THE THREAD OF LIFE

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XL. -AT REST AT LAST. Winitred tell back on the pillows wearily. be afraid of shocking my feelings; I ex-"I love him," she whispered once more, pected it shortly." "He hates me, Elsie; but in spite of all, I love him, I love ..m."

After all this excitement, she needed rest. were no longer the same; all were unlike, symptoms alarmed and frightened Elsie; formerly. His very style had suffered turning through the long slow hours in Warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend, be turning through the long slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend has a slow hours in warren Relf, that incarnate fiend has a slow hours in warren Relf, the long slow hou signalled to the English doctor to return to old poetical air; turnips and foot-and. Strange to say, the sense of freedom was But as he gazed and gazed at dead Elsie's the bedroom. He came in, and cast a keen mouth disease, the arrears of rent and the strongest of all the feelings that hand-dead Elsie's own hand-unmistakably ure. glance at the bed. Elsie looked up at him struggle against reduction, the shifting crowded in upon him. Now that Wini- hers-no forger on earth (not even himself) with inquiring eyes. The doctor nodded sands and the weight of the riparian pro- fred was dead, he could do as he chose was ever half so clever—the truth grew may fail from moment to moment."

fever of dismay. an hour's stroll," the doctor answared with that clear-cut and dainty chin that was once remorse could effect for him. professional calmness. "She's evidently in so eloquent of poetry and culture. Altogentle and so soothing, Miss Challoner."

ne's gone," she murmured low with profound for such a man as Warren? emotion.

only do the best we can. This crisis has see her." evidently been too severe for her,"

I won't last much longer."

blinding tears-" go and find Hugh. Wini- doubtful, "it makes me ashamed "-- And fred wants him; she wants to kiss him before she dies. Look for him through all the streets till you find him, and send him home. low. She wants to forgive him."

search of his enemy. Poor baffled enemy, loved him !" how his heart ached for him! At such a moment, who could help pitying him ?

"Is he coming?" Winitred asked from the bad feebly.

seemed almost to have lost all power of | fred. I forgave him. Tell him I asked him solate. to forgive me in turn. Tell him I my heart; and now it's broken."

strained her eyes for a sign of breath still fresh and green. He th ught much of for a moment. "Gone?" she asked at last Elsie, and little of Winifred. with mute lips of the doctor.

with a grave inclination of his head toward | ful sympathy, in a black gown and a mourn- it ?" Elsie. "Rapid collapse. A singular case. ing head dress, hastily donned, as becomes She suffered no pain at the last, poor lady." | those who pay visits of condolence in what-

than ever. with a start. Could this be Hugh? Thank But he roused himself listlessly at the landheaven, no! It was Warren who touched lady's approach. She was bland, but symher shoulder lightly. Half an hour had pass- pathetic. Where would Monsieur sleep? ed and he had now come back again. But, | the amiable proprietress inquired in lisping alas, too late. "No need to stop here any French. Hugh started at the inquiry. He longer," he said reverently. " Hugh's down- had never thought at all of that. Anywhere, stairs, and they're breaking the news to he answered, in a careless voice; it was all him. He doesn't know yet you're here at the same to him; sous les toits, if necessary. all. I didn't speak to him. I thought some | The landlady bowed a respectful deprecaother person would move him more. I saw tion. She could offer him a small room, a was wanted, and his wife was dying- de maitre, just above Madame. She regretthaps, that you're here at San Remo."

blindly from the chamber of death, and in a health resort naturally resent a death stumbled somehow up the broad flight of on the premises, especially at the very outstory. As she reached the top of the open on the sanitary reputation of the place, and heart -on the landing below, by Winifred's charming than the landlady's manner; she

respect, indeed, but scarcely so subdued as | fortunate affairs are likely to happen." the doctor's own. "I'm prepared for the The landlady considered in her own mind San Remo till after dear Winifred's funeral Bristol and 20,253 to Liverpool.

lish doctor.

