Devoatly to be wished. To try to keep Accounts I percharce outrun—kye, there's the rul For in that dream of bliss what bills may come Which now we shuffle off with little toil. But then must pay. There's the prospect That makes men shy to venture on a wife; For who would bear the quick inroads of time, The comic song, the fast man's company, The pangs of secret love, the coquette's play, The solitary lodging wherein burns The impatient spirit at its lonely fate, But that the dread of something past a jest—That undiscovered station, from whose bourne No bachelor returns, muzzles the will, That undiscovered station, from whose bourne No bachelor returns, muzzles the will, And makes us rather bear the ills we have Than fly to others we know not of; Thus caution does make cowards of us all, And in a state of weak irresolution, Our fix'd intentions fail and come to naught, While enterprising girls, with wit and beauty, Thus on our guard to attract us vainly try, And lauguish in dejection.

—New York Telegram.

AGORDON'S PRIDE CHAPTER XVI.

Ethel Gordon smiled when Helen Digby

bade her good-morning, and, contrary to her usual rule, kissed her.

"You are looking so well, this morning, Ethel," she said; "your face has all the

bloom and freshness of a rose.' More than once that day Ethel wondered if anything would happen to prevent their She might have known the state of her heart from the fact that, whenever she thought of any obstacle arising, her regret was not to be able to enjoy her triumph over Miss Digby. She thought but little of any pain that might arise from

losing Laurie Nugent.

But it was not in the decrees of fate that anything should happen to prevent the marriage of Sir Leonard's daughter.

Early on Wednesday morning Laurie Nugent went over to Holmleigh to make arrangements for the marriage. The story he told to the rector of St. Ann's—the Rev. Mr. Brian—was fully known only to himself.
There was some pathetic history of an orphan girl living in some uncongenial, unhappy home, and he, on the point of starting for abroad, on a most sudden and unexpected journey, wished to marry her and take her with him. Mr. Bain thought himself doing a very meritorious deed when he consented to marry them.

Then Laurie Nugent made all other

needful arrangements—instead of going to Austria, he intended to start at once for America. "Mr. and Mrs. Nugent" were to take their passage in one of the steamers belonging to the great Inman line. He had thought over this plan for some time, and then decided that it was quite safe. He did not intend to give Ethel time to say anything to Miss Digby, nor did he intend any of them to see her again.

'She must share my lot henceforward.' he said, " and forget all about them."
Then it struck him that much as Ethel had spoken to him of her home, he had never asked her where it was, nor had be made any inquiries as to her father's rank

life.
"It shows how deeply and heartily I love the girl," he thought to himself. have never stopped to ask one question about her affairs. If she had all the money in the world. I could love her no more than I do; if she has none, I love her just as much. The chances are that, if she were th agreatest herress in England, it would be impossible for me to claim what is hers. It is Ethel I want-Ethel with her grand dower of youthful beauty—and not money."

He arranged in his own mind that when they were married he would at once return to the hotel, while Ethel lingered in the woods; he would send all his luggage away and with it, unnoticed, two large boxes of hers. They could meet together at the station and come away from St. Ina's; would defy fate. Ethel would want to have her own way—to throw down the gauntlet to Miss Digby; but he would invent some excuse for getting her to the station, and then, finding resistance useless, she would submit. Everything was arranged in his own mind, and to his own satisfaction, when he returned to the

Some gentleman who played beautifully on the harp had been asked to give the ladies the pleasure of hearing him; the harp was brought out on the lawn, and Lauria quite a concert. He thought of the scene for years afterward—the sun shining so brightly on the lawn and gleaming on the fountains, the flowers all in bloom, the rustling toliage of the limes looking golden in the brilliant light, the soft, sweet music sounding above the songs of the birds, and the murmur of the fountains. He saw Helen Digby seated by Lady Stafton's side, each listening intently to the music. He went over to them, and Helen looked up at him with a kindly smile.

'You have been away all day have you not. Mr. Nugent ?"

Ethel was standing by her side, and Laurie stole a glance at her as he replied— "Yes, I have been away on very important business, and I am glad to say that I have met with perfect success." Their eyes met for a moment, and then hers drooped, and a burning blush spread

over her lovely face. Success is always charming."

elen, little dreaming what Laurie Nugent's success implied.
"I have never found it so welcome as in

the case of the business I have been about to day," he said, laughing.

He lingered with them, talking princi pally to Miss Digby, and glancing occasionally at the beautiful face drooping over the As for Ethel, she saw nothing, she heard nothing, plainly; it was one confusing whirl to her. The whisper of the wind, the rushing of the leaves, the rippling of the fountains, the music of the harp, all said but one thing to her-"I am to be married to-morrow." She heard those " married to-morrow"—in every sound that fell upon her ears, until she began to wonder whether she was losing her

reason or not. It was one of the pleasantest and gayest evenings that had ever been spent at the Queen's Hotel; Ethel Gordon remembered forever afterward. Years were to pass before beauty and music and perfume would have any charm for her again

asked that night was the one that came so often from his lips—
"Have any strangers arrived?" And

the answer was as usual: "No."

