AUTUMN

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!

The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers

Life's nowness and earth's garniture spread

Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy

And when the silver habit of the clouds

A sobor gladness the old year takes up

His bright inheritance of golden fruits.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing nov

And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,

l'ouring new glory on the autumn woods,

And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

More, on the mountain, like a summer bird.

The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wood.

Within the solomn woods of ash deep

Where Autumo, like a faint old man, slisdown

And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,

At the bedside his wife is standing, with a

The artist's eyes flare open and meet the

pitying gaze of the woman to whom he bas

up one thin hand before his eyes. He can-

also ordered some supplies, and coal and

A week later, Margaret is sitting alone

Lifts up hor purple wing ; and in the vales

Klares the blusbing leaf, and stirs up life

Its mellow richness on the trees,

crimsoned.

By the wayside a-weary. .

Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with

A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

-AT THE-Free PressSteam Printing Office, ACTON, ONT

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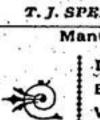
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Poetry.

UNCLE BEN AND HIS MORGAN MARE AB TOLD BY HIS PASTOR. Uncle Bon, I met him early in my pastoral pur-

Typical Vermonter standing straight, and feat out of boots. was thirty, he was eighty, but this single appeared Of Time's wasting work-the whiteness locks and flowing board.

At the close of my first sermon, with a friendly hand and smile. By the altar rail he met me, middle sisle, Introduced me to the people, praised the pastors

gone before. Told me how and where to find him, as we parted at the door :-Go up by the village school-house, take the road to your right. Keep on till you pass three houses,

um sharp to your left hand, leaving on yo

tight before you stands a farm-house; I live

brown and one is white;

beyond the water-box,

right a ledge of rocks. o straight down the bill and follow, still left, a shady lane, cave a clearing on your right hand-ther guess I've made it plain. Ceep on through a sugar orchard, not the of roads, and then

Golog out I met my brother half way through the shady lane, Loading at his side a Morgan with his thrust in her mane.

Handsome horse she's been," I ventured, greeting, to remark, And his clear blue eye responded in a mome Of electric fire, and smiling, he said, "Parson,

there ; "I'm 'Uncle Ben."

walk with mo Linoleums at 35 cts. and To the pasture just beyond us, then go home and stop to tea." assented. Then he gessiped : "This old cre ture's name is Fan:

> I must tell you something, parson, since you kind of like the mare, What occurred one fall as I was driving out our State Fair.

in was trotting gently onward, I was taking i the scene, Naturo never looked so lovely, nover seemed sweet and clean; ound the hills a purple splender like an ocea seemed to fleat,

many colored coat. resently a team o'ertook us, and I heard n a rude, sarcastic manner, "Now, old man, us go by !"

And the maple groves stood wearing Joseph

Looking round I saw two dudish, pert you follows with a black, High-stopping, stylish, showy creature, the could hardly hold him back. I was just about to give them all they wanted of thoway

When "old fossil," said the other, "we can't tak

your dust to-day." "May be not," I said. He answered, "We don' ride behind the beels Of your old Green Monutain creepers; turn ou or off come your wheels." looked back at those two dandles, and se mockly, "Is that so ?"

Turned to Fan, took up the ribbons, uttored one short message, "Go." As the tiger bounds clated in the forest As the floods rush through the meadows who the mill dam breaks away, So this Morgan, bless her, straightened at or

· bound and struck a pace That had beaps of business in it, and we settle down to race. Road was full of teams and people, but the heard the noise and drew Up against the wayside fences, making room lot us through.

