Man Who Never Advertises. winess men the dark and deleful fate who labors but that he may wait: who labors of this how wait;
of goods heaped up within his store,
can't be less, and never can be make
an whose like has lost all fortune's prises; the man who never advertises.

his start, his great ambition's scope pital that gave him cause to hope, cit large, his full and ample stock, k account as solid as a rock, ell the doom to which the man was fated To: advertised, but simply wai:ed.

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oly and so vainly! Grand designs, basement art irradiates and reduces, lass show windows, elegantly dresse1. overy clerks cashiers, and all the rest. leasis of the public sizes To of him who never advertises,

ited and all waited; clerks, cashiers, en, sa sawoman, such delightful cears, ent waited all tae summer through, sections little for the crowd to do. blic saw-that fact there's no denyingsed the store without a thought of buy-

wasdull, but salaries and rent on till cash and credit both were spent; merchant hoped his luck would turn, he sheriffelosed the whole concern. at a pittance which his soul despises, ks for one who al asys advertises.

## CALM AFTER STORM.

CHAPTER V-(CONTINUED.) nd you really must go, Isidore?" absolutely must, petite-my father it; and I am of sons the most obeas thou knowest."

tone of the question and answer the story of Monsieur and Madame nst's married life as eloquently as ords could do. Natural as Cresappeal to her young husband is, she

one year had passed since the e wedding in the auburban church. the Osbornes and Miss Smerdon for the antipodes, since Oressida her life into Isidore St. Just's keep-Such a long, long year it seems to ida—she is too loyal, even in her own hts, to add "such a sad and dreary Bit she thinks that if all the days lengthen out so intolerably as these days have done, the Psalmist surely when he termed man's span of life

e year that had placed a broad imhis heart to ble river between her and the old days has hardly used her fairly. beauty has not ripened and perfectts rare promise is, as yet at least, far being fulfilled. And Isidore has than once told her, with jesting mess, that the school-girl Cressida was rettier than is Madame St. Just in ghteenth year.

himself has grown noticeably handin the same space of time. The idle uxurious life he has led has evidentreed with him; he looks as though | you." d not a care or trouble in the world, or to improve tares that world boldly in the face the bright, audacious, defiant selfishthink not the of one who knows himself its master. he love Cressida still ? Is the marrihappy one? No one puts the questo him, and he is not given to introive reverie. But in her long empty and dull companionless eveningsfter the first few weeks, Monsieur ust bestowed but a small proportion s time upon his wife-Cressida rethe subject in a long monotony

ards out of marriage is in some degree a te she admits; there is no possibility nying so patent a fact. That they no single thought, aspiration, or ment in common is her fault, no t; she never thinks of blaming him. nversation between them flags by the Omah es till it dies away to a mere necesinterchange of orders and promises ey, it is doubtless because she is too d tounderstand or interest him long. red while I hought puzz es her a little, for she ot been wont to think herself a dunce; as certainly cleverer than the other at the Misses Smerdon's school. But lsidore is a man, and a man's standis so different, so hopelessly high, Crecaida concludes with a sigh.

it from, and certainly made no such | floor. the ungapetite to please him as she had seen pitiably of late. But what of that? empire was built upon sand, as hould have known from the first. was a pretty child, and she amused or why I that was all! She is not even pretty

d in truth, musing and moping thus, ida loses the more brilliant hues first dazzled the Frenchman's beautyg eye. The slender figure grows uliy angular and thin, the sweet n eyes are dim and misty with shed maked tears, the soft curved lips pinched and pale, the young face is wful always—saddest perhaps when res a timid propitiatory smile—and estirely tragic at times.

mething of this is passing through ida's mind now, as she gulps down de lump that rises in her throat, and her dry toast into elaborate diamonds destined never to be eaten; and, th the husband and wife are not given to think in common, Isidore taking the same subject from a dif-

the grows, with her triste air of unawares!" r, her red eyelids, and her thin

And they my keep their beauty ! It will be no hardship—no, no; the marifice would be the other way—for her—afcourse." Monsieur raises his fine brows, and smiles ineffably across the table, as though Conside a welfare were at that moment eccupying his ben'goant mind.