She could see his face distinctly from the spot where she stood, and she shrank back scorn, it had slowly eaten her very life out. in the old days at Whitestrand! His very and was shown-into the next room to Her face was growing very pale now. form and features, and limbs and figure, Warren's. "I've sent him off about his business for beard with unkempt ends had disfigured longer be nameless. So much, at least, his _wept as he never had wept in his lite be-Elsie glanced back at him with swimming in her heart that self-centred, hard-hearted, mined it should accuse his soul no longer. eyes. "But suppose she were to die while cold-featured creature more than a match The big clock on the landing ticked mon-

The doctor pursed up his lips philosophic- professional respect. "She died half an his heart in measured tones. It cried as knowledge would have been less than noth- still remain unpunished. If irresponsible ally. "It can't be helped," he answered nour ago, quite happy. Her one regret plain as words could say : "Elsie, Elsie, ing worth to him while Winifred lived. To- people are ahowed to make their own laws with a faint shrug. "That's just what'll seemed to be for your absence. She was Elsie: Elsie!" happen, I'm very much afraid. We can anxiously expecting you to come back and Ah, yes! He was young enough to begin

As he spoke, Winifred turned up from the Poor child." But the very way he said it- man. But for whom or for what? Selfish bed an appealing face, and beckoned Elsie to the half-unconcerned tone, the lack of any as he was, Hugh Massinger couldn't stand bend down closer to her. "Elsie," she real depth of emotion, nay, even of the de- up and face the horrid idea of beginning whispered, in a low, hoarse voice, "send out cent pretence of tears, shocked and appalled afresh for himself alone. He must have for Hugh. I want him now. -I should like Elsie beyond measure. She rushed away some one to love, or go under for ever. to kiss him before I die. I think I'm going. | into Warren's room and gave vent once more to her torrent of emotion. The painter laid and still it cried in the silence of the night; Elsie hurried out to Warren in the ante- his hand gently on her beautiful hair. "O "Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie!" room. "Go," she cried eagerly, through her Warren," she cried, looking up at him half

she checked herself suddenly.

In the fever of her overwrought feelings, Warren answered her never a single word, she flung herself passionately into his circlbut nodding acquiescence, rushed down by ing arms, "Ashamed to think," she anhimself to the esplanade and the shore in swered with a sob of distress, "that I once

CHAPTER XLI.—REDIVIVA!

Hugh sat that evening, that crowded evening alone in his dingy, stingy rooms with his "Not yet, darling," Elsie answered in a dead Winifred. Alone with his weary, dreahushed voice; "but Warren's gone out to ry thoughts-his thoughts, and a corpse, and try and find him. He'll be here soon. Lie a ghostly presence! Two women had loved body came with a message, apparently. him dearly in their time, and he had killed | Hugh rose in haste and held the door just | marry Elsie!" Winifred lay quite still for some minutes | them both-Elsie and Winifred. It was a | a little ajar to ask in his bad Italian, "What | more, breathing hard and loud on the bed hateful night-hateful and ghastly; for in is it?" where they had laid her. The moments ap- the bedroom at the side the attendants of peared to spread themselves over hours. death, despatched by by the doctor, were al-But no Hugh came. At last she beckoned | ready busy at their gruesome work, perform-Elsie near r again, with a frail hand that ing the last duties for poor martyred Wini-

motion. Elsie leant over her with her ear He had offered her up on the altar of his astonishment. O heavens, what was this? laid close to Winifred's lips. The poor girl's selfish remorse and regret for poor martyred How incredible—how mysterious! For a —the mistakes and errors of his hasty prevoice sounded very weak and all but in- Elsie. The last victim had fallen on the audible now. "I can't last till he comes, grave of the first. She, too, was dead. And he hardly knew how to believe his eyes. dial blunder had coloured and distorted all

