"Be Good to Yourself."

"GOOD-BYE." the driver said, As the coach went off in a whir As the coach went of the work [And the c.achman bowed his handsome her "Be good to yourseif, my girl."

Ah! many a fond good-bye I've heard From many an aching heart, And many a friendly farewell word Whon strangers some to part;

And I've beard a thousand merry quips And many a senseless joke. And many a fervont prayer from lips That all a-trembling spoke;

And many a bit of good advice In smooth proverbial phrase; And many a wish-of little price For health and ha, py days;

But musing how the human soul [Whate'er the Fates may will] Still measures by its self-control] its greatest good or ill--

Of benedictions I protest, 'Mid many a shining pearl I like the merry coachman's best--'Bagood to yourself, my girl.''

Song of the Roses.

We come at the birth of joy on earth, When the summer days are long, When the morn is ushered in with mirth, And the eve is sloced with song : Whon the soft sonth wind, to kiss inclined Comes whispering through the grove. And the warm rains fall at Nature's call. Like wine for a pledge to love.

When the sky is blue and clouds are few, In the noontide heat we back, And drink till we nod the crystal dew When the stars peep through night's mask From many a bower at twilight's hour We behold fond lovers meet. And on wedding-day bestrew the way In our fragrance at their fect.

When the summer goes, our revels close, For with autumn cometh care. And the garden path no longer glows With our colors rich and rare. O'er the cottage door we climb no more, With a cheering grace to bloom; White, sink and red, our petula we'd shed, When the shortening days bring gloom.

The Male of the Desdemona.

"I wonder what is your definition of a brave woman?'

The speaker lay in an attitude of careless case on the deck of a merchant ship lying at anchor in an Australian port. He was very hand-some, and rather young-perhaps twenty or so-with a boyish face, ness. curly, golden hair, and a lithe form, seen to advantage in his uniform. His blue eyes looked straight at the face of his companion-a darker, graver face, bearing the seal of thirty years on the broad brow and in the restless eves.

"One who thinks no sacrifice too

in the Grace Darling line," said the riness more than the body's sickness younger man, lifting his cap with its mate's badge, and letting the wind play among his sunny curls. "You Robert.'

dark eyes of the elder man.

"my life for ten years past has been an empty existence through the lack of that one virtue in a woman. Gilbert glanced at him. It was an

eloquent look, in which pity, sym-pathy, and wonder were blended.

"The mail is in," he said presently; "I had a letter, Robert. See, here Robert Alleyne picked it up, "That is my sister, Mcg-my eldest sister, Robert. I don't exactly know whether she would come up to your stan-dard of an ideal brave woman; but to ny thinking she is the dearest girl are some one with him—the friend of ous for you, or I would have perfect in the world-save one."

Gilbert's face was turned away, the other looked at the likeness-at first critically, then eagerly.

"1 can picture your home, Gilbert," he said at length, musingly

of Farncombe 'the manager of the Robert Alleyne goes with us againfor the sake of my company, he says. despairingly. theatre," was the reply. I am glad of this. Wish me bon vou-"You know her then ?" asked the ing," was the wistful answer: "No. I had a slight acquaintance you in all and through all. It was Christmas week. Mo

with her father-a very nice fellow. He died in the Summer of some fover, caught while visiting a poor person. He was Rector of Chiling—you know where that is ?- three or four miles trembling, doubting, fearing to ask from here. Perhaps you know him? themselves when and in what misery the next meeting would be.

Langston the name was." "No, I do not think so." "I believe he died very poor-left a large family almost unprovided for. This girl supports herself, and per-

haps does more; but you know what woman's earnings amount to. Have ship sped on. a cigar ? here comes the train at last, thank goodness !" the two entered a first-class carriage, drew up the window, and leaned back on the luxurious cushions, while the object of their conversation cropt into a third-class arriage, and quietly took a seat.

