakneck places, they grew to perfection, but he had to use the greatest precaution in gathering them, for it was hard to make out where was terra firma and where only matted vegetation veiled the black abyss below.

At length from out the mist emerged a beautiful young girl, having the line nostrils and short upper lip, and the slender, well-poised figure and feet which we associate with high breeding as well as the sky-colored eyes and sun-colored hair which have been goodly in the eyes of men since Helen of Troy made them the fashion. She flung herself into his arms passionately.

"My darling, my darling, they shall separate us." Then recovering herself quickly, she held up the key of the tower and entreated him to release her and open it. "The mist will be off soon and my brother may discover my absence. From the windows of the tower we could mark his movements."

"Stay," cried a voice, furious with passion; "your brother has discovered your absence." And Lord Morvah appeared carrying a horse-whip, attended by two or three of his servants with cudgels. Capt. LeGrey was unarmed, except for the walking-stick he had used in climbing the hill. Lord Morvah made a dash at him to horse-whip him. The captain eluded the blow and the peer fell forward. There was a crash of breaking brambles, then a horrible silence, and then—it seemed an age afterwards—a yet more horrible splash. The Earl of Morvah was extinct. The servants struck at LeGrey with their cudgels, but Lady Gwen stepped between, white as a sheet, though too thunderstruck to weep. "Lord Morvah is killed; you are my servants; leave this gentleman alone and go to the nearest town for a relief party. Capt. LeGrey—Charlie—go with them, I entreat you to return to town, I cannot see you now; I will write to you at your club." She never saw him again. He received the note found upon him when he died his hero death in Africa. He was too proud, or knew Lady Gwen too well, to attempt to alter her decision, and as without her property his affairs were desperate, he resigned his commission and enlisted in the ranks of another regiment as Private Harris.

A plucky miner was let down the shaft in a bucket, and brought up the body of the earl, stone dead, but hardly bruised, for he had fallen into deep water; only, whether it was due to the passion in which he died or to his fall through so many feet of air, the expression of his face was ghastly beyond description. Those who saw the last Earl of Morvah, lying on a tavern table awaiting the coroner's inquest, were haunted by the scene till they died.

The Castle of Doom was suffered to fall into decay. It seemed to have fulfilled its bode when its last owner followed the tradition of his family. The remainder of the history is contained in two letters:

I. From Major Gen. Hon. John LeGrey, commanding Her Majesty's forces at the battle of Wady Issek to the Right Hon. Lord Hexham, Hexham Priors, Northumberland, England.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Our favorite, but too wild brother Charles, has finished the stormy career which opened so brightly. I arrived just too late to save him at the battle of Wady Issek, where he had saved the regiment in whose ranks he was serving by his gallantry and presence of mind in assuming the command, which as a former captain, of course, he was qualified to do, and when it was routed by all its officers being cut down. (Here followed a description of the battle.) I sent you a lock of his hair, which I cut off before we buried him, and the private's uniform in which he met his death so heroically. He was buried in a spare uniform of the captain of his company, killed in the same action. Our dear old brother made up for his life with his death. I can assure you I wept like a child when I found him only just dead, after having been lost to us for so many years. I have kept the sword he died with. I feel so thankful that I arrived in time to give him a last kiss and follow him to his grave. I have much to write but my heart is too full. I am, My dear Hexham,

Your affectionate brother, JOHN LE GREY, Major-General.

II. From Major-General the Hon. John Le Grey, commanding Her Majesty's forces at the battle of Wady Issek to Sister Gwendolin, at the convent of the Watchers, Rome.

MADAME.—Herewith I beg to return to you the miniature of yourself which you gave to my late lamented brother, Captain Charles Le Grey, together with the letter written by you to him. The stains on the letter and picture are blood, for he was carrying them next his body when he fell fighting gloriously in the service of his country, at the battle of Wady Issek. (Here, as in the last letter, followed a description of the battle.) Madam, you must excuse a stranger venturing to address you thus, but I felt that you would like to hear of the noble ending of one

who had such a tragic influence on your life. Madam, excuse a bad, untidy letter from a sorrowing brother, and believe me yours faithfully,

JOHN LE GREY, Major-General.

