Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

$1 A-YEAR] "THE PRESS—The Palladium of the People's Rights." [IN ADVANCE.

VOL. VI.] MILTON, COUNTY OF HALTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1867. [No. XXXIII]

Georgetown Directory.

JOHN LIVINGSTON, L.L.B.
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
GEORGETOWN. 34-tf.

ROBERT FORSAYETH,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
Conveyancer Commissioner &c.,
OFFICE.—The building on Mill Street lately occupied by Wm. Barber, Esq.
Georgetown, Co. Halton, C. W. 51-tf.

ROBERT YOUNG,
Division Court Clerk, Commissioner in Queen's Bench. Office. Main st., West.

G. C. McKENZIE,
ron and Brass Founder, and Machinist, Foundry on Water-st. 1-1y.

T. RUSTON,
Chemist and Druggist, Dyestuffs, Seeds and Stationery, Main street. 1-1y.

D. McKINNON
General Blacksmith, Main Street. Saw-gumming, etc., done on short notice.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BY THOMAS CLARK,
GEORGETOWN, C.W.
BUSSES to and from the Station, regularly. Every attention paid to the traveling public. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers. 3-5-1y.

N. ARMOUR,
CHRONOMETER AND
WATCH MAKER,
JEWELLER &C.,
NEW STORE, MAIN-ST., GEORGETOWN.
LARGE Selections of Watches, Clocks, and Jewellry, particularly of Irish Bog Oak. Terms moderate and strictly Cash. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or the money returned.
Georgetown, Nov. 9th, 1866. 26-1y

T. J. WHEELER,
PRACTICAL
WATCH
AND
CLOCK MAKER!
FROM TORONTO,
CAN always be found at A. Galbraith's Shop, Main Street, GEORGETOWN, where he is prepared to repair all descriptions of Watches and Clocks in such a manner as will ensure satisfaction, and at prices that will defy competition. Jewelry neatly repaired.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry For Sale!
Georgetown, May 17, 1864. 51.

W. Barber & Bros',
PAPER MANUFACTURER,
Georgetown.
Printing & Wrapping Paper
constantly on hand and made to order
WOOL CARDING
AND
CLOTH DRESSING
on the shortest notice. Cotton Rags in any quantity will be received at their Paper Mill in return for Cash. Highest price paid in Cash for Wool.

DENTISTRY!
L. L. BENNETT,
Resident Dentist,
TRAVIS BUILDING, Georgetown, C.W., having permanently located in this village, would respectfully announce to its citizens and those of the surrounding country, that he is fully prepared to execute in the most artistic manner, any kind of work belonging to his profession
ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in the finest styles, from one to an entire set, at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction. Teeth filled in the best manner. Cleansing, extracting, and all other operations performed with great care.
Georgetown, January 3rd, 1865. 31

REMOVAL.
The Subscriber has removed to the Store next door to W. D. & R. A. Lyon, where he is prepared to sell

Furniture
AT
LOW PRICES
COFFINS
Made to order on short notice.

Coffins of all sizes and descriptions made promptly. Prices from $10 to $24.
E BONES.
Milton, Oct. 11, 1864. 20 1y

NOTICE.
THE GEORGETOWN
MONTHLY
FAIR
will be held on
Friday, 8th of Feb'y. next,
and every succeeding month, on Friday after the Guelph Fair.
Georgetown, Dec. 12 h, 1866. 41-tf

WALLACE'S NEW HOTEL
And General Stage House,
MILTON, C. W.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has moved to his new Hotel, on the corner of Main and Brown Streets, where he will be glad to wait upon his old customers. He has spared neither pains nor expense in making his House a first-class Hotel, and all who favor him with their patronage will receive every attention.
He would also inform the public that he runs the Mail Stage, once each day between Milton and Bronte. He also runs a daily Stage between Milton and Georgetown.
JOHN WALLACE.
Milton, Feb. 23rd, 1864 v3.39-1y

S. R. Lister,
DIVISION COURT CLERK, COMMISSIONER in Queen's Bench, Licensed Auctioneer, Accountant, &c. Debts collected on Commission.
Georgetown, April 6, 1865. 2-15-1y

Milton Business Directory.

