Te-Morrow.

BY NORA PERRY. To-morrow, and tr-morrow, O fair and far away, What treasures lie, when hope is high Along your shining way.

What promises fulfilled. What better deeds to do Than ever yet, are softly set Beneath your skies of blue

To-morrow, and to morrow, O sweet and far away, Still ever more lead on before Along your shining way.

Still ever more lift up our eyes Above what we have won, To higher needs, and finer deeds That we have left undone.

SWEET GILLIAN.

A Tale of the Beginning of the Century.

CHAPTER V.-(CONCLUDED.)

As the bell of St Gudule boomed midnight, one of these carts, into which the col onel had been lifted together with a dozen other groaning, writhing, margled human beings, rolled through the Namur Gate into the city, Lionel wasking by its side. Although midnight, there was more movement and noise than in mid-day ; every house was illuminated, from the hotels-now converted into hospitals-to the poorest beershops, wherein groups of native soldiers, who had rushed away at the first onset from the field of battle, were endeavouring to explain away the news they had brought of the utter over throw of Wellington and Blucher! The streets were crowded with eager, excited, chattering, gesticulating townsfolk, amongst whom were soldiers of every branch of the English service, wandering about in search of their regiments, from which they had been separated in the rush and excitement of the final pursuit.

The cart in which was the colonel stopped at the church of the Augustines, now the post-office. Here the lamps and candles, which had been lighted for a grand thanks giving mass, threw a soft glow upon a strange impressive scene - upon writhing forms, up ghastly upturned faces, upon the figures of black-draped Sisters, who moved noise lessly amongst the heaps of ensanguined straw; and of surgeon busy at their dread-ful work. Eleven hundred men, who had marched out at daylight full of hope and enthusiasm to the inspiring strains of military music, lay crowded here in every conceivable attitude of agony-moaning , shouting In their delirium strange battle-cries, sob-bing like children, striking out as if in actual conflict-some of whom would sob and shout and strike no more. The scene at the Augustines was being enacted in every oth r public building of the city, for the long lines of country carts still rolled in, bringing friend and foe, Englishman and Frenchman, Prussian and Hanoverian; the boy recruit and the grizzled veteran, the humble drummer the medalled staff officer, the gigantic and Guardsman and the light voltigeur, until there was no room for more, and the dead man whose last breath had just been gasped, was hustled away to make room for the mangled living. Lionel asked the colonel, who had some

what recovered, if he had friends in Brussels, and receiving a faint negative shake of the head in reply, placed him gently on a heap of straw just vacated by a French lancer, and directing the attention of a Sister to him, went to the surgeon's table and had the ball extracted from his own shoulder. He was returning to the colonel's side, when a soft voice uttered his name. Turning around with a start, he beheld-Gillian! There was no time for more than an astonished exclamation; but the eyes of the lovers thus strangely brought together spoke more elo-

'I am at the Hotel du Parc,' she said hur-riedly. 'I have been driven from home; but we shall meet again.'

Lionel could not speak. He felt that the girl had come hither for him, and for him alone ; his heart was full, and tears blinded his eves. But duty having recalled him to a sense of what was due to others, he conducted the girl to where the colonel was lying, and bidding her a whispered au revoir hurried away to discover the whereabouts of his regiment. Early the pext morning, he called at the Hotel du Parc, and found Gillian. On the sunlit veranda they sat and talked with all the glad enthusiasm of lovers re-united after a long sickening suspense. Gillian told him how since the departure of the regiment Edward Trent had been unceasing in his persecution, and how he had persuaded squire to force a marriage-how she had fled from home, and alone had made her way to Brussels as a Sister of Mercy. Lionel, in turn, told her about the posching affair and the trial, and asked who the old colonel was whose life he had saved, although he of course made no allusion to the act. And when Gillian replied that he was Colonel Adamthwaite, an old friend of the dead squire's, and her own protector and champion, the young man felt that, after all his weary waiting and ill-luck, the clouds were rifting. 'You will return home with him, Gillian, will you not ?' asked Lionel. 'But do not will you not acked hours. But do not brought to justice; and if the colonel should mention my name, he would be warned, and enabled to escape. We are already under orders to return home, I believe; but you will probably be there before me. One more thing, dearest. You will hear of our arrival. and on the first day after. will you be at the old place at the old time?' 'I faithfully promise.' Then they separated-Gillian to do her

angry look brightened into one of joy; he rushed to the door. In a few moments there was a sound of many feet on the gravel-path and the roar of deafening cheers ; and a carriage, dragged by a score of stalwart rustics, appeared, in which were seated Sweet Gillian and Colonel Adamthwaite.