Yes, the story of the golden-haired girl was told in those few careless shrinking, cowardly life—my mean unbelief. I am punished; my very words rise up and condemn me. Only one thing I know—she is noble sentences, forgotten almost as soon as uttered. The quiet calm of the sweet face was unruffled by the discomfort around her; her eyes were bent upon brave, and and because of it my pashor lap as her busy thoughts flew away, far beyond the dingy and sionate love and all hope of happiness on earth lie buried in the waves becrowded carriage. neath my feet." "Fancy papa's daughter on the

stage? But then fancy papa's daughtor wearing fingerless gloves and traveling like this."

ocean-a little group were gathered A little smile curled the sober lips round a fair-faced man who was readan instant. A whiff of smoke from ing, in clear and solemn accents, the her neighbors claypipe wafted in her burial service over their captain. face, and waved about her head. She sat very still, while the rain beat They lowered him into the waters that were gleaming in the sun-the against the windows, and only a bright, dancing waters of the great driving mist of darkness could be ocean, that closed up again, after seen without. The train came to a gathering one more to the multitude brief pause soon at a little wayside of her dead, aud left no trace upon station called Chilling. The girl got out with a slight shiver, and, unfurlher sunlit bosom. There was a moment's hush. Then

ing her umbrella, prepared for a long the gangway was drawn up. The rough men, who had no time for walk through mud and rain and darkweeping, returned to their work, and ** **

The firelight flickered softly on the walls of a little room, the red carpet and moreen curtains of which, return. despite their thread-bare shabbiness, In his cabin lay another man, with gave an air of warmth and home-

lay a lady in a widow's cap. She bronzed brow, and lips parched with room. Yet, as she walked through it. "I thought you meant something the forchead told of the heart's wea- clasped his hand.

"It is almost over, dear friend." A look of intense agony met the -very weary it was sometimes.

By the fire sat a girl of perhaps sick man's upturated gaze. eighteen summers. Hor face was "Be brave, old fellow," "Be brave, old fellow," he whisset so much store on that one virtue, all brightness, her brown eyes were pered. "It was a skipper you buried sobert." A passionate glow darted from the gladness. The full, red lips were face has been in my dreams so often, "I do," he answered bitterly; when all around was darkness. There face has been in my dreams so often, and e offered her a weekly salary "My brave Meg-mine at last was a smile on them now, while her my lips. She will think of me some- more than double her present one. heart went dancing over the waters times in the days to come.'

There was a long pause; then he to a far country, in the wake of another heart that was gone before. A resumed speaking, with difficulty. "I trust you will get safely to to tell herself et a was glad. homeless orphan, she had been given "Oh, mamma! Kate! he is com-

spared. You are a good seaman, Gil- suasion to think he was glad. ing home-now-Gilbert, I mean ! bert-you do not fear ?"

He only received our letter about "If I might save you, my frienddear papa two months ago. He does my friend !

ing for you-no one will miss me."

* * * * * *

and a doctor's care," wept Meg, "I am but a burden to you, dar

GILBERT."

It was Christmas week. More than year had elapsed since Gilbert left

now, in a dingy little house, one of many such in a narrow street.

Gilbert had sent home his carnings Robert Alleyne leant on the bul-warks of the Desdemona, looking Mog's slender salary and a triffe with dark dramy area at the mission with dark, dreamy eyes at the white cliffs fading rapidly from sight as the work, were all the helpless family cliffs fading rapidly from sight as the had to live upon.

"Only a month," he thought. But worse than the struggle with 'only a month since I saw them loom poverty-worse than the sight of the four young children, now, indeed, alup to welcome us home again. And since then another life drama is over most shoeless-was the increasing weakness of the mother. The two for me-over; and the curtain has girls looked on in speechless agony. fallen for good this time, I think. Yes, she is brave and steadfast. She, "I would give my life—do or suf-for anything!" Meg had said one day, by her deeds, has put to shame my passionately.

"We have done everything but beg -I suppose that will be the next thing. Kate had answered sadly. "If Gilbert would only come It was the cry of their hearts by day rille fover which had brought him and night; but the months wore on,

and he came not. Meg had three weeks holiday at

On the deck of a homeward-bound little daily teaching in another fami-ly, for the time. It was snowing the delight of the children. ship-homeward bound in the Indian hard that afternoon, and she buttoned on the old woter-proof cloak.

