world, and never will be for me."

great laystack.

piped the childful voice.

would love to have leters !

How many more do you want ?"

lote of letters, and whonever I ask her who

The big brown oyou were very appeal

"Look here, Cecily!" excluted Martin

sitting up suddonly. "Let you and me be

must call me 'Martin' and you will be my

And shall we be friends for always and

"Yes, for over and over and a day, and

away, and you must write to me.

or I'll just a spiller down your neck."

"I solemuly will."

own friend."

pona, you know."

showered kisses upon him.

would have cared to dispense with.

COMPRENDRE KEY TOUT PARDONNER."

Bo ended the youth of Martin Hughes.

Through all this diamal time the one

beam of sunabine that kept Martin from

despuir came from Coolly's periodical

school-girl letters. It was some comfort,

too, to write to her, though she was too

young to be told of his troubles. He ca-

caped, by means of his letters to her, into

a puror atmosphere of unquestioning and

Cacily was perceptive, and very quick in

intuition. During her holklays she saw

enough to make it clear that her friend

was in grisvous case, and herstaunch little

It was her first dlin vision of the litter

pain that sie can inflict upon the innocent.

When Ceally returned to Houthernwo

mother-instinct which brooded over him

The friendship so long marrided upon

letters, grow and ripened by degrees into a

more luscious fruit which troubled on the

hough, all ready to satisfy the hunger of

oven in her select girl days.

heart swelloit with fullgrant affection.

childlike falth.

lug of a waman.

ton years before.

The child's eyes danced with delight.

VOLUME XXXIX.---NO. 36.

Rvery Rubecription Valid in Advance

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Doetro.

GOOD OR CLEVER "He good, and let who will be clover." Is a counsel often board, Yet how many hearts are stirred. By deeds of daring, feats of skill,

And wondrous acts of mind and will, While goodness, twinkling little star. We wonder, wonder where you are. "He good, and lot who will be clover,"
"The only noble to be greed,"
And yet how little understood Are goodness, mercy faith and hope, And love, the greatest of the group, The world entirely blind to grace, three so-called morit highest place "Ro good, and let who will be clover," Vet brilliant people entertain And many follow in their train, Hut there are those unknown to fame, In Heaven's book Is Yound their name In golden letters, clear and grand,

Relect Yamily Heading

-- A. H. Cantoro

Engraven by the King's own hand,

green De la company Aunt Alison's Plan By EVELYS HOPE

Y HEN Cocily Gwynn was disturb friends, and I'll write you letters when I'm oil and purploxed, three faint lines appeared down the middle of her smooth, white forebead. little Cia. How will that dor The lines were very plainly to be seen in the golden glow of a June sunset, as also stood at her holroom window, absently always?" swinging her garden but in her band. Away in the west the sky was a causpy

of angels' wings on fire with light from the throne of tied. It was not at the support licanty that Civily grazel, however, but at the Norfolk suited figure of a man, striding stamps on? And 'Him (lwynno' on the across the publick towards the village. where a low premature lights already winked greenly at a golden world. Tall he was, and lean, with the well-kult loannove that women admire. He went his lelaurely way, never turning to look at the und who watched blus. "He nover looks lack," die mused grave-

ly. "Oh, Martin! Martin! what a dear old, queer old problem you are!" Hereyes shone with a light that never came from the aur. but still the three faint lines marred the clearness of her protty forehead. . Flinging down her hat at last, who seized

a stiff hair-brush and bulabored her broaze blown curls with the recklosancs of the woman who has plenty of beautiful hair. and so is not careful how she treats it. someting through the house. "I must run, or I'll be late for supper,"

exclaimed Cocily. hown the old staircase she flitted, a illusionment, broken faith and guilty thing of lightness and siry grace, yet with flight. Martin never spoke, nor would character and purpose expressed in every movement. Hhe was "a spirit, yet a woman too.'