"What is it, Indone?" she seke, with a sudden mistrust born of that bri liant smile; she has known that dansling show of milk-white teeth and flashing dark eyes to be the forerunner of a marital storm before new-a storm in which the cruellest taunts have been uttered in allverest tones, in which her heart has been rent and her pride trampled upon

So the "What is it?" is uttered in a and quickly, followed by hurried, "Have I done anything wrong?" It is a childish phrase; in nine things out of ten Cresside is a child still, and it absolutely amuse Monsieur St. Just.
"Wrong?" he repeats tranquity. No

if thou hast packed my value, and filled the silver flask with brandy, and told Matilda Jane to send the cab for twelve o'clock, thou hast done rightly and well and, since these were my explicit directions, I am sure thou hast forgotten none or them

Cressida nods her golden head, and a faint flush of pleasure rises in the soft hollow of her cheek. Praise from him has grown precious in proportion to its rarity, and he is surely praising her now ! "Yes," she says, a little ring of triumph

in her tone, "everything is quite ready, quite as you w.shed it, Isidore creeping a little nearer and looking up into the keen dark face with misty brown eyes-"I am a good wife, am I hot!"

Just for a second the exquisite serenity timidly, and with a frightened of Monsieur St. Just's face is disturbed, the her large lustrous eyes, while he eyes turn restlessly from those that search with a gay carelessness that is and strive to chain them, the smooth brow t insulting in its indifference, and is shadowed and drawn; there is someon cheerfully supping his coffee and thing of regret and remorse in the look of his letters, while she bends her that childish pleadings conjures up; but head over the breakfast-tray, to all passes, quickly as breath passes from he painful flush that rises to her | the polished surface of a mirror, and he is his gay insouciant self again.

"Thou art an angel," he says cheerlly, and the black moustache brushes the smooth golden hate in a carbless kiss. "And now, mon ange, it is time to say good-bye."

"But, Isidore, you have never told me ---When will you be back?"

There is something like terror in her look and tone. It is not that she can spare him so ill-that his society is so necessary to her; for a long time she has acknowledged to herself, with a deadly chill at her heart and a guilty consciousness, that she is happier in his absence than his presence, But this journey of which she knows neither the end nor the purpose fills her with a vaguely terrible foreboding. She is so young -so ignorant of the world's ways-so utterly alone, for, on this side of the world at least, she has not a single soul she can call friend.

All this comes over the shrinking girl's soul as she clings with tragic passion to her young husband, and repeats a little wildly-

"Isidore, tell me when I may expect

"Until thou seest me," is the mecking answer; then the man goes on more gent-"But, Cressida, there must be no fretting; my business is of the most importance, or I would not go. What then? Paris is not the North Pole or the Antipodes; and thou wilt hear from me sooner than thou expectest."

And then he goes, with a light cold kiss and an odd look at the slender girl-figure oathed in the morning sunshine, and round the prettily furnished room, as though he were mentally photographing both frame and picture goes with a smile in his dark eyes goes whistling a few bars from a popular opera-bars that haunt and torture Cressida's memory for many a day to come.

As the cab rates down the street, O:essida comes slowly up-stairs and drops heavily into the nearest chair, with a dazed unreasonable feeling that she has passed through some crisis of her fate. She sits there with cold locked hands and wide pathetic eyes, so motionless and miserable-looking that the brisk little maid who, all unnoticed, has removed the breakfast-service and performed one or two duties with unnecessary noise and clatter that is powerless to stir the statuelike figure in the window, grows alarmed light half glad, half tearful to her soft at last, and informs her mistress, with to my little sought her out, wooed her very round eyes and forcible emphasis, onstely, seemed to love her well, that she is sure there is something wrong the, in her childish shyness, rather with the poor young lady on the first

This sends Mrs. Clarke up stairs as fast as an obese form and asthmatic breath will permit. The visit is prompted partly by curiosity and partly by prudential motives; for, though the St. Justs have hitherto been model lodgers in the matter of prompt payment, the landlady knows by painful experience that the lodger you trust is the lodger who deceives you; and in Monsieur St. Just's departure itself there is something rather suspicious,

As she stands in the doorway, however, looking with a hrewd experience-sharpened eyes at the a ender figure in the great arm-chair, her heart suddenly softens and her suspicions die away. The landledy retires into the background and the true woman comes to the front. There is none of the passionate grief that suggests a woman's tragedy here. This is not a wronged woman, a deserted wife, but a

dazed terror-stricken child. "Mrs. St. Just!" Cressids starts and raises her head at the sound.