How they cheered as we shot past them, wom obsered as well as men, could hear their voices shouting, "Let ! out: Go. Unclo Ben." And I went. Fan understood right in her teeth, Vhile the trees and fences round us, and th

firm ground underneath Flow bobind us. Dogs were barking, geese ran cackling, fowls flow High above the barnyard fences, dust in cloud bobind us, too. That was travelling-parson-travelling; over

buckle, girth and strap Seemed alive. Fan's neck extended and her tal laid in my lap, Overbilltops, down through hollows, crossing bridges with a bound,

And the wheels went so like lightning that the hardly touched the ground. Well, I'm most ashamed to tell it, but Fan wen at such a rate That I thought it best to head her for the race course through the gate,

sobered well in hand; But the horses were just starting as we reached the judges' stand, And the folks that toud the races had the bigges kind of show, For the instant that the starter shouted out th

messago "Go !" Fan was in it; couldn't stop her; and the jockeys in their gige, should have been an accident !" Vith their whips adorned with ribbon, in the rog'lar racing rigs, Vhipped and shouted; but, no matter, I we loading with a mare That had never struck a hoof on a race-cours

at a fair. Don't believe in races-parson;-never did, but - this was one the purest of surprises, and the people ha straightway becomes a fairyland of radiant thetun. There I was, old-fashioned buggy, old straw ha without a whip,

Loading round the whole procession at a clean darkness. two-twenty olip How the people cheered and shouted, "Go haveced! You will win!" And I went in ; couldn't help it ; Fan was golo then like sin, With that old Green Mountain Morgan, little eyclone sort of pace, it's superlative abandon and it's fascinating

glowing ruby, which looks like blood. But the jockeys entered protest for they saw "Oh Ogril, Cyril !" she murmurs softly. that they were best; twas not a reg'lar entry, and could run n other best. Heaven you have come at last I' was glad of the conclusion, and proceeded to But the crowd broke into cheering and the ban

struck up a strain, we left the course with honor, Fan and I, but he not come to her? A strange feeling of parson, just loyond the gate were those dandles with a horse all foam and dust at beside us, so I raised my hat and said. In my cool way, "How is business, boys, progressing, takin

But they didn't seem to hear me; their atten her eyes; her voice trembles as she calls tion had been led some interesting object; they were looking sharply: straight shead. When they pass Green Mountain Morgans, with our sort of hills to climb, They must get up pretty early and be busy al the time. fere's the pasture, parson! kindly drop the bars

down, two or three; Thanks. 'Go, Fan.' Just see her, parson. Nov come home and stay to tea." no telegram or letter, and there is no other ENCOURAGED. eastern train to-night."-

a little discouraged at first. But I can now assure you that she is getting on." "What progress has she made?" "She has flually become convinced that she doesn't know more about it than the

"Has my daughter been profiting by your

"Yos," answered the feacher. "I was

instructions in art?" inquired Mr. Blykins.

wheels off this fine day?"

old masters." Improved experience is worth what it The paper used in this journal is from oosts, misimproved experience what it will

Just Like a Woman.

- BY E. BURKE COLLINH. It is six o'clock on a dark November day,

and night is slowly coming down upon the earth. Off in the distance comes the sound of the restless sea beating against the hard white beach; and as the twilight shadows deopen a slow, drizzingly rain begins to The lamps are not yet lighted in the red

drawing-room at Heatherwood Park, the firelight has everything its own way. It shines with a rosy glow upon the silent room, and dances gayly as the silver doorknob turns at last. It paves a shining patta way over the velvet carpol as a woman enters and goes straight to the window which looks out upon the wind-swept, raindrenched drive which leads to the outer

When you reach the sign-board standing just Margaret Heatherwood pushes aside th silk and lace drapery and peers out into the rainy darkness. She is tall and slim and dark, not at all a beauty. The great brown eyes look too large for the small, sallow face. There is a haughty curl to the short, red upper lip. Her every look and gesture betrays Intense pride. One

> pane. "So gloomy and dreary for his me-coming! To-morrow-abl-She stops short, and a smile of exquisite sweetness steals over her face and trans

