Friendship Was Once.

Its joyous hours scarce knew a night,

And all was fair and bright to me.

As earth's cerulean canopy;

Friendship was once a pleasing thought And tinted life with golden beams; And I was happy in al ot That floated down on sunlit streams, To my young eye the world was bright

But soon the ones my soul believed Sincere were first to prove untrue; Hoved, but loved to be deceived, And thorns about my pathway grew. The ready trust I gave so free To all I loved was shattered when To falser hearts they turned from me,

My dream of bless was over then!

From skies obscured by inky veils, Hope's pleasing rays but dimly shine; And, warped by life's incessant gales, Its leafless buds about me twine. No breeze that blows from you bright bowers Encircling Hope's majestic fane, Can lift again the drooping flowers, Or call to life the leaves again.

If such a breeze, alas! could reach The blossoms from that distant shore, Its soft, light wafted touch might teach My heart to dream of joy once more! But cold and dead the petals lie, Unstirred save by the Arctic blast, That moans, as it goes coldly by, A dreary requiem o'er the past ! R. MARION SEATON.

The Song of the Plough.

BY THE LATE WALTER CHISHOLM. Now, hands to the plough, boys! cheerily, Let us furrow the fallow-field, Propering the soil to receive the seed, And a harvest to man to yield; For the seed-time bas come, and merrily, The seed from the broad sheet we fling,

For surely we know that the seed which we sow

A reward for our labor will bring.

Now, hands to the plough, boys! manfully, As tolling o'er valley and hill-Let us guide the plough with a strong, sure grasp, Let us work with a nearty will; Let us cover the good seed carefully, In the lap of the warm, brown earth:

Then to us shall the time of the harvest prove A season of gladness and mirth. Now, hands to the plough, boys! warily, Let the furrow be straight and fair:

The time of our sowing full often we find A season of labor and care: And e'en as we labor unsparingly The seed in its season to sow-Bo joy shall be ours when we garner the grain, In the glory of Autumn's glow.

## L CASE OF MISTAKEN IDEN TITY.

Time-a cloudless June morning, balmy, country house on the Huds in, where the recently married Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ferguson were cozily established for the season. He was a genial giant, with a passion for entertaining his friends, infectious high spirits, and an irresistible laugh; she was a bright, graceful, attractive creature, with a happy faculty for extracting the greatest amount of pleasure from the most ordinary circumstances: altogether a well-matched pair.

Just now they were expecting a houseful of young people to spend a week with them, and so Tom was leisurely pacing up and down the drive, with his morning cigar, while Laura gave the finishing touches to her flower vases, coming out between whiles to share his watch.

Boon their pretty little phaeton appeared young ladies, who were enthusiastically tween his puffs. "By-the-way, Charlie, masculine and feminine, and before this What ailed you, I should like to know?" last vehicle was fairly emptied a light waggon made its approach, in which sat a remarkably handsome young man.

Edith Romaine, one of the very first arrivals, at a rate that took away by breath. So you've who had been standing chatting to Tom Merguson, happened to turn her eyes upon the new-comer. Her change of countenance was so noticeable that Tom hastily asked if

she felt ill. her somewhat incoherent answer. Then, she'd speak a good word for you. Come, it's a-tete with Edith which had never been fulturning to Laura: " May I go to my room | time you were thinking of getting mar- filled. now, dear? Thanks; I know the way; the same one I had last time, is it not?" and earnest. gathering up her veil and parasol, the young lady vanished swiftly.

Laura overtook her at the foot of the stairs to ask the reason of this sudden flight. "Don't you see, goosey, that my crimps are

was Edith's laughing reply. But once in her room, Edith Romaine's and then said, slowly: smile changed to a frown. She locked the

yellow locks. she sat there; "how provoking! and how you know, and Laura insists that if she is a small place, or how could our paths cross | cure her. Such a pity !" again so soon? If Laura had only knownand what excuse could I make? Besides, my pained voice. Tom was evidently surprised plans are all made; I've nowhere else to go at his manner, and began to laugh. too. If I could only see him alone—for a | went on, presently. "There's no great between now and luncheon, before we are ber the old saying about 'ministering to a

well, I'll dress and reconnoitre." A couple of hours later Miss Romaine walked into the "library"-a small room "What heartless jesting this is!" be exwhose chief characteristics were a tiny book- claimed. "She ought to see a physician at case and an immense bay window, vine- once—some one who has made insanity a the grove, looking doubtfully in his direction, wreathed and shady—and came face to face specialty. Who knows but she might be with the gentleman whose arrival had so fully restored to reason? You might use the pony stopped close by her, she bestowed

discomfited her.

