POETRY.

- Trouting. A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER ROMANCE.
- Noath the shadow of a forest.

 Where the breezes murmured low,
 And a merry, laughing brooklet
 Wound its way to fields below;
 Where the spray-drops, lightly dashing.
 Danced and flirted in the air,
 Stood a ledge of rocks, o'erhanging,
 Fair to view, a grotto there.
- Underneath 'twas clean and mossy, Cool and shady all about, While a little pool beside it Sheltered many a speckled trout. And at happened that a maiden, Fair as maiden e'er could be, Set there idly in the sunset. Sat there idly in the sunset, Deep in Hugo's " Sinety-Three."
- And it also happened, strangely, And it also happened, strangery,
 That a drummer, fishing near,
 Wandering down the brooklet's border,
 Chanced to wander idly here;
 And with stealthy step approaching,—
 Noiselessly, for trout are sby,—
 There he softly o'er the edges
 Dropped his most successful fly.
- All, a bite! With eagor hasto
 He drew it up with sudden fling;
 Then a maiden's voice rose wildly,
 "Oh, my head! You horrid thing!"
 And she came, with tears and blushes,
 Forth from out the grotto there,
 With the fly—"the most successful"—
 Taugled in her flowing hair.
- Need we paint the scene that followed, Tears of crystal, blushes chaste, How, at length consoled, the drummer Stole an arm around her waist? Enough to know that e'er the autumn Thrice its treasures shall have shed, One more maiden will have promised, One more drummer will have wed.

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS:

The People Loved Her Much.

But when the tidings burnt upon them like a bombsheil from Ireland that Annesley has actually gone over to what they regard as the barren and barbaric west coast of Ireland, to buy an estate and eventually settle there, lamentations of a loud and reprobatory order arise. The young lady who is champion of the best amateur lawn-tennis club in the country, and who has been looking forward to retaining her prominent and honorable position on the ground where she has gained her laurels, "while her figure lasts," reduced to tears of mortification and disappointment as she reads her lover's letter, though, to do him justice, he has painted all things in rose colored hues.

'It's all Dolly's doing. I feel sure that Robert would never have done such a mad, idiotic, unkind thing if Dolly had not urged she cries, when she had communi cated the contents of the letter to her "I hate the Irish! They all go family. "I hate the Irish! They am go about bare-footed, and eat raw pork and potatoes, and shoot at you from behind hedges. Mamma, I will not go there."

'We must reason him out of the purchase and away from the place," Mrs. Lepell says, reassuringly. She remembers that she has five daughters younger than Marian, and that engagements are not so easily made as broken

I shall take very good care to have your money tied up in such a way that none of i shall be thrown into the bogs of Darragh,' Mr. Lepell says, with becoming emphasis and pomp. "Why on earth Anneslev should and pomp. "Why on earth Annesiev should take a step which he must know very well is directly opposed to my view of things I cannot understand; if he had any cash lying idle I could have invested it for him in a way that would have brought him wealth and reputation and the satisfaction of an honest conscience."

"He will be a county man, won't ?" Mrs. Lepell asks a little anxiously. "After all, if it is 'dirt cheap,' as he says, it may not be a bad investment. 'Mrs. Annesley, Darragh, Galway, and Cavendish Square,' will look very well on the cards.',
"It's all Dolly's doings, I feel sure," says

Marian. "Under that straightforward, generous manner of hers there's a lot I don't like. I know she thinks that when I marry her brother I ought to give up thinking so much about tennis and things of that sort. She's always digging it into me that Robert, and Robert culy, is to be thought of; just as if I didn't know how to behave to the man I am going to marry."
"It's very wrong of any one to come between engaged people," Mrs. Lepsil says, earnestly. "If I thought that Dolly was interfering in any way, I would soon give

her to know that she must cease to med-I shall take very good care that no one meddles with Annesley's money matters but myself if he wants to marry my daughter," Mr. Lepell rejoins. "If he can get this place and let it to a decent tenant, and

the present people stay in and keep things quiet in Ireland, I'll say nothing; but if he takes up residential and regenerating notions, not a penny of Marian's money shall be in his power. I'll tie it up so tightly that no one but herself can touch "In any case that will be the wisest