CHAPTER XVII. The morning dawned bright and fair

the dew lay shining on the grass and flow ers, the wood-pigeons were cooing, the plover crying among the corn, when Ethel Gordon quietly left the house on her fatal errand. The morning was not fresher or fairer than she; her face had the delicate, exquisite bloom of the wild rose, her eyes were bright as stars, with the golden light deepening in them. She looked round on the scene enciroling her, she raised her blue heavens, and thought to herself how fair all nature was bathed in the morning light.
A great cluster of passion-flowers stood

near the gate which led from the lawn to the coppice. The coppice led to the woods, and Laurie was waiting there for her, she

She stooped to gather some of the sad. grand, mystical flowers—they were all wet with dew, which she flung from the leaves, looking into the flowers' depths and admiring the sweet symbols. Roses were growing there, too, and large white lilies, and long sprays of blue convolvulus; but she passed all these, and filled her hands with

the passion-flowers.
"My wedding-day!" she thought to her-

knew this was my wedding day?"

ness of the morning when she remembered that to day Helen Digby would meet her fate. Then at the end of the coppice she saw Laurie Nugent with an impatient eager look on his handsome face. She had just time to note that he wore a beautiful white hyacinth, and then he caught sight of her and hastened to clasp her in his arms "My darling Ethel, how beautiful you look this morning! You shame the sun and the flowers. Oh, Ethel, the sun may well shine so brightly—it is our wedding day!" They walked on side by side, and the beauty of the scene deepened in the wood. The dew lay more thickly on the grass, the sunlight fell brokenly through the thick foliage, producing varying lights and shadows. The solitude deepened, too, and they seemed to be walking away from the rest of the world into a fairyland of their

own. Laurie turned to take her hands in his "Shall we ever see anything so fair as

this woodland scene, or be so happy again in this world?" he said. "Lay your hands in mine, Ethel, and let us talk. Smile your brightest, my darling-it is our wedding day.' She gave him one hand only. "I cannot

spare the other," she explained. "You forget my flowers."

His attention had been so entirely absorbed in her beautiful face that he never

even looked at them; but now he bent forward, and she was startled by a low cry from his lips—by the sudden palor of his

face.
"Why, Ethel," he cried "these are pas sion flowers! Who ever heard of a bride with a bouquet of passion flowers? What an evil omen my darling! I am not superstitious, but it has frightened me.' Nor am I superstitious," she said,

laughing.
"Why did you gather them?" he asked. Passion-flowers on a wedding day! Why did you gather them, Ethel?"

I do not know. They were shining with dew and close to my hand. I cannot give you any other reason than that." You will throw them away, will you not, Ethel?"

She looked admiringly at them. "I think not," she replied. "That would be giving way to superstition. I come of a race that knows no fear, that never looks back, that abides by what is done. The motto of our house is, 'Gordon abides by what Gordon does.' I gathered these flowers thoughtlessly, I own, for my wedding bouquet, but I shall take them with me. 'It is an evil omen, Ethel."

We will pay no heed to it. I have no But he gave her no answering smile.

"Throw them away, Ethel, I implore

The idea seemed to her both weak and owardly. "They must go with me," she returned.

What influence can it have on my future life that I was married with passion-flowers in my hand?" Seeing that she would not yield, Laurie

said no more. They walked on through the dewy brightness of the summer woods until the spire of the old church came in view, and then Ethel stopped and her face lost its color.
"Laurie, it is a serious thing, marriage

am almost frightened at it now."
"'Gordon abides by what Gordon does," he quoted. "You have promised, Ethel you must not break your word."

"I have no thought of doing so," she replied, haughtily; but I am frightened. I had forgotten how solemn a thing marriage is. We are going into a church, and churches always seem to me so near heaven. O. Laurie, Laurie!" she cried, "marriage lasts until death, and I am not sure if I love you well enough." ou well enough." But he endeavored to calm her. "My darling Ethel you are nervous. You

are usually brave, my love; you must not lose courage. Ethel, like other young girls, have you ever dreamed of your wedding day ?"
"Not often," she replied.

"Did you ever think it would be like this —walking through a dewy summer wood, the morning air fresh and sweet on your face, the song of the birds in your ears, the flowers, like a bevy of fair bride-maids. blooming around you? she answered; "I never dreamed ' No."

of such a wedding as this."

They entered the churchyard, and one more Laurie Nugent asked her to throw the passion flowers away. Once more she refused; and by the green graves of the silent dead, Sir Leonard's daughter—bright, beautiful, proud Ethel Gordon passed on her way to the marriage altar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ethel Gordon never forgot that old church of St. Ann's—a gray old building with tapering spire. As she entered she seemed to bring with her the fragrance of the limes and the wild flowers.

At first it seemed as though the church were filled with a gray, soft gloom; and then, at the east end. Ethel saw a great stained-glass window, a very marvel of richness and color. The sun was shining full upon it, and great patches of purple and crimson, of orange and blue, of violet and green lay on the floor, on the carved oaken seats, on chancel and nave. There were figures of triumphant saints on the windows—saints with palm-branches and golden crowns. In after years she found each one impressed upon her memory. There was a silence—a stillness—a holy calm that seemed to be breathed from heaven; it was broken only by the song of the birds outside and the rustling of the leaves in the wind.