In the purior she found Aunt Alison, When he heard after three years, that she with supper set out, as she level to have it, on a small, gate-logged table near the hotel, he hastened to the spot and did all open window. It was a pleasant informal meal-"afternoon supper" Cecily whimalcally called it, because it was served in the manner of afternoon tea. Aunt Alison was a study in groy and pink and the purlor, with its soft, dove-colored carnet and walls, and apple blossom flowered bow I have suffered ?" chintzes, secured a projection of her permunality.

Her face was of the still, pure type known set up a plain stone, hearing simply the sh ok. as Greek, and delicately flushed with pink. words out doep into the granite : "Tour "I'm not likely to marry, Martin. Offering a Suggestion Her soft, silk gown was groy as her hair, and the canable hands, busy with some filmy needlework, were white and well kept. In short Aunt Alison was a maklen aunt to love and be proud of. Cocily often wondered why she was a making aunt all, and once also saked her. But that ! another story.

"Well, child ?" greated the eller woman as the younger sink luxuriously on a flooroushion at her aunt's feet. If the remark was meant as the opening

one of a conversation it fulled completely of its object, for Coolly morely responded Well, Auntio dear I' and then relayed into silouce. Usually full of pleasant chat, to-night she had nothing to say. Aun Alison, while not soomling to watch her nlose, was fully conscious of the three little lines; and thought she know who had ruled them. But she kept her own coun-

The glary of the angels' wings departed a the substance of them rolled away to west- tune." She would gladly have stood beward, and lay upon the horizon. A silverprospent moon and one throbbing star sparkled against an infinity of heavenly blue t but Aunt Alison lit no Imput. Hhe felt that her oblid had things to say to her which would be more engity said when the sweet girl-fuce glimmered like a flawer through the dusk. He she walted, and did not walt in vain.

"Hear Madania"-It was Coolly's rist muno for her intovod munt-tlear Madonug, dan't you think it's a queer difficult | known for more than five years. world to live in Y' "A hountiful world, child if you hold the the lair about his temples was grey, and key of it." "It's not so much a key to the workl, as reaction from the constant strain that had

now," said the girl with a nervous little lighter mood that recalled the old Martin "What about Martin ! . Are not you and ho as good friends as over ?" "Oh! yes, we are good friends; toogood frionis -- that is just the trouble. It seems asthough we shall mover be anything also,

world without out." There was a paner. Then Coully broke in "Auntie, I can't go on. I must be more to him or less. I simply can't go on with

things us they are any longer." Aunt Allem taid a land upon the girl's brown luir. volce. "Are you quite, quite sure of your-

boart in two breasts. VetjMartin held - the girl's valor was as able failure of his first venture into murcarnest as her nunt's-"I believe I could ried life, could be offer the broken do these things. It's ill leasting what one teminants to Cecily is all her young beauty, After long thought he decided that he

lim. There's no one like Martin in all the could not. He lie adopted the attitude of humble servant when I've told you what I olderly gulde, philosopher and friend, want to tell you." "Thon, cheer up, child," oried Aunt und persuaded himself that his part was to Alison, throwing off her gravity and speak. watch over Coolly and make sure that no line. I'm ready to ite anything else you ing lightly. "I will tell you what to do." one but "the right follow" married her. | want, though." When Coolly, an orphanod mite of seven, He was unselfishly anxious that she He statehed his long limbs in a lounge quickly become one of the chief factors tu | who should win her heart. His man's her child life. It was during the long intuition was not quick and penetrating her how, years and years ago, I told you vacation that small Cocily dawned upon like Cecily's, so that sithough he knew that, I would tell you when I had decided It's the trush and dullard that never get the horizon of the undergraduate of she was very food of him, as she had who I wanted to marry?" twenty. He loved children, and was a always been he had not discerned in her I

For his part, there was a haunting some. Indieved her quite whole-houtted. thing about the big brown eyes that look. Honselines he would chaffler gently to loves me." ed so trustingly into his from under the find out if she were still fancy free. shock of tangled curls that draw him "I mean to play the organ at your wee strangely to the little girl. They were ding, Cia. I shall want you to make out arm of the chair on which he lay. So it reating after a game of rouge on top of the the pregramme in good time." Cecily's clear langh rung out.