deepened, but she spoke coolly :

He looked amazed and repeated mechanically, "You have something to say to me?" "I don't wonder you are astonished, but I shall be as brief as possible "-with great hauteur. "I suppose we must be introduced when our host or hostess appears and I want | Nugent? Edith a lunatic!" to say only this-we meet as strangers, as

entire strangers. Do you understand?" instead of replying to her question, stared at time. "Tell me, Charlie, what made you know? No, you have found me, and you and—everything. And I fancied myself in Peterboro'. Thus far a fine location has been h's companion in helpless silence.

She waited a moment and spoke again : "Of course, if I had known you were to be here I should have sent a regret, but it is to late now. The only thing to be done, as you must acknowledge, is for us to meet as if we had never met betore, since that will save the one, do not choose to make."

Nugent was dazed. He managed to say : "But why-what does this mean? Haven't we made a mistake-" But he got no further. Miss Romaine's temper was up. Her eyes blazed, her cheeks crimsoned, she looked two in her, and all that nonsense?" inches taller, as she interrupted him :

"No mistake at all, Mr. Nugent. After your conduct last summer, you deserve no

second hearing." and cast a searching glance at her, as if summer! what has last summer to do with

to day." "Nothing-nothing at all, sir! They have | finished Tom, with a quizzical look. as little connection as our present has with our past."

"Then, may I ask why you referred to 'last summer 'in that pointed way?" enquired this ir comprehensible young lady was demented, or, as he expressed it mentally, " mad-stark, staring mad !"

Certainly her behavior grew more and more peculiar every moment. Now she looked at him with superb disdain, and replied, slowly, "Is this intended for ignorance or impertinence, Mr. Nugent? You are quite at home

in both roles, I imagine." It was his turn to flush now, but he made no attempt at any further conversation for some moments. "Ridiculous, to be affected by what she says, when she is evidently a lunatic. Yet what a lovely creature! what a pity!" were his thoughts in the interval. She moved toward the door, as if all was said, and merely repeating her first warning, "Remember, you are to behave as if you never had seen me," passed out, leaving Charles Nugent more puzzled than he had ever been in all his life before.

" How the deuce did she know my name, when I cannot even guess at hers?-that must be more than accident," he wondered. "She seemed to think that I had ill-treated her in some way-all crazy people have such fancies, I believe. But then, after all, there was no incoherence in her words, no violence in her manner; she certainly would have impressed any one as sane, except in her mysterious allusions. But what did she mean about last summer-was she referring to-nonsense! how could she know! Well, I'll wait until I can ask Tom about her. rose-scented, delicious; place—a charming might guess and conjecture all day, and not come any nearer the truth than I am now."

> It was eight o'clock that same evening. Mrs. Ferguson and most of her guests had been amusing themselves with croquet, and Nugent had never had an opportunity to exnow, warned by the gathering darkness, were | change a word with Edith Romaine. True, hurrying up their game with the usual amount ( h) treated him with politeness, but it was of of laughing and disputing inseparable from such a distant and frigid sort, and she was so the pastime. Tom Ferguson had retreated adroit in avoiding all occasions of speech, exto a rustic seat at some little distance from | cept such few necessary words as all might the players, where he was joined directly by hear, that he began to despair of unravelling Nugent, who had been waiting for this oppor- the mystery which encompassed that first | ful frame of mind. tunity all day. Now, as he lit his cigar, he day. asked, carelessly,

"Where does Miss Romaine live, Tom ?a very striking beauty, isn't she?"

"Lives in New York. She's a great pet of with the first instalment of guests-two Laura's and mine, too," answered Tom, begreeted by Tom and warmly embraced by should think you found her a striking beauty, Laura. Right behind the phaeton came a and no mistake, for you seemed to be struck roomy rocksway, well filled with visitors both dumb when I introduced you this morning.

"Ailed me? Why, nothing-nothing at all; but I was preplexed for a moment. You It was just at this moment that Miss were showering all your introductions on me known her a long time?"