> figures it. Until then one would never have called Margaret Heatherwood beau She moves slowly over to the fire, and leaning her elbows upon the broad marble mantel, gazes down into the bed of coals,

from its rosy depths. "The thirteenth of November," she says half aloud, and the dark eyes grew dim with some tender thought as she glances at at one small hand, where upon the Danesbury's breast, unsurpected by aliving betrothal finger a diamond solitaire sointillates in the firelight-"the thirteenth of Heatherwood. Not the frail, false love November," she repeats slowly, "and to-

morrow will be my wedding-day! The morrow which is to be her weddingday will also bring her twenty-first birthday, when she will take sole possession of the fortune left her by her dead father. But to-night-the night of the 18th of proud. A hard-working journalist, November-Margaret Heatherwood will not soon forget. She will have good cause

to remember it as long as she lives. She is waiting for his coming, the man who has won her heart her love-a costly guerdon. For Margaret Heatherwood is no ordinary woman-no incane specimen of feminity. She is dowered with an intense, exquisitely sensitive nature, and love to her means all! She cannot comprehend a love which permits any other element to mingle with it. To her love

means adoration, idolatry. To-morrow she expects to become Cyril Kenyon's wife, and to her there is nothing more to be desired on earth. He is a king among men in this woman's eyes, utterly without peer. To-morrow she will come icto the Heatherwood millions, and for his sake she is glad. For his sake, Cyril Kenyon is a struggling artist, but his genius shall next be recognized .- Her money shall place him upon a pedestal, and all the world shall bow before the skill of his magic brush. How she longs to lavish her fortune upon bim! To anticipate bis unspoken wishes, to gratify his slightest desire ! And in such a delicate way that he need never feel the weight of obligation nor writhe beneath the yoke of dependence.

As soon as the shall come into possession of the Heatherwood millions she means to transfer one-half of her fortune returns Danesbury, in his absorption to her husband, Cyril Kenyon. She thinks of it now, and remembering all that lies in her power to do for him, all the splendors which the Aladdin lamp of gold can bring into the ambitious artist's life, her eyes shine like stars, her great, generous heart swells and throbs with rapture; she

"I wish he would come!" she exclaims

trembles with delight.

impatiently. "The train arrives at six and I sent the carriage to the station long ago. Perhaps the train has been delayed perhaps-ob, pitying Heaven! if there She paces nervously up and down th room with clasped hands and bowed head heart quaiting at the very possibility. Up and down-up and down. She paused at last. With her own hands she lights the gilded lamps, and the beautiful room

color. Then she goes to the window once more and peers out into the rain-drenched A faint sound breaks the silence-the sound of wheels. The carriage has returned from the station-he has come Trembling like a leaf, she stunds, haughty little princess, in her close-fitting black velvet gown, with a deep bertha of rich white lace, and at her throat one

her eyes closed, her face radiant. "Thank The moments page. How long it seems since first the sound of the carriage wheels has made music in her heart! Why does

terrors creeps over her-a premonition of There is a rap at the door, and then a knows that something is wrong, for he would have flown to her side without ceremony. A frightened look flashes into

The door opens and a forman appears. "If you please, Miss Margaret," he begins, deferentially, "the carriege has come back, and the coachman says nobody has come. He waited until the train arrived and full twenty minutes after, but Mr. Kenyon did not come; and there was

Her haughty features freeze down into mask of stone. Into the velvety dark eyes there creeps a look of hauteur, which crowds out the pain and angulab. She bows her head with a slight gestore. "Very well, Mr. Kenyon has been dotain

ed. He will arrive on the morning train.

As the door closes behind the servant

Miss Heatherwood goes back to the fire,

and folding her hands on the mantle once feels her heed upon them. face is as pale as the human face can be, father, who left her ulterly unprovided for. attonuated, in a half-conscious condition. for them.

and the dusky eyes are full of suffering and heartbreak.