There is no need to detail the scene which followed : how it was with the greatest dif-ficulty that the squire could make his way through the crowd of enthusiastic villagers, all eager to shake hands with the squire's daughter and the old colonel; how the ap-pearance of Edward Trent was greeted with a volley of hises and groans; how, when silence was with difficulty restored, the col-enel made a short, vigorous speech, thanking the folk for their reception, and informing them that it was by the merest chance that he was there to do so; how he described the gallantry of the old regiment in general, and of one hero, whom he dared not name yet, in particular. Then Sweet Gillian, flushed with excitement and pleasure, but seeming ill and fatigued, leaning on the squire's arm, had to make a speech; and the steward brought out barrels of ale; and the cheering and health-drinking went on until some one with sharp ears declared that he heard distant music, whereupon a general rush was

made for the village just in time to meet the head of the returning regiment as it swept round the parsonage corner.

Early the next morning, Gillian, who was unusually flushed and excited, said to the colonel, who was staying at the Hall for a few days; 'Colonel, shall we take one of ourold walks together across the Park Meadow and back by the stables ?'

'Yes, my dear, with all my heart,' replied the old gentleman. 'It will be quite a treat to smell a little pure, fresh English country air, and to see green hedges, after the atmosphere of Brussels,'

So they linked arm in arm, and crossing the lawn, struck straight down to the Park Meadow.

'I daresay the poachers have bad some fine games since you've been away, colonel,' said Gillian

Confound them ! Yes ; I daresay they have, although at this time of the year there's precious little to be had worth the risk of two years in jail. — Why, dash my straps and buttons, if there isn't — But I wont be hard on him.' So saying, he clenched his cane, and strode off straight to where a man clad in red uniform was reclining on the grass. Gillian followed, her heart almost leaping within her, for she knew very well who the intruder was, and for what purpose he had come.

At the colonel's appearance, the man, instead of bolting over the fence, arose, sprang to attention and saluted.

The colonel's old anti-poacher feeling was too strong for him to treat with calmness this cool impertinence. In spite of the generous sentiments he had just expressed concerning poachers, he walked up to Lionel Gaskell-for he of course it was - and in a voice of thunder said : 'Confound you, sir what do you mean by trespassing on other people's property-and in uniform too, and with a sergeant's stripes ! Why, you can't have been in the place half a day, and yet you are up to your old tricks again ! Look here; I'll'-

'I beg your pardon, colonel,' interpose-the intruder with a smile. The smile irritated the colonel beyond measure, and he again uplifted his cane.

'Hear what he has to say, colonel,' whispered Gillian, who was longing to spring for-

ward into the arms of her lover. 'I was only going to remark, sir, that you don't appear to remember me,' said Lionel calmly

'Remember you! Not likely, when I've sent scores of sham soldiers like you to pri-son for poaching ?'said the colonel. it was quite dark when you left the ' Ah

field of Waterloo,' said Lionel. The colonel started, and the cane dropped from his hand. 'Why-what-how-ex-plain yourself !' he stammered. 'Surely

you can't be'. 'Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton, at your service,' said the young sergeant, again bring-

Why, I'm in a dream. Lionel Gaskell was killed at Talavera; I've seen his death certificate,' said the colonel. 'Yet, the brave fellow who saved my life, said his name askell. nonel (Gillian could restrain herself no longer. but rushed forward and threw herself into Lionel's arms, whilst the colonel looked from one to the other with the utmost perplexity, 'Yes, colonel,' she said, 'this is Lione Gaskell, and he it was who saved your life; and, colonel, I may as well admit that I am betrothed to him.' 'Well, it s a most wonderful world,' exciaimed the old soldier. 'First of all, a man who has been killed at Talavera comes to life again ; and then a girl who used not to stir from home, declares she's betrothed to him !' 'Oh, but I've known Lionel a long time, colonel,' said Gillian; ' and this is the very spot where we met and fell in love with each other.