thing to do, papa." Marian says, a little eagerly. "Just imagine spending money on a place so far away where no one car 'It would look well to some of our

friends if you could ask them in the autumn to your country place, even though it is in Ireland," Mrs Lepell says, with the same sort of magnanimous teleration which she might extend to a suggested temporary sojourn in Timbuctoo or among the Esquimaux.
"Ob, mamma. No! What attractions

could such a place as Robert describes have for any reasonable person? 'Maidenhair ferns, myrtle, and roses in wild luxuriance.' (I hate wild luxuriance.) 'An intensely picturesque fishing colony, called the Clad dagh; and a peasantry that will be-what we make them!" Such a rhapsody about nothing must have been dictated by Dolly," Marian says, crossly.
"I wish Dolly were married and out of

the way pleasantly," Mrs. Lepell says; "her influence will always be against your real interests, for she fosters that nasts habit of independence in her brother which is so extremely reprehensible. If Dolly

is so extremely reprehensible. If Dolly were out of the way Robert would be a lamb in your hands!—a perfect lamb; and your dear papa would be able to forward his interests in so many ways."

"He has got in with a bad lot, I'm afraid," Mr. Lepell says, shaking his head.
"I've never approved of the intimacy with that Killeen set: a title without a represellment. that Killeen set; a title without a rent-roll the friendship of great men! I never to keep it up is a miserable thing!—a most sought yours, did I? though I was anxious to keep it up is a miserable thing !—a most miserable thing, and I'm told that if Lord Killeen had children to bring up he would be a pauper. A pauper with a handle to his name is, to my mind, a contemptible creature. I'd far rather have to deal with my own stamp-men who have raised themselves to affluence by their own ability and perseverance. When I started in life I made up my mind to do certain things, and have certain things, and I've done them and got them solely through my own exertions.

He casts a triumphantly challenging glance round the family circle as he says this, and with the greatest good taste and circumspection they chorus-

"Yes, papa, everybody knows that about you, papa."
"And you've always bad a careful, pruand you've always had a careful, prudent wife at home to supplement your efforts abroal, papa," Mrs. Lepell cackles, with intense self-appreciation. Oh, dear I often think if these dear girls make half as good wives to the men they marry as their mother has been to you, what a bless-

ing there will be on us as a family."
"I don't seem to care to be a good, prudent wife on the West Coast of Ireland,"

hate Dolly more than ever, and she hates her vigorously enough already."

"Poor, dear little woman! I think the way the Mackivers behave to Mrs. St. John

would be a caution to any sensible person not to let a daughter enter their family. Mrs. Lepell says, with a Burleigh like nod of the head. "Mrs. St. John is a woman who is quite able to take care of her own interests; the

Mackivers won't succeed in cowing her down in this neighborhood, for she knows that we support her, my dear," Mr. Lepell says to his wife, in his loftiest tones. Mrs. St. John, who occupies one of the smallest and least pretentious, but withal one of the prettiest and most expensive bijou residences in the neighborhood of Weybridge, has a garden-party and lawn-tennis match this afternoon. Mrs. St. John is a delightful little person, on the right side of the midd'e age, with a "story," and a very presentable personal appearance. She "aims at taking a place among the literary as irants—not the literary 'successes'—of the day," she tells people. And as already she has secome a standing dish in a monthly magazine and a power on one or two weekly periodicals, she may be credited with hav-ing achieved her aim. Her brain is always at work, and her hands are always full. every minute of her time is "precious to herself," she assures her hearers modestly. But she loves to see her friends about her and to hear the laudatory mention they make of her while they knock the tennis-balls about, or partake of her elegantly arranged little banquets, which are neither lunch eons nor toas, but a bewildering, agreeable admixture of both.

