ing of what might be in the future, and remained that we should ever see them communing with our melancholy thoughts. again. About a month previous to this we Four days had now passed since the sad had heard, indirectly, that John's regiment

mother; the other was from William disaster. Brightman to myself. My mother was so Nearly every day we had heard of desnervous that I had to read the letter for perate battles, of hospitals crowded with her. John wrote as if in the best of spirits. sick and wounded, of shallow graves being Everything had, he said, been arranged. hastily dug here and there, and of hundreds He had been readily accepted as a substi- being tumbled into trenches without suffitute for Thomas. He and Will. Brightman cient earth to cover the dead, without any were, he said, fortunate enough to get into memento and without any record whatever the same regiment, even into the same being kept of the names or condition of company, and they would be sent to the those who had miserably fallen. How was front together in a few days. He wrote on it possible for us to entertain the least hope, like one who was about to start on a pleas- especially as we knew that both John and ant trip through a peaceful country, instead William-who were well aware of our anxiof being one to be borne off to "the front," ety concerning them-would not leave even hurried off to the battle-field, to the place the least opportunity pass without sending of slaughter and death, to shoot down a us some kind of a communication. Their so-called enemy, or to be shot or wounded long continued silence, therefore, told its

and though not very strong, took the man- along on its way to the lake beyond, which agement of our little farm, and did the best on clear calm evenings reflected in the he could. My father having failed so much distance all the glory of the sunset. during the last few months, was now almost they would be back, safe and sound, much a confirmed invalid. He believed that he a time have watched from here the red had lost his son, and this having preyed so retiring orb of day sink apparently into tenor of their letters just as they were on strongly on his mind, brought him at times the lake, as if to steep his heated brow in the eve of being sent with hundreds of to a very low condition, leaving but little the cool crystal water; how many a time prospect of his restoration. Anna Strong's have I watched the crimson light and the "To the front!" I never fully under- health became also very much impaired, and fading glow, those farewell tokens of a stood the dreadful import of these three she was urgently advised to leave the neigh- quiet Sabbath eve! How dream-like and words until then. To the front, that is to | torhood for a change of air and scene. She | visionary everything relating to life would be crowded into the front ranks, in the left us to visit some relations more than two then seem, and how often and often I wishmidst of fire, smoke and thunder, and hundred miles distant, and though I tried ed that I could forget my sorrow and take brought face to face with men arrayed my best to appear calm at the moment of my leave of earth as gradually and peaceagainst you, and then and there, in the this separation, and to say a few words of fully as the declining beams of the setting horrid arens of carnage and confusion, be hope and encouragement to her, yet how sun which were then fading away! obliged to kill or mutilate fellow-beings vain were my efforts; for this parting While in such mood I could scarcely leave

stay no longer. His loving heart had ceased transition.

Oh, how my heart palpitated when I read tinuous depressing thoughts which would take my steps homeward and alone ! his tender, delicate words to myself about have been enervating to body and mind. our marriage, and of our future hopes and No, in the busy day time we had to attend happiness; how his tondest thoughts were to various matters about the place; it was fixed on me, and how true and faithful he at night, when all was still, that I was but his renewed protestations were insuffi- even in my troubled dreams, when they

my thoughts to myself, and said nothing to beautiful, who made the sternest landscape painted the future in colors so glowing, heart I would many a time, when I could find a little leisure, steal away to those places where we often went together and he still thought of me, and then I would often be suddenly startled by the imaginwere among the slain. Still, I found much relief in visiting those retreats. The turn in a path, the moss-covered rock, the come and remain with us, at least until shadow of a tree, will often bring back some fond remembrance dear to the heart

There was one particular spot on the top of a high hill, nearly a mile from our house, where I loved to go on quiet Sunday evenings. The summit of this elevation was and intersecting highways; here and there a stream sparkled in the sunlight; the

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intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you | CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER H.C.J. are morally certain to receive benefit The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

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My brother Thomas was now with us, river with its shaded margins wound slowly

