# THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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CHAS. W RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor.

THOSE AFFLICTED.

HUNTING THE DEER THE THEME.

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Those Pursued by the Hounds of Feverty and Misfortune.

Washington, Oct. 15 .- The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains; text, Psalm xlii, 1, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria in Bible times there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes, washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of the millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man roastetn not that which he took in hunt-

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself, "I wonder what those dogs are after.' Then there is a crackling in the brushwood and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer by an instinct which all hunters recognize it plunges into a pond or at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming har-

David says to himself: "Aha! That after me, enemies without number after me. I am chased, their bloody good name, backing after my body, March-it sheds its horns. barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there!" says David. "That hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into all who had been badly treated shepherd dogs that drive back the

still on you. The Adirondacks are | hounds to capture it? supposed they were on the track of to your great achievements. The The hart has reached the eternal waed ready to blaze away."

I like the Bible so much. Its par- the close of her long life, when ask- anything that came near. He found of the gods, and seldom given for aught triches real ostriches and its rein- over again: deer real reindeer. I do not wonder Would you be young again? that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken, to say nothing of its use Life's dark wave forded o'er, fulness, although it is the most use- All but at rest on shore, ful of all game, its flesh delicious, Say, would you plunge once more, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antiers putting handles If you might, would you now on cutlery and the shavings of its Retrace your way. horns used as a restorative, its name | Wander through stormy wilds. taken from the hart and called hartshorn. By putting aside its useful- Night's gloomy watches fled: ness this enchanting creature seems | Morning, all beaming red; made out of gracefulness and elasti- Hope's smile around us shed. city. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve, and, after it seems done. ascending into other projections of uplifted in pride or swung down for awful combat! It is velocity cm-

bodied, timidity impersonated, Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty or the black hounds of persecution or the spotted hounds of vicissitude or the pale hounds of death or who are in any wise pursued run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, a blade of grass as to attempt to I not now, have had trouble after them, sharp, muzzled troubles, swift ing from trouble and sin, with anytrnubles, all devouring troubles. thing less deep and high and broad Many of you have made the mistake and immense and infinite and eternal of trying to fight them. Somebody than God. His comfort-why, it emmounly attacked you, and you at- bessoms all distress, His arm-it small laying varieties. tacked them. They depreciated you

that bereavement. You charge on right forever. the doctors who have failed to effect

a cure. Or you charge on the care- rod said to his three sons: "Here lessness of the railroad company are three vases, and one is of clay, The Gespel as a Refreshment Graphically you fret and worry and scold and have." The eldest son, having the

ing a whole kennel of harriers.

and he seemed unable to get up, and thought weighed the most. The ava- story. Love and beauty had both left sion that has come into her face she I said to some hunters, "What is ricious men of his court said the vase her, she thought, mournfully. Yet na- looks like a haunting picture. One could the matter with that dog?" They of gold, the poets said the one of ture was as lovely as ever, the blue sky not forget such a face. And mourning answered, "A deer hurt him," and I amber, but the wisest men said the was mirrored as radiantly in the blue is perfectly becoming to her blonde comsaw he had a swollen paw and a bat- empty vase, because one letter of the sea, the sunshine still shone brightly, plexion, while my olive skin is rendered tered head, showing where the ant- name of God outweighed a universe. the breeze still whispered as tenderly perfectly hideous by it. I see no reason ty is that some of you might give a beg, on his promise I build my all. | alere was sad. mighty clip to your pursuers. You Without him I cannot be happy. I She stayed out a long while. It was of mine, and whom I cordially hated!" might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health. Ipper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows.

you can see 30 lakes, and there are said to be over 800 in the great wilderness. So near are they to each lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes, each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and, though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green them, and they seem so near toriver, saying, "There is a river the city of God:" "Thou shalt make a financial panic, when a Christian them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it

back on that supply and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, inlake of heavenly comfort, have made against tooth. I do not blame you. stances I would have done worse.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world-and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and consolation escape from my pursuers! done the best we could and tried to ting them out from the gate of shin- the storm of sorrow?" Oh, for the waters of life and res- be useful, and why we become the ing pearl. cue As the hart panteth after the victims of malignment or invalidism I say if some soul entering heaven water brooks, so panteth my soul or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do should happen to leave the gate ajar your unwelcome presence?"

