

Continued from second page.

plague, to be mixed up in a wretched clandestine-love-affair like this! She to steal out of her father's house at night to meet a stranger, and plead her sister's cause with him!

Lillian went hastily to her own room. She took a large black shawl and drew it closely around her, hiding the pretty evening dress and the rich pearls.

The night was dark, heavy clouds sailed swiftly across the sky, the wind moaned fitfully, bending the tall trees as it were in anger, then whispering round them as though suing for pardon.

"Beatrice, at last you have come!" "It is not Beatrice," she said, shrinking from the outstretched arms.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Hugh Fernely took the letter from Lillian's hands, and read it with a muttered imprecation of disappointment. The moon, which had been struggling for the last half hour with a mass of clouds, shone out faintly.

"Wait!" he cried. "Ah, must I wait yet longer? Tell your sister I have waited until my yearning wish to see her is wearing my life away."

"She is really ill," returned Lillian. "I am alarmed for her. Do not be angry with me if I say she is ill through anxiety and fear."

"Has she sent you to excuse her?" he asked, gloomily. "It is of no use. Your sister is my promised wife, Miss Lillian and see her I will."

"You must wait at least until she is willing," said Lillian; and her calm dignified manner influenced him even more than her words, as she looked earnestly into Hugh Fernely's face.

It was not a bad face, she thought; there was no cruelty or meanness there. She read love so fierce and violent in it that it startled her. He did not look like one who would wantonly and willfully make her sister wretched for life.

"My sister is very unhappy," she said, bravely—"so unhappy that I do not think she can bear much more; it will kill her, or drive her mad."

To be continued.

Mosquitoes.

Mr. Ivers W. Adams writes from Bathurst, N. B., to Forest and Stream, that he tried a dozen prescriptions for repelling mosquitoes, flies, and similar pests, and found none of them effective until he came across the following, which are dead sure every time.

Who would be a Shaker?—In the Shaker communities, it is well known the great virtue is asceticism. There are no family ties, and the passion of love is trampled under foot.

The mother-in-law seems to be the same everywhere, yesterday, to-day and forever, in every clime, among all peoples, and in every country on the face of the globe.

Rev. Philip Brooks, in one of his Yale lectures on "Preaching," tells a story of a backwoodsman who, after hearing an extemporaneous sermon from Bishop Meade, remarked, "He is the first one of them petticoat fellows that I have ever seen that can shoot without a rest."

A few days since the second of the two great bells for the new Eddystone lighthouse, each weighing about 42 cwt., measuring 5 ft. 1 1/2 in. diameter at the mouth, answering to the note C, and intended to act the one as a fog signal to leeward and the other to windward, was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Gillet, Bland & Co.

The Prince of Wales has sold his yacht Formosa to Mr. Bischoffheim.

"STILL THEY COME."

How a Virginia Young Lady was Deceived and Ruined by an Advertisement in a Religious Periodical.

Early this month an estimable and highly connected young lady, whose widowed mother keeps a boarding house in Richmond, Va., and is extremely poor, in search of honorable employment read in the Hartford Churchman an advertisement for a governess to take charge of the young child of a widower.

THE SHOW OVER.

Niagara's Imprisoned Dogs Rescued by a Bold Youth.

Early last spring a black and white bulldog was thrown off the railway suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, a distance of 150 feet, by its owner. After striking the water the dog made a desperate effort to reach the shore, and in so doing it was cast by the rapids upon what is commonly known as Taylor's Island.

Shaving and Shortening.

It is undeniable that Americans of the Eastern States are steadily decreasing in stature. There was a time when the Yankee was proverbially long and lank, but at the present day the long variety exists only in the backwoods of Maine and New Hampshire.

Miss Elizabeth Fleming, who died recently at Edinburgh, was one of the links between the present time and that of Scott. Her mother, Isabella Rae, was the daughter of James Rae, the father of surgical teaching in Scotland, and another of Dr. Rae's daughters married Mr. Keith, of Ravelston, at whose house Sir Walter Scott, a great friend of the family, was in the habit of meeting Miss Fleming and her sister almost daily.