Ah, with what feelings I many and many

placed before you, in order to prevent them opened as it were an old wound which bled this retired place. I longed to stay. It from doing so to yourself. Terrible alter- afresh; our tears mingled when we took our seemed as if I were in a manner away from native of so-called civilization! We are affecting farewell; and when this tender, the world, and I sat there more than once told with the greatest complacency, even amiable friend departed—is might be forever until the deepening twilight—the shadew by moralists and philanthropists, that war -I felt as if my cup of sorrow were nearly of departing day-almost obscured every has been a dire necessity all along from overflowing, and that I could never be object. I would sometimes sit there until But this cup of affliction had yet to receive | wide, hiding the entire landscape, and while another bitter drop. In less than six months | marking in the silence the faint lights in from the time that Anna went away, the scattered dwellings beneath and around another terrible wee came upon us. My me, I would fancy that I was like one who poor father, having lingered for some weeks had just left the earth, but got up among fluctnating between life and death, could the clouds waiting, as it were, for a further

us to his place of rest, I felt that were it | home and could remain up there for hours not for the duty I owed to others, and the together, dealing with my reveries, and necessity of my further efforts for the bene- | when these would flit away there would fit of my remaining parent, I would have come ideas and feelings of increasing wen-William's letter. I held it unopened in my been glad to have been laid by his side, my der when already the soft silvery sheen of hand for some time, guessing at its probable eyes, like his, closed in the last deep sleep. another dawn would be seen-the gentle Such thoughts were, however, useless; dawn of the moon-day. A faint gleam much, I knew, was now depending on me. | would appear above the horizon; then the The health of my brother Thomas was not | underlying edge of a cloud would become a very good, and not having been accustomed luminous fringe, then a glimmer would to hard labor-such as was necessary on gradually spread over the water, revealing newly cleared land-he could do little more the gentle quivering of the bosom of the than superintend work done for us, such as lake, then the placid queen of night would days, there being but little expectation of we could hire. Strange to say that the slowly ascend, shedding a mild glory over any further hostilities; they were in good exertion which I and my mother had to the whole scene, making the Leautiful earth make seemed to do us good; our thoughts appear as the peaceful portal of heaven to be kept very long in the army, as peace were perhaps kept from dwelling too long itself. Oh, how exquisite! I could gaze would probably be restored in a few weeks on one sad subject; the activities of every here until midnight, and it was often with day life scarcely left us time for the con- reluctance I had to leave such a sight and

CHAPTER III. We often heard from Anna Etrong : she for hours while thinking of the past; and health was rather worse, and she had to remain confined as an invalid most of the cient at the time to lift from my heart the came, there was no genuine ray of hope, time. From all we could learn we had while at times, when the necromancer sleep | very little hope that she would ever get brought back our absent ones, it seemed as | better. Poor Anna! I but too well knew if they had but returned to appear as the cause of her drooping-the flower was slowly withering; there was a worm gnaw-Ah me, what wanderings I have had ing at her heart, which would pierce it alone to those spots so often frequented in through and through. After a period of would say to her. She seemed cheerful and other days when I had one dear friend by some months from the time she last wrotemore hopeful than I could be, yet I kept | my side who made the world look so an unusual delay on her part—another letter came. She wrote to tell us that she had a appear like a portion of paradise, and who strange visitor. A poor old mutilated warworn soldier or pensioner, whose broken golden and roseate. In my loneliness of health scarcely left him an expectation of a much longer stay in this world, had called at the house one cold, dreary evening, and enquired for her. After having been sit thinking of the past, thinking whether invited to enter he hobbled in, breathing hard from the little exertion he had made, and though his condition was pitiful, he ation that both he and my poor brother looked at her for some moments and seemed to be affected by her emaciated appearance. In consequence of a severe wound in the mouth and jaw his utterance was difficult, and it was hard to make out his words or understand his meaning. After some time, however, she gathered