D. ROBERTSON, M. D., C. M.
Graduate of the University of McGill College, Montreal.
MILTON, C. W.
OFFICE—Two doors West of Willmott & Magurn's Drug Store, Main Street.
RESIDENCE—On Mill Street, next door to G. Tice Bastedo, Esq.
Milton, Nov. 1, 1866. 22-1y

W. H. Street, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—That lately occupied by Dr. Crooker.
Milton, Oct. 10 1866. 19 1y

THOS. G. MATHESON, B. A.
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE—Next door to Mr Christie's Store, Main Street.
MILTON, C. W.
October 11th, 1866. 19-1y

JOHN DEWAR, Jr.,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
CONVEYANCER &c.,
Main Street, Milton. 26-1y.

G. T. BASTEDO
Crown Attorney, Barrister, &c.,
MILTON.
Milton, Dec. 1. 31-1y

DR. C. FREEMAN.
MILTON,
Consulting Physician & Surgeon.
OFFICE HOUR—From 8 until 10 A. M. daily, and every Tuesday forenoon.
Milton, Oct. 19, 1864. 21-1y

WILLIAM A. AGAR,
HOUSE PAINTER
Glazier and Paper Hanger.
SHOP on Martin Street, Milton. Orders left at Thompson's Hotel, will be attended to. 7-1y

P. B. ZIMMERMAN,
Contractor for House Building, Valuator, &c. Plans of Buildings drawn on short notice. Carpenter and Joiner work attended to at reasonable prices.
Milton, May 26, 1864. 3-1y-52

DR. S. CARTER,
(LATE OF NELSON)
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &C
OFFICE—Dempsey's Block, Main-st., Milton.
RESIDENCE—The Late Residence of T. Racey, Esq.
CONSULTATION DAYS—Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 to 11 A.M. 51 tf

MONEY TO LOAN.
$4,000 on hand for investment on easy terms, in first class security, on real estate. Apply to
G. T. BASTEDO.
Milton, Oct. 25, '65. tf.

A. CUTHBERT,
WATCH-MAKER,
JEWELER, &C,
Opposite Ismond's Hotel,
MAIN STREET, MILTON.
All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
Milton, July 4th, 1866. 4-3m

W. BURGER,
LICENSED
AUCTIONEER
FOR the County of Halton. Sales attended to in any part of the County on reasonable terms, and at short notice.
Milton, Sept. 27th, 1864. 4.18tf.

Milton
TANNERY!
THE Subscriber will pay the
Highest Market Price in Cash,
For any Quantity of
GREEN HIDES
A Large Stock of Assorted Leather kept Constantly on hand.
200 Cords of Bark Wanted!
Immediately. $4.00 a cord paid for Good Bark.
SAMUEL F. TAYLOR.
Milton, Oct. 30th, 1866. 22-tf

BRAMPTON HOUSE.
ROBERT JONES, - - PROPRIETOR
Formerly of Georgetown and late of Guelph.
Good Stabling on the Premises.
Brampton, Oct. 11th, 1865. 18-1y

A CARD TO INVALIDS
A CLERGYMAN, while residing in South America as a missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorder brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope to any one who needs it. FREE OF CHARGE.
Please inclose an envelope, addressed to yourself. Address,
JOSEPH T INMAN,
STATION D. BIBLE HOUSE,
New York City.

Robert Swanton Appelbe,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, and SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OAKVILLE.

TYRONE HOTEL.
HORNBY EAST, nr THOMAS McCALLUM. This is a New House, and is fitted up in a comfortable manner as any Hotel in the county. Good stabling. Every attention paid to visitors.
N. B. There is a Store in connection with this Hotel. Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., kept constantly on hand 2-5 1y

A CARD.
THOMAS WHITE, Collector of Inland Revenue, Hess Street, near York.
Office hours from 9 to 4 o'clock.
Hamilton, Oct. 27, 1863.

T. B. WINN, M. B.
Graduate of the University of Toronto.
HALTONVILLE, - - NASSAGAWEYA.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—That lately occupied by Dr. Robertson.
CONSULTATION DAY—EVERY THURSDAY.
Nassagaweya, Nov. 1, 1866 22.1y

NELSON HOUSE,
VILLAGE OF NELSON, C.W
J. E. BURGER, ... Proprietor
EVERY attention paid to the traveling public. Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler.
Nelson, Jan. 27th, 1863. 36-1y.