"Oh yes, knew her before I met Laura, who was a schoolmate of hers. I say, Charlie, why don't you fall in love with Edith Romaine? I think you'd make a "Yes, I think I am suffering from the heat | match team, and Laura would be delighted. ried;" and Tom was evidently very much in

"But—the fact is, I want to ask you a question, Tom, and it is about Miss Romaine herself. Isn't she a little-well, queer at times? Now candidly," said Nugent, watching the graceful white robed figure as he rapidly disappearing? Go back, and I will spoke, and hoping that his friend's answer join you when I have repaired the mischief," | would be an indignant denial. But, instead of that, Tom Ferguson hesitated, pondered,

"Charlie, you astonish me! How could door, took off her hat, and sat down, but you have seen that in such a short time? made no attempt to re-arrange her hair. On When Laura first mentioned it to me, just the contrary, she leaned her arms on the after Edith's return from Europe, I only table, and thrust her fingers idly through laughed at her. I couldn't see anything, at pect. "What shall we do?" the carefully arranged "fluffiness" of her least not at first; but since then I've watched her carefully, and I must confess "How vexatious!" was what she said as she is very queer at times. But only at times, totally unexpected, too! After all the world | could only find a true, devoted lover it would

"Yes, indeed, a terrible misfortune. But but she don't know, and she won't, if I can | why do not her friends resort to medical help it. I wonder if I could get away to treatment at once? Such a state of things morrow? No; I promised to stay a week, is inexcusable," was Nugent's reply, in a

until next Tuesday, and Laura knows that "Don't look so doleful, old fellow," he momen ;-yes, that is the wisest way, I do harm done, after all. Edith Romaine is in believe. I will watch for an opportunity no need of doctors, and, besides, you rememobliged to submit to an introduction. mind diseased, don't you? Well, I'm certain Strarge! but he didn't see me-I know he you could minister better than any M.D.; didn't; but then men are so blind! Well, and jovial Tom slapped him on the shoulder,

with another laugh. Nugent shook off his hand impatiently. your influence-" But Tom's burst of one of her coldest and most disapproving to it in Edith's presence. He rose from his seat as she entered, and laughter was so explosive that the young looks upon him, he was utterly disconcerted bowed formally, as to a stranger. Her color man was interrupted. He stared, while his and decidedly angry with himself for his party had made their adieux, and were speed- steady brain-tension. But until he has friend shook with absolute convulsions of folly. "Mr. Nugent, I have something to say to mirth, vainly attempting to explain the you. I came here to say it without interrup. cause of his merriment, and falling into a said, as he stepped out—"I beg your pardon, fresh paroxysm whenever he got as far as, "What made you-"

At last, however, he managed to gasp "Oh, what a sell! Edith Romaine crazy! quite sufficient, and-" Won't Laura scream when I tell her? What

coming this way, and Miss Romaine will began buttoning his coat up as he spoke. stand, for he looked utterly bewildered and, Tom sprang up and dragged him away just in "How would that look, I should like to Charlie is so much handsomer and eleverer, gone east to locate the line from Beeton to

"Why, you did. You talked about her being queer yourself, and about watching her carefully, and all that, and of course you embarrasement of explanations which I, for misled me. Nothing so very funny in it, the homeward road. either."

"But the idea of our asking a crazy girl to visit us! Oh, Charlie, you must have been a fool to dream of such a thing!" "What did you mean, then, by the change

"Merely this. Ever since Edith came home last fall she has been subject to fits of depression, almost melancholy, which excited Nugent started violently at these words, unfortunate love affair. Add to this her capricious treatment of the men-sometimes seeking to unravel a new difficulty. Then he | all smiles to some devoted admirer, the next echoed, vacantly, "Last summer! last moment as frigid as the north pole—and you can see what I meant. But she's as sane as

"I'm sure I'm delighted to hear it," said Nugent, fervently; "but promise me one thing, Tom : don't tell your wife about this, for she'll tell it to Miss Romaine, and then Nagent, who began to feel quite sure that | we shall never be friends. Come, promise not to mention it."

you are, Charlie; more so, I should say,"

"Well, I won't," assented Tom, after a moment's reflection. Then, brightening: " won't tell her until you're gone, Charlie; but I couldn't keep it any longer than that, for Laura will laugh so."

Nugent was obliged to be content with this conditional promise, and would now have willingly changed the subject, but Tom Ferguson resumed it suddenly by saying :

" See here, Charlie, it was you who started this idea about Edith, and not I, after all. What did you mean, old fellow, by your first but-" question-just tell me that ?'

But Nugent had already made up his mind to say nothing to his friend of his morning's interview with Miss Romaine, but to wait until time or another meeting brought some explanation of the strangeness. So now he parried the question as best he could. "Oh, I don't know! It was suggested by her haughty manner of acknowledging the introduction, I suppose. The fact is, I hadn't thought much about it one way or the other. Hark! some one is calling us. Shall we go back to the house?"