homage was very soon laid at his foot. oil her from a girl into a woman. He

"I wish I'd got a friend, Mr. Hughes," "I suppose you don't mind waiting until I've wottled who is to be the bridgeroom? "Oh! Invon't you deckled on him yet, "A friend! you quaint little person. Why, all the village are your friends "Of course not, you dear old stupid! As if I could decide anything so momen-"Yes, but I want one of my very, very

own, that writes me letters. Nurse has tlous without asking your savice." "Well, when he turns up, you must they're from the always says 'Oh, a friend submit him to me to be overhauled and him after the others, Cie, he's last week and is houset in the fire hall. A of mine. Nobally ever writes to me. I thoroughly examined. I can't give my little friend away to anyone who lan't worthy of her. Coolly turned and looked him frankly

> is the syes. "Martin," she said sariously. "I prom ice you that when I find out whom I want to marry I'll tell you." That was before the was twenty one, and

the had not awakened to the fact that "Ob, Mr. Hughes! Iteally and truly? | unless the married Martin the would marry no osa. Hie had often, slace then, smiled to think now easily one may make promise which is impossible of keeping. don't call me 'Mr. Hughes' again, Cooily, The mouths lengthoned into years, an-Cocily was twenty-five. Lovers had come

and lovers had gone, but Cicily refused "And you'll write mo real lotters with thomalt. Martin was glad the had done so. He had said none of them was good that, who wen't

The small plump arms were flung around Aunt Alison watched and understood the young man's nock, and two red lips Blie was too wise to modille, at any rate "Oh Martin!" she cried joyously, "I nover thought of having you for my very Cecily's heart, the ought, for both their "Nor I of having you," laughed Martin, was particularly glad of the girl's shy lisongraping bimself from the bear's bug. "But it's always the unexpected that hapshe woulered what they had talked of to bead ! So began between the young man and make Coolly so quiet and distrait at supper child a friendality and a correspondance time.

which, at first a slight thing, grew and It was not much that had been said after strengthened as time went on until it all. Returning home through the rose became a part of their lives which neither garden that was the pride of Southernwood. Martin felt oblerly and guardianlike as Le The five years that Cocily spent away at | watched the girl's levely face, flushed with Meanwhile the deep tone of a gong was boarding school witnessed the bitter walking and sunlight. He was silent so trugody of Martin's life. It is a wretched long that at last she rellied him. story, of ill-considered marriage, a short "Are your thoughts worthy a panny,

spolt of happiness, then grievous dis- Martin, because Ill cheerfully bid that much for them ?" For answer he took one of her hands over listen to, a word of blame for the his big brown one. woman who had robbed him of his peace. "I'm anxious about you, Clu. You keep and trampled his young bleate in the dust. on southing away these fellows who want to marry you. That's all right of course. was dying alone in an elecure continental you don't love them; and anyway they're none of them fit to the your shoe-laces. that he could for the unhappy woman, But I want to see you happily married dostitute as she was, and foreaken by the white you are young."

one for whose sake the had left Martin. Cacily tried to speak lightly. Self-centred and selfish to the last, her "Now. Martin, you know perfectly we one ory was, "Oh, Murtin, what a fool I you'd be sarry if I were to get married." was! But I have suffered for it. Oh! "I should be very sorry to lose you in that way. But I want your happiness She had no thought of the suffering her more than anything else in the world." hand had dealt out laviably to him. He His volos was full of the pain that eve Smooth, gray hair lay, Medonnawise, mover reminded her of that, but tended her ble superb self-mastery could not keep out upon a forehead remarkably like Coolly's, to the end. At the head of her grave he of it. The big hand that caremed here

if I did you wouldn't lose me. I should always be your friend, Just the same." "It will be different. It's bound to be lifferent, my own little friend that I don't want to share with anybody." "But nobody can share your place it

my life. It's just your own and always will be." "She smiled at him bravely, but all th while her heart was crying out, "Oh Martin, Martin, why won't you under stand y"