One of these little banquets is going on in one of these little banquets is going on in Mrs. St. John's dining room, the whole end of which is window, opening to the south-west, when Marian Lepell's possible ban-ishment to a penal settlement called Galway, a place not even in the United Kingdom, crops up and is discussed. Oddly enough the name of "Darragh" is to sooner mentioned than some one present knows something about it"—after the unpleasant habit some people have of perpetually proving to us that "this world is very small, after all."

very small, after all."
"Darragh! Do you think of going there to live? It belongs to a cousin of mine, Killeen," a man says, who is seated next

to Miss Lepell at the table.
"Mr. Annesley thinks of buying it, so I suppose I shall have to stay there some-times. Can you tell me about the place?" Marian says, in a tone that seems to assume that it is only the culpably ignorant who are not cognizant of Mr. Annesley's existence and of the relation in which he stands to herself—Miss Lepell.

"On, do give us one of your wonderful word-paintings of it, Mr. Thynne," the hostess cries, claeping her plump little hands together, and leaning across the table toward Mr. Arthur Thynne, with a great display of deep interest and cultivated enthusiasm. "Anything about the oppressed land is so absorbingly interesting to me," she continues; "I long to go over there, and work among them, and strive to immor-

There is such an astounding mixture of arrogance and humility in this speech that Arthur Thynne is struck dumb for the first time in his life for a moment or two. Then his vocal powers return with native force. "If Darragh depended upon me, Mrs. St. John, I'd take care to have it in such good case that I could show a very attractive picture of what the Irish can do with their own to English eyes: as it is, it's passed or passing into the hands of an English apothe cary, and for my part I don't care how soon

it's laid waste and become another incentive to action instead of gusty talk." Above all things, Mrs. St. John is a diplomatic woman, and this mention of the man who is engaged to her "dear friend Marian Lepell" as an "English apothecary," especially as it is made by another dear friend Mr. Arthur Thynne, is very terrible to her. To hear Mrs. St. John discourse one would imagine that "her dear friends" outnumbered the hairs on her head or the sands of the sea. Oddly enough, when she comes to individualize and particularize, you lean that each one of those dear friends has "wronged her faith," or "betrayed her trust," or "misunderstood and maligned her." To hear her describe herself you must be made of impenetrable stuff indeed if you not say, but Mrs. St. John shrewdly susdo not perceive her to be one of the meek-est and most long-suffering of women. This view of her case obtains with some copie lastingly, while others are unreasonable enough to date the destruction of some the present time Lady Killeen is a childless friendships that have been dear to them to woman! he day on which they introduced Mrs. St John to the friends who are falling away. De this as it may, she is a very popular little woman in a certain set, and men of the most rigidly moral stamp are heard to inveigh against the "baseness and cowardice of St. John in deserting her in the way

Not that this admirable little woman is separated from her husband! Only "Mr. St. John likes to enjoy himself, and my vocation is—work!" she says, with her pleadingly pathetic smile, to those publishers and editors who interview her. They do not presume to inquire into the history of a lady who is so verbally grateful for their small mercies, but they one and all aver that she "has been abominably treated," and that it "behooves them to give her a lift, i' possible."

Mr. Arthur Thynne, the man who is going in for a Galway borough on Home Rule principles, is the latest addition she has made to the list of able men who believe in her and take her at her own valuation. She learns his articles by heart valuation. She learns his armeres by heart and quotes them to him in an impromptu manner in the most opportune way. is almost surprised at the beauty of the sentences he has constructed himself, when she delivers them in pointed style before people who are open to the influence of what they call "a good delivery." He thinks it is all spontaneous on her part. and has no notion that she takes a weekly lesson in elocution from a gifted lady, who advertises herself as ready to teach "memers of Parliament, clergymen, barristers, and public entertainers generally." how to make themselves understood by their audionces.

"I am in the way of hearing the opinion of a great many leading men in the world of letters about you," she says to Arthur Thynne. "Some way or other they are all kind to poor little me, and I am proud to think that I am treated as a confidential friend by many whose approval is sought in the most sycophantish way by some lady novelists whom I could mention. I take what comes to me, but I never scek -oh! how anxious to gain it; and now I hear from those who are competent to speak on such matters, that you are quite

the 'coming man' of your party—that you will be the Garibaldi of Ireland, in fact." 'No, no," he laughs, "that's a little over "No, no," he laughs, "that's a little over the border; I may serve my country with my pen and help to deliver her with my tongue, but I don't wear a sword in her defence. Who likened me to Garibaldi?" "I must not tell you," she says, hanging her head down, with an air of modest

embarrassment that would be infinitely becoming in a girl. Then she feels that she has blundered in dragging Garibaldi into the conversation in such a way, and so seeks

"Your last article in 'Matter of fact' was surpassingly, entrancingly clever. devoured rather than read it." " More than half of it was written by my

"More than half of it was written by my cousin Darragh," he says, gratefully.