CANADIAN HOTEL,
OAKVILLE.
Every attention is paid to the travelling community.
N. B.—Railway Travelers can rely upon Omnibus Conveyance to and from the Cars.
JOHN WRAY, Proprietor.
Oakville, July 25th, 1866. 6m.

Robt. Dolmage
ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES, &C.,
PALERMO.
Palermo, October 17th, 1866. 20-1y

A. MATTHEWS,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER, attends punctually to repairing &c. All work warranted. He keeps a constant supply of Good
WATCHES, CLOCKS, WEDDING RINGS, CONCERTINAS, FANCY GOODS, &c.
Also BURGLAR'S ALARMS,
Which should be in the hands of all. It is the size of a pocket knife and can be fastened in the door of a room as to shoot any one entering, or merely give an alarm without injuring. Price only $1.50.
Oakville, Aug. 18, 1866. 11-1y

Farm for Sale.
THAT excellent farm, Lot No. 8, in the 4th Concession, Nassagaweya, being composed of 150 Acres, 70 improved, the rest covered with Maple, Beech, &c, with some good Pine. A good Well and never failing spring in the front, and a stream in the uncleared portion, with two good Log Houses and Barn, situated half a mile from Campbellsville, and half way between Guelph and Wellington Square. Terms liberal. Title indisputable. Apply on the premises to
WILLIAM JOB.
May 29th, 1866. 5-tf

To Breeders of Pigs,
THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has a thorough-bred Small Chester Suffolk Boar, which I intend to keep for service. Excellent judges of pigs have agreed that he is the finest and best Boar in the County of Halton, or that has ever been before the public for breed, make, shape and size, of his age. Terms, $1. Those wishing to improve their breed of pigs will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity, and when you come it you are not satisfied as to the good qualities, we will charge nothing
DAVID KENNEY, Proprietor.
Lot No. 9, 2nd Line, N.S., Trafalgar.
Trafalgar, 20th Dec., 1866. 29-tf

$5 Reward.
THE above reward will be given to any person who will give such information as will lead to the recovery of a 2 year old Heifer almost white, and a red and white Steer also 2 years old, which strayed about three months ago from the farm of Dr. Freeman, near Milton.
Milton, January 2, 1867. 30-4t

CITY HOTEL.
JAMES STREET,
HAMILTON.
WM. RICHARDSON, Proprietor.
THE undersigned having leased the above well known Hotel, next door to the Mechanics' Hall, and having renovated, papered and painted it throughout, and furnished it with entire new furniture of the best description, would respectfully invite his old friends and the public to give him a call.
THE TABLE is constantly supplied with all the substantials and delicacies of the season, and the charges are reasonable.
THE BAR contains none but the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and of the best brands and vintage.
AN OMNIBUS runs regularly to and from all the Trains and Steamboats.
GOOD STABLING and an attentive Hostler always on hand.
WILLIAM RICHARDSON.
Hamilton, July 25th, 1865. 18.y

James Matthews
DIVISION COURT CLERK, No. 4; Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in Queen's Bench, &c., &c.,
MILTON, C. W.
N. B.—Mr. Matthews is authorised to take subscriptions and advertising for the Champion, and receive payment for the same.
Oct. 5th, 1865. 73-20-1y.

Poetry.

GOING TO DISTRICT SCHOOL.

Barefoot boy and little girl,
She with rosy cheeks and curls,
His a forehead brown with tan,
Sturdy little farmer-man

Old straw hat, with broken rim,
Is the least that troubles him,
As the dinner-pail he swings,
Full of mother's choicest things.

Happy little pair are they,
Chatting blithely on their way,
In the morning fresh and cool,
Going to the district school.

From the shady farm-house door,
Mother watches till no more
She can follow—out of sight
They are gone, her heart's delight.

Can you see them sitting there,
On the benches hard and bare,
Tired feet swinging to and fro,
Conning o'er the lessons low?

Sitting at the noon of school,
By the gurgling streamlet cool,
'Mong the brakers and bending trees,
Eating up the bread and cheese!