baying a little way off and You will be assailed in proportion kennels of darkness and despair! a deer I said to the hunter in rough best and the mightiest Being the ter brooks, and the panting of the corduroy, "Do the deer always make world ever saw had set after him all long chase is quieted in still pasfor the water when they are pur- the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, tures, anh "there shall be nothing sued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister. and they lapped his blood after the to hurt or destroy in all God's holy You see, they are a hot and thirsty | Calvarean massacre. The world paid | mount." animal, and they know where the nothing to its Redeemer but a bramwater is, and when they hear dan- ble, four spikes and a rross. Many will be like what a hunter tells of ger in the distance they lift their who have done their best to make when he was pushing his cance far antlers and snuff the breeze and start | the world better have had such a up north in the winter and amid the for Racquet or Loon or Saranac, and rough time of it that all their pleas- ice floes and a hundred miles, as he we get into our cedar shell boat or ure is in anticipation of the next thought, from any other human stand by the runway with rifle load- world, and they would, if they could, beings. He was startled one day as express their own feelings in the he heard a stepping on the ice, and My friends, that is one reason why words of the Baroness of Nairn, at he cocked the rifle, ready to meet tridges are real partridges, its os- ed if she would like to live her life a man, barefooted and insane from but sorrow."

So would not I. One tear of memory given Onward I'll hie. With home so nigh?

Faint and astray? Heavenward, away!

But what is a relief for all those pain and bereavement? My text letters, but each letter is a chariot exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, if you triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst-yea, a for whom David longed and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon Lake and try to cool its and the shadows flee away be thou projecting and blistered tongue with satisfy an immortal soul, when fly-

and you depreciated them, or they wrenches off all bondage. His hand overreached you in a bargain, and -it wipes away all tears. His you tried in Wall street parlance, to Christly atonement-it makes us all get a corner on them. Or you have right with the past, and all right had bereavement, and, instead of be- with the future, and all right with A SERMON OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO ing submissive, you are fighting God, all right with man, and all Lamartine tells us that King Nim-

> through which the accident occurred. another of amber and another of Or you are a chronic invalid, and gold. Choose now which you will wonder why you cannot be well like first choice, chose the vase of gold, other people, and you angrily charge on which was written the word "Emon the neuralgia or the larnygitis or pire," and when it was opened it The breeze blew the soft, short rings the ague or the sick headache. The was found to contain human blood. fact is you are a deer at bay. In- The second son, making the next stead of running to the waters of di- choice, chose the vase of amber, invine consolation and slaking your scribed with the word "Glory," and thirst and cooling your body and when opened it contained the ashes soul in the good cheer of the gospel of those who were once called great. and swimming away into the mighty The third son took the vase of clay deeps of God's love, you are fight- and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed Some time ago I saw in the Adir- the name of God. King Nimrod askondacks a dog lying across the road, ed his courtiers which vase they pallor of her cheeks told a different long curls. Now with that new expreswell enough as far as it goes, but summer instead of an autumn day. The passion, and she began to grow nervit is too uncertain a world, too they hurt you; but, after all, it is evanescent a world. I am not a prenot worth while. You only have judiced witness. I have nothing silvery fish leaped up in the sunshine, against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men-blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of na-There are whole chains of lakes in tivity, blessed in my health, blessed the Adirondacks, and from one height in my fields of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, past. blessed in the hope that my soul will it be lost at sea or cremated in life must lie forever in the shadow!"