from what he tried to say that he had been well acquainted with my poor brother John, and also with William Brightman. He had been in the same regiment with them and shaded by a large hemlock tree-one of the had fought along with them in the battles with great loss of life. Day after day original foresters-and beneath this was a of the Wilderness in Virginia. John, he large jutting rock almost covered with ferns said, had been desperately wounded, and as and mosses, one side of which made a for William Brightman, he had, alas, re. was dreadful, and our misgivings a constant convenient seat. The view from the hill ceived more than one mortal wound and was very fine. Below lay, apparently, miles died on the field. He said that he was of rich plain divided by numerous fences with the poor fellow in his dying moments into fields and farm boundaries. On one and received his last message, which was, Virginia. He wrote to say that they had side were rich green pastures, dotted with that if he was ever able he should call on sheep and grazing cattle, beyond were fields me and place in my hands his (William's) to of ripening grain, next the ploughed acres, watch, as a token of his fond remembrance. and, bounding all these, were belts of um- As for John, he said, he had been taken to brageous forest trees which seemed to woo the hospital in an unconscious state, and the summer wind that at intervals reached for many months his recovery was considthe ear with lulling sound. From this ered doubtful. He said he knew that if spot, too, could be seen long lines of roads John ever got able to travel he would return home, if but to die among his friends. She told us much more of what the old soldier had to communicate. He had called on her first, as she was in the way of his line of travel. He had heard heard of her from William : and as soon as he had rested and gained a little more strength, he intended to visit us also and deliver me William's watch; the token which he had received for me from his dying comrade. Anna also stated that the poor man's sad story had so overcome her that she had to weep in his presence. Her friends, full of sympathy for the old soldier, would not let him depart then, but insisted on his remaining with them for a time until he got better able to travel. She said he had been with them now nearly a week, and that she would have written sooner were it not that she had been so overcome by the appearance of this visitor and his mournful tale as to leave her for some days unable to write a word.

(To be Continued.)

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Canadian Lost. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC 25, 1896.

BY WILLIAM McDONELL. [Author of Exeter Hall, &c., &c.] (Continued from last week.) What a task it is to appear happy when your heart is sad. How difficult to wear a smile and appear joyous when tears are ready to start and run down your cheeks. The season was the time when rejoicing was most general, when happy reunions took place, and when friends long separated came back, many from far distances, to spend one day together, if but one day was a preliminary to parting, to a parting perhaps forever. And oh, how difficult I the scene were one of gladness, to go through the dance without getting astray amd confusing others; but, alas, I was not the only one on that occasion who appeared

or to get so bewildered as to be unable to keep time to what sounded to me like the most melancholy music. We danced for some hours, then we had supper: after that there were songs and duetts, and then a general chorus; and John and William-the two who were about to leave us-told us humorous anecdotes and stories to make us laugh. What hollow laughter that was! and then at the height of our seeming hilarity, long before the dawn, we heard the storm outside, then the sound of sleigh bells, a sound that reached my heart like a knell-no knell could ever be more depressing-and I telt, as it were, the color steal away from my cheek when, with this, I saw Anna Strong standing, motionless as a statue, listening to the same sound with frightened look and quivering lip again, like one suddenly awakened from a pleasant dream to realize

some terrible calamity. Why was it that the jingle of the sleigh bells at that particular time caused Anna and me to look at each other with such deep meaning? I felt her hand tremble as she suddenly caught my arm. The sound of the bells on other occasions had brought pleasing excitement, and there used to be such a glad rush for fur caps, and mittens, and muffs; for shawls and cloaks, and evershoes. Now, how different! no one stirred, but for a few moments there was a soloma stillness, all as if listening to the wind and to the bells like doleful voices calling on us to prepare for a long, long

separation. The bells again gave a hasty ring as if to tell those who were to leave us to get ready and hurry up. We heard the cranch of the sleigh runners on the dry snow; the door epened and in came the teamster, wrapped and muffled, stamping on the floor looked around to see if his passengers were ready. Had he been the driver of a hearse from our sight, we could not have felt a greater sinking of the heart. Had we seen such a vehicle at the door, with its great black plumes, we could scarcely have had a touch of keener sorrow. How was it that