wanted to kiss him good-bye. But even brain and heated brow, on fire in soul, he he going mad, or was some enemy trying miserable mud-boat! And yet—if Warren that last wish was denied me. And Elsie" thought of Elsie far more than of Winifred. to confuse and confound him? Had some Relf hadn't done so, there would be no Elsie believer is, in this life, delivered from the -her fingers clutched her friend's convul- The new bereavement, such as it was, wretch been dabbling in hideous forgeries? sively-"tell him all along I've always seemed to quicken and accentuate the sense For the envelope was addressed-O horror loved him. I loved him from the very of the old one. Was it that Winifred's of horrors !- in dead Elsie's hand; and it should owe his Elsie to that cur, that serdepths of my soul. I never loved any one | wild belief in her recognition of Elsie that | bore in those well-known angular characters | pent! as I loved that man. When I hated him day in the street had roused once more the the simple inscription, "Warren Relf, Esq., most, I loved him dearly. It was my very | picture of his lost love's face and form so | Villa della Fontana (Piano 3°), Avenue love that made me so hate him He starved | vividly in his mind? Or was it that the girl whom Winifred pointed out to him did Elsie stooped down and kissed her fore- really to some slight extent resemble Elsie ? head. A smile played lambent over Wini- and so recall her more definitely before him? fred's face at the gentle kiss. The doc- He hardly knew; but of one thing he was tor lifted his open hand in warning. Elsie certain-Elsie that night monopolised his bent over her with gathered brows and consciousness. His three-year-old grief was

Late at night the well-favoured landlady "Gone," the calmer observer answered came up, courteous and Italian, all respect-Elsie flung herself wildly into an easy- ever capacity to the recently bereaved. As chair and burst into tears more burning for Hugh himself, he wore still his rough travelling suit of gray homespun, and the A touch on her shoulder. She looked up dust of his journey lay thick upon him

him on the quay, and I sent an Ita- most diminutive room, unfit for Monsieur, lian I met on the beach to tell him he in his present condition, but still a chambre Come up to my room on the floor ed she was unable to afford a better; but above. Hugh needn't know even now, per- the house was full, or, in a word, crowded. The world, you see, was beginning to arrive Too full to speak, Elsie followed him at San Remo for the season. Proprietors trirs to Warren's apartments on the next set of the winter; they regard it as a slight flight, she heard a voice-a familiar voice, incline to be rude to the deceased and his that would once have thrilled her to the very family. Yet nothing could be more bedroom. Shame and fascination drew her swallowed her natural internal chagrin at different ways. Fascination won. She so untoward an event in her own house and couldn't resist the dangerous temptation to at such an untimely crisis, with commendlook over the edge of the banister for a sec- able politeness. One would have said that ond. Hugh had just mounted the stairs a death rather advertised the condition of from the big entrance hall, and was talking the house than otherwise. Hugh nodded his by the door in measured tones with the Eng- head in blind acquiescence. "Ou vous voulez, Madame," he answered wearily. voice, the voice he had always used to sorry to have caused you so much inconven-Winifred-a little lowered by conventional lience; but we never know when these un-

that the gentleman's tone was of the most was over; but I quite see with you distinguished. Such sweet manners! So how dangerous such a course might thoughtful-so considerate-so kindly res- prove. Every moment I stop expectful for the house's injured feelings! She poses me to the chance of an unwas conscious that his courtesy called for expected meeting. You must call on some slight return. "You have exten Hugh when you get back from Paris, and nothing, Monsieur," she went on, compassionately. "In effect, our sorrow makes us message. Some day-you know when, dearworst. If she's dead say so. You needn't forget these details of every day life. You do not derange us at all; but you must let me send you up some little refreshment."