stand anything and everything, and pretty lines she had always loved: that which affrights others will inspire you-as in time of earthquake. when an old Christian woman, asked whether she was scared, answered, "No: I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world," or as in merchant, asked if he did not fear he would break, answered, "Yes: I with the river of God, which is full shall break when the Fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse. "Call But many of you have turned your upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt

clude there is a whole kennel of wandering sibyl, Wild Madge. stead of driving you into the cool hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in a door, bare-headed, her white locks streaming you stop and turn round and lower his dog lies on the steps waiting for in the air, her frayed and tattered finery your head, and it is simply antler him to come out, so the troubles of waving fantastically about her lean, is myself! Saul after me, Absalom Probably under the same circum- door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs." I have seen But you are wrong. You need to do dogs and owned dogs that I would muzzles at my heels, barking at my as the reindeer does in February and not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary for years have been the only protecthe Pacific oceans it were asked that tion of wife and child, some of the the cool wave that washes the lath- should raise both their hands, and wolves and bark away the flock from ered flanks, and it swims away from full response should be made, there going too near the precipice and the flery canines, and it is free at would be twice as many hands lifted some of the dogs whose neck and last. Oh, that I might find in the as persons present-I say many of paw Landseer, the painter, has made or is he dead, maiden, that he is not deep, wide lake of God's mercy and you would declare, "We have always immortal would not find me shut- here to shelter that bonny head from

Oh, when some of you get there it long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kinbling fires to warm him, he restored him, found out where he had lived and took him to his home and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him, and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were discharged, and banquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is ancaterers of heaven to spread the banexquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon, "Until the day break

Kill of The Old Heus.

mountains of Bether?"

Hens three years old are not profitable to keep, except they are of the

## An Old Man's Darling.

By MRS. MeV. MILLER.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* She sprang into the little skiff-one of her uncle's loving gifts to his nieceand suffered it to drift out into the youth and beauty any more, Felise," | tentous of evil to herself. blue waves. A fresh breeze was blowing and the water was rather rough. of gold merrily about her white temples | a fright?" where the blue veins were seen wander-

ing beneath the transparent skin-The last time she had been out rowing | hearth, looked up angrily. her hair had floated like a banner of gold on the breeze, and her cheek had said, roughly. "How can you fail to glowed crimson as the sunny side of a see that she is more beautiful than

have tried the world, and it does so sunny and warm it seemed like a Mrs. Arnold saw that Felise was in a surface of the water, now and then a its scales shining in beautiful rainbow hues, and shedding the crystal drops of spray from its body like a shower of and bowed in adoration. diamonds, and the curlew's call echoed over the sea. How she had loved these girl. things in the gay and careless girlhood "I think you are mistaken, my dear," that began to seem so far away in the she said. "I cannot see a vestige of

"That was Bonnibel Vere," she said | color has faded, and she never smiles go to heaven through the pardoning to herself, "the girl that never knew now to show the dimples that people mercy of God, and my body, unless a sorrow. I am Bonnibel Vere, whose used to call so distracting. There are some conflagration, will lie down | She turned her course homeward, and | Besides, what is beauty without wealth? among my kindred and friends, some as she stepped upon the shore she pick- You know in our world it simply counts already gone and others to come af- ed up a little blue sea-flower that grew for nothing. She can never rival you in a crevice of the rock, and stook still a second now that it is known that she Through Jesus Christ make this a moment looking out over the blue God your God, and you can with- expanse of ocean, and repeating some heiress."

"'Tis sweet to sit midst a merry throng In the woods, and hear the wild-bird's | solatory clause But sweeter far is the ceaseless dirge. The music low of the moaning surge;

Give me the weeds that wildly cling, On the barren rocks their shelter fling; Those are the flowers beloved by me-They grow in the depths of the deep

A sudden voice and step broke on her fancied solitude. She turned quickly, "Without are dogs," by which I con- and found herself face to face with the The half-crazed creature was, as usual,

this life may follow us to the shining lithe figure. She looked at Bonnibel with a hideous leer of triumph. "Ah, maiden!" she cried-"said I not truly that the bitter waters of sorrow vere about to flow over you? You will

not mock the old woman's predictions

Bonnibel stood silent, gazing in terrified silence at the croaking old raven. "Where is the gay young lover now?"