speak a word to the man who had just come in to take them away in the darkness-for it was yet far from the dawn. There he stood on the bright hearth like some dreadful apparition-how unlike Santa Claus !now holding his great hands over the fire, as if to hide its light from us; now stamping again and again, knocking off flakes of snow and pieces of ice on the burning logs, as if to extinguish them, and leave us to cold and discomfort, and to the unfeeling

wintry blast. Our foreboding thoughts had not time to form themselves into a definite shape before John and William came in, just ready to start. They evidently had things so arranged that they could get away without a long leave-taking. My father was already seated in the sleigh. There were but tew words spoken. There was a hurried embrace-oh, how my poor mother would have clung to her son !- and out they went into the wintry gloom on that Christmas morning. The driver cracked his whip. The bells gave an ominous ring again. The sleigh started off quickly, and just then a gust laden with snow particles blew out the lamp which I held at the door, and, before it was lighted again the sound of the bells could be but faintly heard, and those upon whom our hearts were fixed had left us, perhaps forever.

CHAPTER II. Gone !- I never felt the terrible intense meaning of that word until then. Gone, but when to return? Gone, but not on holiday excursion at Christmas time, not or an errand of peace and good will towards fellow creatures, for it then shocked me to think of it, they had almost thoughtlessly left us to engage, if required, in actual scientific and highly hostilities against men towards whom they could not have had any personal grudge any cause for spite, much less any possible reason for such a feeling as hatred. When, if ever, would they be likely to return? If sent on to meet their so-called enemies what might not be the result? Off they went, I feel, alas, how thoughtlessly, to enter the dread arena of deadly strife just with as much indiffenence as if they had but started out to play a game of cricket. From what I had already heard and read of this dreadful war, I could imagine a thousand fearful things which might happen to them, as had happened to so many others, to many who had never anticipated

The grey dawn at last appeared. W sat silently around the fire, each engaged with thoughts which completely banished sleep. There was now a wild storm outside, and though we could not yet see the drifting snow-clouds we could hear their dash against the windows as they swept along. And then the almost ceaseless waving of the forest trees caused a wailing, monotonous sound like the suppressprovince you live in should always follow your own name when writing to this office We cannot readily ed roar of ocean waves at a distance. The lingering gloom, the rough blasts, the rushing gale, and the moaning of the woods, were the precursors of the most melancholy

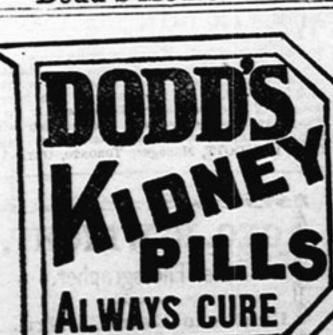
Christmas I eyer knew. The daylight came at last. I think we scarcely welcomed it. The deep snowdrifts on the ground, and the dull leaden sky overhead, seemed to be as cheerless as our own hearts. My poor mother was greatly downcast, and after a little time I prevailed on her to go to her room and try to rest for a few hours. Anna had been dozing for the last few minutes on the sofa. I gently laid a shawl over her, and then, after having added a little fuel to the fire, I stole away to my own apartment, and there, in the solitude of that dreadful morning, and while the wind was still turbulent outside, I could control my feelings no longer, I could not think, I could not pray, but with throbbing heart, with trembling

limbs, and with grasped hands, I sat on the side of my bed and wept. I must have slept. The house was yet in the year, to talk of old friends, old times | quite still, as still as if the poor sorrowful and old places. We had now met, but it souls within it were taking their last long sleep, rid at last of life's sad troubles and misfortunes. But I must be up and doing. found it now to seem cheerful, to act as if I heard the sound of the distant churchbell, and the jingling bells of sleigh after sleigh, as they passed along the road, reminded me of the day, a happy season to so many. But how different to us ! no sound of those familiar voices, and there