Hugh nodded again. For years she had locked up that secret aghast at once from the sight with surprise of the country by the Swiss waiter, and station at the hour you mention.—No time in the latter event the bridge would have in her own soul. She had told it to no one. and horror. It was Hugh to be sure, but Hugh ate it mechanically, for he was not for more. In great haste-my hand shakes in her own sout. She had told it to no one. and holfor. It was fright the shock still.—Yours, ever lovingly been a frightful sacrifice of life. to the narrow space of her poor small heart, tered from that light and bright young dil- him out. His game was played. He and devotedly, and battling there with her contempt and ettante poet she had loved and worshipped followed the waiter up to the floor above,

on the bedclothes nervously; her face sterner and harder; he was coarser Weariness and remorse kept him wide deliberate treachery. Such things have twitched with a painful twitching. The and commoner and less striking than awake, worn out as he was, tossing and been. He had forged himself : might not

lips had assumed a sullen set, and a ragged sacred spot. Dead Elsie's grave should no

For Winifred was dead, and Whitestrand recovered. a highly hysterical condition, and the sight gether, it was but a pale and flabby version was his own. At the price of that miserable of him only increases her excitement. It's of the old, old Hugh-a replica from whose, manor of blown sand he had sold his own thought it would do her far more good to ment. Then she turned with a pang of the design of the desi have you alone with her-you're always so remorse to Warren. Was it really possible? that untended grave had silently accused and he had seen yestarday. Was there once a time when she thought the remnants of his conscience: he deter-

life afresh, if that were all. To begin all of Cresus. Hugh only answered: "I thought so. over again is less than nothing to a brave

And still the clock ticked and ticked on; betrayed and martyred Winifred.

At last day dawned, and the morning his own beloved Elsie? broke. Pale sunlight streamed in at the All's well that ends well. The Winifred one south window. The room was bare-a episode had come and gone. But Elsie re-"Ashamed of what?" Warren asked her mere servant's attic. Hugh lay still and mained as permanent background. looked at the gaping cracks that diversified | And how strangely Winifred herself, in plication in practice." It is to the credit of the gaudily painted Italian ceiling. All her mad desire, had contributed to this very Canada that lynch law is unknown, the night through, he had fervently longed for denouement of his troubles. "I shall go to punishment of criminals being left to the the morning, and thought when it came he | San Remo, if I go at all, and to nowhere | regular courts of law. would seize the first chance to rise and dress | else on the whole Riviera. I prefer to face himself. Now it had really come he lay the worst, thank you!" The words flashed there unmoved, too tired and too feeble to back with fresh meaning on his soul. If she think of stirring.

most dozed out of pure weariness.

knock at the door !- a timid knock. Some- had to thank Winifred.

A boy's hand thrust a letter sideways through the narrow opening. " Is it for you, signor ?" he asked, peering with black eyes through the chink at the Englishman.

moment the room swam wildly around him; Elsie," she murmured low. "But tell him now his house was indeed left unto him de- Was it part of the general bewilderment of his views of the case! He felt sure now, things that seemed to conspire by constant morally sure, that Warren Relf had rescued Somehow, as he sat there, with whirling shocks against his perfect sanity? Was Elsie—the sneak, the eavesdropper, in his Vittorio-Emmanuele, San Remo."

once. Dead Elsie! To Warren Relf! His fingers clutched it with a herce mad grip. He could never give it up. To Warren for her poet. Relf! And from dead Elsie!

"Is it for you, signor?" the boy asked once more, as he let it go with reluctance opened out afresh in long perspective befrom his olive-brown fingers.

clutching it eagerly. "For me !- Who sends

"The signorina at the Villa Rossa-Signorina Chaloner," the boy replied, getting as near as his Italian lips could manage to the sound of Challoner. "She told me most stringently to deliver it up to yourself, signor, into your proper fingers, and on no account to let it fall into the hands of the English gentleman on the second story."

"Good," Hugh answered, closing the door softly. "That's quite right. Tell her you gave it me." Then he added in English with a cry of triumph : "Good morning, jackinapes!" After which he flung himself down on the bed once more in a perfect frenzy of indecision and astonishment.