Or, with merry laugh and shout,
When the girls and boys go out,
Books, and pencils cast away,
See them jump, and swing and play.

Glide the busy hour away,
Till the warm sun's westering ray
Slants across the open door,
And the hours of school are o'er.

Happy, healthy girl and boy,
Full of simple careless joy,
Free from tyrant fashion's rule,
Going to the district school.

In the busy noon of life,
'Mid its restless fever strife,
As your pathway shall divide,
From the roof tree wandering wide.

Memories of these morning hours,
Song of birds, and scent of flowers,
Bleat of lambs, and song of rill,
Will come sweetly o'er you still.

And your thoughts go yearning back
O'er that simple childhood track,
When the longest road you knew,
Was the one that led you to
The school-house, just a mile away,
Where the birch and rule held sway.

Written for the "Champion."

NEW YEAR'S EVE,

BY FLORA FAY.

It was New Year's eve, and the streets of the city of B—— were thronged eager, bustling crowds. The wealthy man, with his thoughts intent upon the handsome presents he had just purchased for loved ones at home; the poor labourer, who had expended his carefully hoarded sum for a New Year's present; the beggar child who wishfully gazed at the windows which displayed such an array of handsome toys and tempting confectionary, yes all, no matter of what grade, felt the excitement of the time. True it was in different ways; for while the rich exchanged their presents and kindly greetings there were those who sighed to think that the street was the only home they knew; and that no kind motherly face, no loving brother or sister would on the morrow, greet them, that for them there would be no pleasant party no handsome gift. In fact nothing to remind that it was New Year's day but the bustle and crowd; the happiness of others.

At a little distance from the principal street in B—— stood a large, fashionable looking dwelling Mrs. Gartsons well known boarding school. It was holidays' all the young ladies, except three had returned to their homes. These three, Rose Alymer, Emily Rogers and Helen Hamilton, were all assembled in the latter's sitting room, which was tastily even expensively furnished, 'no thanks to Mrs. Gartson as Helen used to say."

Rose Alymer half reclined on a lounge Emily Rogers with her head against the window watched the passers by, while Helen Hamilton sitting in a large cushioned chair with her slippered feet on the fender, was humming "Home sweet Home." They had sat thus for some minutes when Emily said in a half petulant half sad voice.

"Helen do quit humming that tune. It makes me think so of home that I will be crying in another minute.'

Helen suddenly stopped, then after a moment's pause she said:

'I sing it because I like the tune, not because it brings up any happy recollections.' Then she added musingly, 'I dont believe my home is like yours.—But perhaps I would like home better if I saw more of it. If we only had a brighter light than that which these coals in the grate give, I am sure I could see your horrified look when I tell you that I have only been home three times since I first came here, and then I only stayed a week each time.—And you know Em I have been here five years.'

'Why Helen,' and Emily turned her face away from the window looking towards Helen as she said:

'Only three times in five years? I have only been here six months and am not to go home for nine months longer and I think that fearful; but really Helen I dont think I could exist here five year's.

'Oh, you would get used to it,' laughed Helen. 'I have to study very hard and see little company, but I am sure I would rather spend my holidays here than at home; for mamma would not allow me to go to a party or even go down into our drawing room to see company until I have finished my studies. And I can assure you it is not very pleasant to sit quietly in your room and hear music and dancing going on in the next room, and dare not show your face just because you have not been formally introduced into society. The last time I was home, two years ago, mamma made me hide myself from company all the time for she thinks that it will create a greater sensation if, 'I flash in upon our circle,' as she expresses it, without them having known me before. I told her then that I would not come home again until I came for good, and next New Year's eve at this time, Oh Em but wont I be happy. It is the night that I am to be introduced into society, at my first ball,' and Helen Hamilton tapped the fender with her little foot, as she again repeated, 'wont I be happy?'

'I hope so.' It was Rose Alymer who spoke, she had been listening to Helen, her face turned towards the glowing coals.

'I wonder who will have this room next New Year's eve and if there will be three girls sitting here talking as we are to night,' said Emily.

'Do you know girls I will feel sorry when I say farewell to Gertson school badly as I will want to get away to enter the gay world of which I have only glimpses as yet,' and Helen half sighed as she spoke.