Ethel knelt down, her heart beating fast with emotion. What she had said perfectly true—she had not reflected upon the solemn aspect of marriage; and it came to her like a shock. Revenge upon Helen Digby! No such thoughts could live in that holy calm; they fled from her, leaving the one fact bare—that she was about to become Laurie Nugent's wife. It came upon her almost like a shock. Even then, was, she would have abandoned her project—she would have given up all idea of revenge and marriage. Something of this Laurie Nugent must have read in her face. for he grasped her hand, whispering-It is too late now; we must go on with

it, my queen."
She looked at the pictured faces of the saints with golden orowns—a wild idea took posession of her to cry out to some one to save her—that she had been entrapped, over persuaded—that she did not love the man she was going to merry; and again the keen instinct of his passionate love told Laurie Nugent the nature of her thoughts. You are filled with nervous fancies, my dear Ethel. Hark! the very birds seem to sing more joyfully because it is our wed-

ding-day. While he was saying the words a white haired minister entered, and Laurie Nugent and Ethel went up to the altar togetherthe altar that was beneath the great eastern window, from which the mystical lights were falling. Two witnesses were there, but Laurie Nugent never even saw them : they were servants from the rectory, whom the rector had told to be present. Laurie Nugent never saw them, for his whole attention was engrossed by his young bride. For the first time he noticed her dress-s soft, shining violet silk; and where she stood the light from the stained glass window fell upon her—one great dash of pur-ple lay at her feet, a bar of crimson quivered on her dress, and on the beautiful head there shone a glow of gold. Her lovely face was pale with emotion, yet is shone like a fair flower amidst the mystica lights-fairer than the pictured faces of the saints; and in her hand she still held the dewy passion flowers.

No artist ever dreamed of a picture more

fair. Laurie Nugent's eyes lingered upon her; and then the solemn, beautiful mar riage service commenced.

Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" As she gave one glance at the golden crowns of the saints, and one at the whitehaired minister, whose head was so reverently bent, the impulse again seized her to ory out; but Laurie Nugent looked at her, and held her hand tightly, and the said the words that made her his wife. She bent her head when the recto uttered the blessing, and at that moment

'I cannot bear to see you in the midst of those changing lights." She obeyed him; and then, in a few minutes, the ceremony was ended. He left her kneeling there, while he gave the recto such a fee as astonished him, and one to each of the witnesses He went into the

" and I must ask you to pardon my saying that I have never seen a more lovely bride. Be kind and loyal to her."

Then he went away; but for long after wards the rector remembered the fair young girl, as she stood amidst the changng lights, with the passion-flowers in her

Ethel Gordon was Laurie Nugent's wife. t seemed to her like a dream. She and ner husband walked, hand in hand, down the broad path, and then he noticed that all the glowing color was dying from the lovely face, and that the hand he held in

give way now. You are tired-faint, perhaps; all this has been too much for you. See, here is a large tree; sit down under the shade of it.'

and she sat down upon it. Laurie by her The rest revived her. He looked eide.

of proud young beauty."

They sat for a few minutes in silence

and then Laurie took the passion flowers from her.
"I shall keep these until I die," he said.

kiss my wife's face, Ethel?"
She raised it and he wondered again at

its exquisite beauty; the faint flush of returning color was more dainty than the bloom of a wild rose. He bent his head

your way, for I must return to the hotel first. If you are there by 11 I will have

said, with a quiet smile.

greatest surprise she has ever had in all her life. What will she say when she knows that I am your husband, and that we are going to Austria?"

Ethel laughed; and then it struck her that the laugh seemed out of harmony with

Laurie had thought of an excellent plan, as he imagined. He would get her away from St. Ina's under the pretext of starting at once for Austria. She would not know what tickets he had purchased, and he would not tell her they were on the road to Liverpool until they had gone some dis-tance, and then it would be too late for her

talking of Helen Digby, dwelling on the keenness of her disappointment, and then it was time to go. The church clock struck 9, and an old fashioned chime played

Suddenly Ethel gave a little ory; she a stone that was hidden in the grass, and had bruised the tender skin.

"I did not know that this was a grave,"

years before we were born. We have been talking about love with death so near

He would not own that her words startled

"Mv sweet wife!" he said, "you are ervous and tired. You have strange fancies this morning, but you will soon forget them all. Now we must part."

overshadowed it 'You will be home, then, by 11, Ethel?

he said. "Yes," she replied—"and then for our grand denouement. Helen Digby may bid farewell to hope of ever being my father's

For years afterward Laurie Nugent saw Ethel in his dreams as he saw her then, the sunlight falling on her, her sweet, flowerlike face smiling on him, the fair head proudly raised as she bade him fare ell—"only for a few hours," he thought.
For one minute he held her in his arms.

the high-road; and no warning, no present-iment came to her of how they should meet again.