"Yes, we must, for the moon is getting up and I promised Laura to arrange for a drive by moonlight. Suppose you take Edith, Charlie?"

"Thank you, but I am in no hurry." "Hum! going to try the dignified dodge, are you? pique her interest, and all that? Well, go ahead your own way," laughed Tom, as they retraced their steps.

Five days of the week had passed, and

He could not help feeling that he was in an unfortunate position. He was so attracted by this girl, everything she said and did (to others) pleased his fastidious taste, and yet he felt himself under a ban, whose cause was utterly unknown. He would have been so glad to walk, or ride, or drive with her, to hold her parasol or turn over her music; yet his faintest attempt at such familiarity was always checked by a look or tone of unmistakable meaning. To add to his annoyance, of lecturing Tom Ferguson lost him on his want of success, quoting constantly for his benefit the old adage of " Faint heart," etc., and urging bim to "go in and win"--advice which fairly irritated him because of its uselessness.

Twenty times he had resolved to leave the house, and had invented countless plausible excuses for thus curtailing his visit; and he had broken his resolution every time, be--I don't feel badly at all, thank you," was You're well up in her books, you know, and cause there seemed a faint prospect of a tete-

This morning, however, he was in high spirits, for fate was absolutely propitious. Miss Romaine had gone for a walk, notwithstanding the predictions of the barometer and the gathering clouds alike foretold rain. The rest of the party were comfortably housed, when Mrs. Ferguson exclaimed, in tones of

" Just look at the great drops! We shall have a perfect deluge, and Miss Romaine will be soaked. She had only a small sunumbrella, and she has gone all the way to the

"And that is full two miles," said Tom Ferguson, starting up to examine the pros-

"Let me take the pony-phaeton and go after Miss Romaine, Tom. I shall find her somewhere on the road, I imagine, both dripping and disconsolate,"answered Nugent, briskly, before any one else could speak.

Tom gave him a significant nod of approval, and with a " Make haste, Laura, and bundle up a water-proof or something," left the room to expedite the harnessing. In few moments the phaeton was at the door, and Nugent, well equipped with shawls and cloak, was on his way to the pretty little grove where Miss Edith was fond of straying.

He drove along the well known road with mingled fear and triumph, wickedly rejoicing in her predicament, yet dreading her displeasure at being forced to accept his aid. "But she has no right to be angry at me, for I never saw her before, and I must get to the bottom of this mystery somehow," was what he said to himself more than once as the fleet little pony trotted on; and he really felt quite brave while he was saying it. But when he espied the young lady at the edge of his courage began to lessen; and when, as

"I beg your pardon, Miss Romaine," he pleasures.

"Don't say any more, Miss Romaine. If put such an absurdity into your head, you will get into the phaeton and drive yourself home, I will gladly walk. I don't mind "Do be quiet, can't you, Tom? they're all a wetting in the least, I assure you;" and he destination, they would have heard:

think of such nonsense?" he asked again, can take me back, but I wish to tell you love with that conceited fellow! It vexes obtained.

when they had reached the shelter of the that I understand your manouvre perfectly, stables; and Nugent made answer in a faint | and it won't do you any good. Shall we get in ? for you must see that I am uncomfortably damp."

Without a word he assisted her to her seat put the cloak about her shoulders, and took

Presently she spoke, though with evident reluctance: " I must stop at the post-office, as I have a letter to mail. I was going there when you

found me." Nugent turned the pony's head in the di rection of the village, still without speaking. He was getting furiously angry with this

unreasonable girl, and felt that it was quite Laura's suspicions that she had had some beneath his dignity to seek for any further explanation of her behavior. All at once an exclamation of dismay drew his attention to her. She was

looking at him with so much amazement and alarm in her lovely eyes that he asked involuntarily:

"What is the matter, Miss Romaine what has startled you?"

No answer, only a closer scrutiny; then her color deepened painfully, she covered her face with her hands, and fairly groaned aloud. Nugent reined up the pony. "For beaven's sake, Miss Romaine, explain this strange conduct! Have you seen a ghost, or am I such a frightful object?"

"You-you-" she began, but seemed utterly unable to finish.

Nugent broke out: "This getting unbear able. I must insist upon some explanation of your strange behavior, Miss Romaine, before you go any further. In our very first meeting you implied that I had offended you deeply-I, who never saw you until last Wednesday! You have followed up that strange beginning most consistently, I admit,

"Answer me one question," she interrupted, in an agitated voice. "Who are you?"