"Was it?" she responds, coolly. "I'm sorry to hear that, for though of course it was the worst half, you may fall into the folly of rolying on her and thinking you can't work without her."

him from that position in a way that strains them in their sockets. "Ir love, are we? I've forgotten all about that sort of thing, though people used to call me a

pretty little woman long ago." This is a difficult remark to answer with that mixture of circumspection and gal lantry which Mr. Thypne deems desirable. On the other hand, he is not at all above feeling that if Mrs. St. John does, as she says she does, know a number of men of "light and leading," that she may be useful to him and to that cause which he has so honestly at heart. On the other hand whatever she might have been in former times, she is anything but a pretty little woman now! But the days of his life in her favor will be surely numbered if he implies this. Accordingly, caution marks the guarded way in his reply. (And let it be here observed that no one can be more cautious on an emergency

than an impulsive son of Erin.)

"It is hard to believe that those years are things of the past," he says, saving his conscience and soothing the lady's vanity at the same time. As uttered by him they sound in Mrs. St. John's ears as if the days of her prettiness were still present in his estimation. But the meaning he attaches to them in his own mind is something rather different.

However this may be, the lady is well pleased with him, and remembering that this young man is on the press and may help her novels on at some future time, she flatters him to the top of his bent, declares that "if there is an Irish Parliament again he will be the leader of the House at least," and leaves him longing for a great crisis to come which may give him the opportunity he pants for of distinguishing himself.

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Killeen and the cadet of his hou-e. Arthur Thynne, have been closeted together in the library for two or thee hours, and the ladies of the family are still in ignorance of the nature of the prolonged

debate. Lady Killeen, indeed, is placidly indifferent. To her Arthur is a person who lacks all interest. In Ireland he has always all interest. In Ireland he has always mixed himself up with the people who had grievances, real or imaginary, against her husband, and whom therefore she cordially and naturally detests. And in England he writes flaming arti-cles in journals that are not of the first form, and she gets congratulated about them, as one of the family, by obnoxious people who will persist in regarding the elever young political litterateur as a person of whom she ought to be proud.

Among these obnoxious people is Mrs. St. John, who resembles a snowball in the force and power she possesses of rolling along and gaining as she rolls. The pro lific and popular authoress is not at all the sort of person who, or a superficial view of the case, would be deemed likely to become the familiar friend of Lady Killeen, who, if she is anything marked, is proudly stupid, and stupidly afraid of derogating from her own dignity. But Mrs. St. John has mastered her completely, and established herself on such a footing in the house that Lady Killeen's older friends stand no chance against her. But when she sings the praises of Arthur Thynne she oversteps the mark, and causes Lady Killeen to remember that "these people are all very well in their way, but are sadly deficient in tact."

"Mr. Thynne is a renegade from the politics of his family, and a less good-natured man than Lord Killeen would disown him altogether," she says, when Mrs. St. John unadvisedly purreforth a flattering prophecy concerning him. "I wish you wouldn't praise him up to me. Marie." her ladyship goes on fretfully, "I always feel him a drag on our wheel. If it were not for him that goose Darragh would marry Lord Portbank; besides," she adds, with an angry blush, "I've other reasons for disliking him, and for wishing with all my heart that I might never hear of Arthur

pects that one of the most cogent of them is that, failing male issue to the present Lord Killeen, the literary young sgitator is heir to the title and estates. And up to