Ethel watched the tall figure of her husband until he was out of sight, and then she opened the gate and passed through into the woods. She had nearly two hours to inger there. She took out her pretty jeweled watch, Sir Leonard's last present, and looked at it: it was five minutes past 9. She could walk to St. Ina's easily in half an hour, so that she had plenty of time to dream by the brook that was rippling near her. Amidst the glory of the golden sushing

and the gleam of the deep green foliage she sat down to rest and to dream. The flowers were blooming around her, the air was full of music and perfume, the brook was hastening onward, and she lost herself pe pleased when he saw her handsome hus oand, or would he be cross? She remembered that he never looked angrily on her that he never would. Then her fancy strayed to Helen Digby-Helen, whom she

-Helen, who was so soon to be deprived of Ethel was so noble and generous by nature that she could not rejoice over the

all her unjustly gained advantages.

once Helen Digby was crushed, then Ethel's

own hand would raise her. Only let her

Leonard and reigning at Fountayne, and

was not one of those who could pursue

worsted foe, or triumph maliciously over fallen enemy. She was too true a Gordon

for that. Even now, when the hour of her

den revelation of the sanctity of marriage-

now, henceforth and for ever, she was to be

true to Laurie-to love, honor and obey

him-to seek happiness by his side, and she was almost frightened at what she had

done.
"I wish," she said to herself, "that I

had thought more of the sanctity of mar-riage, and less of revenge." Suddenly she remembered the time, and

looking again at her watch, found it half past 10. She must walk to St. Ina's by 11.

Good-bye to the leafy shade, the rippling brook, the blooming flowers, the sweetly

singing birds!
She hastened through the woods. The wind stirred the rich brown hair, and

brought a lovely color into her face. In the

distance she saw the shining waters of the

restless sea; and she said to herself the

nour of her triumph and her enemy's down

She reached the grounds of the hotel.

and, crossing the lawn, it struck her that

there was an unusual stir and subdued

excitement about the place. The visitors

were standing in groups of twos and threes, talking eagerly and earnestly. She caught a glimpse of the manager; his face was

pale and anxious. As she approached the principal entrance, she heard him say—

to the house for any amount of money.

"I would not have had such a disgrace

She smiled to herself, little dreaming

what that disgrace was.

When she entered the hall, the manager

and his wife and several of the servants were together, and were talking in low tones. At the end of thehall she saw a

policeman, and farther on she caught a glimpse of some one bound and handouffed

-she could not distinguish who it was. It did not concern her, she thought to herself,

and she entered the drawing-room on the

left. She hardly gave another thought to

slowly away. Long years were to pass before she ever saw the same proud beauty

on her face again.
Where was Miss Digby, and where was

her husband, Laurie Nugent?
"He was to have been here at 11," she

She listened, thinking that she heard

tive, say--"He must be taken to London; I have my

orders. If he continues to resist, he must

be strapped down. Go he must and shall!'

had an invalid wife, or the cheerful, obliging

one who never seamed to tire. The cry of a man's voice reached her as she passed

along.
"I hope they will be merciful to him,

opened the door of the room where

"Ethel," she asked where have you

been? I do not wish to seem hard, but I

must say, my dear, that I do not think it is

quite right of you to absent yourself for so

nany hours without saying anything to me.

You must remember that you are in my charge; and you make me anxious."

Ethel laughed a low, sweet, musical

she herself would triumph! It was the last time that she would dare to ask such ques-

"Where have you been, Ethel?" Mis

Her eyes fell on the ormolu clock; it was

ting time and opportunity for such a scene.

Why did he not come?"
"You know, my dear Ethel," pursued

Helen, "that I never interfere with your

actions needlessly. I know there is no real

Ethel laughed again—there was so little

need for such a promise. She, with her husband, would soon be far away. Helen

Digby's reign was almost over; a few

ninutes more and the triumph would come

"He must be here soon," she thought to herself. "I am glad that Lady Stafton is

She looked at Helen Digby's calm, kind

have any place among them!

Where was Laurie? Ethel was growing

impatient; this triumph of hers seemed very sweet now that it was so near at hand

What gratification to be able to look at her rival and say: "I was left in your charge

-given into your care—and you have failed

completely. I am married, and am going

make her disclosure increased. When she had humbled her rival, when she had taken

from her her father's love and all chance of

ever reigning at Fountayne, she would h

friendly with her, and kind enough. Ethel

laughed again as she thought of the thun-derbolt that was soon to fall among them.

eneated over and over again, but did not

feel sufficient interest to inquire what they

The desire to

But where was her husband?

straight to see my father!"

Helen Digby.

anticipation."

meant.

present; she will see my triumph.