"Well, dear girl, you must remember that, whatever comes, you will always be very, very dear to me. Your happiness matters more to me thun anything else in the world." They were at the house door now. He

It woke within her girl heart a clumbering mother-instinct. She dimly yearned to and tondarly. "Good-night, Cecily," throw around Martin a mantle of peace She ran up to her mount his kiss utill and protection that should shield him from warm upon her hand, and watched him "the slings and arrows of outragonia forstride scross the mealew towards his lonely twoon him and the cold east wind. "Oh ! Martin, what a problem you are tasted the pany of the love that must stand tille while the loved one suffers.

What a dear old, queer old problem you is such things as those that go to the mak-The problem presented no difficulties to Aunt Alison, however, now that also was sure of her nices. Martin she had road a tall, slim gol of alastoon, after a year of an open book. When Cocily kissed her travel with Aunt Alison, she found Martin good night, the anxious lines were geneaud octabilished very comfortably with an old her face was lit up hone.

nurse of his childhood as housekeener. "Dear Madouna! what a genius you He was tasting the first mace he had a plan but for you." all be was still only thirty-two, and though Julging from the warmth of Aunt Alison's good-night kiss it seemed that he a man. his face was very thin and grave, the Martin was not the only person whom Cocily's lungimess was the chief thing in a key to Martin, that I'm wanting just | been upon him had brought to him a

> The next ovenlag, as Martin, weary from a long day in the firsty atmosphere of law-Ho and Coolly had not mot for three courts, sat slower to his solitary mond, a note yours, and canh was a surprise to the was handed to blue. other, she bonause of her developed heauty "From Miss tiwyuno, sir," said the maid and charm, and he because of his aged and quiet want duously. muldened appearance, which wake in her Ho lot it lie unomened till he was alone

> afresh, stranger than over, the protecting Then be select it eagerly. There was not DRAW MARYIN-If you are not luray could you walk anyon this evening? I want your advice about something that is worry. CETTLY.

tlounte Irland. An hour later he found her alone in the back and would not plack it. He thought grey and plak parlor. Her back was to of himself as a middle agod man whose life the light, and the setting sun made a hale with his papers, but presently looks up solfy in Martin Hughes your whole world? had been spoiled. What had be worth of her brown-gold hair. Poor Martin had hurrfolly and, turning to the prisoner, Could you go to the suds of the carth with giving to the radiant young life beside never wanted her so badly, or felt his lose- exclaims : blen? He, who had made such a lament: liness so intensely as he did at that . "Have you engured any one to defer

commund. When been worrying you?

THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY O. there's many a smile and there's many "Horry, Cle, but there I must draw the In the Holoud of I'll Try :

And there's many a wish and there's may In the Helicol of I'll Try. had made her home at Southernwood should be happy, and he believed himself chair close by her. Her head was bent But it's being and doing that win after all, cirbben years before. Martin Huches had quite ready to give her away to the man low over a place of embrosdery. For they nover drop back very for beyond "It's just this, Martin. Do you remem

In the Helicol of I'll Try : But the wise and the willing keep safe . "I think I remember everything you universal favorite with them, so Cocily's regard the subtle change which had turn- have said, Cocily." In the School of I'll Try. "Well, there's someone I love more than

unyone clee in the world, and I know he Coolly blushed roolly, Mattin grew shade pulor, and life this hand gripped the

fuel come ! "Yes Coelly." "I know he wants to marry me, but he out't make up ble wind to sek me."

"He has some quixotic bles that he pught ant to ask me." "Then what right had he to make you love him? Confounded and I should call not good enough." "But I told you I love him more than

anyone else in the world." Carlly's tone held gentle reproof. "I'm very sorry, deer. I spoke too is pullively, because it matters so much ! nie what sort of man wine your heart."

