The Message of the Snowdrop.

Courage and hope, true heart! Summer is coming though late the Spring, Over the breast of the quiet mold, With an emerald shimmer -a glint of gold, Till the leaves of the regal rose unfold At the rush of the swallow's wing.

Courage and hope, true heart! Summer is coming though Spring be late; Wishing is weary and waiting long, But sorrow's day bath an even-song, And the garlands that never shall fade belong To the soul that is strong to wait. -Good Words.

DOCTOR BEN.

An Episode in the Life of a Fortunate Unfortunate.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER

The scene of the story opens in Millington, a town in West Ontario. The principal persons introduced in the previous part are Ephraim Hollins, owner of the mills which give the town its name, his wife, and his son, Ben; Mrs Hartley, widow of Col. Hartley, and her daughter Betty-Ben's playmate and little sweetheart. It is Ben's coming of age, and Elmswoods House, the miller's home, is the scene of feasting, merriment and music; and Ben, stealing away after dinner, for reflection, surpreses Betty in tears in a little su mer-house. She calls him "Sir," and "Mr. Benjamin," much to his disgust and surprise; and is trying to soothe her by offering to bring her some tea, or coffee, or sherry-anything, in fact but the right thing. Things, however, settle themselves satisfactorily, and Ben and Betty are engaged, The day before the wedding, however, Ben meets with an accident which renders him unconscious, and makes the doctor rather fearful of the results -not that they will be necessarily fatal-but worse. Under the ca e of his friends he improves somewhat, but does not regain his senses; he wanders around at will-always watched-but o.e day eludes his guardians, and wanders away unseen. A search is instituted, which prove fruitless. A faint clue is found, however-a cuff button-which may lead to something. The search proves in vain, however, and Ben is supposed to have perished in a railway accident. He has, however, been spirited away by Thomas Macrae, who is in love with Betty, and who places him on the train which meets with the accident, from which he escapes, and wanders away till he reaches "Si Kunber's Place,' where he is accidentally redi-covered by Macrae, who has made arrangements with an old Irish woman, (whom, knowing too much, he is shipping to the ola country,) to ake Ben along with her. She goes ahead to Quebec, Macrae and Ben to follow immediately. Arrivmg in Quebec, Macrae finds that Carney has given him the slip; and after waiting in vain till the sailing of the vessel in which for Richmond, and thence to Springfield. doctor's horse, and Macrae tells a story of sent to Hickory Hall,-a privat asylum-when Macrae-as E. P. Hallopaid one quarter's expenses in advance. Meanwhile the folk at Millington believe Ben dead, and the old man, having faith in Macrae, is anxious that he should take Ben's place, not only as his son and partner, but as Betty's husband, and papers are being drawn up and prepared to that end. Carney Dugau, however, who, after much wandering to and fro, fimds herself in comfortable quarters in Torosto, ". pots" Macrae during one of his visits to that city, and, by a ruse obtains three letters directed to him at the P. O. She then makes herself known to him, taxes him with his perfidy, and brings him completely to bay. Meantime, Ben is about to leave Hickory Hall, and a grand "spread" is being given in his honor by the patients. Events are hurrying forward; Ben is soon to leave Hickory Hall, and, with the fear of discovery now ever present, Macrae is at his wits' end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONFESSIONS.

It was at last Saturday morning, -the morning of the 11th of March. Briefly the situation was this: At Elmswoods were three elderly persons, ca'm and settled in the conviction that one whom they all had loved deeply, and whose memory was still green and dear, was dead,-gone from their sight until the time of "the restitution of all things,"-- and one young woman, a little pale, with an anxious shade upon her face, a firm, set look in her eye, as of one who is struggling against pleasure from without. She is made of clay, this young woman, like all the rest of us. With all her conviction, with all her genuine sentiment, with all her love for Ben, she may grow plastic under this pressure, and submit to be moulded into a new shape. It may become possible to erase the name of Ben Hollins, written so deeply upon her heart, -not completely, but leaving only faint outlines of the old writing,-and to place there in new and golden letters, or in deep and solemn-looking characters, a new name, -the name of Thomas Macrae.