Digby repeated.
"You will know quite soon enough, replied Ethel.

that dark-eved Jane."

thought.

than a thief.'

tions.

uite at ease?"

fall was at hand.

lomain of Fountayne.

downfall of her enemy. She had married in haste purposely to crush her, but the generous heart could go no further. When "Ethel, you look so strange-not at all give up the absurd idea of marrying Sir then Ethel would do anything for her. She triumph and revenge was at hand, she half relented. Yet she said to herself that Helen Digby had provoked her own fate. (To be continued)

> English House of Lords Bars Out th London East, Ont., Claimant.

vidently shuts out the claims of a former London Easter to the Earldom of Mar The Bill " for the restitution of the ancient dignity and title of the Earl of Mar,' introduced into the House of Lords by the Earl of Rosebery, is printed. It contains a long preamble, tracing the history of the by Queen Mary in 1565 was decided by the The first Goodeve Erskine and his lawful heirs general. Clause 2 provides that " nothing herein contained shall affect or in an manner prejudice the right or title of Walter Henry, now Earl of Mar and Kellie. his heirs and successors, or other the heirs for the time being in the direct male line Earl of Mar and Kellie or any other person belonging to an earldom greated in 1404 and the Earldom of Mar now vested in the Earl of Mar and Kellie shall be called in the place properly belonging to an earldon created in 1565.

the matter.
"Some of the servants have been doing wrong," she concluded. "I hope it is not humor. Such of his hearers as ever do any hinking for themselves may know that There was a large pier-glass in the room, and her attention was caught by her own picturesque beauty. The wind had arranged the rich brown hair after its own fashion funny man is never so uproariously funny as when he is making light of things deemed sacred by others. It is a chear wit and a coarse humor which deliberately selects these topics for ridicule it had brought a lovely color into her face, and a bright light into her eyes; she smiled as she looked at herself, and the smile died and it is a dull intellect which finds amuse ment in such ribaldry. As speech is free his footsteps, but the sound died away. It seemed useless to wait any longer. She crossed the hall again to go to the room where Miss Digby usually sat, and as she passed along she heard a man whom she know afterward to have been a detec-Then one of the men-servants had been discovered doing something wrong! She hoped it was not the pale-faced waiter who munity after Ingersoll's own heart. of Ingersoll's followers went said Ethel. "He has been stealing I suppose. Nothing can be more contemptible Miss Digby generally spent the morning with Lady Stafton. Both were thereinto decay. Because hundreds of fami laugh. How soon, how very soon this enemy of hers would be crushed—how soon of other self-appointed leaders, ence between the two is this . In Christian communities an effort is made, and success her eyes lell on the ormold clock; it was nearly half past 11. Where was her husband—strong, handsome Laurie Nugent? He was to take her hand and tell Helen Digby that they were married. It was fitof Liberal, where Bob Ingersoll's moonlight and molasses doctrine was upheld, the results in that line are nothing. Col. Ingersoll raves at common human weak esses, indorsed by no creed and taught by no faith. He demclishes men of straw His performances may be worth the money paid for them, judged merely as exhibitions cause for anxiety; this place is so quiet that you might be out for hours together of what a gifted man can do with language but as intellectual treats they are so insuband not see any one; but, for the future, if you intend taking a long ramble, will you stantial as to be dear at any price. - Chi please mention it to me, that I may feel Statistics of Bible Manufacture.

At the Oxford University's own paper mill, which is situated at Wolvercote, near Oxford, 375 tons of rags have been consumed in making 250 tons of paper for this issue of the revised version. It would cover two and a quarter square miles. It would go round the world in a strip of six wide, or say, if the pages were laid open one after another, it would go around the world. The sheets piled in reams as they face; how soon its expression would be changed—how soon she would cease to leave the mill would make a column ter times the height of St. Paul's, or folded into books before binding at least one hundred times the height. The copies which are being prepared by the Oxford University press alone would, if piled flat upon one another, make a column more than four-teen miles high, or 370 times the height of the Monument. If piled end on end they would reach seventy-four miles high, or 1.944 times the height of the Monument It is hardly possible to give an idea of the number of goats and sheep whose skins have been required for binding the but it has been calculated that 1,560 goat akins have been used in binding the copies which will be presented by the American "You seem greatly amused, Ethel," said elen Digby. "Have you seen anything Committee of Revision on the 21st inst .-Pall Mall Gazette.

A project is on foot at Wells. Me., to start Time was passing—it was now half-past
11. Where was Laurie? She rose impaINCREASE OF THE COLORED RACE.

Some Remarkable Statistics by a Presbyterian Divine.

A clergyman at the Presbyterian Conven tion in Cincinnati undertook to demonstrate a day or two ago that a hundred years hence the colored population of America will be twice as great as the white popula tion. He based his calculation upon the assumed fact that the colored population doubles in 20 years, while the white popu lation requires 35 years to double. His assumption is somewhat wild and apparently founded on a comparison of census figures, which are known to be very imperfect. He says that in 1985 the whites of the country will number 96,000,000 and the colored persons 192,000,000, but if there are now 7,000,000 colored and 50,000,000 white persons, and they double in 20 and 3 years respectively, old-fashioned arithmetic would show that the former will multiply up to 224 000 000 and the latter nearly t 400,000,000 in a hundred years. But no such difference in the rate of increase exists.

Fresh Fushion Notes.

Gold gauze ribbon galloons are quite new with chess-board designs formed of bronze

beads. The French theory of all summer materials is that they should be made up

without lining. Transparent bonnets of embroidered gauze, or gold net-work, are the feature of the summer season.