"Peace, woman," said Bonnibel, sadly "Why do you intrude on my grief with

you know that the finer a deer and and these faithful creatures should "Unwelcome, is it, my bonnie bird? Some of you have just come from the more elegant its proportions and quietly walk in it would not at all Ah, well; 'tis but a thankless task to the Adirondacks, and the breath of the more beautiful its bearing the disturb my heaven. But all those foretell the future to the young and the balsam and spruce and pine is more anxious the hunters and the human or brutal hounds that have thoughtless. But, Bonnibel Vere, you chased and torn and lacerated the will remember me, even though it be now populous with hunters, and the Therefore sarcasm draws on you world-yea, all that now bite or but to hate me. I tell you your sordeer are being slain by the score. its "finest bead:" therefore the worry or tear to pieces-shall be cows are but begun. New perils en-Once while there talking with a hun- world goes gunning for you with its prohibited. "Without are dogs." No viron your future. Think not that mine ter I thought I would like to see best Winchester breechloader. High- place there for harsh critics or back- is but a boasted art. Those things whether my text was accurate to its est compliment is it to your talent biters or despoilers of the reputation which are hidden from you lie open to allusion, and as I heard the dogs or your virtue or your usefulness. of others. Down with you to the the gaze of Wild Madge like a printed page. She can read your hands; she

> "You rave, poor creature," said Bonnibel, turning away, with a shiver of unreasoning terror, and pursuing her homeward way.

> Wild Madge stood still on the shore a few minutes, looking after the girl as her slim, black-robed figure walk-d away with the slow step of weakness

> "It is a bonny maid," she said, aloud; "a bonny maid. Beautiful as an angel. gentle as a dove. But beauty is a gift

### CHAPTER VIII.

When Bonnibel arrived in New York the day after her recontre with the sibyl, she found her uncle's fine carriage in waiting for her at the depot. Mrs. Arnold, though she would gladly have cast the girl off, was too much afraid of the world's dictum to carry her wishes into effect. She determined, therefore that society should have no cause to accuse her of failing in kindness to her husband's orphan niece. She knew well what disapprobation and censure a contrary course would have created, for the beautiful daughter of the famous General Vere, though she had not yet been formally introduced to society, was widely celebrated for her grace and beauty, and her debut, while last," said Bonnibel's maid to her as she she had been considered her uncle's brushed the soft locks of her mistcess. quet and the bellmen to lay hold of heiress, had been anticipated with much | She had been having a hasty chat with the rope in the tower, and while interest. Of course her penniless con- Miss Herbert's maid since her arrival chalices click at the feast and the dition now would make a great dif- that day, and had gathered a good deal ed dream. bells clang from the turrets it will ference in the eyes of the fickle world of gossip in the servants' hall. chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the one be a scene so uplifting I pray God I of fashion, but still Mrs. Arnold knew "Indeed?" asked Bonnibel, languidly, may be there to take part in the nothing could deprive Bonnibel of the "what is his name Lucy?" celestial merriment. And now do you prestige of birth and rank. The young "He is a Colonel Carlyle, miss; a very Christmas was drawing near, and peo were declared free, and were put upon not think the prayer in Solomon's mother who had died in giving her old man Janet do say, but worth his ple were busy providing holiday gifts the same footing as other servants. sixth mile of running at the topmost Song where he compared Christ to a birth, had been one of the proud and millions. He have buried his two for their dear ones. speed through thicket and gorge and reindeer in the night would make an well-born Arnolds. Her father, a gay wives already, I hear, and Miss Herbert "Mizpah!" she repeated to herself, well-born Arnolds. Her father, a gay wives already, I hear, and Miss Herbert well-born headlessly along the wet and had yet left her a prouder heritage than temper is." wealth-a fame that would live for- "You need not speak so, Lucy," said we are absent one from another.' Oh, like a roe or a young hart upon the engaged in one of the most gallant "Lor! Miss Bonnibel," said Lucy. | the pavement, and which required very and down de t'oroughfares tryin to hire actions on record.

So Bonnibel found a welcome, albeit "Janet is as mild as a dove; but Miss a chilling one, waiting for her in Mrs. Felise, she have slapped Janet's mouth Arnold's grand drawing-room when she twice, and scolds her day in and day arrived there cold and weary. The out. Janet says that Colonel Carlyle mother and daughter touched her fingers | will catch a Tartar when he gets her." carelessly, and offered frigid congratu- "Be quiet, Lucy; my head aches," lations upon her recovery. Mrs. Arnold said Bonnibel, thinking it very improper then dismissed her to her own apart- for the girl to discuss her superior's afments to rest and refresh her toilet fairs so freely; she therefore dismissed under the care of her maid.