"Then I may go to Mr. Farncombe purse of gold and a gold chronome-

ing me at his theatre ?" Meg spoke steadily, bringing out for this story, and so often was Gilthe ship sped on, with her flag half- the words distinctly, and as willing bert called upon to show his chromast high, to the old country, whence to face them in all their stern reality. uometer, that he declared that he one had gone out who would never It was, indeed, the last resource.

comfort to the apartment. On a sofa the shadow of coming death on his whose voices she heard in an upper should ever persuade him to exhibit

to the Christmas chimes, Robert Al-

thought Meg. Mr. Farncombe was delighted to no questions and speaking no word

her.

It was quite dark when Mcg got another daug home. She let herself in quietly another son?

Gilbert's leave was up—the Des-demona was taut and ready for sea, ful strength. "Deep call unto deep." did no' seem to hear him. "Meg, it is the bound for Java. Robert Alleyne had Waves mountain high lashed each ""Come," she said, sharply, gasping.

"Mother, I bring you good news then become Lord Burleigh, which in--I am captain of the prettiest little duced him to travel to London. His craft on the ocean; and better than wife accompanied him. Although he that, my salary is redoubled. Dear

ones, I can help you at last!" "Oh, Gilbert we have won the

to make her well," said Dora. Gilbert, kneeling bent his sunny head in his mother's lap, as he had

done often in the old days, and covering his face, remained silent a long time. What a Christmas that was. What fires roared in the cramped chimneys son of Sarah Hoggins is now the owner of the dingy house. What savory feasts Kate's dextrous hand prepared.

And amid it all they did not forget those poor ones to whose suffering no bright end had come. Many a crammed basket found its way to the sad hearts and desolate homes.

All the brighter was that Christmas for the presence of Robert Alleyne. He was an invalid still, and it would be many weeks before he recovered from the effects of the terblacken his face with a burnt cork, when a servant announced that Lords so near to death. What evenings they spent around the fire, while Gilbert roasted chosnuts on the nar-Christmastide. She had obtained a row inconvenient bars, from which

How eagerly they listened when Mr. Alleyne told the story of how thing for us to do or —" "Or, my children must want bread," said the mother slowly. "Let it be so." She turned her face Gilbert with the command of one of their finest ships, together with a

now, and tell him I will accept the ter, adding that the whole affair was offer he repeated last week of engag- published in the London newspaper. Often was Mr. Alleyne besieged would hang it up over the mantle-

She went out in silence, not even piece for public inspection during a pausing to speak to the children, whole week, after which no one

great for the sake of her duty or her looked very fragile; but the lines fever. Over him bent the one who had read the burial service, and that was not all pain, came to when, on Christmas Eve, as she stood upon the narrow door-step listening

"Something is going to happon, levne came to her, and, asking her

engage his children's pretty gover- drow her to his breast in a silence ness as a novelty. He undertook to more eloquent than speech, and held her so while the snow fell in soft

The children were still at play in the

nestive standing before the hearth his own eyes looked in Meg's when

"Mother, can you bare me to tell

A terrified shrick rang through

Springing forward, she lifted the

fragile form and laid it on the sofa,

sending Dora for a candle while she

chafed the thin hands in her own

money

"Meg, what---what is it?"

BR.WN. GILLESPIE & Co., had been at great pains to have his HAMILTON wife educated and taught accomplishments, tradition still describes her as So he went, leaving behind him sad hearts, all the sadder for his going—hearts hat looked forward, trembling, doubting, fearing to ask themselves when and in what misory now, in a dingy little house, one of the family were living in Ripston themselves when and in what misory ignorant of her rank : and, therefore.

up to the Burleigh House, and then was put the question whether Sarah would like to be mistress there. The denouement followed.

The son of Sarah Hoggins succeeded in 1804 to the title of Marquis of Exe- Family Knitting Machine! ter. He died in 1867, and the grandof the Marquisate and of fair Burleigh MR. PITT IN A FROLIC.-Great men need to unbend and have a good frolic,

as well as other people. The younger, William Pitt, was noted for dignity of sociates. But he could play as well as rule. One day he was in a high frolic with. Lady Hester Stanhoge, James Stanhope and William Napior. They were struggling to hold him down and william state of the state of t Stanhope and William Napier. They Apply were struggling to hold him down and APPLETON KNITTING MACHINE CO'Y Box 615, Ilamilton, 2012