But though Lady Killeen is indifferent to what may be passing between her hus-band and his cousin during this long privy council which they are holding, there is on with her who is almost agonizingly on the qui vive as to the result of it. Darragh knows that Arthur is going to ask some-thing of his cousin this day which if refused will niske him a reckless man, if not a win make him a reckiess man, it not a desperate one. Already he has spent more borrowed money than he can hope to repay in certain expenses which he regards as necessary preliminaries to the coming election. Now he wants funds from Lord Killcen in order that he may fight for a position in which he can powerfully advo-cate the views to which Lord Killeen is stanchly opposed. He has been a bold man to go to his cousin this day with such a request! But Darragh prays that his cool

courage will meet with its due reward. ("If Harry act for himself he will do a good-natured thing, even if he thinks it an unwise one; but if he comes to his wife for an opinion she'll give it against Arthur, and sneer at him for wanting it into the bargain. How I wish I could be with him; how I wish Lady Killen would go out and

do some of her everlasting shopping.")

Darragh thinks this as she sits in the morning-room with Lady Killeen. Lady Killeen is painting one of a set of deserphates; she is a woman who prides herself upon being always employed, and really does do a vast number of things which are neither useful nor beautiful indifferently well. Darragh is doing—nothing! that worst of sins in the eyes of busily idle

people.
"Are you going to waste the whole morning. Darragh?" the elder lady asks. looking up from the work which is growing under her brush. "You might just as well be out gaining health if you do nothing when you stay in."
"Killeen couldn't ride with me this

morning," Darragh says briefly.
"Oh! no, Arthur is taking up his time, I believe. I hope, now he has come to town that he is not going to be an habitue of this

"Arthur, at least, is not apt to waste his time; you needn't fear that he will come here too often, Annette," Darragh says, so quietly that Lady Killeen is in doubt as to whether there is sarcastic meaning in the words or not. However, she resolves to tell her husband that "his cousin Darragh has been very rude to her again this morning, and that, long-suffering as she is, she cannot be expected to put up with veiled

insults forever."

Presently Darragh rises and moves toward the door. She can bear it no longer, this suspense; she must find out what the men of her house are talking about.
"Where are you going?" Lady Killeen

asks sharply as Darragh opens the door, and Darragh, a little in resentment at the tone employed toward her, answers incisively— "To the library - to my cousins!"
"You must do nothing of the kind, Dar-

ragh," Lady Killeen says, looking up with sciutilating eyes and a heightened color. "In my house at least you shall not run after Arthur Thynne——" Still holding the door in her hand, Darragh wheels round suddenly, and leans her back against it in an attitude in which

grace, ease and defiance are superbly min-

plump chest, and throwing her eyes up at | ter, free to go where and to whom I | title my father had none, and I never retort. pleased! But you have reminded meeffectually new!"

She has passed out of the room and closed the door behard her before Lady Killeen re covers her powers of speech. By the time she has done this there is no one to listen to her, and her hands hakes too much many excitement for her to continue painting with anything like success. So she gets up and does the very thing Darragh has been unswerving selfishness.

Mr. Thyune's meditations are of rather a to her, and her hand shakes too much from

to her husband.

The interview has been long and not altogether a pleasant or peaceful one. The favor which the younger cousin has asked of the elder involves so much, affects so many interests, that it has been asked with effort and refused with pain. But refused it has been definitely, and there are marks of the storm after the conflict of feeling apon both men when Lady Kelleen joins

It is true that they are smoking eigareties of peace, and that they have been in opposition more or less violent to one another is plainly visible.

"You here, Arthur?" Lady Killeen says, in a way that is to lead him to suppose his presence is a surprise, and not too pleasant a one to her. "I had an idea that you gentlemen of the press worked in the morning, at least. I'm glad you can afford the time and money to waste in idleness and expensive cigare."
"No; we work by night chiefly—like

your ladyship and the moles—in the dark."
"Arthur and I are having a business talk. Annette. We haven't finished it yet,' her husband puts in hurriedly, for he has a good-natured horror of wordy war and spiteful sparring, and he knows that Arthur is not in the mood now to bear insolont speeches peaceably. Lord Killeen is very fond of his Annette, and really believes her to be a most excellent and superior person. But his regard for her does not blind him to the fact that she does not show the smoothest side of her character

to his relations.