'This is the last New Year's eve that we will ever spend here together Helen,' said Rose, 'every New Year's eve, for the last five years we have sat here and wondered where we would be the next New Year's eve, and when it came around it always found us here alone until to-night and now we have Emily.'

'Why Rose" said Emily, 'I never knew that you had been here so long as that.'

'Yes,' answered Rose, 'I came the same term that Helen did.'

'And have you never been home since you first came,' asked Emily.

Helen turned her head in the direction of Emily as if to check the question. A pause ensued for a moment or two, and then Rose in a low sad voice, while she forced back the rising sob, said:

'I have no home Emily.'

The proud beautiful Helen who made light of her own exile from her home could not force back the tears when the lonely orphan Rose Alymer was asked if she had not been home.

'Oh Rose I am so sorry,' and Emily's tone expressed her sincerity 'and you are going to leave school when Helen and I do, come and live with me Rose I should be so happy to have you for my sister.'

'Thank you Emily,' said Rose, 'but I cannot.

Helen looks forwards to next New Year's eve, when she will be so happy I too live in expectation of the happy time I shall have then. You remember Helen how I told you that papa and mamma both died when I was very young and I was sent off here as soon as my guardian thought me old enough to come. Papa left a great deal of money for me, but my guardian never allows me more than I can possibly do without. I can never make beautiful presents like Emily and you do, and the girls all call me stingy and miserly. And my cousins never invite me to spend my holiday's with them, for I never send them nice gifts; they think I have plenty of spending money, which I hoard. The only time my aunt ever visited me since I came here I heard her whisper to her daughter when she thought I was not noticing, 'No Blanche we can not invite Rose to visit us for Mrs. Gartson says that she never dresses any nicer than she is dressed to day, and you know it would never do for her to make her appearance in our parlors dressed in such plain attire.'

'Oh what mean people they must be,' exclaimed Emily.

'Two weeks before the next New Year's eve I will be of age 'continued Rose not heading the interruption and then my guardian has no more control over me nor my money. Then I will be so happy, I am going to purchase a large house of my own and New Year's eve I mean to ask all my cousin and aunts, uncles friends, and every body I like to come and visit me. I shall give them all handsome presents and if I am very kind to them perhaps they will love me. Oh for next New Year's eve I can scarcely wait, the time goes so slowly.'

While speaking Rose had grown quite excited and she now sat upon the lounge here little head with its glossy curls bent eagerly forward.

'But Rose said Emily, 'I would not ask that horrid aunt you spoke about, indeed I would not.'

'Yes Emily,' answered Rose, 'I dont so much blame aunt for not inviting me to visit her, because you know Em I dont dress very nicely and I know I would have looked shabby.'

'Indeed,' rejoined, Helen quite indignately 'she must be no lady or she never would have spoken in that manner. I guess she just came here to inspect you and she found you such a sweet hand some little creature that she would throw that ugly daughter of her's in the shade. The only New Year's present I would give her would be a card saying that I should be most happy to dispense with her presence.'

'Hush Helen dear you must not talk that way remember she is my dead father's only sister.'

'Well I think she ought to remember it and treat you as her niece.'

Is'nt it strange that we should we should all look forward to next New Year's eve, so hopefully for I too think of the happiness then in store for me,' said Emily.

'Why Emily are you going to have a great ball?' asked Helen, while Rose involuntarily exclaimed 'But Emily you have plenty of money now.'

Emily laughed merrily as she said in a half hesitating half bashful way:

"I am going to be married next New Year's eve.'

'Impossible,' exclamed Helen.

'Why Emily,' and Rose looked as though she doubted her friend's words.

'Yes I am to be married one year from to night.'

'To Lynn Clinton, do you know him laughed Emily?'

'Oh I dont know hardly anybody besides old dame Gartson and the school girls,' said Helen, 'but wait till next New Year's eve I guess I will have plenty of friends then.'

'So many that I fear you will forget Emily and me,' said Rose.

'No indeed,' was Helen's quick answer.

'I shall never forget Emily and you, never.'