For they have conspired against her, all these companions and friends, not meaning te harm her, but to befriend her ; meaning to open the doors of Comfort Lodge to her, and give her the very peace which their great love desires for her. The reconciliation of Tuesday last was only a ruse, a postpone-

ment. And she, Betty Hartley, resists and fights. She argues them down, she pleads, and sheds little rivulets of tears; grows angry finally,

and says, -"It is of no use, mamma. In one word, I

won't, there ! That battle is ended. No blood is shed. The warriors have only blustered, beat their drums, and blared upon their trumpets, wheeled their horses upon the field, and flashed their weapons in the sun. They hold a conference at last, and decide to commit the whole affair to diplomacy. A mimic family imitation of national combats.

Says Mr. Holling, "we must not challenge Betty any further. Let Macrae come now, and say his say. Let him state his der, soluble feelings and suspicions at once. case. If that is of no avail, our dear girls "All this," he thought, "may be true. must have their way."

ering and muttering. Her whole soul was imbittered at every thought of Macrae's treachery to her. However weak her sense of the injustice done to Ben Hollius, her own "ox" had been "gored" at last; and Carney was indignant, as her betters are under like conditions.

"I'll have it out wid him now, dhe liar, dhe thafe, dhe-murtherer! An' i t's Misther Fully'll do it too," she said to her-

self and her dustpan. Meantime Mr. Bly Folliss was sweetening his coffee and peppering his morning chop with cogitations upon the very same subject. And, very likely at the identical moment of Carney's conclusion, he threw a spoon upon the table with a semblance of violence, and exclaimed, "I'll have it out with him! He must explain that ridiculous card. He is up to some mischief or other, and it will be a friendly thing to bring him up with a round turn; and that Dugan woman is the one to help me."

At Hickory Hall Dr Peterson was holding a consultation with Laidlaw.

"Mr. Hallowel, writes," he says, "that he will not be able to come until next week, after all. Business detains him."

"Doctor," says Laidlaw, musingly, "I wonder if there is any hocus pocus in this. I don't like the look of it. You will have

Ben left on your hands." "No, I think not. Mr. Hallowell is travelling, you know; though, now that I think of it, he seems to be travelling in a rather small circle. By the way, did you look up this Millington of which Ben speaks?

"Yes: there is a Millington in Illinois, one in Michigan also, and a Millerton on the Harlem Railroad. There is a town in Canada whose name is spelled in the 'Guide' M-i-l-apostrophe-t-o-n."

"The very place!" exclaims Dr. Peterson. "One of the drafts for Ben's expenses came from that very town. Laidlaw, I begin to be seriously troubled about this matter. I shall telegraph there again."

The doctor's hand was upon his bell in another instant; and before many minutas a boy was sent off with a despatch to this Canadian town, and others also to the town ın Michigan and Illinois. They like to be as well informed as possible at Hickory Hall. But the answer came from all points, "No such person as E. P. Hallowell nere."

to be at the station sending off some business despatches, and heard the click of the key, all unconscious that the words which the operator was receiving had reference to himself, all ignorant that he had come so near to being struck literally by lightning. Dr. Peterson had nothing to rest upon

now but Mr. Hallowell's assurance that he would come for Ben the following week. He dismissed his suspic ons, as who does not when repeated efforts bring suspicion to nothing ?

They were auxious to get rid of Ben at Hickory Hall, -not out of any animosity towards him, as you can readily imagine, but they were to have sailed, he takes tickets for his own good. Dr. Peterso wished him to see the world again. He had faith in the Here Ben is knocked down by an eccentric awakening powers of familiar sights and sounds. He believed-nay, knew that Ben his "brother" which ends in Ben's being | was on the road to full health. Science had done much for i im : the rest could intrusted to Nature, which had taken kindly interest well, Toronto, Ont .- leaves him, having | in the patient, and was gradually opening for him the doors of life. Admirable Science! adorable Nature!

> A knock, a familiar knock, upon Bly Folliss's door, a hasty "Come in," and two employes . f Nature were together. "Misther Fully, wad ye give me a quar-

> ther uv an hour?" asked Carn: y. "A halt-dozen of them, Mrs. Dugan, on one condition, -namely, that you will employ them in telling me what I wish to know.

"Dhat's de very business I'm on, dhis perplexin' day, Misther Fully. But Misther Fully, don't be lettin' dhim two harryskarries in"--

Bly laughed heartily at the notion of Germaine Parson being a "harry-skarry," but assured Mrs. Duganthat the interview should be uninter upted.

"Dhey'll be comin' to see dhe mockeryscoops an' dhe plagueyscoop an' dhe bugs ; an' I've a bug meself to show you, Mistner Fully, dhat'll rise dehair off yer head."