"Oh, my darling! My darling!" moans bitterly. "What has happened? What has come between us, Cyril, my king, my love of loves?" Hark! Surely that is the sound wheels once more cutting sharply into the

smooth gravel of the drive. She starts

with a glad vry of rapture. The faint

color creeps back to her cheeks-her oyes glow. She is transformed. She is positively beautiful as, forgetting pride-that pride which custom decrees that a woman should display toward a recreant lover-she flies to open the door, and to fall back with crosses the threshold. Not Cyril ! "Mr. Danesbury ?" she ejaculates. The newcomer, a man with a kind face, more intellectual than handsome,

up by magnificent dark eyes, and with sweet mobile mouth, half hidden by a dark moustache holds out his hand. "A thousand pardons, Miss Heather wood, for the intrusion," he says, "but eems best for me to come to you myself a once. - I have news." "News!" her eyes kindling, her fac brightning. Ahl she has forgotten in the

first sharp pain of her keen disappointlooking at her would say that pride is ment, that this man is Cyril Kenyon's Margaret Heatherwood's besetting sin. best friend. It comes back to her memory "How cold and dismal it is outside now. "News!" she repeats once more she exclaims aloud, as she stands with her drawing a long breath of relief. "What is face pressed against the dripping windowit, Mr. Danesbory ?' A look of compassion crosses Lawrence

before the woman whose happiness he is about to destroy, this man feels that he would rather go down to the cliff yonder and leap into the sea. He thinks of Cyril Kenyon, the man whose messenger he is, and his strong white teeth sink into his under lip as he crushes back the word-"Coward !" But his duty lies before him, plain and bitter and hard-oh, so hard with lancelike flames shooting upward Some one must tell her, some one must break this woman's heart and desolate her life; and he has been chosen to strike the

> that lasts a week or a day, but the pure, true love that is immortal. He has never dared to toll her of his love, even before her engagement to Cyril Kenyon, for the barrier of his poverty which will never take place. She throws popular newspaper writer, he holds his into uneightly fragments. Then gathering future in his own grasp at the caustio. point of a pen, and that pen will some day write his name in deathless letters upon

oruel blow. Yet, deep-hidden in Lawrence

the shining scroll of lame. 1 He takes Margaret Heatherwood's band -how loy-cold it is !- and his eyes meet hers. Somehow, vaguely, she begins to comprehend-something awful has happen-

"What is it?" she asks, in a husky whisper. "Cyril is ill-or"-her voice room. breaks-"dead! No, that cannot be possible | Not dead ! Oh, no-no !", "No, Cyril is noither dead nor ill, Miss-Heatherwood."

How cold Lawrence Danesbury's voice

"I-I have received a letter from him.

sounds, in his effort to be calm.

It came on the late train, or I would have been here sooner, and perhaps could have softened the blow." "Explain yourself." She draws her slight form up proudly,

and the great dark eyes shine with a frosty "Not dead-not ill!" she repeats, in cold, blank voice, "and he sends you to explain his absence! Kindly do so, Mr. Danesbury. Are you going to tell me that my betrothed husband will not arrive at track home to the tender, generous heart. Heatherwood Park to-morrow ?" "No, not even to-morrow, Margaret,"

addressing her by her given name for the first time in his life. "Miss Heatherwood, I-I-this is the hardest moment of my life, but the truth most be told, and I may does not return. Another year of weapon when wielded aright-a wonderful preamble. Cyril Kenyon will never come to Heatherwood Park again! He-ob. how can I-how-can-I tell you! Don't look at me with such reproachful eyes, Miss Heatherbood, he -is - married !" If he expects her to faint or ory out, he is mistaken. She is made of sterner stoff. Weak and womanly though she is, there is self-supporting pride behind it all. Pride, which will serve as a rampart against the world's scorp, the sneers and ill-concealed contempt leveled at a woman who has been thus publicly cast off. This is the one utterly unpardonable sin in a woman's eyes: to be openly deserted by the man whom she has loved and trusted. She might find it in her heart to forgive infidelity, falsehood, everything but this. She stands gazing into Danesbury's face

white hand and grasps the marbel mantel to gready herself, and as she does so, her eyes fall upon the diamond solitaire upon her finger, the badge of her betrothal. A bitter smile ourls her lip. "Married !" she repeats, in a strange, faraway voice not at all like her own.