For two minutes he couldn't make up his mind to break open that mysterious missive from the world of the dead, so strangely delivered by an unknown hand at his own door on the very morrow of Winifred's sudden death, and addressed in buried Elsie's hand, as clear as of old, to his dearest enemy. What a horrible concatenation of significant circumstances. He turned it over and over again unopened, in his awe; and all the time that morose clock outside still ticked in his ear, less loudly than before : "Elsie, Elsie, Elsie, Elsie !"

At last, making up his mind with a start, he opened it, half overcome with a pervading sense of mystery. And this was what he read in it, beyond shadow of doubt, in dead Elsie's very own hand writing:

VILLA ROSSA, Thursday, 7.30, morning.

Oping where the work "Con- Sober of the state of the Stat

est-I may face seeing him myself, perhaps; and thea I can fulfil my promise to her in

The revulsion was awful. For a minute or two, Hugh failed to take it all in. You

anew. His mind could only take it all in ple who are least able to take care of thema sad case, but a painfully common one. A head the halo had faded. Elsie looked soul and Elsie's life; and now he would piecemeal. Bit by bit he set himself to the selves. a sau case, out a paintury common one. A lask—no less a task than to reconstruct the lask than the lask th nusually spresence is often the very worst universe.—Winifred must have known Elsie in resisting the attempt of a mob of lynchers thing on earth for a patient so affected. I with a thrill of utter and hopeless disillusion.

> Fresh thoughts poured in upon him in a to shed blood, but the lesson, although a bewildering flood. He was dazzled, dazed, stern one, was badly needed in the United dumfounded with their number. Elsie was States. Lynching or mob law has been alotonously. Each swing of the pendulum alive, and he had something left, there- together too common in many parts of the "She is dead," the doctor answered with tortured him afresh; for it called aloud to fore, to live for. Yesterday morning that Union, and the outrages of the White Caps day, thank heaven-for Winfred was dead and then execute them, society in general -it meant more to him than all the wealth | will soon revolve itself into its original

peared from the scene! In the nick of time | been to allow themselves to be overpowered on the very stroke and crisis of his fate! by the mob, and surrender their prisoner to At the turn of the tide that leads on to for- be suspended from a branch of the nearest tune! Felix opportunitate mortis, indeed! tree, and this course has encouraged the He had no regret, no remorse now, for poor self-constituted executors of the law of

hadn't so set her whole heart on San Remo, he Five-six-half-past six-seven. He al- himself would never have thought of going there. And then he would never have Suddenly, he woke with a quick start. A known about Elsie. For that at least, he

"When I'm dead and gone, you can

But what was this discordant note in the letter-Elsie's letter-to Warren Relf-Warren Relf, his dearest enemy? Was Warren Relf at the pension, then? Had Warren Relf been conspiring against him? In another flash, it all came back to him-Hugh glanced at the letter in profound | the two scenes at the Cheyne Row Club-Warren's conversation with his friend Potts conceptions. How one fundamental primor at all for him now to live for. He recognised | in-being of sin?' the fact; and he hated him for it. That he

Discordant note! Why, yes-see this: "Some day-you know when, dearest-I may face seeing him myself, perhaps. But He recognized this voice from the grave at | not till then. And that may be never." That may be never! O precious words

She was leaving the door half open, then,

Poet! His heart leaped up at the thought. New vistas-old vistas long since closedfore him. Ay, with such a fount of inspir-"For me ?-Yes," Hugh answered still ation as that, to what heights of poetry might he not yet attain! What peaks of Parnassus might he not yet scale! On what pinnacles of glory might he not yet poise love, what would be impossible to him?