'All right! The harry-skarries shall not come in He e! put this card on the doorplate, please.'

Bly wrote upon a card, "In at noon;" and, when Carney had placed it, he locked the door, withdrew the key, and sat down for what he calle I an "out and-outer" with Mrs. Dugan.

"Misther Fully," began Carney, "av ye should take a letther out uv dhe pos'-offy, what would dhey do to you ?" "Your own letter?"

"Well, I don't say dhat." "If it was some one else's, Mrs. Dugan, you could be arrested and punished." "Oh, me! But suppose there was almost

murther in it?" "But you see Mrs. Dugan, it would be a crime' -"I don't see anything about it, sir. Dhat's

what troubles me : I'm as blind as a fish,' Fer a moment she hesitated, and then ask-"Is it a crime to do good, Missther

Bly tapped the arm of his chair a moment, while he replied, "N-n-no, not if you do it

in the proper way." Quick as thought Carney handed Bly a sheet of paper. There was no covering, no outer address, to warn him. It was, in fact, the last of Macrae's letters from Hickory Hall, the one which Carney had abstracted on Wednesday, -the one which Macrae both desired and dreaded to receive, and whose non-arrival had lulled him into a deceptive

security for the moment. "Misther Fully, I'm not dhat aisy in readin' dhat one uv my age ought to be. Would ye plaze to read dhat for me?"

But Bly's suspicions were awakened. Blundering Carney had herself aroused them by her palaver.

"Is this your letter?" he asked. Blundering took refuge in falsehood, its

first cousin. "Yes," she replied. "Read it, read it for dhe love of mercy, Mistner Fully! It's dyin' 1 am wid grief an'-ohoo! ohoo!" Here followed a flood of tears, the over-

flow of which melted the young man's ten-

The poor creature may be suffering, and I In Toronto Carney was moving about | may be the one to relieve her. Mighty rea woman's correspondent! Perhaps it is a lawyer's."

Bly was rising in importance and dignity, in his own eyes, during the course of reflection. He began to look upon himself as quite a patron of the poor and the oppressed. And now, as he held the letter out of his sight for a moment, this new sense of responsibility took shape in his mind. His youthful romance corcocted an authoritative commission to investigate Carney Dugan's case-a commission, which might be put down in writing something after this fashion: -

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: We do hereby constitute an Inferior Court, to be held this day and hour, in the chambers of one Bly Folliss, at 'The Alderney' so called, in the city of Toronto, and Province of Ontario. And we do name and appoint the aforesaid Bly Folliss to at as Junge of the said Court. The Clerk will cry, Ohoe, ohoo !' as soft y as possib e, the same in order not to excite two harry-skarries who are coming up the stairs two steps at a time."

Nature made this appointment, in despite of all forms and order of law.

"Hark! Misther Fully," whispered Carney. "Bugs is nothin' to what's cemin'." Leave 'em go !"

The two sat in silence, while Brandon and Parson, outside, read the "In at noon" card, commented briefly thereon, and went on to their own quarters. Whereu, on the Judge of the Inferior Court called the case, and began to take evidence. The paper in his hand came first, of course. He read,-

"Dear Sir, -As you will have perceived from our last advices, our hopes have been growing of late. Your brother has for some time been showing signs of returning health. We are happy now to confirm any pleasant anticipations which you may have derived from our previous letters, and to announce to you, that, in our opinion, you had better come next week prepared to take your brother away. We hope everything for him from renewed contact with the world, and from travel especially.

"With congratulations, we are, dear Mr. Hallowell,

"Mr. who?" exclaimed Bly Follis, spring-At Millington Thomas Macrae happened | ing to his feet. "What do you mean, Mrs. Dugan, by asking me to read this letter? It is not yours. Where did you get it?" he continued.

"I got it in dhe pos' offy, Misther Fully; an' l'd as good a right to it as him, anny day. Dhere's murther in it, an' lyin', an' thievin'. It isn't his brother, at all. It's Misther Ben Hollins, it is."