him once since his return from the Peningula, and that was a month ago, when I sent-enced him to two years' imprisonment for a crime he did not commit. - Don't spare me Trent is wicked, but I have been as bad. It was he who suggested to me, when I was a poor struggling clerk, that I might succeed to the inheritance of Hingleton if I allowed him to pull the wires. He named his price-the hand of Gillian-and I agreed. He produced a certificate of the death of Lionel Gaskell. The news almost broke the heart of the poor old squire, who had been fretting about his only son ever since he had en listed and went abroad ; and he altered his will in my favour. That is the whole of the will in my favour. Inat is the whole of the disgraceful story, except that the poaching affair was a trap laid by Trent to get Lionel into our hands I've no more to say. My Gillian will be happy with the good brave husband she has chosen, and I can go away and hide myself from the world. As he proche there world, his subwart frame shock spoke these words, his stalwart frame shook with emotion, and tears filled the eyes that had never been dimmed since the death of his wife long years before.

'No, no, papa !' said Gillian. embracing him. 'We all forgive you. No one need know any more about the matter, and we can all te happy together.' 'Amen !' cried the colonel. 'But that

blackguard lawyer—he mustn't be allowed to get cff. I should never cease reproaching myrelf, if he didn't get his deserts.'

'Don't trouble about him, colonel,' said Lionel; 'it isn't worth his while to show himself in Hingleton. They half killed him last night by drenching him under the pump and pelting him through the streets. That the wedding of Lionel Gaskell with

Sweet Gillian was celebrated with such festivities and rejoicings as the oldest Hingleton inhabitant could not recall, need not be said. Edward Trent disappeared from the place, and was never seen or heard of again in those parts ; and although the squire could not be the same man that he was, he showed himself as affectionate a father to the young mar ried couple as Colonel Adamthwaite proved himself a trusty friend. Lionel's name appeared in the papers as gazetted to a com-mission 'for distinguished gallantry in the field;' but his future military duties were confined to work with the Fenshire militia, and he settled down as a country gentleman of the most popular type.

THE END.

How Lives are Saved.

The method usually adopted of saving lives from shipwreck, may be best under stood by supposing an actual case and describing the operations of the surfmen.

If the sea will permit, the people on the vessels are brought ashore in the "surf-boat." If a high sea is running, however, this is rendered impracticable, recourse is had to the "Breeches Buoy."

When the discovery of a wreck is announc-ed at the station, all the apparatus is carried along the beach to the point nearest the wreck. The Lyle gun, a small brass cannon, which weighs one hundred and seventeen

pounds, is loaded with powder. Then into its mouth is slipped a long steel "projectile," to the outer end of which is attached a light but stout line, called the 'shot line.'

Then the gun is aimed and fired. The projectile followed by the long cord flies out toward the wreck, passes over it, and drops into the sea, and the "shot line" falls on deck. Thus the first means of communication is established between the wreck and the shore

The crew of the vessel now pull in this "shot line," until they draw on deck a pul-ley block, which the men on shore have tied to it.

Through this pulley block is running an "endless line," that is, a long line which is called endless, because the two ends have been fastened together. It runs also through another pulley block, which has been kept on shore.

The sailors tie their pulley block well up on the mast, and the men on shore fasten theirs to a "sand anchor," which they have firmly buried in the sand.

You have often seen the double string which children, living across the street from each other, run between their houses and call a "telegraph." It is a long, endless rough a pulley, o itanle. ne, running at each end, and when a basket or other article is tied to one side of the double line, and the other side is pulled in, the basket of course moves off across the street.

SLAUGHTER OF CHINAMEN.

The Terrible Tragedy at the Union Pacific Mines in Wyoming.