to have forgotten the proper movements staring at me, as it were, was my brother's and to keep the right place in the quadrille, vacant seat by the fire-place, On coming down stairs, I found Anna as I had left her. How glad I was that sleep had brought her a few hours of forgetfulness. My mother was still in her room, and I went about as quietly as I could to put things in order, and feeling that I ought to get something for mother and Anna, I laid the table for breakfast-or rather dinner, as it was now approaching noon. It was nearly two hours after this before our plain and cheerless Christmas dinner was over. We had very little appetite for anything, and merely went through the form of partaking of food for the sake, as it were, of the festive season. We had no visitors that day; everybody seemed to be away. There were family reunions, and meetings of old friends; no one came to see

> ance the whole day, and then when the Dodd's Medicine Co.

> us, not even a sunbeam made its appear-



Two Box Cure MILVERTON, 28TH JULY, 1895.

AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING

cold and would not return for a few days; dead, he would of course stay to see them off. William, too, was in the best of spirits. They were going to have a fine time. My mother nor I must not be discouraged. He others to "the front,"

the beginning: the only decisive way of settling disputes among nations. In old times a personal encounter was often the usual method in which individual quarrels were settled, but common sense and the voice of public opinion have now forbidden a resort so barbarous. By means of brutal force and not justice is too often to beat, and when he was borne away from I had no fear at such times. I was near triumphant. Oh, what a fearful curse war

has been to the world! I waited until I had retired to my room contents, and agitated to some degree by conflicting hopes and fears. There was, however, little in it to excite or depress. It was much in the same strain as John's letter to my mother. He had succeeded in being enrolled with him in the same regi-

or months at furthest. should be forever. Poor fellow! I had often and often left without healthy repose her for nearly three years. Latterly her little reason to doubt his constant affection,

weight that then oppressed it. Anxious to know whether Anna Strong had received a letter, I called on her the next day. She, too, had heard from John, a communication no doubt similar to my

In about a week after this my father returned. He said he had seen the boys off, with a great number of others who were crowded in the cars, while bands were playing and people shouting and cheering, as the long train moved out of the station

for Elmira. With tears in his eyes he spoke of this parting, and perhaps with the same foreboding thoughts that kept me so unhappy. He said that as soon as Thomas had arranged his affairs in Rochester he would

Johu's return from the army. How we watched the newspapers for the forever. latest accounts from the seat of war! Day after day passed and the slaughter was still going on. Now it was the Confederates who had been routed after a bloody struggle : then we heard of a Federal reverse passed and no letter came to lessen our apprehensions. Our suspense at this time source of mental torture.

At last we had a letter. It had svidentbeen greatly knocked about and hurried from place to place, and that sometimes they were obliged to march all night without the chance of an hour's rest, often without a mouthful of tood. He stated that they had already had two or three sharp skirmishes with the enemy, and had been in one severe conflict, and that the scenes of hardship, suffering and death which they had witnessed were shocking. So far William and he had escaped without a scratch, but like hundreds of others they felt dreadfully fatigued by the almost constant movement of the troops from place to place. He said that William and he bad written to us previous to their removal from Elmira; but these letters never came to hand. We could afterwards account for this, as we subsequently learned, and as was commonly alleged, that letters to and from the United States and Canada were at that time opened by certain officials, in order, if possible, to detect any improper or traitorous correspondence against the

government. Days, weeks and months passed after this, and not a line was received from either of those who were so constant in

parting on Christmas morning, and no was one of those which were engaged in the message had come from those who had left. Wilderness, and that William Brightman us. I called at the post office two or three had been badly wounded. This sad news, times, but no letter was received. On the though uncertain, was sufficient, in our state evening of the next day I almost clutched of mind, to be accepted as almost reliable, with beating heart two letters which were for in our desponding condition we never handed me. One was from John to my expected to hear of anything but dread

himself. My father, he said, had taken a own sad story, and we believed them to be

shadowy forms in another leave-taking.

speak too highly in its praise."