"You need not be jealous of her it, little dreaming that it was one porsaid Mrs. Arnold complacently to her daughter. "She has changed almost be yond recognition. Did you ever see such | young girl was only too willing to be

Felise Herbert, hovering over the bright fire that burned on the marble

"Mother, you talk like a fool," she ever? She only looked like a great wax Now the shorn locks and the marble doll before with her pink cheeks and For him I thirst, for his grace I to its sweethearts, the flowers. She why I should spoil my looks by wearing failed to provide for her as became her which you bear to the efforts which I black for a man that was no relation

sea-gulls sported joyously above the ous accordingly. Felise, if that were possible, was a worse woman than her mother, and possessed an iron will. She was the power behind the throne before whom Mrs. Arnold trembled in fear She hastened to console the angry

> prettiness left. Her hair is gone, her few that would give her a second glance.

The sullen countenance of Felise began to grow brighter at the latter con-

has no money, and that you will be my

"As to the black," pursued Mrs. Arnold, "of course you and I know that it is a mere sham; but then, Felise, it It frets and foams on the shell-strewn 's necessary to make that much concession to the opinion of the world. How they would cavil if you failed in that mark of respect to the memory of your step-father.'

"There is one consolation," said Felise, brightening up, "I can lay it aside with-

"And then, no doubt, you will don the bridal robe as wife of the millionaire.

Colonel Carlyle," Mrs. Arnold rejoined, with an air of great satisfaction. "Perhaps so," said her daughter, clouding over again; "but you need not be so

sure. He has not proposed yet." "But he will soon," asserted the widow, confidently. "I expected he would do so, until

dotard appeared to admire me very much; but since Bonnibal Vere has returned to flaunt her baby-beauty before him, his fickle fancy may turn to her. A pretty face can make a fool of an old man, you know."

"We must keep her in the background, then," said Mrs. Arnold, reassuringly. "Not that I am the least apprehensive of danger, my dear, but since your fears take that direction he shall not see her until all is secure, and you ceeding restlessness took possession of ian honor, we will have none of that must bring him to the point as soon as her.

"but he hovers on the brink, apparently afraid to take the leap. I cannot understand such dawdling on the part of one brooded over Leslie's strange silence who had already buried two wives. He cannot be afflicted with timidity." "We must give him a hint that !

shall settle fifty thousand dollars on you the day you marry," said her mother. "I have heard that he is very avaricious. It is common vice of age and infirmity. He fears you will spend his wealth too freely.'

"And so I will, if I get a chance," said Felise, coarsely. "I have been stinted all my life by the stepfather who hated me. Let me but become Mrs. Colonel Carlyle, and I assure you I will queen it right royally."

"You would become the position very much," said the admiring mother, "and I shall be very proud of my daughter's graceful ease in spending her husband's

Miss Herbert's proud lips curled triumph. She arose and began to pace the floor restlessly, her eyes shining with pleased anticipation of the day which she hoped was not far-distant when she would marry the rich man whose wealth she coveted, and become a queen in society. She looked around her at the splendor and elegance of her mother's drawing-room with dissatisfaction and resolved that her own should be far more fine and costly, her attire more extravagant, and her diamonds more splendid She was tired of reigning with her mother. She wanted to rule over a kingdom of her own.

Felise had no more heart than a stone. She thought only of self, and felt not the first emotion of gratitude to the mother who had schemed and planned for her all her life. All she desired was unbounded wealth and the power to