"Did you want anything, Mrs. Clarke? "No, my dear, not exactly"—the good woman pauses, a little emlarramed by the allp that Creeside has not morload. "I he says to himself, with a beg your pardon, ma'am; but you do look beg your pardon, ma'am; but you do look the grown first disgust. "How so young and lonely that it slipped out

raguely knows what is passing round her

adlady repeats, with a short laugh. "Well, excuse me the disrespect; but I wonder who wouldn't be kind when they see a pretty young thing like you fretting her bright eyes out all for nothing at all? I tell you what It is Mrs. Sa Just, you're too lonesome like !"

Tears rise quickly in the girl's eyes; but they are not painful tears now. Cresids is so lonely indeed that the so rough and homely kindness fall like music on her cars.

"Yes, it is," she says apologetically. "But, won't you alt down, Mrs. Clarke?" -wheeling Isidore's own cushioned chair forward as she speaks.

"Well, thank you kindly, m will; for what with my legs and my breath, them stairs is a regular Mon; Blank to me; and I have got a word or two to say before I go. You'll promise not to be offended with me, won't you! "I am sure you mean to be kind!" Cressida says, staring with wondering eyes into the plain face, but feeling a sense of safety and protection in the homely presence.

"That I do!" the woman answers warmly. "Then just you tell me what made you look so woe-begone and wretched that Susan sent me up to see what ailed you. Was it anything about your husband?"

A swift flush, a startled look, a little haughty stiffening of the slender white throat—Cressida gives no other; but Mrs. Clarke takes these fo all safinan; al.

"Ah, well, my dear, I don't mean to hurt your feelings; but you are young, and he too, for that matter,, and a little short tempered, as all foreigners are And I thought perhaps you had had a falling out-that's all !"

Young as she is, Cressids has sense enough to know that the rough touch on her sorely wounded pride is kindly meant. So, though she does not answer without effort, she answers without a trace of offence.

"We have had no quarrel, Mrs. Clarke. Monsieur St. Just has been called away on business, that is all."

"Business!" the landlady grunts in a dissatisfied sort of fashion. She believes implicitly every word the girl tells her; but her distrust of the absent Isidore is rather augmented than decreased. " did not know he had any business, ma'am,' she finishes civilly, rising to take her departure now, for Cressida does not seem inclined for further confidences. "I hope, for your sake, he will be back soon, for t is terribly dull for you."

"It is, rather," Orassida agrees, with a smile that is rather more forlorn than her gravity. "But I shall hear from him to-morrow, and then-"

The sentence ends in a weary little sigh for the door is closed, the good natured woman gone, and the young wife thrown back once more upon the dreary company of her own thoughts.

It is a long dreary day, but it wears away at last; and as she lays her tired head upon the pillow, she thinks, with her last waking thought, that its successor can hardly equal it in length or dulness. Poor little Cressida; even her dreams, though they are restless and feverish enough, bring to her no dim foreshadow. ings of what the long to-morrow is to be!

"I cannot hear from Isidore to-morrow," she murmurs drowally; "but the next day—oh surely the next day I shall have a letter !"

But, strange to say, she does hear from | as that." Monsieur St. Jast earlier than she expects, early indeed on the following day. She is still seated at the breakfasttable, sipping her tea and reading the newspaper by way of lengthening out the solitary meal, which gives her at least the semblance of an occupation, when Susan

comes into the room with a telegram. It is the very first Cressida has ever received, and the sight of the orange coloured envelope fills her with a vague immeasurable dread. Isidore must be dead or dying.

She tears the fatal missive open and masters its contents. These are not by any means what she expects; they bring a quick bright colour to her cheeks, and brown eyes.

"Come to Paris at once," Isidore telegraphs; "my father wishes to see you. "There is nothing wrong with the gentleman, I hope?" says Susan, who has waited while Cressida read the telegram.

"Nothing wrong-no," Cressida says. dropping suddenly from the cloudland in which she had been wandering. I am to join Monsieur St. Just in Paris, that is

The news is so startling that Suans hastens to impart it to her mistress, who, deeply interested, soon makes her appearance on the scene.

There is no obstacle to an immediate departure, for Cressida's bills are all paid and she has a few pounds, a little more than suffices to defray the expenses of her journey, in hand; and, with these two willing helpers, her small preparations are soon made. In less than a couple of hours after the receipt of her husband's telegram, she is ready to start.