'And I am sure that next New Year's eve when I am surrounded by my relatives, when I am winning their love by my rich presents I shall think of Emily and you Helen, and I hope you shall both be as happy as I expect to be,' said Rose as walking the floor of Helen's sitting room she paused before the glowing fire looking down into the handsome face of Helen Hamilton.

'Girls what if anything should happen that we should not be as happy as we anticipate,' asked Helen her voice trembling as she spoke, for the bare thought of disappointment caused an unpleasant feeling.'

Rose's small white hands were clasped tightly together as she said excitedly.

'Hush Helen, dont talk of disappointments my whole desire for the last five years has been to see the time when I can call my wealth at my own disposal. I have lived in anticipation of the happiness I shall then experience and now I cannot listen to any one who talks of disappointment.'

'But what could happen to us?' Emily said half playfully half fearfully.

'Nothing I trust and hope,' was Helen's rejoinder.

'But girls I have a good idea next New Year's eve after Emily is married, and Rose has given her presents, and I have enjoyed myself to my heart's content at my ball, then let us all sit down and write to each other, telling how happy we have been and how we are enjoying ourselves. Dont you think that will be nice?'

'Yes indeed. I will agree to it,' answered Emily.

'And so will I,' chimed in Rose, 'I will tell Emily and you about the costly presents I have given my cousin and how much they love me for it.'

'Darling little Rose' Emily thought, 'how hard to think that one so gentle, kind and loveable should have to purchase the love of those who should have loved her for herself alone.'

'Well now girls dont forget our agreement, we will each have two letters to write a year from to night.'

'We will not forget' was the answer that came from the two young girls

Just then a knock was heard at the door and Mrs. Gartson said:

'Miss Rogers, it is time you and Miss Alymer retired to your own rooms.'

'I think we might be allowed to sit up a little later to night,' said Helen pettishly as Emily and Rose prepared to leave. Both the Gir's knelt for a moment on the rug in front of the grate as Helen, bending over kissed each saying:

'Oh for next New Year's eve.'

They had both reached the door when Rose suddenly turned back and going up to Helen threw her arms around her neck saying:

'Oh Helen I feel so sad, we will never be here again together another New Year's one.'

Helen Hamilton was called proud and haughty, but to those she loved she was tender and gentle and Rose Alymer she loved with no common love so as she gently pushed back the fair curls from off her friend's white brow she said caressingly.

'But Rose darling think of how happy we shall be, and then and then we will not be parted for ever; we shall visit each other and be far happier than we are now.'

"So we will' Rose said, and again kissing Helen and murmuring 'good night,' she hastened to her own room. That night Emily Roger's dreamed of her home and the dear ones whom she doubted not were thinking of her, and white sweet little Rose Alymer wandering off on her dreams in a maze of beautiful presents and thought herself surround by those who loved and cared for her, the beautiful Helen Hamilton, fancied she stood on the ball room the courted and admired belle.

* * * * *

Again it is New Year's eve, and again there is the same bustle and commotion. The same hurrying to and fro as before. Alas how many of the eager crowd, who pressed forward just one year before, buoyant and gay, now pass on as happy as then? How many hopes have blighted; how many hearts broken in that short space? How many poor friendless creatures have sunk down beneath poverty's hand, into a pauper's grave, forgotten by all save one, who, though it may seem hard to bow submissive to his decree, sees that at last, all shall have their just reward.

And what of the hopes and longings cherished by the three friends?

It is far, far away from Mrs Gartson's school that we find Rose Alymer; but, alas that earthly hopes should so soon be crushed and dashed to the ground, instead of the princely mansion she fondly thought would be hers, we find Rose Alymer, the delicate tender flower, the occupant of a lonely furnished room, in a large wooden house that was inhabited by dozens of paupers Not surrounded by friends and relative and loved by all do we find the lonely orphan. Instead of the gentle tones of endearment that she so much coveted, there are harsh brutal notes continually wafted to her ears. Where now are all the bright dreams, the fond hopes for the future that Rose Alymer entertained just one year before? The fair curls that Helen pushed back from an unwrinkled brow last New Year's eve now fall in dishevelled masses a brow deeply furrowed with lines of care and sorrow, sad to see in one so young. As Rose sat in her poorly lit room this New Year's eve, she is writing two letters. She has not forgotton her promise. The hot tears fall thick upon the paper as Rose writes the following, first to Helen, then copies it off for Emily.