"Miss Felise has caught a beau at

and gallant soldier, though he had is like to be a third one. I wish bim | walking heedlessly along the wet and quickly dissipated her mother's fortune, joy of her; Janet knows what her sleety pavement. "That means 'the

ever in the annals of his country, per- Bonnibel, reprovingly, to the maid whose Leslie, Leslie!" petuating in history the name of the loquacity was far ahead of her gramchivalrous soldier who had gallantly mar. "I dare say Janet gives her gan to quicken her steps, quite forget-

the subject and thought no more about Felise need not have troubled herself

with the fear of Bonnibel's rivalry. The kept in the background. In the seclucion which Mrs. Arnold deemed it proper to observe after their dreadful and tragic bereavement they received but few visitors and Bonnibel was glad that her recent illness was considerd a sufficient pretext for denying herself to even these few. Some there were-a few old friends and one or two loving schoolmates-who refused to be denied and whom Bonnibel reluctantly admitted, but these few found her so changed in appearance and broken in spirit that I they went away marveling at her per- efforts towards strengthening the sistent grief for the uncle whom the union with Great Britain, he said :world blamed very much because he had | "I am glad to receive the testimony

But while the world censured Mr Arnold's neglect of her. Bonnibel never blamed her uncle by word or thought. She believed what he had told her on the memorable evening of his death. He follow. The career of the British had provided for her, she knew, and the | Empire is such as to make it incumbwill, perhaps, had been lost. What had become of it she could not conjecture, but she was far from imputing foul play to anyone. The thought never entered her mind. She was too pure and innocent herself to suspect evil in others, and the overwhelming horror of her uncle's tragic death still brooded over her spirit to the utter exclusion of all other cares save one, and that one a drawing closer of the ties of the emsore, sore trial that it needed all her energies to endure, the silence of Leslie Dane and her anxieties regarding his fate; for still the days waned and faded and no tidings came to the sick heart that waited in passionate suspense for know, gentlemen-as you know, you

a sign from the loved and lost one. the fatal truth, that Leslie Dane stood British market, and it is always incharged with her uncle's murder, and that justice was still on the alert to this moment our trade with Great discover his whereabouts. During her severe and nearly fatal illness all approach to the subject of the murder had been prohibited by the careful physician, and on her convalescence the news- it. There is till more to do in that papers had been excluded from her direction, and for my part, gentlesight and the subject tabooed in her presence. She had forgotten the solemn charge of Felise Herbert and her mother that fatal night which she had so indignantly refuted. Now she was spared the knowledge that the malignity of the two women had succeeded in fixing the crime on the innocent head of the man she loved. Had Bonnibel known that the naked truth, to say that in all the fact she would have left Mrs. Arnold's products of the farm Canada stands, roof, although starvation and death had or ought to stand, superior to any been the inevitable consequence. But she did not know, and so moped and pined in her chamber, fearful and utterly despairing, oblivious to the fact now," said Felise, sharply. "The old | that she was doing what Felise most de-

### sired in thus secluding herself.

CHAPTER IX. As the autumn months merged into

winter Bonnibel had developed a new phase of her trouble. A great and ex-

"I have done my best," said Felise, thinking and thinking on the one sub- canoe. (Cheers.) I speak here in no ject that began to obscure even the boasting tones. I speak with the full memory of her Uncle Francis. She had urtil her brain reeled with agony-now a strange longing for oblivion and forgetfulness took hold upon her. "Oh! for that fabled Lethean draught | the very best relations with our neigh-

the past is forgotten!" she would mur- purpose, is-Canada first, Canada last mur wildly as she paced the floor, wring- and Canada always." ing her beautiful hands and weeping. "Either Leslie has deserted me or he is dead. In either case it is wretchedness to remember him! Oh! that I could forget!"

Shrouded in her thick veil and long cloak she began to take long rambling ers she would lose for a little while deeply loved in that brief and beautiful summer. These days were gone for heart was forgetfulness.

reproaches for his silence, and containing the whole story of her uncle's tragic death. She had begged him to send her directed to Rome, Italy.

She waited until hope became a hidebegun to believe that it was all a fever-

Lord watch between thee and me while

Absorbed in painful thoughts she be-

careful walking. How it happened she could not think, but the next moment she felt one ankle twisting suddenly beneath her with a dreadful pain in it, and found herself falling to the ground. With an exclamation of terror she tried to recover her balance, but vainly. She lay extended on the ground, her hat and veil falling off, and exposing her beautiful pale face with its clustering locks of sunny hair.

People crowded around her immediately, but the first to reach her was a gentleman who was coming out of a jewelry store in front of which she had slipped and fallen.

He lifted her up tenderly, and a woman restored her hat and veil.