"He is the dearest and best man living, she sald warmly. "Well, Cla, it ho's all that, and if he's true man, he will not let any small thing stand between you and him. And if there le any seel barrier between you be will take himself away out of your life, and give you a chance of learning to love someone slee. "Oh! but 1-I'm afraid I don't want him to do that," cried Cecily, dismayed

"And I nover can love anyone clas." Martin kept his outward calm athough enough for her. But then, if you came to inwardly he was reging in impolest fur, sgalast the unknown blist who might have the decreet girl in the world for the saking but who let some fantastic whim prevent prematurely, but she began to feel at last blue taking the price. He tugged at ble that, if the could make quite sure of mountache, racking his brains for some scheme to help the girl he loved to ber sakes, to open Martin's eyes. Hesses she heart's desire; while all the time he felt confidences on that June evening. Blie had this one surely deserved for the least; this watched the two set off for a field walk, and cad; this use; this unspeakable block-

There was a long silence. "Well, Cia dear," he said at longth honoutly I don't know how I can help you I mustn't my what I think about the mar because you tove him. But if I stood to his choce I know very well what I would "What would you do, Martia! she asked,

He rose suddenly, and stood before her. both hands outstretched.

"I would come to you and say, "Cocily I am all unworthy of you, unfit to treat the same ground and breathe the same air as you. But I love you better than life. Can you take me as I am and make the best of me, and be my wiley' That what I should say, Coolly ; I should leave it to you to deal with any barrier that of Bounia. might be between us." Thou also stood up, roay rod, and laid

hand on each of his shoulders. "Bhall I tell you his name ?' she said. "His name Y" "Yes ; it is Martin Hughes?"

"Blull you over be able to forgive me? she laughed when next she was able to "To this how you forgive?" He kissed her agein. "If so, certainly I will, unto seventy times seven."

"Oh! Martin, please! let the seven do for this time. I'm sure someone is com-"No, they're not. Look bere Cla, dar-

ling! Why didn't you tell me years ago what an unspeakable ass I was !" "Well, for one thing, like George Washington, I could not tell a lie. And beside should never have thought of it myself It was Aunt Allison's plan. Hadn't we better to and tell how well it has succeeded?"-The Christian World

OVERTOOK THE COW

A passenger train stopped and the pas sengers were told that a now had got on oblivious the line and had to be driven off. Up the ifted her hand to his lips and kissed it long road a few miles further the train stopped again, and once more the explanation was liame." given that a cow was on the line. Two miles periups of continuous going am then came came another stop. This time a passenger glanced wearily toward the towing caution: "When you gang optout of the carektor.

"Conductor." Iso called out, speak to you for a moment?" "Certainly," answered the nonductor. "No you mean to say," added the pass onger, "that we have caught up with that

THE BOMMAMBULIET The nightwatchman of a large hotel saw

are ! I should mover have thought of such an apparition in white moving along the hall at 2 u. m. He hastened his stope and tunned on the shoulder of what proved to "Hore, what are you doing out here !" naked the watchman.

The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance. "I begr your pardon," he said, "I am a somnaminilist." "Well, said the watchman, "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night dressed like this no mutter what your religion is."

NO HELP WANTED

Homeo, a nomitroom. A life burly artisan a brought in by the balliff and placed is the clock. He is a regular Heroules ! lug. Even Aunt Alison can't advise me so the clock. He is a regular Hercules in well as you can in this.—Ever your affor. point of stature and is brought up on a clumro of amoult. It is orkloutly his first HIMMANAHOO IN COURL When he enters the magistrate is husy

"What's that " asks the prisoner | then

has been bold. Kinnaled Brown, second line, below Actou

weight averaged about 24 Ilm per day. Mr. John Harvey has sold the Actors Flouring Mills to Chevno Bros., of Guelph, who are intending to remodel the mill and put in full roller process. It is bound Mr. Marvey will not leave Acton. He has been a good citizen, has served in the Conneil. and has been almost constantly improving his surroundings.

Resolal services continuo in the Metho-Lat Church. Rove. Moir, of Georgetown, and Irwin, of Norval, have been with Roy-Mr. Edge this week.