'My Dear Helen. Let my first words to you be those of warning. Oh Helen never trust as I have done to naught but what is earthly. I know not if you are as happy to night as you expected to be but whether you are or not trust not this world's pleasures and hopes, for sooner or later, they will fail you. You remember how I longed for this evening and now that it has come would I not give thousands, were they mine, could I but be with Emily and you as we were a year ago, I would be then content. My home is the abode of poverty. I have none to love me, none to caress me and call me 'Rose darling' as you used to, and Helen if I were to die, I would be here alone, and no one to whisper gentle words or tenderly caress me, but Helen I am learning trust in one great and good, who will not forsake nor desert me. But I must tell you of my life. When I left school I went to my guardian's home intending to stay there till I was of age. I wrote to my relatives telling them to spend Christmas with me, they all wrote back saying that they should certainly come, and Oh Helen I was so happy; but my happiness was of short duration. One night my guardian sent for me to his library and there told me that I was not worth one cent of money. He explained how he had become insolvent, had speculated and finally had gambled, losing my wealth with his own, I will not pain you Helen by telling you of all that happened. My bright dreams were all gone now. When my relatives heard of it they sent polite notes refusing to accept my invitation. I had only a few dollars and this I spent in coming to this city, I thought to obtain a situation as governor, but I did not then know that I would require certificates and letters of recommendation, so after a few cold rebuffs, I tried to get something else to do, I now live by the small sum I make by doing fancy work. I used to think I had little money to spend, but Helen I never knew then what it was to want a fire to sit by; I never before reposed on the bare floor for a bed, half benumbed with cold. How wrong it was for me to murmur with my lot when I was clothed and fed. I have felt so hungry Helen that a mere crust would have been eagerly snatched at; but I must stop for I but pain you and I am doing myself no good. To night, when I lay down on the hard floor, instead of wishing for another year to hurry by I shall try to put my trust in God and pray that he may reconcile me to my lot hard as it is. And now dear Helen will you not take warning and o'er it is too late banish from your heart all that clings to what is frail and earthly? That you may be happy, and that we may meet in a home where disappointments and blighted hopes, are never known is the prayer of Rose Alymer.'

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New Year's eve and Helen Hamilton the proud aristocratic beauty stands in her fathers splendid parlors receiving her guests. More beautiful than ever looks the queenly Helen, as robed in costly silks, rich jewels flashing on her throat and arms, and among her jetty braids, she moves amidst her guests, her rosy lips just parted in a smile as she hears the whispers of "Is she not beautiful?' and 'Oh how happy she must be.'

Many suitors bow before the peerless Helen, but all turn from her when they hear hear her unchangeable answer, which is no.

And to-night the time she looked for ward to so fondly, is she happy? One would think that none were happier to watch her as she glided through the dance; or gaily sang for her guests.—But we should not always judge by the external. Beneath the smiles and gay repartee, their may be the breaking heart. The admiring crowd who pronounced Helen Hamilton the happiest of beings would have thought somewhat differently could they have seen her after the gay music had died away, and the guests had left the handsome parlors.

When alone in her room, she threw herself into a large chair that stood near her dressing table, scarcely knowing what she did, she picked up a book that lay on the table, it was an old French Grammar that she had used at school, she remembered that her maid had brought it to her in a mistake that morning; without thinking of what she was doing she turned to the fly leaf, and there, written in Rose Alymer's well known hand-writing were the following lines:—

"To weep o'er hours departed,
When life has lost its bloom,
To wither broken-hearted,
May such never be thy doom."

'If she had written, 'such shall be thy doom' she would have come nearer the truth' said Helen, as she bent forward to pick up something that had fallen from between the leaves of the book. It was a little card, and on it was fastened a wreath of blue forget-me-nots, while inside the wreath, written in Emily Roger's school girl writing was the little verse:

"Spurn not my little wreath,
'Tis friendship's gift, though small,
Though distant skies you dwell beneath
Thou'lt not forget us all?"