Mr. Pitt bowed them out, and then

turning round with a hearty laugh,

caught up a cushion hnd commenced

ns, 1 lb currants, 1 lb raw sugar, 1

the battle again.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

THE APPLETON

Castlereagh and Liverpool, two of his sessorizes in the Cabinet had called on GINIA LANDS. associates in the Cabinet, had called on

business. Ho said, coolly, "Let them 500 CHEAP IMPROVED FARMS & 200,000 ACRES wait in the outer room," and went on OF VALUABLE TIMBER LANDS FOR SALE

with the sport. But finding himself with the sport. But finding himself overmatched, he said, 'Stop, this won't do ; I could easily beat you all, but we chasing timber, mineral, or improved farmand this difference of the state of the stat manner of Mr. Pitt suddenly changed. His tall, ungainly, bony figure seemed to grow up to the ceiling, his head was thrown back, his eyes were fixed im-movably in one position, as if gazing into the heavons, and totally regardless of the two bending figures before him. He was cold and haughty ; they hum-ble and suppliant. In a few minutes Mr. Pitt howed them out and then

S. O. CASE, Southern Land Commission 202 North John Street, Hamiton

SODA CAKE. -- 1 lb of flour, ½ lb rais- Anglo American Hotel HAMILTON, ONT.

lb butter, the rind of a lemon grated off with lump sugar, one small nut-THOMAS VEAZIE, (Late of the Veazie House, neg, and 2 oz candied neel. Rub all Geneva, N.Y.,) Proprietor.

well together, have ready rather This well-known hotel has been refitted more than a gill of hot milk (not throughout in the most modern style of a first-class hotel. His table is furnished with boiling), in which two small teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda have been all the delicacies of the season. The most convenient Sample Room in the city for com-mercial travellers. Omnibus leaves in time disolved; add it to the ingredients, stir all well together, and pour into for all trains east or west. well-buttered moulds. Bake slowly Dec 6. tf.



every song you ever sang, are held to the Chilling station with him. In in reverence. I should like to know these last moments a secret trembled came down upon the deck. these last moments a secret trembled came down upon the deck. your people. If ever we go back to on her lips many times before it found England do you think they would utterance.

leyne."

*

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"Gilbert," .came at last, half sadly, welcome me for your sake?' half shyly, "1 ought to tell you that Mr. Alleyne————" Meg came to a pause. Gilbert looked at her quick-them, bidding them work while thera "They would welcome you for

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"And I have refused," she said,

long, what am I fit for but a

ter; is this not hard to bear?"

3k

your own, old fellow." "It must be pleasant to have some one thinking of a fellow when he is "way 'in perils by sea"" murmured "I think I can guess the rest, Meg. the elder man, wistfully. "It must Robert Alleyne has asked you to be

be pleasant to look forward to a home his wife," he said. and woman's loving welcome at the

end of the peril." Something in Gilbert's throat kept with an effort. There was a long pause. "Was that well, Meg? He is him from replying. Tears in the cycs might be hidden-tears in the wealthy. voice would shame his manheod.

There was a long silence—so long ings will be almost our only settled that Gilbert Langston fell asleep with his head pillowed on his arm. The and all the little ones? And do you other sat still, with the miniature in think I would bring such a burden ing, unsatisfied eyes, full of a want ate words and tone. The white lips dawn for them? that the coming years might or might quivered. not satisfy.

Sholooks true," he mused. "Am 1 a fool for deeming all women false because one was untrue-for letting that old disappointment make me what I am-a hard reckless fellow, ing anything; but I have been to sea trying to kill time by cruising about in my uncle's ships, and letting my sailor ? wealth lie useless almost forgotten? "Do not think of it Gilbert; it was it a happy fate that led this lad across my path? Whew! I am getting sentimental over a girl's face;" and would ruin your prospects, dear." "I will send home my pay as soon as we get out there-everything somehow a thought too tremulously sweet for utterance rose up and beat meantimeagainst his heart for utterance. "It must be even yet so that some one bert.' would wa t and watch for me too."