At this astounding query Nugent was comcurtness: "Charles Nugent, son of Dr. Nugent, of Boston, twenty-six years of age lawyer, at your service."

"Charles! not Charles Edward?—but your double, who joined our party in Switzerland last June, and travelled with us afterwho was he?"

Nugent started suddenly and his expression changed.

"I understand! I see it now!" he exclaimed. "You mistook me for my cousin Charles, to whom I bear a most unfortunate resemblance. But how could you continue to be mistaken all this time? That puzzles me, I confess;" and he looked anything but pleased as he spoke.

"I-I am very short-sighted," was the scarce audible reply. Then, with a deeper blush, "Besides, you-you seemed to know all about last summer, or I thought you

Nugent looked somewhat confused. spent last summer in the Catskills, where I met some very agreeable people, to whom I fancied you were referring."

An embarrassing pause followed. Edith was too much overwhelmed at the mistake she had made to say any more, while Nugent was pondering the situation in a very doubt-"Could she have been engaged to him?"

was his first thought; "or was it only a desperate flirtation after all? But she is evidently very angry with him. I wonder if she cares for him still? He always was a conceited fool, but then the girls used to like him immensely—" "You are passing the post-office, Mr.

Nugent," said Edith - and sure enough he had been so absorbed in thought that he had forgotten to stop at the dingy little building, where a severe and spectacled maiden lady presided over the mails and sold dry goods.

Edith stepped out of the phaeton as it drew up close to the walk, and Nugent, resigning the reins to a boy, followed her into the small apartment, where the postmistress peered at them through her glasses, but said not a

"Have you postage stamps?" asked the

young lady absently. "We have," with great dignity. " Please to put one on my letter," and Miss

Romaine laid down the pennies and the letter as she spoke, quite unconscious of the growing disfavor with which she was regarded. Presently the postmistress produced a stamp, laid it beside Edith's letter, and remarked, with great acidity, "We sell stamps here—we don't lick 'em."

old maid, as if in doubt of her meaning; the games of various kinds. In the afternoon a next, Nugent had affixed the stamp, and together they hastened from the office.

moment suppressed, became almost uncon- light procession will leave the Foresters' Hall trollable. Edith, leaning back in her seat at eight p. m., and march through the prinlaughed at every fresh recollection of the cipal streets of the city to the Fair Grounds, rebuke she had received, and Nugent could where a grand display of fireworks will be not help joining her, try as he might.

That absurd incident did more for them than a week of explanations; awkwardness and embarrassment were driven away as if by magic, and when they drove up to the door at last they were evidently on the best of terms with themselves and the world in general.

exchanged gratulatory glances. Laura carried Edith off to her room at once, while Tom patted Nugent encouragingly on the shoulder one-half the time spent in sailing. It seems and whispered, "Go ahead, Charlie! you're likely to get the inside track, after all." To which Nugent answered, thanklessly, "Don't and say quits. be a goose, Tom."

of affairs. mistake to Laura (under a promise of invio- while many are half-starving on \$20, and lable secrecy), of course Tom heard the whole | many more are out of work. This is one of affair as soon as possible, which knowledge | the "genteel" employments which possess not only doubled his interest in Nugent's a charm for the average boy (and girl) who wooing, but kept his wife in continual fear think it easy work. It is nothing of the lest he should make some ill-timed allusion | kind. To earn two dollars, or even one

but Mr. Ferguson sent me to look for you." and if she said but little as they parted at the is: "Better, in this country wrestle with "Was there no one else to send?" freez- station, the few words seemed to amply satisfy ingly. "John or William would have been him, for he hovered around her with lover- stick." like assiduity, and could hardly make up his mind to let her go without him.

me to think of it now. What a lovely smile he has, too! I wonder how soon he will come to Saratoga? Perhaps next wesk, he said. How surprised Aunt Sarah will be !"

Lecture on Manitoba and the Northwest Territory.

The Rev. D. Ross, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, delivered last week, in the MacNab Street Presbyterian Church, Hamiiton, an excellent lecture on Manitoba and the Northwest Territory to a good audience. The Rev. D. H. Fletcher, pastor of the church, occupied the chair.