"And I shouldn's have interrupted your business talk if I had not been disturbed n my work-my painting-by Darragh, Lady K licen says, bridling her head, and speaking with an expression of dislike to Miss Thynne which makes Arthur's blood tingle in his verus. "Like some other members of your family she makes a point of being the reverse of respectful to me; but this morning she has been downright rude-succred at my being mistress of this house, and insimuated that she ought to hold the position, as it belonged to her father when he was alive, and altogether behaved in a way that has spoilt my morn-ings work and made me feel quite ill and hysterical."

She gulps a sob up and then gulps it down again in order to prove the velucity of her statement as she says this, and looks at Arthur in a triumphantly vindictive way that makes him set his teeth fast in order to subdue the temptation to answer her Lord Killeen fidgets, looks imploringly at her, and then, finding that she will not go till he has said something, attempts to

smooth things over.
"I'm sorry you've been bothered, dear and stopped in your painting. Such a lovely dessert-set Annette is painting! You must see it, Arthur," Killeen says, deprecatingly; but his wife is not to be diverted from her course of condemnation of his cousins by this obvious attempt to

flatter her.
"Indeed, I shouldn't think of showing them to Mr. Thynne," she says, bitterly "I know too well the disparaging remarks that would be made 'about' them, even if they were not made to me. I have not forgotten the way in which both your cousing derided my efforts to anuse those ungrateful people at Killeen. I shall not risk being subjected to that sort of thing again from Mr. Thynne." This was a reference to an abortive at-

tempt Lady Killsen had made to sing Irish melodies to her own harp accompanionent to the tenants and laborers on Lord Killeen's hereditary estates. Her efforts on the occasion had been rewarded with much outspeken praise and gratitude from her audionce, but neither Darragh nor Arthur had flattered her enough. They had simply told her it was "very nice," and she wanted it to be called a "brilliant per-

formance." "I'm sorry you won't let me see the plates," Arthur says, good-temperedly. He has got over his chagrin by this time, and merely feels profound pity for Killeon for being under the galling thumb of his exemplary wife. So he seeks to make things pleasanter by saving he is sorry she won't let him see the plates, and then goes on to tell her a secret which he has only just learnt himself concerning the art of china-

painting.
It is hard to receive valuable information which may be of real and immediate service to you from a person whom you

But Lady Killeen triumphs over this mean feeling to the extent of listening to what he tells her and determining to act upon it, for she does want to make the dessert-service a success! It is to be shown, "not for competition," at an approaching big art exhibition, and she wants the world to see what an accomplished and industrious member of society she is, in addition to being Lady Killeen. So, though Killeen has refused his request, and Lady Killeen has stung him to the quick, Arthur presently leaves the house with the feeling that he has done and said nothing which may cause him to forfeit the privilege of returning to it.
"Cau I see Darragh?" he inquires as he

s about to leave, finding that he is not to

be asked to stay to luncheon.
"Darragh is out," Lady Killeen says snavely, and as a cloud of disappointment darkers his face the amiable matron feels that she has scored another against him. Proud as she is of the title to which she has attained, and of her position as the wife of Lord Killeen, she is not at all disposed to regard Lord Killeen's family as anything but unpardonably presumptuous in being better born and bred than herself. Accordingly, on every occasion, she takes the opportunity of asserting her diguity and present superior social power before them, utterly regardless of the fact of her doing so being painful to her husband, who is full of the milk of human kinkness, and of traditional strong, warm, family feeling.

"Tell her to write me and say when she will be in. I want to see her and consult her about something." he says, and Lord Killeen nods assent and says hur-

riedly : "All right, all right! You must come ere and dine one night before Annette and I run away to cool ourselves; London's a perfect oven now. Oddly enough I can stand extreme heat anywhere but in London. Annette and I think of cruising about the Mediterranean court next month. Annette's such a capital sailor that I'm thinking of getting hold of a bigger yacht, and emulating the Musseys. The worst of it is

Darragh doesn't like the sea."