A glance over the battle ground reveals the fact that many of the bullets fired at the fleeing Chinamen found their mark. Dying in the smouldering embers where Chinatown stood wereten charred trunks, while another, which had evidently been dragged from the ashes by hoge, was found in the sage brush near by. A search resulted in the finding of the bodies of five more Chinamen, killed by rifle shots while fleeing from their pursuers. All were placed in pine coffins and buried. Some six or eight others were found seriously wounded, and were cared for by the rail-road officials. Reports from along the line of the railroad are to the effect that Chinamen have been arriving at small stations east and west, and they say that a large number of the fugitives were wounded in the recent attack, and that many have per-ished in the hills. It is feared that no less than fifty lost their lives. This trouble has been brewing for months.

The contractors who run the mines have been importing Chinamen in large numbers and discharging white men, until over 600 Celestials were in their employ. It is said that mine bosses have favored the Chinamen to the detriment of white miners, and it needed only a spark to kindle the flames. This was furnished by a quarrel between a party of Celestials and whites in mine No. 6, over their right to work in a certain chamber. A fight ensued and the Chinsmen were worsted, four of them being badly wounded, one of whom has since died. The white miners then came out, armed themselves with firearms and notified the men in the other three mines to come out.

Meantime all was excitement in China town. The flag was hoisted as a warning, and the Chinese working in different parts of the camp fied to their quarters. The miners gathered on the front streets, about 100 of them armed with guns, revolvers, hatchets and knives, and proceeded toward Chinatown. Before reaching there they sent a committee of three to warn the Chinamen to leave in an hour. This they agreed to do, and started to pack up, but in about half an hour the white hour the white men became impatient and advanced upon the Chinese quarters, shouting and firing their guns into the air. With out offering resistance, the Chinese fled, with whatever they could snatch up, to the hills about a mile east of the town, the miners fir-ing at them as they ran. The miners then set fire to some of the houses, and soon eight or ten of the largest houses were in flames. Half choked with fire and smoke, numbers of Chinamen came rushing from the burning buildings, and with blankets and bed quilts over their heads, to protect themselves from stray rifle shots, they followed their retreating brothers into the hills at the top of their speed. A laundry in town was next visited, and the inoffensive inmates were shot dead. All the employees of the coal department of the railroad were ordered to leave town, which they did on the evening train. During the night all the Chinese houses in town, numbering nearly fifty, were burned to the ground. A number of Chinamen who were hiding fied from the burning buildings.

The miners are entirely unorganized in the crusade, and, although a large number of them are Knights of Labor, the move was not made under their directions. The miners have not been working since the riot. Busi-ness is almost suspended, and everything is quiet.

NEWSPAPER READING.

Education and Intelligence Increasing the Demand.

This is emphatically a reading age. Relatively with our enlarged educational facili-ties the ireading public has increased in number. Where heretofore those who could not read were in the majority, the rule has been reversed, and now a person who cannot read is regarded as a curiosity, but yet deserving the sincerest sympathy. In every department of life the demand for newspaper reading is ever on the increase. The boy at school, the young man in the workshop or in the office, the young girl in domestic service or behind the counter, the master at the desk and the mistress in the parlor, all look with equal eagerness for the of the local journal. To supply the growing demand for newspaper reading the city dailies publish large weekly editions, made up almost entirely of the matter which ap pears from day to day in the daily. These weekly reprints of the great dailies are sup plied at such a ridiculously low subscrip price as threatened at one time to totally extinguish the local country sheet, which could never afford to furnish the quantity of read ing matter given in the large foreign week lies. To meet the difficulty which here presented itself, the ready-print system was inaugurated. Firms were established which make a specialty of furnishing to country publishers ready-printed sheets, containing the essence of each week's happenings, and olippings from sources available only to a large city publisher. This system has rapidly grown in public favor, until, in the Dominion at least threefourths of what are known as the country press are published on the auxiliary plan. The prejudices which once existed against the ready print system have entirely disappeared, and proprietors find that in order to compete with contemporaries using the system, and with the city dailies, and to ensure a profit at the end of the year, they must comply with the inevitable and adopt ready-printed sheets. Some idea of the popularity which this system has attained with country readers will be gained when we state that a firm in Toronto supplies between one and hundred publishers with ready-printed papers. To do this three separate and distinct editions are issued every week, containing matter entirely different each from the other, and the system is becoming so general that those who have, from prejudice or other cause, heretofore refrained from adopting it, find it necessary to do so to maintain their circulation and give satisfaction to their patrons,



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work of mercy, Lionel to his regimental duties.