Mr. Christopher Swackhamer's, Churchbill, Monday night. Miss Mary Kennedy, tifth line, was pre-

sented with a gold watch and chain at a meeting of the Limehouse Proshyterian congregation at her futher's house, on Tuesday evening, in recognition of her services as organist.

ILVIANDRE-ALGISE Lawson, on March Silv. to Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, a son. Marks-In Nessagaways, on Pebroary with,

MoPrapory-At the home of lasso Shyder Krin, on Vebruary Sith. Margaret, without of late John Melipaddie, Br., formerly of Keques-ing, Inher Diet year.

EXPLAINING THE TELEGRAPH As a general rule, the telegraph no longor prouses the wender and owe that it did in our grandfathers. In remote countries. however, there are still people who have nover heard of it, or are mights to understand it. Das Echo tells of the perplexity

The government had installed a telegraph line from Priledor to Biliatech. "What is the meaning of this wire? asked the astenished inhabitants of a vil-

"It is a telegraph," suit the boulman of the village, who had been in consultation with the officials. "One can send a mossage along this wire, straight from here to

The villagers were incredulous, "That is impossible. How can a mossage run along The headman thought awhile : then he and whose tall is stretched like the wire on Now, suppose we pinched his tall here. Wouldn't he how! in Stamboul?"

It was Now Year's Day, and afterastron-

Handy, and I'll send for a cab tae tak' ye Half-an-hour later tho nab was announce ol, and after another parting glass and an affectionate farewell Jook inpurts the folandy, ye'll ace twa cale, but he sure tae tak' the first yin, for the ither will no' be

WHEN HOME RULE ARRIVES An English gentleman and his wife were ding driven about Iroland by a rather nelancholy jarvey, who could see no allver laing to the cloud overshadowing lile country and his own particular trade. "Bola I, your longer, and we will-for a

"Drivin' all the gentry to the beat."

into the good graces of a clergyman who was on board, said to the reverend gentleman, "I should very much like to hear one

of your sormons, sir." "Well," replied the clorgyman, "you ould have heard me last Sunday if you al been when you should bayo'heen." "Whore was that, then."

The self-made man should never forget

oust selmire his grood taxto. Our idea of a fusey man is one who isn't on speaking terms with his own conscience

And It's Hopeful that nake just a lit of a And it's Purpose that knows every line of And it's Caring and Daring that never lose In the Helical of I'll Try.

-- Frank Walcott Hutt. TWENTY YEARS AGO "The fool. I beg purion, dear. Go Hotes from the Free Press of Thursday, March 8th, 1804

Snow has almost completely disappear-Thonew book and ladder truck arrived practice under command of Capt. Cameron

have sold "Dullin Hoy," a 2d months' old Durham, which welghed 1800. Its gain in

Rav. J. W. Ras preached an impressive meigorial service in Knox Church, on Bunday, touching the death of liev. Lechlan Cameron, of Themselord, a former patter.

A very large gathering attended a social

Claurent. In Actou, on March 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Campbell, a daughter.

that the telegraph caused in a small village lage through which the line happened to

a wire " hit upon the proper explanation, "Imagine," he said, "a dog that fatorribly long. these poles; imagine that his tall is so long that he reaches from here to Stamboul

The villagers understood.

A TALE OF TWA CARE uous tour of "first-fitting, Bandy and Jack arrived at the latter's house in that harmy condition which borders on the Hay Jock : "Wo'll jist has anither draw,

"Nover mind, Put," said the Englishmen. "Cou'll have a grand time when they give you home rule." "Why for a week !"

mswored Pat. where he should have been While travelling on a steamtoat sotorious cantalarper, who wished to get

"In the county Jall," was the answer.

make himself agreeable. The magnite probably mistakes the slape made at him for applause. da blanda uda manow a worlmba mua a M

Who am I to homewhite?"

"Nobody," she launted, "ublers its

collecting bimself, he adds : "I don't want

unybody. Come on, any half down of