The sun went down-the red died in the west-but the dream of that night kept warm and bright in the heart of the dreamer. 44 *

12

It was a very wet afternoon in

eyes bravely. "Not too hard. You must not October. The twilight was closing, pity me; you, too, have to bear. and the lamps in the busy little Gilbert, I have known your secret and the lamps in the busy more long." station of Ripston threw a bright long." "Guard it well, Mog; it is an unwere waiting for the train now due— "Now, good bye. Let me have one among them a girl with a pale yet smile to take across the sea. God sweet face, and golden hair peeping keep us all-till we meet again !" from beneath a shabby, black bonnet. Sho was dressed in a time-worn water- the girl, trying to still her heart's proof cloak, and carried a roll of wild beating as she watched him away. "My Father, give me strength

"I wonder who she is," said one till then." gentleman to another as they walked A few days later came a letter leisurly up and down beneath the with the Plymouth postmark-only shelter of the shed. a few hasty words: "She is roverness to the children. A few hasty words:

fear-one who yet bore on his calm Rectory, Chilling.

"Mamma, be calm-sit down," she irged. them, bidding them work while there was hope, urging, encouraging the vough men whose hearts he held **ay** the power of his brave and knut the power of his brave and knut "Open it," uttered the white lips. words. As the night wore on there read the missive in silence--she could another. was a sudden alarm, and fearful not read it aloud while her heart words werespoken by one with white throbbed madly, and the blood rush-

lips. " The ship has sprung a leak ! "All hands to the pumps! Boys, keep a good heart, for the sake of

those at home! They needed to do so. But for

you something ?' him they had never done it. So the his hand just where the sunset flash-ed on it, revealing a fair face, doubt-pain found utterance in the passion-the back of the back of was so strange. "Yes," she whispered. "I think I can." "It is ours, mamma, yours-the

I teame at last, a groy streak, and "My darling, my heart bleeds when I think of what your sufferings fortune! Do you hear, mamma? then a lurid red in the east. . The The suit is decided in your favor. wind had sunk, the fury of the waves had abated, but the leak remained may be coming this winter. Meg, I We are no longer beggars." "Oh, God this is too much !" would throw up my berth, and stay a dreadful reality. A very little With a sudden cry she fell forward and lay at her daughters feet. in England, if I had a chance of earn-

longer and-Suddenly from the mast-head came a shout—clear, strong, joyous—that rang through the gloom and rose above the sullen sound of the broker the house, bringing the children from their play, and Kate who had just returned, hastened up stairs. surges

"Land ahead!"

The words rolled through the dis-Meg, you may depend upon it; but, mantled ship, and after the hush of "We shall get on somehow, Giljoy, too deep for words, came the answering shout from many throats.

tender fashion. The crew left their labor and crowd-ed around the "lad" who had saved "And, for yourself, my little sis-Conciousness at length returned, and with it the wondrous gladness them—whose brave words and ex-that flooded into the sacred heart ample had borne them up. They making it beat as it had not for many The tone was tender. He took her hands and looked down at her face. Meg's lip quivered, but she lifted her

pressed close to clasp his hand— Then they Then they told Kate the glad tidhard, weather beaten men, to whom he was scarcely more than a boy. Then he spoke in a voice tremu-

joy. In the midst of it all a swinging lous for the first time. He had but to speak to be obeyed. They knelt step sounded on the uncarpeted stairs, around him on the wet deck, and making the mirth suddenly coase. "Now, good bye. Let me have one many there who had long forgotten The door was burst open-there was to pray answered "amen" to a glad cry of "Gilbert !" and he stood eep us all till we meet again !" Gilbert's thanksgiving. A few hours among them, a powdering of snow "Till we meet again !" repeated later, the Desdemona, stripped of her upon his shoulders, and his own

glory, and looking like the ghost of bright smile answering the torrent of welcomes. herself, rode in safe waters. He broke from them to bend over "It is the last resource, mother." the tearful face on the pillow.

"It is no e the less hard." "My dearest boy, they will toll "Mother, it breaks my heart to see you that something has happened,' you fading before our eyes day by she murmured; but he was heedloss yard, but her grave was not forgotten. day, for want of proper nourishment of her words.

THEY ARE 1N USE on the G. W. R., Ontario Government Buildings, London, Belleville, Osha-wa, 'owmanville and many other places in Cannda. Fall particulars on application to that landmark. They married. A daughter was born to them, and died. She was buried in the little church-

W. C. NUNN. General Agont, Domin News at length reached Mr. Cecil,

antness of forcing children to take nauseous medicines. ARCHDALE WILSON & Co., Chemists, Hamilton. Nov. 11