"I'm not ging to be entirely tied by Darragh's likes and dishkes," Lady Killeen says, swelling with importance. And then Arthur does finally take his departure, making up his mind as he goes that he must bestir himself in a hundred ways. Darragh has to be redeemed from slavery -as well as Ireland!

It is a mere trifle to Lady Killeen that her husband finds out that Darragh is at home almost the minute after Arthur has left the house.
"In was she, all the time?" she says.

"To tell the truth, I was not too anxious to know where she was; she has so thor-oughly upset and offended me this morning. Before you, of course, Darragh is always polite and pleasant enough, but I

though there are many things I might say

if I liked to be abgenerous."
"I'm always awfully corry when I hear of Darragh and you not getting on to cetter," he says with grantee concern, for "blood is the cour than water," and he likes his cuttin well, but at the same time

ombre nature as he walks away to his club from his cousin's house. Killeen is an excellent fellow, open-hearted, open-handed, as a rule, but on the present cocasion be has shut his hand against Arthur in a most unmistak-able way. "It is a great pity," Mr. Thynne able way. "It is a great pity," Mr. Thynne feels, for a little money honorably and judi ciously disimbursed at the present juncture n the West of Ireland would have secure his return by a majority of temperate and instruction by a majority of temperate and right-feeling men! As it is! "Well as it is, I shall have to go in for the whole thing, and held out a hand to the Land League men," he tells himself, and he is almost surprised at feeling a doubt as to whether the Land League men will take the proffered hand.

As a beginning he goes to his own rooms astead of to his club, and writes off in hot haste an article for a Liberal London paper, in which he commits himself to such extreme Home Rule views that he will have great difficulty in ever suggesting moderation again that is, if his article lives in the memory of any man beyond the hour, which as a journalist he knows is an extremely improvable contingency. But the mere act of writing " settles him in his saddle," and fixes him more firmly than ever in his letermination to ride his hobby of a free and, happy Ireland for the Irish to the end—whether bitter or not. And when he has sent his copy in, and there is no possibility of revising it, he

To be continued.)

Mrs. St. John for applause.

Very stard Indeed. Very stard indeed.

There are so many things that appear unnecessary, and which for the life or us we can see neither purpose nor end. It may be corns are just one of those thorns in the flesh the whys and the wherefore of which we cannot see. Nevertheless it y are of the kind that are easily removed. Patnam's Paintess Corn Extractomakes short work of them. Try it and see how nicely it coaxes them out. Use none other than rutnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists.

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—"Five doctors; no end of medicine; no relief-Dr. Benson's Skin Care has driven away all eraptions and I'm nearly well." Ida C. Young, Hamilton, Ilis.

-The home-stretch-The morning yawn Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice sames, bed bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmonks ophers 15c.

- A pen picture-A litter of pigs.

I'HE SKILL IN COMBINING A THE SKILL IN COMBINING A complicated medicinal preparation with the various ingredients so adjusted and harmonized as to scure toleration and assimilation by irradio stomachs, and the special action or form or energy of each separate agent, and as the sine time on effect pecuniar to the chemical manipulation of the compound, is acquired only by long and patient study of the properties and uses of medicine, and cannot be imparted from brain to brain any more than a jugger can endow an onlooser with the capacity of Reeping a number of balls in motion in the air by showing limit how it is done. This explains the While Eleler's Phosphilates And Calibara, an outcome of exercises, accomplisses the

an outcome of experience, accomplishes the object contemplated, while he translutent initiations substituted by some druggists disappoint the invalid. -A rough calculation-betting on a

Skinny Mea. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and rigor, cures Dyspepsia Impotence, Sexual Dennty. 31.

-Two for ascent-A pair of ballconists.

STARTLERG WEAKNESS. General and Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Lack of Self-confidence, Prematary Loss of Main'y Vigor and Powers, are common results of excessive intuigence or youthful induscretions and permetous softary practices. Victims whose mainboot has thus been wreeked by self-abuse should address, with three letter stimps, for large intertaction for the retainer from ginesing of perfect cure, World's Dispensary Medical

-The poultry farmer and the carriagemaker know how to make a coop pay.