"Good-bye, my dear young lady," Mrs. Clarke says, regarding the pretty flushed face and feveriably bright eyes of her young lodger with vague unessines "You will let me have a line to my you reached Paris safely and found all well, won't you! You are such a young thing

to travel about alone. Creside gives the required with a nervous laugh and a grateful equeeze of the work-hardened hand, then leaps lightly into the cab, and is of upon the first stage of her fateful jo

CHAPTER VI.

The window-quickly! Give her air, Indore ! Do you not see that mademoiselle is fainting?

"Mademoiselle's" face is indeed ghast ly in its sharpened pain and gray pallor, as it rests against the darkly-panelled wall. But the words not like an electric shock her eyes open in a burning flash of indignation, and she stands erect before the men who are judging and condemning her -very white still, but a frightened child no more; an outraged woman strong in her indignant plide. The men she faces are three in number, Isidore St. Just. his father, and the lawyer, to whose office they had brought her immediately on her arrival in Paris, the man from whose inflexible lips has fallen the sentence, which at first seemed an empty second, that bore to her danieled; nees 'trany no meaning, that slowly but surery. wr. 110 way into heart and brain and sesting both aff ime.

"You are not, and, by the French law you never have been, the wife of Isidore St. Just."

The three men watched her keenly in shell speech. The lawyer, a ferret-faced yellow skinned man, with a calm professional interest; Isidore, with affected indifference, and real anxiety, not as to the result of the scene, but as to the fashion in which she may turn upon him; and the elder St. Just, with just a touch of human feeling tempering his inflexible purpose and softening the hard black eyes that are a caricature copy of Isidore's brillant and melting orbs.

He it is who sees the gray shadow fall across the childlike face, and change its character for ever, who notes the swift stagger back against the wall, the sudden droop of the white lids that cannot shut out an unutterable agony. He calls for water, and presses closely to the pale girls side; but she draws back as though the contact hurt her; and, when she speaks, it is to the notary sheaddresses

"I do not think you understand, monsieur," she says with simple dignity and a calm distinctness that surprises herself. "Their can be no question of the legality of my marrage, even if—if Monsieur St. Just were base enough to deny

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," interjects the elder St. Just, with a bow of exquisite politeness," my sen has no such dishonourable thought. He owns that your characteris above reproach; he does not deny that he has gone through the ceremony of marriage with you, he merely protests that the marriage was illegal."

Cressids never turns her head or answers his address, never once turns her eyes to that remoter corner, where, with white face, set lips, and glittering eyes, her traitor-husband stands. Did she once meet his gaze, she knows that the fierce scorn and burning indignation she holds so hardly in cheek would overwhelm and master her, sweeping away all the coolness and courage of which she stands in such desperate need.

So she stares at Monsieur Bertrand's impassive face, and speaks to him, as though they two were alone in the room.

"I am very young, monsieur," she goes on in the same tone of forced monotonous calm; "but I am neither a child nor an idiot. I was married in church after due publication of the banns, in presence of any number of producible witnesses, with the sanction of my only guardians and friends; I do not know much of legal matters truly, but it seems to me it would he hard to find a flaw in such a marriage

"In England it would be impossible," the lawyer admits placidly; " but you overlook one important feature in the case. Monsieur St. Justis a French citizen, and in an event like his marriage will abide by the regulations of the French law. Perhaps you are not acquainted with the difference in the code of the two countries."

Pe pauses and waits the answer that comes slowly and with difficulty from the stiff white lips, though the proud an guished eyes neverdroop or wander from his face.

"I am very ignorant, monsieur; I was a schoolgirl a year ago. I know only that as surely as I live and breathe, as surely as Heaven's law and . man's can make a marriage, I am the wife of Isidore St.

There is a slight movement in the shadowed corner where the two St. Justa stand. Cressida does not look around, she will not, and she dare not; but some instinct tells her that her husband has made a swift movement towards the door,

that only his father's grasp restrains him. Monsieur Bertrand shrugs his shoulders and surveys the pale young face through his green glasses with professional contempt, yet a faint far-off gleam of pity too. How stupidly she takes the blow-how absurd these English are! No French girl could get into such a fix, but, being in, she would surely try to extricate herself with grace; and yet she is so young-so pretty; it is hard, no doubt-

"Pray be seated, madame"—pushing forward a chair, and according her the title of honour he had hitherto scrupulously denied. "I have a painful-a very painful duty to perform in the interest of my clients, the Messiours St. Just, father and son. Balieve me, I sympathise deeply with your unfortunate position. Will you feel for mine, and lighten its difficulties by according me a patient hearing?