WAYWARD ONCE MORE.

Seduction and Abduction—The Girl Cannot be Found.

A Kingston despatch says Glenburnie is somewhat agitated over a scandal of considerable magnitude. In March a young lady about 18 years of age, in poor health, was sent from her home in the vicinity of Belleville to friends in Glenburnie.

A WIFE'S RETURN.

Appearing to Her Husband, Who Supposed He Had Buried Her.

A despatch from New York says: On August 1st, 1880, Mrs. Becker, the wife of John Becker, of 410 Fifth street, disappeared from her home. Her husband concluded that she had either fallen or jumped into the river.

The African Slave Trade Vigorous.

From time to time intelligence reaches England from the Soudan which leaves no room for doubt that the African slave trade continues to be in vigorous operation in that country. It is, indeed, stated that no fewer than 50,000 or 60,000 negroes are still annually conveyed to the Turkish and Egyptian ports of the Red Sea.

Latest Canadian Settings.

The other day a gold medalist of McGill College, Montreal, was ignominiously plucked at his primary law examination because of his ignorance of Canadian history.

Apples are a comparative failure around Belleville, and the curculio has brought destruction on the plum crop.

There is likely to be a lively contest for the representation of Birtle in the Manitoba Legislature. There are already four candidates in the field—Messrs. Crear and Woods, of Birtle; Major Bolton, of Shell River, and Mr. Templeton, of Shoal Lake.

Says the Detroit Free Press: "For five years after a man leaves Quebec and settles in New England he is carried along in the census of that city. This is to give him a chance to get home-sick and return."

The Village Council of Staynor have rewarded the little girl who for an hour and a half fought the fire in the grass that caused considerable damage recently in the cemetery there.

Mr. D. Muchwanger, of Bright, has two cows which he claims cannot be beaten by any other two cows in the Province for giving milk. They averaged for the last month over 100 pounds each day and he got a cheque from the cheese factory for \$20.66 for the month.

A Chinaman started a laundry in Kingston and fared badly. The boys, whose ages ranged among the twenties, pelted stones, eggs and other missiles at his shop and cut down his clothes lines when full of clothes.

A salmon, supposed to be the largest ever caught in the Columbia River, had a weight, when dressed, of eighty-four pounds and filled sixty-nine cans.

DRESSY WOMEN AT SARATOGA.

(Saratoga letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.) The lady at Congress Hall with the one hundred and thirty-nine dresses is still astonishing the natives and the strangers two or three times a day, and finds her path a pleasant one.

A Boy's Sad Death.

"Here comes Mr. Burns, and he's drunk!" exclaimed the little son of James Irving last evening, as he looked from one of the windows of his father's apartments, at No. 398 Kent avenue, Brooklyn.

A Death Whirl.

(From the Pottsville Journal.) Isaac Esbin, an employee of the Sharpless Iron Works, West Chester, met with a frightful death on Thursday afternoon. About half-past 2 o'clock the hands employed in the works were startled by a shriek, followed by sounds like displaced machinery whirling and colliding with loose boards.

The death is announced of Mr. Wm. G. Fargo, President of the American Express Company. He was the pioneer of that system, and died worth over twenty million dollars.

"Distorted Relationship."

He was a husky-voiced and very inaudible man, but he was deeply in earnest when he unwound the cotton handkerchief from his neck yesterday and said to the magistrate in the Tombs Court, "I want my Lillie sent up."

Of all the Queen's daughters none has ever mixed so freely and so frequently in general London society as the Princess Louise has done this season.

Baldheaded men are informed that there is but one avenue of escape from their affliction, and that is Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great hair renewer, which being recently improved, is more efficacious than ever and is absolutely faultless.

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ASK FOR Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP.

This old established remedy can be with confidence recommended for the above complaints. TRY IT. If your merchant has not got it, he can get it for you.

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