Three weeks after these events, Edward Trent and the squire were together in the study at Hingleton Hall. Matters between them were evidently not of an amicable nature, for the squire was striding up and down the little room, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, as was his wont when annoyed, his usually beaming genial face dark as thunder; whilst the lawyer, with a quill-pen crushed between his fingers, was standing

with his tacth set and his eyes flashing. 'Very well, Trent,' said the squire, stop-ping short ; 'you've heard my answer. Now clear off, and do your worst ; or I shall risk the consequences, and put you out. You've driven my daughter away. God knows where she is !' Just as he said these words, through the open windows came the sounds, which is no more mine than it is yours. The of cheering, growing more and more distinct. Edward Trent turned pale. The squire's who was reported dead. I have only seen

'But how about that death certificate? asked the colonel.

'Perhaps Mr Trent can tell you more about it than I can,' said Lionel. 'At any rate I'm Lionel Gaskell, and Miss Ramsden is my betrothed.' 'Well, sir,' said the colone!, 'all I can

say is that I heartily congratulate you, not only upon winning such a good, true, kind-hearted lass, but upon having saved her from the clutches of that sneaking, soft speaking, double-dealing rascal of a lawyer. I owe you a debt that I can never repay ; but if you never have another friend in life, you'll have one in me.-And now, let's go home and astonish the squire.' 'One moment, colonel,' said Lionel. 'You

said just now that you owed me a debt you could never repay. If you will not broach the subject of my father's will to the squire, I shall consider it as full payment, if I can call a return made for doing what any other man would have done under the circumstan-

ces, payment.' 'But, my dear sir, justice must be done. That rascally lawyer has deceived the squire and all of us.'

At that moment, a dark figure came be tween the talkers and the sunlight, and squire Ramsden stood before them. 'No, colonel,' he said, ' Trent did not deceive me Now that all is over, I may unburden my-self of a terrible weight, which has oppressed me unceasingly during the past five years, and yet which I have not had the moral courage to throw off. I have been all this time a wretched impostor, occupying a position

This is like what has now been rigged between the vessel and the shore. When the pulley block is tied on to the mast, it pre-sents somewhat the appearance indicated in the cut.

So now the men on shore can tie anything onto the endless line, running through a pul ley block at each end, and starting the circular motion of the line, soon seud it out to the vessel.

What they do tie on is the end of a great hawser, or heavy rope, and when the haw-ser is drawn on d.ek, it is at oncefastened on a few feet above the pulley block.

Then the other end of the hawser, which has been kept on shore, is hauled in as tight, or "taut," as possible, and also fastened a few feet above the pulley block, which has been tied to the sand anchor. Now the "breeches buoy" is brought out

by the men on shore.

This is a circle, for large ring ot leather stuffed, of perhaps two feet in diameter. Hanging below it is a pair of stiff canvass knee breeches.

It is now hung from the heavy hawser, so that it can slide freely to and fro upon it. Then it is fastened to one part of the endless line, the other part of the line is hauled steadily in, and away moves the buoy, slip-ping along on the hawser from which it hangs and drawn by the small endless line, to which it is secured.

One person is dropped in through the circle, with one leg in each side of the canvass breeches. The circular line, which has been describ

ed, is fastened also to the buoy, or rather to the pulley block of the buoy, and is again put in motion, and the buoy retraces its course to the shore.

The rescued person is taken out, and again and again the buoy makes the jour-ney, until every one on board is brought safe to land to land.

Announcement is made of the death at the age of 95 years of Gabriel Emery of Lens, Switzerland. He fought at Borodino, saw Moscow burned, was at the passage of the Beresina, survived the terrible retreat, fought at Lutzen and Bautzen, and was taken prisoner at Leipsic.

In Germany a servant has one Sunday out of every two weeks. There is an under stood hour for her to come home, and if she stays out later she loses hes next Sunday holiday. Her pay is never more than \$20 a year, and in some families is only \$12 When there is a dispute between the mis-tress and maid, it is settled by the police. But one servant is usually kept, and the work is bord but the methics is done work is hard, but the washing is done out side, and pies, cakes, bread, etc., are bought,

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