Mr. Ross began his lecture by stating that

the Province of Manitoba is 120 miles at its

base, with 100 depth, containing about ten million acres. The Northwest, including Manitoba, is 1,800 miles at its base, with an average depth of 460 miles as its wheatproducing region. Beyond there is a vast territory, extending to the north, adapted to the raising of barley, oats, etc. He then gave a full and interesting description of the lakes. Lake Winnipeg, the largest, is 260miles long by an average breadth of 60 miles. This large lake will necessarily, not only trom its size, but from its position, form an important factor in the future commerce of the country. It is in the centre of the Dominion, receiving the waters of six large rivers. averaging 2,564 navigable miles and draining an immense prairie region, having its outlet by the Nelson River to the Hudson Bay, a distance of about 400 miles. Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis having a natural connection are together about 260 miles long, with an average of from thirty to twenty miles wide, can easily be connected with the waters of the Assinniboine and Saskatchewan by two small canals, one seven miles long. and the other two miles, thus giving a continuous water communication between Winnipeg and Edmonton at the Rocky Mountains, pletely disgusted. He answered with great 900 miles as the crow flies. But the most remarkable water connection is found in fact that by a canal of one mile between two lakes, viz., Big Stone Lake and Lake Traverse, Min, the Mississippi would be joined to the Red River, thereby connecting New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico with Edmonton at the Rocky Mountains, a distance of over 5,000 miles. The lecturer then proceeded to define the Saskatchewan River, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains between par. 49 and 53, 350 miles in its branches and uniting from two large streams, at the base of the Rocky Mountains, called North and South Saskatchewan, draining an area of 88,000,000 acres of fertile soil—a territory eight times the size of Scotia and about a third larger Mr. Ross than Ontario. of the description a full fertile belt extending from the boundary line up to the Peace River, including, according to Col. Dennis' survey, 176,000,000 acres of land of extraordinary fertility. Peace River, Mc-Kenzie River and the vast territory drained by them, with its millions of fertile acres, inexhaustible coal beds, oil springs and open streams for eight months in the year, were passed over with the prophetic remark that it would be the home of millions. After describing immense coal beds, one of which is at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, 200 miles square, with a depth of 300 ft. in layers of 8, 10, 12 and 15 ft.; another in the North Saskatchewan, where coal has been discovered in 20 foot seams in the bank of the river, he discussed at great length, in a most instructive and interesting way, the climate. In speaking of the probable future greatness, wealth and population of the country, he stated what appeared to many of the audience a remarkable fact, that the route from England by the Hudson Bay to Lake Winnipeg, the centre of the Dominion of Canada, is eighty miles shorter than from England to New York. The rev. gentleman then spoke of the Northwest as a field for missionary enterprise, and of the special work to which he was called by his own Church. He concludedian excellent lecture by an earnest and eloquent appeal to the audience in favor of sustaining missionary work in the great Northwest by their prayers, sympathies and material aid. The lecture was illustrated by means of two large maps.

The fifth annual demonstration of the Ancient Order of Foresters will be held in Brantford on the 24th of May. Invitations have been sent to and accepted by thirteen For a moment Edith looked at the angular lodges. The day will be taken up with lacrosse match will be played between the Brants, of Brantford, and the Guelph La-As they drove away, their merriment, for a crosse Club. In the evening a grand torchgiven. A large turnout is expected, and extensive preparations are being made.

The sailors in the Lake Michigan ports are running great risk by their strikes for \$2 a day. Tug owners all around the lakes have been communicated with, and the opinion has been secured that there are sufficient tugs available to tow all the vessels that sail be-Tom and Laura, rushing out to meet them, tween Chicago and Buffalo, and at low rates. It is proposed that each tug will take four or five schooners from port to port and thus save that this plain is feasible, and-well, the sailors will probably consent to take \$1.50

This is the advice given to young men by the New York Operator. a journal of How the next two days flew! But Nugent | telegraphy published in New York: "Rather was no laggard in love-making, and Tom | wrestle with the jack-plane, than manipulate grew quite ecstatic as he watched the progress | the brass clicker," for in that line of employment there is an over supply; first-class As Edith had confided the story of her operators are glad to get \$40 per month, dollar per day at telegraph-operating, means At last the week was gone. The gay long hours, monotonous employment, and likely to take the advice given above, than Edith and Nugent were the last to leave, to heed our kindred recommendation which the plough-handle than manipulate the yard-

The staff of engineers that has been surveying the Beeton and Orangeville section of And if any one could have heard what she the Grand Ontario Central Bailway has said to herself as the train whirled her to her arrived at Orangeville. The road is to run from Ottawa to Goderich, via Peterboro', "How could I ever have taken him for his Port Perry, Uxbridge, Newmarket, Beeton, "Nonsense?" she said, ungraciously. cousin? They are totally unlike. My Orangeville, or; Shelburne. The staff has