"Married! Why, that is monstrous-

incredible! Are you quite sure Mr. Danes-

with wide-open, unseeing eyes. Twice the

pale lips part with an offort to speak, but

no word passes them. She puts out

"Would I come here with such tidings if there were any doubt, dear Miss Heatherwood?" he asks, his voice trembling. "See, here is the letter to me, enclosing one to you. It was a cowarbly act to postpone his explanation until the night before the day appointed for your marriage." "He is your friend, Mr. Danesbury."

"No! Not my friend -never any more

To-night sees the death of friendship in

my heart. Since I have been so bitterly

deceived in Cyril Kenyon, I will never trust again. Here is your letter, Miss Heatherwood. You will see that he has been lured away by a pretty face, a beautiful doll, for whose sake he has given And Lawrence Danesbury's dark eyes hold a look in their depths which might have revealed to any one less absorbed in an awful grief the secret of his love for the woman at his side. But Margaret

Heatherwood sees nothing but the letter

he has placed in her hand. She opens it

and reads it through to its bitter end.

while Danesbury turns away and stands

moodily gazing into the tire. The letter reads: 'DEAR MARGARET :- Idaro not ask your forgiveness-but, dear friend, I love her so ! She is

Poor as I am, sho is poorer still; but I will work for us both. Margaret, I have no hope that you will over forgive me or condone my offense. You, with your mighty pride, will scorn and condemn me, and I shrink from the thought of mooting you. I could not boar to see contempt in your honest eyes. I dare not hope for pardon. I can only say God bloss you-and-fare-

She reads the letter over-once-twice then she turns and lays it upon the bed of coals in the grate beside her. It shrivels into ashes. She draws the diamond from her finger and lays it in Liwrence Danes-

bury's hand. "Be good enough to return Mr. Kenyon's ring," she saye, in a voice that out like a knife, "and eay to him that I hope he will a suppressed cry as a tall, dark figure | be happy-as happy-as-he deserves:" She pauses for a moment, and then goes on slowly : "Say to him that, were I dying and knew that my soul's salvation depended upon my granting pardon for his sin, would not forgive him! Bay to him that

> "Stop, Miss Heatherwood! I beg of you say no more. Heaven knows I would give helpless look upon her protty, childish face. my poor life to save you one pang. Heaven knows that I despise Cyril Kenyon as craven and coward ; yet I bereech you do brought anguish and humiliation. He nuts not let such mad words pies your lips. You are too poble a woman, Margaret | not look upon her face. Heatherwood, not to forgive."

> "Leave me?" ehe says, slowly. "I-I wish to be alone." Ho takes her unresisting hand and lifts | Curse me, spurn me, I deserve it all, and

Danesbury's grave face. Standing there which Cyril Kenyon has thrown away. The door closes behind him, and she is alone. She leaves the drawing-room and walks, straight and erect, up the broad staircase to her own anartment, entere, unnatural calm gives way. She takes his picture from the wall-a bloud, smiling face, with laughing, blue eyes and a weak womanly mouth, shaded by a silky, golden mustache. She gives the portrait one sweeping giance, then, without a moment's hesitation, she lays it upon the fire. She tears open her desk and draws forth letters | burse for your-for Mr. Konyon. I have a look of golden hair and some trifling creature, lives a deathless love for Margaret gifts; they too, are tossed upon the fire,

and shrivel to ashes. She opens the door of an, adjoining room. Upon the bed lies a marvellous creation of enowny satin and illusion-the wedding dress for to-morrow, the wedding intervence, and Lawrence Danesbury is the shining robe on the floor and sets her little feet savagely upon it and rends it it up into her arms, a shining, shimmering besp, she crushes it into the fireplace, and at twilight in the red drawing-room. The stands watching the red flames curl and lick it up into oblivion. The veil, too, lies

a scorohing mas upon the fire. When all is done, she sinks upon her knees, a little, pitiful, black-robed figure. The look upon her stern face would touch a heart of adamant, as her voice, cold and measured, falls upon the silence of the

hands, "I beseech thee to purish this man and to wring his heart even ashe has wrung mine! May he suffer, suffer, suffer !" Her hands drop nervelossly to her eides she reels unsteadily and falls prone upon her face in merciful obliviou. And here her aunt, Mrs. Tracy finds her when morn-

ing dawns and the story of Oyril Kenyon's

desertion is soon told.