Oresida bows her head gravely. does not accept the chair he offers; but to her doom, as the prisoner s

(20 ME CONTENUED.

## THE NORTH

The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island volunteers who were called out for aptive nervice, have been notified of their

not being required. M j're Buchanan and Boswell, of the 90sh Wienipeg battalton, reported by Gen. Middleton, are applicants for the positions of commandant and captain of the school of infantry to be established in Winnipeg. The government, it is said. contemplate Col. Taylor, of Halifax, at commandant

There was an immense attendance at the funeral, in Toronto, of Private Moor, of the Royal Grenadiers, killed at Batoche. The city corporation, and local corps were the procession, as well as representatives of the various trades. Thousands lined the route, and at the cemetery there were about 5,000 people, The deceased was 18 years of age last May,

At the session of the Methodist conference in Kingston, a motion was passed expressing thankfulness to God for the cessation of the rebellion, great admirathe silent pause that follows the bomb- | tion for the devotion and courage manifeated by the young men who went to the front, and the deepest sympathy with those who mourn the loss of beloved ones on the field of battle.

> The Carleton Place Herald charges that "some of the C. P. R. cars in which volunteers were taken to Lake Superior were terribly mutilated and defaced on the interior. It is said that cushions were completely out from their frames. Some seats were completely destroyed Windows were broken, and car walls were wilfully and wantonly defaced." This is a charge the public will be loathto believe unless strongly sustained by evidence.

The Philadelphia News states the situation fairly when it says: "The attempt to get up a sentiment in favor of Riel because he is said to be an American eltizen ought to fail. He has offended the laws of Canada on the soil of the Dominion and has been caught red-handed. There is no law nor reason why this should exempt him from trial in Canada so long as there is any chance for him to have a fair trial, such as it is to be presumed he will get."

The banner made by the ladies' of Montreal and presented to the 65th Battalion, was blessed by Bishop Fabre in the Jesuit Church in Montreal. The ceremonles were most impressive. This banner, which is of white silk richly embroidered with gold, bears the motto in French, "Dieu et Patrie," God and Country, and on the reverse side is a sacred heart and the inscription, "Adveniat regnum tuum." Thy Kingdom come. In the sermon by the Rev. Father Hamon, the reverend gentleman impressed his hearers with the fact that the true Catholic soldier never separates religion from country, and, in giving his blood for his native land, he also gives it in support of the Catholic faith, which has withstood the assault of time and of many enemies.

## DOMESTIC CURIOSITIES.

A rum-drinker who is able to dress as well, feed his family as well, or live in the style of the man of whom he buys.

One who is much interested in hunting, fishing, in gaming in general, devoting much time to recreations, who will succeed in any useful employment.

A good man or woman who sees in the neighbors only evil, only a disposition to defraud, to cheat and overceson in all transactions, and op! persons to be despised and shunned

A wise individual who is inclined to was ... unusual attainments, or one who is not more anxious to learn, from any and all sources, than the average of the ignorant in all communities.

Small tables may be tastefully draped with billiard cloth, decorated with appliques of velvet enriched by crescents and spangles; the valance is trimmed with wide cluny lace of an ecru tint.

A successful farmer who often attends political gatherings, monkey exhibitions, goes on pleasure excursions and the like. during the harvest time, or any time of special haste in his business on the farm.

A schemer, one who chooses to live by his wits, by his tricks, one who disdains labor, or a stock-broker, a money-lender - at exorbitant rates of interest - who ever adds a dollar to the wealth of the

A good, industrious, obedient, trustworthy boy, one who is kind to his mother, temperate in all of his habits, who is not now needed in all communities, and who will not be in great demand in the future, as he enters upon more active life.

A miser-not to be commended, on the whole-who is not a better man, practically, more honest, a more useful member of society, who does not add more to the material wealth of the nation, than the prodigal, the spendthrift.

A rich man, or one in comfortable circumteances, never unable to meet his bills, who has not been more economical, more careful not to waste, who has not been more accustomed to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," than the average of the poor, in or out of the alms-

A rumseller who cares anything about the welfare of society, who wishes for good order, who will not disregard all laws, so far as it is safe to do so, or one who will not sell intoxicents to any one who will pay for them-adde from fear of punishment — though minery, poverty and every possible evil are sure to follow.