And now the floodgates of Carney's language were open. She poured into Bly's ear a tale which astonished and shocked him. The hour of soon sounded; and bly removed the card upon his door, placing there ano her, postponing his opening to visitors. For Carney was voluble, circumstantial, roundabout, discursive: her own trials and troubles, from the far-off Arboe days down, mingled with the sorrows of Elmswoods and the crimes of Thomas Ma-

And all that afternoon Bly Folliss sat with open eye, and never wearied. He waited patiently for every detail. He asked questions, set Carney on the track when she wandered; employed the minutes when she yielded to her propensity to wail, in thinking and in mourning, in wondering how such a man as Thomas Macrae could have sunk so

You or I would have put on our hat, at the finishing of Carney Dugan's story, and started for the nearest telegraph-office, to send word to Ben Hollins's father, eh! Perhaps so, perhaps not. To Bly Folliss other considerations came into prominent view. This man, Macrae, had been his friend. To pursue this matter in hot haste would be like asking Macrae to stand upon a box of gunpowder, and holding him there, while Carney Dugan or some other agent, applied fire.

"Ah!" said Folliss, "very likely that would blow me up also, and the Dugan, and feels like summer-almost." the whole lot of us?"

The Judge of Nature's Inferior Court felt the need of counsel. He sailed forth, therefore, to obtain it, looking for two friends who had been twice disappointed that day when looking for him.

At seven o'clock the three came together as by one impulse in Folliss's rooms, -Bly pre-occupied and anxious, the others curious, and disposed to chaff their host, and to call him a man of mysteries.

In no humor for I leasantries, Bly informed them that there was serious business on hand; and, for the second time that day, went over the ground covered by Carney's revelations, closing the narrative with a request that the advisers would speak their minds freely and fully.

There were many questions to be asked, much subsidiary information to be gleaned concerning Macrae's character and previous history, and a deal of talking, of condemning, to be indulged in before these two were prepared to pronounce their opinion upon the one important point, -upon what was to be done, not by Macrae, or by Mrs. Dugan, but by Bly Folliss.

The longer rolls of the clock-bell sounded before this conference came to an end. With the easy-going method of youth, the unanimous conclusion was reached, that Ephraim Hollins of Millington aught to be apprised of Macrae's suspicious behavior, of the presence at Hickory Hall of a patient who is called "Ben," and of the name of Macrae's correspondent. Further, that, as it was now practically Sunday, Monday morning would be the proper time for communicating with Mr. Hollins.

The Lord's Day following was a day of quiet and rest. Around Macrae a slightly hazy atmosphere had gathered. No news from Hickory Hall seemed almost the same as good news. After morning service at St. Peter's, Mr. Hollins spoke to him of the morrow; and Macrae read volumes of hope in the old man's face as he said, "I sincerely trust, Thomas, that you will have more articles than one to sign on your birthday." In Toronto they rested also, -Mrs. Dugan in her way, the three friends in theirs.

would think that all days ought to be alike | have done with all the disagreeables of prothere. Not so: the peculir holiness of the posal and acceptance. Macrae never once Lord's day envelops even Hickory Hall. The | thought of taking Betty's hand, turning the emy's outer works, or has a skirmish; but | whispering. He had come for business and regular pitched battles are deferred until | the business spirit was upon him. It was Monday, or at least until twelve o'clock of as if, in Blackstone, he had read a chapter

ably "Elder" Babbage on this day, and preaches a great many sermons, which are, as he describes them, "short, but brief."

Only in one known place within the range of our story was the day raffled. Si Kimber returned to his home much earlier than was expected. About eleven o'clock Sunday morning Debby spied him sitting on the i entical log which Ben had once occupied. Going to him, she looked him over with a ludierous mingling of scorn and respect.

"You're a perty feller, you air," she said. "Wot be the matter wi' me?" Si asked, hanging his head, looking at his boots and his hat, and affecting to regard her remark as directed towards some defect in his at-

"You're a perty feller, you air. Ef you was a-goin' to keep that letter all winter long, why didn't you go an' keep it forever? that's what I want to know. Goin' an' gettin' that young Folliss up here, sech weather as this, -lucky for him it's ben athawin' so, -an' then runnin' away! You feel nice, don't ye?"

"Wull, now, Deb, doan't ye say a woord. I be that dashed wi' it all, I' a reg'lar porpuss.

"Two nice things you've done, par, any way. Ef you'd 'a'set for Mr. Folliss when I ast you to, mebbe that crazy feller'd ben well by this time.'