A lovely evening dress is of black lace, with a design in gold and silver tinsel scattered over the front, and all the rest in

front in colors under lace, gathered or The prettiest dress bonnets are of crean lace, with fleur de lus in shaded nasturtiun

There are many ways now of brightening

black dresses, the easiest being a vest

velvet, and ribbon of striped gauze and satin for strings, or Alsatian bow. A new style of ornamentation for black

fans consists of small etched landscapes, with a moon shining down into limpid water and reflecting the trees in its depths. Dress gloves have arms of applique gauze embroidered upon net, reaching to but not above the elbows, and finished with a border

of appliqued lace to match and a bow of satin ribbon. High, white washing dresses, and others in thin, black materials or cream nun's veiling, are made with gathered bodices, high, belted and short-sleeved, or with sleeves to the elbows. The short sleeves are a revival of a fashion of thirty years ago and convenient, because it admits of the wear of long gloves, reaching above the

elbows. Some dainty dresses have been made o soft white woollen Bengaline, the skir trimmed upon the front with scant puffings covered with fine woollen lace, the bodiese made of Bengaline, striped with delicate woollen lace insertions and showing a lov ining edged with lace, the sleeves entirely. Cream moire and satin belt, and

The handsome white dresses of cambrid and embroidery are made principally with round, gathered waist and band, the embroidery is put on as a deep flounce across the lower front, apron or panier drapery, upon the sleeves and front of the bodice.

A "Spanish" jacket of old gold, blue or ruby velvet, braided with gold cord, worn with such a dress has a rich effect.

There is much quaintness in the con tumes for little girls and boys this season me look as if they had been copied from Belgian and Swiss peasant dresses, others from models of the children in Queen Anne's time. Not that they copy these styles accurately, but there are suggestioned of all of them in the full skirts, the all round bodices, the full, white chemisette the bands across the front, the frilled bon net, the skull and mob caps.

Mrs. Gladstone is the elderly incarnation of guileless naivete, the matronly essence of impulsive simplicity. She is to appear-ance all artlessness. I have heard persons ance all artlessness. I have heard person who, I think, ought to know better, speal disparagingly of Mrs. Gladstone's sagacity because of those little peculiarities. lieve me, they make a great mistake or they commit a great injustice. Mrs. Glad-At the very worst ineptitudes which, if they really deserve that name, are in perfectly artistic keeping with her character. * * * I heard of ladies and gentlemen, astute in their own estimate of selves, who have endeavored to extract of one who succeeded; and aplomb is as remarkable as discretion. Here is an instance: Two years ago, when Mr. W. E. Forster had resigned his portfolio in Mr. Gladstone's Jabinet, he was naturally anxious to hear how the Prime Minister would speak of the incident in the House of Commons and not less naturally anxious to listen without being himself observed. He therefore did not take his ordinary place in the body that assemblage, but made his way into the is in Paris and so is Christine Nilsson, look. ladies' cage, or rather that portion of it which is set apart for the lady friends of the wife of the Speaker. Directly he had entered he perceived that the sole occupant Bible is "Weetappesittukgussinnookwehtunkquoh." It is found in St. Mark's Gosof the department was no less a person than Mrs. Gladstone herself. She one person whom he would have avoided seeing. He felt a little discomposed, and was proceeding to evince his discomposure in the rugged, spasmodic way peculiar to that flower of Quaker subtlety. Gladstone was perfectly at ease. She held up her finger at him, and shaking her head with an air of gentle reproval, muttered in a low voice, "Naughty! naughty!"—Oscar

Hats and Bonnets for Children.

For girl babies there are lace caps with a deep lace curtain and a ruche of

For boy babies Tam O'Shanter caps are nade of white embroidered muslin, with bow of narrow satin ribbon, loops and strings. Girls of 4 to 5 years wear straw pokes

with pointed brim, trimmed with a long, wide resette made of gathered gauze ribbon wool, lace, or a plaid scarf. White-wool lace bonnets for little tots of 2 or 3 years old are in close-cap shapes, trimmed with a large Alsatian scarf of satin ribbon.

Sailor hats, with ribbons hanging behind. are shown for little boys, and a pretty cap is in black-and-white straw, with a stripe of five-eighths of an inch wide of black patent leather, with stiching of leather on each side. The peak is made of the same material, also bound with leather, and a band of black velvet ribbon is put around the crown.

There are levely little white bonnets in mull, tulle, silk and various kinds of lace while exquisite hats are shown in grape and straw. School girls and misse their teens will wear rough straw pokes or dark English straw round hats of the shape worn by their grown-up sisters, and trimmed much the same, with a preference for gayer plaid silk and striped scarfs.

The Japanese form of administering an oath is to dip a finger in ink. In London a Japanese witness was sworn in that way other day, and after the formality remarked that it was useless as he knew nothing about the case in question.

Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels; how can man, the image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

* * ROCHESTER, June 1, 1883. "Ten Years ago I was attacked with the most Intense and deathly pains in myback and

" Extending to the end of my toes and to

my brain!
"Which made me delirious!

"From agony!!!!
"It took three men to hold me on my bed at times! "The Doctors tried in vain to relieve me,

but to no purpose.

Morphine and other opiates!

"Had no effect!