The poor sinful body of Charles Le Grey does not lie in the sands of the desert, but in the great cathedral, whose golden cross shines over the last beds of Nelson and Wellington, whither it was transported at the cost of the last house of Morvah. A memorial brass, inconspicuous, but with an exquisite relief of the battle, showing him in private's uniform, holding up the sword to give the signal for forming the square, records that it was erected by Sister Gwendoline, in affectionate memory of Private, the Honorable Charles LeGrey, of the Queen's Own, late Captain in Her Majesty's Rifle Brigade, who fell in the moment of victory while gallantly commanding his regiment after it had been denuded of its officers at the battle of Wady Issek.

A Story of Prince George. Mr. C. B. Metcalfe, one of the local representatives of a British bank, tells this story relative to Prince George: "A chum of mine," he said, "was at one time first officer on one of the Peninsular and Oriental line steamships. A few days out from London his ship fell in with the British man-of-war 'Bacchante' from Colombe. As is customary in such cases the Peninsular ship stopped to take such mail as the officers and sailors on the man-of-war might have ready to post. A small boat put out from the 'Bacchante' with the mails in charge of a midshipman. That midshipman was Prince George, who was serving his first term, so to speak, as an officer in her Majesty's navy. He came on board, delivered his mail, and was about to the 'Bacchante' when my friend, who was in charge of the ship at the time, invited him below to have refreshments. The midshipman accepted gracefully, and ate a biscuit with brandy and soda accompaniment with such evident appreciation of the courtesy that the first officer was led to enter into conversation. He began with a dreadful break. 'By the way,' he remarked, 'you've got Prince George on board, haven't you? What a bore that must be. I should hate to serve on a ship with him. I suppose he's a nasty particular, isn't he, and makes the men stand round?' The midshipman laughed quietly. 'Well, I think not,' he replied, 'I'm not certain, don't you know? I'm Prince George.' The first officer had the sense neither to hem and haw nor apologise. After a startled instant he said, 'Well, let's have another,' and the Prince proved to be a first-rate fellow by accepting and turning the first officer's embarrassment into laughter."

LEPERS ON HORSEBACK. The Reception of the Hawaii Committee on Their Visit to Molokai. SAN FRANCISCO, August 13.—Advices from Honolulu say that on their biennial visit to the Island of Molokai the Hawaiian Legislative Committee were greeted by 1300 lepers on horseback. The steamer arrived early in the morning on July 27 at the anchorage off Molokai. The Legislative Committee was composed of over twenty members, mostly natives. A number of Honolulu physicians accompanied the party. Two surgeons from "Charleston" and one from the British ship "Acorn" also went. Saddle horses the property of the lepers, were in waiting and were used by the visitors in their tour of inspection. They visited the boy's school and the girl's school at opposite ends of the settlement, went through the hospitals for those who can no longer walk, and visited other points. One legislator struggled manfully to keep back the tears as he unexpectedly met and shook the hand of an old friend, long since supposed to have been dead.

Some lepers were physically examined at their own request and found to be lepers still. One man, 80 years old, has been a leper fifty years. He may yet die of old age. As the party was leaving the resident priest turned over to them two well-grown non-leprous children, henceforth to be separated from their poor mother, who remains behind.

It is said that there are really thirty or forty non-leprous children who still need the care of their mothers in the settlement. Opportunities were given to the lepers to tell their grievances. Each has regular rations of food and \$19 annually for clothes, but they are like a lot of spoiled children. Some want more poi, some native food made from taro root, some more meat or more clothes. The Legislative has just appropriated \$234,000 for the support of the lepers for the next two years.

We can if we will make an interest in life for ourselves, supposing that none exists in our original circumstances. We can study for the improvement of our minds and the enrichment of our knowledge, or we can do good to those who need help—good to the poor or to the sick to the lonely or to the sorrowful.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, in order to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspoken memories at the moment of the last parting here on earth.

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