"Him well, Debbe? Naw, naw, they kind doan't do that." "Pshaw, par, wot a ole"-said Debby,

finishing her sentence with a contemptuous "'Nother thing I can tell ye," she continued: "Mr. Folliss was that mad, you'll

never see him at Little Bear agin, now you believe it." This was pure exaggeration on Debby's part, and intended only to bring her "par" down. He came down like a squirrel with a load of buckshot under his skin. He became wretched, inconsolable, and vowed he

would go to Toronto and make it up with Bly, if it cost him the profits of all next Whereupon Miss Debby became more gracious to him, and in the gloaming sang him a dozen psalms, out of a borrowed old volume whose title-page declared that these productions were "more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text, than any heretofore."

Let us all be thankful that we did not live in the "heretofore." This, for instance, was one of Debby's offerings to her father's wounded feelings:-

"O Lord my God if it be so that I committed this, If it be so that in my hands iniquity there is:

Then let the foe pursue and take my soul, and my life thrust Down to the earth, and let him lay mine honor in the dust."

Thus that Lord's Day came and went. To-morrow is to be the Devil's day.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANOTHER DAY, THOMAS!

Monday, the 13th of March is come. The day opens grimly. -cold, raw, and wet. The clouds hurry across the sky; now and then one blacker than its fellows dipping downward towards and very near the earth, changing every instant the form of its ragged edges, opening great mouths in its huge side, like the very chark hungering to devour and consume. What would it have? Human victims? They are ready. In every city and town, on country roads, in prisons, on battle-fields, there is carrion enough. Find it, sharks of the sea, sharks of the air, find it; gorge yourselves with it; eat, devour, consume Il evil, root and branch, consume each other, and leave this world purer and better!

As the sun goes ligher, the clouds pass away oceanward, trooping to some Titanic sport in the realm of tempest an I gale. The west wind gives place. The south sends warmer currents, the sky becomes genial, the sunlight is gentle. Men held up their hands towards the day-ruler, and say, "That

The atmospheric change put Thomas Macrae in high spirits. He took it as a good

omen. And so in very truth it was, but those for whom it was knew it not. Betty Hartley, looking out of the window, saw the jagged March clouds disappearing in the far east, welcomed the sunlight, felt a passing wish that so might the griefs and perplexities of life fly away from her, and never once thought of their being "omens in the

In scrupulous manly toilet, at eleven o'clock,-the hour agreed upon between Ephraim Hollins and Thomas Macrae, -the two met in the library at Elmswoods. The one was ready to proceed to business, the other had something to say.

"Mr. Hollins," said Macrae, -prophetically as it happened, -"I sha. I never tell you how deeply all your kindly interest has touched me. I wish now to ask one further favor of you, before we proceed to sign the papers. May I see Miss Betty first?'

A vague fear came into Ephraim Hollins's mind; but it was accompanied by a procession of possibilities, by the sudden sense of what a net Macrae's feet would be in if he were bound to a business partnership with him, and yet should fail with Betty : by a remembrance of the fact that such failure sometimes unfitted men for business; by the truth, in a word, they all hinged upon Macrae's acceptance or rejection by this girl; and he bowed to Macrae's will, as if some mightier hand had stayed him. He admired Macrae the more for the proposition; it seemed a very master-stroke on Mocrae's part.

They were brought together in the drawing-room with some little show of stratagem on the part of the elders; Macrae being eager yet subdued, poor Betty tremulous. She had successfully resisted the attacks of those skirmishers, -her mother and Mrs. Hollins, -she had beaten them back; and here was the enemy at last, in force. He numbered but one, but Betty trembled as if there had been twenty thousand Macraes.

There was not the slightest opportunity for that reading of soul which enables two At Hickory Hall there was quiet. You loving hearts to melt into each other, and "Giant" ocassionally storms one of the en- whites of his eyes up, and murmuring or among the rooms at "The Alderney," glow- | spectable-looking writing, however, for such | Sunday night. "Uncle" Babbage is invari- | on the "Forms of Contracting Matrimony,"

and now proposed to apply its teachings literally and legally. He would, and did, begin with a statement of facts. Then followed evidence and deductions, -finally the pleading. He was eloquent from first to last, especially in his closing speech. His words would have melted a heart of stone. Strangely, they only hardened the gentle heart of the girl, who now, out of very pity.

listened to him to the end. "O Mr. Thomas," she then said, "I cannot give you that which is another's! Do not, I pray, think me romantic. But I do not believe that I am free; and, if I were, it would be years before I could marry. Go into the partnership with Mr. Holins, do, pray, -and-and"-

"Mother! Betty! Mother! Betty! A cry, an old man's voice, strengthened, cleared, made thrilling, as if some message of mighty import was borne upon it, resounded through the halls. The cry penetrated to every part of the house. Doors were flung open, pale women looke i out, and, from up stairs and down, ladies and servants came trooping to the library. At the entrance to this room stood Ephraim Hollins, his eyes eagerly straining to catch the first glimpse of his wife, while his feet refused to crrry him farther. He held a paper, a little oblong sheet; and it shook and rustled as if it had voice, but could not articu'ate.