"After two months I was given up to die !!!!

heard a neighbor tell what Hop Bitters had done for her, she at once got and gave me some. The first dose eased my brain and seemed to go hunting through my system

was so earnest I was induced to use them again.

In less than four weeks I threw away my crutches and went to work lightly and kept on using the bitters for five weeks, until I became as well as any man living, and have been so for six years since.

It has also cured my wife, who had been sick for years; and has kept her and my children well and healthy with from two to three bottles per year. There is no need to be sick at all if these bitters are used, J. J. BERK, Ex Supervisor.

"That poor invalid wife, sister, mother

" with a few bottles of Hop Bitters!

Mark None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shon all the vite poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Boston scoundrels advertise work to do at home, exact two or three dollars for material, promised to pay good prices for the jobs when finished, and then refuse to take the finished work on the ground that it does not suit. The material only costs a few cents. The persons swindled are almost always poor.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs"

when it is the old-fashioned blue mass, blue pill sort, and insist on using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," a

The Palmetta regiment comes by Gen Jackson's silver pitcher, on exhibition at New Orleans, through the terms of the General's directions to his executor. He left the pitcher to the bravest man in the next war in which this country should engage, and that war being with Mexico, the pitcher was given to the Palmetto regiment, which hold it collectively, being unable to decide which was the bravest of

Procrastination may rob you of time, but by increased diligence you can make up the loss; but if it rob you of life the loss as irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite fickle, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously dis-In all anch cases Dr. Pierca's 'Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

The State of New York contains 100,000 French Canadians.

adically cured. Book o letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medi-

The Grand Duke of Hesse has just paid to the lawyers of his morganatic wife, Mme. de Kalomine, the first quarterly instalment of the 20 000 marks he had agreed to allow her annually. Mme. de Kalomine, through her lawyers, has indignantly refused the

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests—just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our A recent remarkable Paris letter reported

Mme. Christine Nilsson in Rome preparing to sing in the Trocadero, but the Trocadero The longest word used in Eliot's Indian

Our DEENDED COFFEE, sold ground and unground in 1lb.

Our 10c. tins of Pure Spice are perfection; all our goods branded "re" re guaranteed free from adul. ation.

tins, is a perfect luxury.

is "Th. BAKING POWDER,

The Trade oplied with whole Roastee Ground Coffees in Air A Sacks, or

PURE GROUND SPICES in all sized packages.

W. G. DUNN & CO., CANADA MILLS, HAMILTON.







self. "What would my father think if he Some little shadow fell over the bright

sudden gleam of the sun threw a crimson light over the bowed head, filling the young husband's heart with dread.

"Come away from that window, Ethel.

vestry, and Mr. Byran shook him by the hand. "I wish you every happiness," he said

It was all over-proud, beautiful, bright

his own was trembling.
"Ethel," he said gently, " you must not

There was a little mound under the tree.

anxiously in her face.
"You are better now, my queen," he said. "Ethel, I can hardly believe it—it is our wedding-day. I look in your lovely, flower-like face, and I say to myself that it is my wife's face. I hold this white hand in mine, and say I, this is my wife's hand; but I do not realize it all—I hardly believe it : It seems to me incredible that I should have won my queen, with her royal dower

"remembering always that you held them while we were married. And now, my darling, give me one kiss. Raise your sweet, fair face to mine; dearly as I have loved you, I have hardly dared to touch it. I may

reverently, and kissed her lips.
"My wife," he whispered, "my beautiful queen, I could not love you more. And now, Ethel, time is flying—we must return.
We will part at the gate that leads to the woods. You, my darling, had better return through the woods, lingering a little on

everything ready for you."
"We will see Miss Digby at once," she He did not think it was of any use to tell her the truth just then.
"Yes, we will see her, and give her the

the brightness and beauty of that calm summer morning.
"What time shall we start?" she asked.

to offer any remonstrance. He thought that was the wisest and most suitable plan that he could adopt.

He lingered for a few minutes longer,

Lady Stafton looking unusually excited, Miss Digby occupied with a piece of fancy work; and Ethel could not help seeing that the hands of the latter trembled. directly afterward. Helen looked up from her work at the beautiful, flushed face of the girl. had struck her hand against the corner of

she said, rising with a shudder.
She parted the long thick grass, and looked at the broken stone. "We have been sitting on a child's grave, Laurie—a child who died many

to us l' him, but thay did. He drew her gently away, and then he bent and kissed the little bruised hand.

They had reached the little gate that led to the woods—a great elm grew near and

wife, Laurie. "She may indeed," he agreed; and then they stood for a few moments under the great elm-tree.

He kissed her lips and whispered—
'I love you ten thousand times better than my own life, my beautiful que n!" Then he moved away, and she watched him as he walked with rapid steps down

CHAPTER XIX.

in the keen passionate delight which nature's beauty ever gave her. She sur-rendered herself to her dream. Had she done right, after all? Would Sir Leonard yet, and she said to herself, with a smile, was so soon and so surely to triumph over I tiently from her seat—she felt warm and

flushed. Surely the room or the morning must be very close. She pushed the hair back from her brow, and Helen Digby, catching a glimpse of her, said—

like yourself."