"DHAGGING PAINS." Dr. R. V. : IERCE, Buffalo, N.Y. : Dear Sir, - My Dr. R. V. PERCES, Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir,—My wise had suffered with "female weathersees" for nearly three years. At times she natedy move, and had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Frescription" advertised, but supposed the most patent medicines it did not amount to any timing, but at hast concluded to try a bottle, which sho did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cared her. Yours, etc.,

-A rough calculation-Betting on fight.

Dr. Pierce's "Pollets," or sugar-coated granules Dr. Ferces Tences, or segar-constituence of ma--the original "fitte liver pins" (beware of ma-tations)—cure sick and thirous headache, cleause the stomach and bowels and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Ferce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 20 cents per vint be drugerist. vial, by druggists.

-A crop report can be heard a long

That wonderful catholicon known as Mrs That wonderful estholicon known as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegotable Compound has given the may a world-wide reputation for uoing good. It is like a hving spring to the vital constitution. Her Blood Purincr will do more to cleanse the channels of the circulation and purily the hie of the body than all the sanitary devices of the Board of Health.

-The latest wrinkle in cuffs is caused by

The Worst Cases of weakness, exhaustion, impotency and all diseases and weakness of the generative organs can be cured by Magnetic ledicine

-A no-table event is a picnic where one must sit on the ground to eat. *** Help yourself and others will help you.

the contribution of the beautiful prices, costroness, etc. The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Knarey-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well known wholesale drugglets. Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, vt., to prepare it for tale in liquid form as well as in dry form. The C. P. R. track was laid into St. Kirk,

Man., on Friday night. Explicit directions for every use are given

with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivery, Hair, etc. Competent judges, taking department

reports to the Government as a basis, esti-mate the value of domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves in European Russia at 15,000,000 roubles, or about \$12, 000,000. To this great sum must be added the value of the wild animals which the wolves kill, the rendeer in Siberia alone representing - high figure. The annual loss of human life is never accurately known, but in 1875 the police reported 10.1 persons killed by wolves.

The reople residing on the shores of Lake Marian says, laughing rather dolefully.

Mer," he replies.

"I forgot for a moment that this was not move that this was not my father's house any longer, and only by; she always takes care to make me her plump chin archly down upon her remembered that I was my father's daughter.

Marian says, laughing rather dolefully.

Mer," he replies.

"O! in love are we?" she says, pressing not near source of Lake Champlain nave gone crazy over of a few pieces of Spanish gold coin by; she always takes care to make me her plump chin archly down upon her remembered that I was my father's daughter.

As an inducement to the practice of economy in the use of coal upon passenger en-gines, the Luckawanna will give one half the cust of the coarsaver to the engineer whose



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THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. There is only one way by which any disease can be one do, and that is by removing the cause-whatever it may be. The great medicel authorities of the day declare that nearly overy disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warnen's Enter than achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placthem in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For ell Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. "e-were of impostors, imitations and concectic staid to be just as good.

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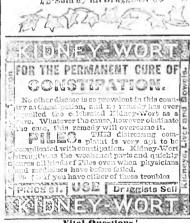
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Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely 69 It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach and backache, is always perm mently one 11 y the use For the cure of Kidney Complaints Polither nos

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man woman or emid. Insist on having to.

Rath the Compound and Blood Purifler are prepared as a standard Western Avenue, Lyon, Mass. Trace or either, fit. Six bottles for go. Sent by near to the form of pills, or of logarizes, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Plutham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Racloss 3st etamp. Lend for pumpil t. No family should be without LTDIA E. PINEGAY!
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and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box. AW Sold by all Drugglas. Ca



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Ask the most ominent physician Of any school what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and enring all forms of nervous com-plaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? ways? And they will tell you unhesitatingly 'Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retail urine, and all the diseases and allments peculiar to

Morent"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu,"
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, bilicusuess, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
"Mandrake! or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these romedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a
(Concluded next week.)

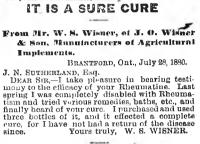
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It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Dile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chil ere bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will tenely relieve and quickly cure. In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it. 41- SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1. KIDNEY-WORT

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