"What is it, father?" asked the frightened wife.

"Come, mother, come quickly! Ben, Ben, Ben! Here, read! O God! how good God

The old man dropped upon the floor, not fainting, but almost hysterical. Betty Hartley was on the spot very

quickly, and Thomas Macrae near her. Gasping, laughing, crying, ale in a breath, the old man held up the paper to Betty. 'There, Betty, read it aloud! read it juick, girl ! again and again."

In a moment more he was upon his feet again, and flung his arms around Macrae's neck, solbing. "O Thomas! my son was lost, and is found again. He is not dead.

They have found him, at last!" Macrae grasped the paper, and devoured it at one look. It was a despatch from Bly Follis, brief, and to the p int. "Do you know that your son is at Hick-

ory Hall, Hickoryville, State of-" A swooning girl was gently lifted in the arms of Mrs. Hartley and Mrs. Hollins, and laid upon a sofa. Joy had set the blood to running too fast in her young veins. Not too fast, perhaps, after all; for this fainting

does not do such girls much ha m. A few minutes of lethargy, a few of keen suffering, and then we laugh. But in this case it was Betty who laughed. "I knew he was not dead," she said, so

sweetly, so firmly, that they all looked upon her as a prophetess indeed. Macrae stood in a dazed, shocked, stupefied condition, until Ephraim Hollins took him by the hand, saying, "Another day,

Thomas, another day !" "Yes, another day," answered Macrae. "And this is your birthday, too, Thomas." "It's my death day," thought Macrae. "And Ben's birtaday too," said the old

man. "Mother, we will celebrate this day hereafter as Ben's birthday." "Father," responded the wise woman, "meantime, let us have our son at home

again.' She stopped, turned pale, and asked, 'Hickory Hall! What is that?"

Macrae, the only one who could have answered that question, had taken advantage of this brief passage between the father and mother to leave the house. He felt that there was no longer a place for him within the walls of Elmswoods.

Once out in the open air, he filled it with bitter cursings. He turned sick at thought of the undefined future. A homeless, placeless feeling enveloped him: he saw himself an outcast by-word,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Word for the Girls.

That the young woman has taken new fields of work is very true, but she has done so in : pite of the competition of the young man of the period, and thus earned her place by the survival of the fittest. While she has done this the native young man has left the plough and the workshop and has sounght what he supposes is more genteel employment, until these useful branches of industry are now largely filled by persons born and trained in other countries. While the general spread of education has opened up many new employments for girls, and they have taken their places in them bravely, the young men have drifted into clerkships or speculation or into small politics, most ruinous of all. The same is true in matter of the higher culture. The young man has become listless or idle or has gone undisciplined, while the girls have organized book and music clubs, attended lectures, and otherwise fitted themselves for the more exacting duties of our modern life. It is often the case that while the rich young man goes rapidly to the dogs by reason of his bad habits and worse vices, his sister is engaged in the exacting duties of church or charity or in other work which cultivates the humanities and does the world some good. The real truth is that, the country over, there are not enough, earnest, deserving, ambitious young men to marry hones', sensible, well-meaning girls who are ready to do a true woman's part in building up good and happy homes. Our family training, defective as it may be in many respects, has still kept the rein on girls while it has given the spur to boys, and if the grumblers are sensible they will try to devise some way to overcome this inequality and thus bring the young man up to such a standard as shall fit him to do something else in life than to stand off and rail at the follies or the frivolities of young women,-From the Philadelphia Times.

It would not at all surprise us if boycotting should very extensively take a new turn, and Irish workmen be turned adrift in Britain by tens of thousands. The thing would be very unfair and unjust, and yet with the apostles of dynamite and assassination all round it could scarcely be a thing to be wondered at. It is not impossible that the same policy may come by and bye to be in vogue in Canada. Not certainly avowed but at the same time practised, as could easily be done without attracting much attention. Every man has a right to choose his workers, and so -!