It is the day which was to have been Margaret Heatherwood's wedding day. She appears at the breakfast-table looking and pour out the fullness of his heart; to pale and proud, but there is nothing to tell her how he worships her, his queen betray her sufferings to the world outside. Only good Mrs. Tracy fathoms the depths | not look into her face, lest the words pour

That day Miss Heatherwood takes

next day sees the house at Heatherwood "You see, Miss Heatherwood, it is a fine Park closed, and Miss Heatherwood and | opportunity for a struggling writer, and I Mrs. Tracy en route for Europe. A year passes, and still the wanderer ed this position. The pen is a mighty business depression and financial panic, a power when properly directed. Though I year long to be remembered in the large am poor in worldly goods, I am proud that cities of America, bringing poverty like a | 1 bolong to the ranks of the bread-winners thief in the night, with starvation who fight their way through life at the staring thousands of human creatures in | shining point of a pen. Margaret-Miss the face. In such times what chance is Heatherwood"-correcting himself hastily. there for an artist? What demand for the a tell-tale flush crimsoning his cheek-"will work of his brush? This Cyril Kenyon you say good-by now-and godspeed?" soon realizes. Had he been "a butcher, a baker, a candlestickmaker," there might | She lays-Hers within them without a word. be a chance for him in the world's broad

no bread in the cuphoard and doctor's bills increasing and duns areof daily occurence? From a modest but reliable income Cyril Kenyon is reduced to a hand to hand struggle for subsistence. The struggle grows fiercer; the antagonist, - starvation -gains the ascendency; life becomes a burden to the artist. Sometimes, turning from the dainty beauty of the woman who has lured him to his own destruction and who is rapidly degenerating into peevish soold, making his daily burden heavier, if his thoughts revert to a woman whom he deserted and made mock of, one need not wonder. She is a way in sunny Italy, lingering beside beautiful Lake Como

'dreaming the happy hours away" with an inexaustible fortune at her command. Gradually his strength fails bim ; and as last he is unable to leave his room. He has given up his studio a long while ago. His wife, burdened with the care of the two little ones that have come to them, is incofflient, weak in heart and mind as well as body. One day Lawrence Danesbury discovers the destitution and suffering of his one-time friend. He writes at once to

Miss Hotherwood and tells her the whole "Truly you are avenged," he says, "and if you wish to triumph over his downfall, come home

She reads the letter in beautiful Florence

at once.

"the city of lillies. She lays the letter down and glances into her aunt's face. "We will sall to-morrow on the Olga Aunt Tracy," she says, slowly. "I must Laurence Danesbury is poor, and the small assistance which he can render the starving artist and bis family is but tem-

porary ; yet for old time's sake he does so at

orice. On account of the stringency of the

times the younger members of his office

staff are dismissed, and in spite of faithful

services and great capabilities Lawrence

Danesbury is among the number. "Cyril! Cyril! Open your eyes Don't you know me?"

"Margaret !" bo falters. "Surely you are averged! I am a wreck-a poor, pitiable wreck-and my punishment is just. it to his lips. Oh, if she were only poor, more. But I have learned this lessonthis beiress to millions, how earnestly God never prospers the wrong-doer for long.