Helen read and re-read the simple lines, and at last as she replaced the card in the book, as she laid it on the table she murmured half audibly,

'Dear Emily can I ever forget you and my darling little Rose? I wonder where you both are to-night.' Then rising she brought forward a little rosewood writing desk, and taking out some paper prepared to write; as she dipped her pen in the ink her eye fell upon the elegant bracelet on her arm, drawing it off she tossed it on the floor, saying in an excited manner, 'riches has been the source of all my misery.'

Helen Hamilton intended to do as Rose Alymer had done; she intended to write first to one of her friends, and then copy off the letter that both might be the same. The first one she wrote was to Rose, it ran as follows.

'My darling Rose, I would give all the hated wealth I shall ever possess, if I could only be back at Mrs. Gartson's, if I could only sit before the coal fire in my little sitting room there with Rose and Emily for my companions, if I could blot out the last few months from my existence I might be happy; but it is impossible, and I fear that I can never grow reconciled to the lot that is mine. I now detest the gay world I longed to live in; my friends are not the friends I parted from when I left school. They are cold, selfish and untrue. Rose, my first ball is over, and instead of being one of the happiest, I am one of the most miserable of beings. They all think me happy, but they little think that the gay laugh comes not not from a gay heart; or that the bright smiles are all forced. Oh, Rose, that I could be again the school girl of one year ago, I would never again sigh for the time when I might enter society, there to meet with those who live in a whirl of pleasure, that for me has lost its every charm.' Rose, will you believe it, in one week from to-night I shall stand at the altar and pledge my faith to a man whom I abhor.

You will ask why I do this? My father has become involved in debt, and is in the power of this man who will reduce him to beggary should his only daughter refuse to wed him. My father could not live and hear his name branded with dishonour by creditors, and to save his name I must marry a man whom I scorn for the very means he has taken to gain me. Although I have a father's credit, and shield off poverty from a mother by marrying this man, my heart whispers that I do wrong, in the sight of One whom I have too long forgotten.

I shall be rich, but what do I care for wealth; it does not bring happiness; it does not bring true friends and real love. But Rose, I have not told you all. I love another, and he thinks me false, he does not know why I reject the poor suiter for the wealthy one; for how dare I tell him of my father's sullied name. If I were fit to die, my prayer would be, that never again might I behold another sun rise; but Rose my conscience tells me I am not good enough. Rose, you are pure and innocent, your prayers will be heard, and answered, pray for the unfortunate Helen. When I think of all that is before me that I am soon to utter words that will bind me to a man who has not one noble feeling my brain grows dizzy and my head seems——"

The pen dropped from the hand of the suffering girl as she fell fainting to the floor.

When four more weeks had passed Helen Hamilton had not stood at the altar to take upon herself vows that she loathed, instead of being the wife of the man she hated, she was the occupant of one of the rooms of an asylum, there the beautiful Helen Hamilton, her reason fled, would pace the floor of her chamber sometimes calling for her lover, saying in low and tender accents that 'she would not prove untrue to him,' then she would sing gentle, soothing songs saying, 'Oh Emily, Oh Rose, just wait till New Year's eve, wont I be happy? Oh so very very happy.'

And to-night New Year's eve, is Emily Rodger's the blushing, young bride? Her father's princely mansion is not thrown open to receive the guests to witness the marriage of the only child and heiress. Instead, the grand parlors are all darkened, while weeping servants tread lightly the broad halls. But why all this gloom and sorrow?—Alas, the cherished, tender pet of a doting father and a loving mother; the betrothed bride of Lynn Clinton is dying. Just three days before, Emily Rodgers had been seized by a violent fever, and now to-night she lies on her death bed.

The same old smile that lit up the handsome face a year ago as she talked with Rose and Helen now plays over the marble like face as she turns to her grief stricken father who, with mute despair pictured on every feature, is watching every movement of the being whom he feels will e'er long have ceased to live on earth. The delicate hand which Lynn Clinton holds as he kneels by her couch, trembling in his as Emily says in a feeble voice:

"Papa, and you my own dear mamma do not grieve so for me. In a few short months perhaps days and we will again be together; and Lynn,' and the young girl looked fondly towards the kneeling form beside her. 'try and be happy.—Remember we shall meet'—but the pale face that Lynn Clinton raised as he looked so sadly at his young betrothed, checked her words of sympathy, and bursting into tears as she wildly said,