lay cold and white in the bedroom below. cago Tribune. And Elsie was off-off to England-with Warren Relf-that wretch! that serpent! -by the 9 40.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

wonderful within a few years. The ex- service. "What did you think of my serports of the Dominion now amount in value | mon this morning, father?" he asked his to over \$7,000,000, and the season just reverend parent at the dinner-table on their closed shows the largest business on record. return home. "Intolerably long, my son. The shipments from Montreal this season I wouldn't blame any parishioner for going were 1,134 349 boxes, as against 1,104,065 to sleep over such an infliction." "That's boxes last year, 507,019 in 1880 and 349,252 what I thought when you first preached it, in 1874. Of this season's exports 499,391 father. I dug it up out of your barrel this boxes went to Liverpool, 140,594 to Glasgow, morning." 235,176 to London and 259,388 boxes to DEAREST WARREN-I will be ready, as Bristol. In striking contrast to this stateyou suggest, by the 9.40. But you mustn't ment is our foreign trade in butter. The utterance to opinions attributed to him that "Very well," he said in his cold, stern "Up stairs, if you wish. I'll go now-I'm go with me farther than Paris. That will exports this season were only 46,528 pack- a central feature of his policy would be anallow you to get back to Edie and the ages, as against 50,853 last year, 194,366 in nexation of Canada to the United states by Motherkin by the 6.39 on Saturday even- 1880 and 80,206 in 1874. Of this year's purchase. The new President has some proing .- I wish I could have waited here in shipments some 26,014 packages went to per ideas of what international comity and

Summer on bigg-base trees a second of the proof of the boundary and the boundary and the best of the second of the

ITEMS OF INTEREST

To keep the lips soft and in good colour, bathe them occasioally with alum water, followed by glycerine camphor ice.

The Montreal "Witness" points out that give him poor Winifred's last forgiving for the first time since it was completed, 29 years ago, a train has run off the track in the Montreal bridge, and that this speaks volumes for the care of the Grand Trunk railway offiperson. But not till then. And that may sials and employes. It is exceeding fortube never. I hardly know what I'm writing, nate that the accident happened to a slow She sent him up some cake and red wine I feel so dazed; but I'll meet you at the freight train and not to a passenger express.

A just principle of taxation has been formally recommended in a bill introduced into the United States Congress, having for its cannot unthink past years at a jump. The object the establishment of a graduated tax He undressed in a stupid, half dead-alive belief that Elsie was dead and buried at on all incomes over \$5,000. It is argued by After all this excitement, she heeded rest. Way, and lay down on the bed with his Orfordness had grown so ingrained in the a large class of social reformers that the citi-The inevitable reaction was beginning to and set in. She fumbled with her fingers vantage. The man had not only grown candle still burning. But he didn't sleep. fabric of his brain that at first he suspected zen who has a large class of social reformers that the citimore taxes proportionately than he who receives barely enough wages to support himself and family. This is, in fact, a principle recognised in Canada by the exemption from taxation of all incomes below a certain fig-

The London Daily News is lauding as a Russian invention the plan of exhibiting with inquiring eyes. The doctor house and clearer and clearer. Dead Elsie inside each railway car a placard containing gravely and drew his long beard through his prietors' question, had all left their mark with his own. He was no longer tied gradually clearer and clearer. Dead Elsie inside each railway car a placard containing the state of the containing gravely and drew his long beard through his prietors' question, had all left their mark with his own. gravely and drew his long beard through his face and to her will and her criticisms. When he closed hand, "A mere question of hours," stamped deep in ugly lines upon his face and to her will and her criticisms. When he closed hand, "A mere question of hours," at a placard containing the state of the name closed nand. A mere question of floats, at. This is an American invention which he whispered in her ear. "It may be de- figure. He was handsome still, but in a less got back to England—as he would get back, on that awful evening at Whitestrand. It at. This is an American invention which he whispered in her ear. It may be de light. In the had decently wasn't El ie at all that was buried in the has been in use for many years on certain layed; it may come at any time. She's refined and delicate type of many years on certain railways in New England. The reason it overtaxed her strength. Hysteria, followed The long smouldering war between himself buried Winifred—he meant to put up a nameless grave at Orfordness. The past was railways in New England. The reason it overtaxed ners rength. Hysteria, followed a lie. The present alone—the present was is not in universal use is probably because by proportionate prostration. Her heart and Winifred had changed his expression to the present alone—the present was is not in universal use is probably because the proportionate prostration. to a dogged ill-humour. His eyes had the wretched remainder of Whitestrand to true. Elsie was here, to-day, at San Remo! it brings no extra returns to the company's "Where's her husband?" Elsie cried in grown dull and sordid and selfish, his do it. A granite cross should mark that "Where's her husband?" Elsie cried in grown dull and sordid and selfish, his do it. A granite cross should mark that "Rebuild no beauty and the public simply takes it practice it does not dispense with the necesfore-wept with frantic gladness for Elsie sity of shouting out the names of stations, for there are the ignorant, the dim-sighted Slowly his conceptions framed themselves and the old to be cared for, just the peo-