Margaret, Margaret, turn your sad eye away. They burn into my vory soul!" For answer, she lifts the heavy head and holds a glass of rare old wine to his parch. ed lips. Then she bathes his brow with cologne water, and, with Mrs. Tracy's and closes its door behind her. Then her assistance, administers a little light refreshment. He is dving for lack of strengthening nourishment. When she has made him comfortable, she turns to the pretty, blue-eyed siren who has lured him from his first love. "You need rest," she says, gently. "I have taken the liberty to secure a trained

> blankets. You must take good care of yourself, Mrs. Kenyon, for the sake of your little ones." The next day Margaret Heatherwood sends for her lawyer, and proceeds to settle upon Cyril Kenyon a generous income. "For auld lang syne," she says. But he, in the depths of his newly awakened soul, knows that this is Margaret Heatherwood's rovenge. Who shall say that it is not a noble one?

> > rosy glow of the fire at her feet lights up her calm, thoughtful face. Her eyes are full of brooding sadness. Some one enters the room and comes to her side. She lifts her head and sees Lawrence Danesbury. In his dark eyes there is semething that thrills her heart with a strange, subtle

"Miss Heatherwood" (his voice trembles "May he live to suffer as I am suffering a little), "I have come to say farewell. I now! Oh, Heaven," lifting her clapsed have accepted a position upon a London journal, and shall sail in two days." Her eyes meet his, then fall swiftly from before them. She rises to her feet, and

> stands leaning against the mantel. The odor of roses floats through the room like a balmy breath from Araby the Blest. "Mast you go ?" she falters, trying hard to be brave. He looks at her sadly, with infinite longing in his eyes-a longing to fall at her feet among women. He turns away. He dare

and knows that the poisoned shaft has forth unaware and reveal his heart and the love of years there hidden away. "Yes, I must gol" he makes answer, and formal possession of her fortune. The his voice sounds very cold and distant. acknowledge my gratitude for having gain-

And as they stand thus, there floats upon arens, but who buys pictures when there is | the dead silence the sound of a plaintive voice sloging pathetically a verse from Tosti's "Good-by." It is only Mrs. Tracy in the adjoining

music-room; she knows nothing of Law-

rence Danesbury's presence in the house.

"Kiss me straight on the brows-and part.

He holds out his hands-both hands.

Again! Again! My heart-my heart! What are we waiting for-you and I? A pleading look-a mournful cry; Good-by forever-good-by! good-by!" " 'Good-by forever-good-by I Good-by I' " repeats Lawrenco Danesbury, in a golvering voice, which is almost a sob. "Oh. Margaret ! Margaret !"

As they stand, still holding each other's

hands, their eyes meet, and, like an inspir-

ation, the truth flashes over Margaret

Heatherwood's understanding. He crushes her two cold hands madly against his breast for an instant, then, stooping, touchos his lips softly-lightly-to her crown of shining hair.

"Good-by forever, my love-my love!"

he marmure, brokenly.

Then he drops her hands and moves to the door. Margaret sees it swing open, and she utters a low cry. Oh, no, no! She must not-cannot-say good-by ! "Lawrence ! Lawrence !" she calls, softly. "Don't go! Don't go! Do not leave me aloue ! I shall be very poor when you are gone-! There is something in the world better than gold, Lawrence. It is love!" One glance, and he comprehends. Without a word he gathers her to his heart in a close embrace. And in that supreme moment, Margaret Heatherwood knows that she

has won a treasure that is priceless-a good man's love. Vengeance is only dust and Dead Sea. ashes ; wealth, a glittering toy; but the brown of a true woman's life is love-pure

Inaction will rust a man as woll as a

Judge McGuire, writing from Dawson City, says that there may be a greater scarcity of provisions this coming winter than there was last year.

The testimonials in behalf of Hood's Barraparilla are written by honest people Margaret Heatherwood bends over the She lifts her head at last, and the dark teeted, thrown upon my care by the death of her bed where the artist is lying, pale and who want you to know what it has done

The Acton Free Press

A large quantity of Sponges mer reading-the latest pub-

OFFICE-Mr. Adam Cook's residence, Mai September.

BARCAINS

Guelph, Ontario

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