But Ethel moved impatiently away. Where was he? Why did he not come and give her her triumph? It was not kind of him to keep her so long. She walked to the window, and stood looking out. She saw the lawn and the bright flowers, the gleaming, restless sea, the dark, shady woods. Beyond these last was the church in which that morning she had been married. Where was Laurie, and why did he not come? Lady Stafton looked at the beautiful, restless

She should not have come between her and THE EARLDOM OF MAR. her father's love—between her and her The beauty of the morning deepened; the sun shone more brightly, the bees hummed more loudly. The time was pass-The following from a Scottish exchange ing, and still she sat by the brook, lost in her dreams. There had come to her a sud-

ancient earldom from 1404 A. D., and recapitulating the circumstances under which a claim to the new earldom created House of Lords to have been established by the Earl of Kellie. The first clause restores the ancient honors, dignities and titles of the peerage to Mr. John Francis Erskine of the said John Lord Erskine, to the honor and dignity of Earl of Mar in the peerage of Scotland, created in 1565, or the right or title of the said Walter Henry to any lands or heritage in Scotland or elsewhere." The third clause directs that from the passing of the Bill, the Earldom of Mar thereby restored shall be called at all elections of representative Peers for Scotland, in the place and order properly

Fruits of Ingersollism. That elequent and in some sense amusin lemolisher of creeds and panegyrist of an indefinite system of true goodness, Col. Bob Ingersoll, makes a good show, and plenty of people who have few or no religious convictions hear him for the fun of the thingfor the amusement to be had from his wit and and as among sixty millions of people there are bound to be many who will find recreation in things which to others would be distasteful, it is not surprising that when Ingersoll lectures he draws a crowd, or that under such circumstances he continues to lec-ture. The people who hear him net him about a dollar apiece. Stripped of all his raillery, fustian and rhapsodical elequence, the gospel which he preaches is to be happy, lovely, generous and kind, and, similarly reduced to plain English, his idea of religion is that it "lives on the unpaid labor of othors, enslaves the body, builds dungeons for the soul, pollutes the imagination of children, appeals from reason to brute force, and persecutes for opinions' sake. That these last mentioned things are not of religion, and that they are to be found where there s no religion, is proved by the condition of affairs in the town of Liberal, Mo., a comown was founded as an infidel settlement and was widely advertised as such. Many bought land and settled. For a time it appeared to flourish, for it had "no God and no hell," but in the course of but in the course of stone is, in her five years it had become a failure of a women living. * * * At the very wors town and a total wreck as an experiment in sociology. Why? Because the founder of this God-forsaken hole turned out to be a shrewd speculator who had land to sell, and who sold it. Because the levely and cherubic infidels who gathered there could not live in harmony. Because factions were formed and feuds engenfactions were formed and feuds engeneral early knowledge of public matters from dered. Because the young became loose in Mrs. Gladstone; I have never heard their morals and apt scholars at the feet of free-love advocates and other cranks. Because when dissenions arose new towns were laid out, the old one going ies, rather than submit to the intolerance of the founder of the town, or that way, and because, owing to the general bad reputation of the place, the people of the surrounding country avoid it as they would a plague spot. These are human to be found in Christian as well as infidel communities, but the differfully so in thousands of cases, to overcome vils complained of, while in the town

that has pleased you?"
"No; but I expect to be very much Rev. Dr. Talmage's latest conundrum is amused, Miss Digby, and I am laughing in Why do the Wicked Live?" It's a hard one to answer, but they continue to live, Then she became silent, and the ladies and some of them successfully manage to went on talking together. She heard the words, "dreadful affair," "sad disgrace," live on other people.

a rabbit ranch, for the purpose of supplying the Boston market. The ranch, if established, is to consist of 200 acres of land, and the idea is to work it at first with 1,000 or 2,000 large-sized animals from the West,

"When my wife

seemed to go hunting through my system for the pain.

The second dose eased me so much that I slept two hours, something I had not done for two months. Before I had used sive bottles, I was well and at work as hard as any man could, for over three woeks; but I worked too hard for my strength, and taking a hard cold, I was taken with the most acute and painful rheumatism all through my system that ever was known.

"I called the doctors again, and after several weeks they left me a cripple on crutches for life, as they said. I met a friend and told him my case, end he said Hop Bitters had cured him and would cure me. I poohed at him, but he was so earnest I was induced to use them again. In less than four weeks I three way my

" Or daughter !!!! "Can be made the picture of health

modern medical luxury, being small, sugar-coated granules, containing the active principles of certain roots and herbs, and which will be found to contain as much cathartic power as any of the old-fashioned, large pills, without the latter's violent, drastic effects. The pellets operate thoroughly but harmle sly, establishing a permanently healthy action of the atomach and bowels, and as an antibilious remedy are unequalled.

its members.

* * * * Piles, fistulas and rupture

payment, adding that he should be ashamed to offer her a pecuniary recompence, and that she does not wish him further to annoy her with letters or offers of money.

ing wonderfully well, fat and fair, though she is two years over 40.

pel, i., 40, and means "Kneeling down to Him.

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