> chaos. The N. Y. "Times" says : - The How opportunely Winifred had disap- usual custom for sheriffs and gaolers has capital punishment until they have become Winifred! What was Winifred to him, fairly reckless in their criminal proceedings. or he to Winifred, in a world that still held | The Birmingham officers acted on the theory that it was their duty to guard their prisoners at all hazards. The theory was the correct one, and the bloodshed which followed was only a necessary incident of its ap-

A New Denomination.

The five Baptist ministers who were expelled from the Baptist Church of the Maritime Provinces for preaching the holiness doctrine have formed a new denomination, the principal tenet of which is complete sanctification. In Galt five members of the Presbyterian Church have since professed and taught the doctrine, and have in consequence been tried by the session and by a committee of the Presbytery. The session found them guilty and declared for their expulsion; but the Committee of the Presbytery has not yet reported. With a view to clearly understanding the position of the accused parties the Committee of the Presbytery submitted to them these four questions :

1. "Do you believe that in the case of any man such grace is given in this life that he may perfectly keep the commandments of God in thought, word and deed ?"

2. "Do you believe that in any case the

3. "Do you believe that in this life any mere man is able to keep the commandments of God perfectly ?"

4. "Do you believe that there is any seasons in the experience of any Christians when he does not need to confess sin and ask pardon for same ?"

All answered in the affirmative except one, who replied "no" to question No. 3. The accused parties admitted that they had held meetings for the propagation of the doctrine. It is probable that Ontario will soon have a branch of the new Maritime denomination.

Episcopal Incomes

The Bishop of New York has the largest himself! Elsie, Elsie! That was a personal revenue in this country. It is \$10,talisman to crush all opposition, an "Open | 000 a year. The Bishop of Maine has the Sesame" to prise all doors. With Elsie's smallest. It is \$1,300 a year. The Bishops of Californis, Chicago, Long Island and Life floated in new colours before his eager | Massachusetts have each \$6,000 a year. eyes. He dreamed dreams and saw visions, Others have incomes running from \$5,000 as he lay on his bed in those golden mo- down, while eight of the American prelates ments. Earth was dearer, fairer, than he are content with \$2,000 a year each, and are ever deemed it. The fervor of love and not perfectly sure of getting it in time to ambition and hate was upon him now in full meet their butcher's bocks and coal bills. force. He reeled and revelled in the plenit- In England, where the State takes the place tude of his own wild and hectic imagination. of the voluntary contribution in support of He could do anything, everything, any- the church, the head of the prelacy has an thing. He could move mountains in his income of \$75,000 a year. Iwo of the bisfervent access of faith; he could win worlds | hops have each \$30,000. Others run from in his mad delight; he could fight wild \$40,000 down, the average revenue of the beasts in his sudden glory of heroic temper' episcopate below the greatest named being And all the while, poor dead Winifred between \$25,000 and \$20,000 a year .- [Chi-

Out of the Old Man's Barrel.

A young clergyman, receiving a visit from his rather clerical father, treated him to a The growth of the Ontario cheese trade is rather long sermon at the Sunday morning

> General Harrison denies having given official exiquette demand.