#### TO BE CONTINUED.

Canada's Relation to Great Britain, In speaking at the opening of Strathroy fair, Sir Wilfred Laurier referred to Canada's relation to the Empire and to the United States. Replying to an address which referred to his

have made in the cause of the Empire. For this also I claim no credit. and deserve none, and ask for none. There was no other course for me to ent upon every man, wherever he may be within that empire, to strengthen our bonds and the close alliance which we have with the motherland. Especially I am proud to say so in the presence of an audience of farmers, because it is the farmers most of all who would have the benefit by such a pire. The motherland is simply wonderful in many respects. It is no more wonderful, however, politically than it is commercially. As you gentlemen farmers-the best market Strange to say, she had never learned | we have at the present moment is the creasing. I am proud to say that at Britain is greater than it ever was at any time in our history. And yet we have not yet reached the summit of men, I think we ought to have the topmost place in the British market. (Loud applause.) And why? Because in all the products of the farm we can claim superiority over all com petitors. (Hear, hear.) It is not saying too much, it is simply telling other portion of the globe.

"We want," he continued, "to be on the very best of terms with our neighbors to the south; we want to trade with them; but if they will not trade with us our hearts will not be broken by the fact. (Hear, hear, and A blind chance at last brought about applause.) We can live without the fatal meeting between Bonnibel them, we can prosper without them; Vere and Colonel Carlyle which Felise | though I make no secret that there Herbert so greatly dreaded and de are many things upon which I for one would be glad to have better relations with them. But if the price is to be paid by the sacrifice of Canadprice, and we will continue to do as She no longer moped in her chamber, we are doing now-paddle our own sense of the responsibility that attaches to my words. We want to have the very best relations with our neighbors, but while we want to have which men drink and straightway all bors, above all things our aim, our

Slavery in England.

Slavery in England is of very ancient standing. Caesar states that it existed as an institution among the Celts, and in Roman England the conwalks every day, returning wear and quered natives were neld in a state of fatigued, so that sleep, which for serfdom. In Saxon and early Norman awhile had deserted her pillow, began times the children of the old English to return, and in long and heavy slumb- peasantry, and captives taken in war, were sold like cattle in Bristol marthe memory of the handsome artist so ket, and many were exported to Scotland and Ireland. Doomsday Book ever. Her brief spring of happiness states that the slaves numbered 25,000. was over. It seemed to her that the Soon after the Conquest the distinct only solace that remained to her weary slave class ceased to eixst, and the slaves were merged with the lower ' Once, rendered desperate by her sus- class or ceorls under the general desigpense, she had written a letter to Leslie nation of villeins. These villeins in -a long and loving letter, full of tender early feudal times were annexed to the land and were divisable as goods and chattels, but in process of time just one little line to assure her that the higher class of villeins gained a she was not forgotten, and this beau- title to the land on which they worktiful little letter, filled with the pure ed, and after the reign of Richard II. thoughts of her innocent heart, she had we find little reference to villeinage. Although the church had early suc-No answer come to that yearning cry ceeded in putting an end to the Engfrom the aching heart of the little wife. lish slave traffic, by the Canon of the ous mockery. She began to think how Council of 1102, slavery was never strange it was that she, little Bonnibel abolished by any positive enactment; Vere, who looked so much like a child, and it was not till 1660 that the last with her short hair and baby-blue eyes. remnants of the feudal system were was really a wife. But for the shining finally swept away. Slavery was opal ring with its pretty inscription, abolished, but slavery did not cease "Mizpah," which Leslie had placed upon here; for until the time of George III. her finger that night, she would have colliers were bought and sold, and if they left the estate to which they She was thinking of that ring one belonged were brought back by force. day as she walked along the crowded It was not until the year 1775 that street, filled with eager shoppers, for an act was passed by which they

Seeking Repose.

"I'm goin to dig out an go to de city," said Meandering Mike. "But don't you want to hear de birds dng an feel de cool breezes in de shady groves?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"Yep. But I'm goin to quit an goin to fallen at the head of his command while cause to indulge in temper sometimes." ful of the thin sheet of ice that covered town, where dere ain't nobody goin up