OUR BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ROBERT GAGE, Architect, over Gage Bro Jewellery Store, Princess Street, Kingston.

CARD—MRS. GRAFFTEY, Teacher of the Pianoforte, Music, &c. Residence—Wellington street.

TIM RIGNEY'S
CITY LIVERY STABLES, Princess Street Kingston. Office—Under the City Hotel. Any style of Carriage on hand.

POWER & SON
Architects and Building Surveyors. Office—Wellington Street, Kingston. John Power. Jos. W Power.

L. CLEMENTS,
Dentist, directly opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street. Established in Kingston 1857

WALKEM & WALKEM!
ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c., Kingston, opposite the Post-Office.
RICHARD WALKEM | JOSEPH B WALKEM

DR. B. W. DAY,
DENTIST—Office and residence, Dr/Sampson's office, corner of King and William Streets, opposite Dr. Yates'.

DR. TELGMANN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has removed to the corner of Queen and Bagot streets. OFFICE—Heath & Gunn's Drug Store.

R. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S.,
DENTIST.—Office and Residence, Princess St between Montreal and Sydenham Streets. Careful attention paid to the correction of all egularities of the teeth.

ROBERT SHAW,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, &c. OFFICE—Princess Street, over Dooter Skinner's Drug Store.
Money to Loan on Real Estate.

D. PHELAN, M.D., M.R.C.P.S.,
Ontario and Quebec Member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario and Quebec Physician, Surgeon, Accoucheur. Office: Wellington Street, near the Kingston Bakery.

SMYTHE & DICKSON.
BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public—Ontario street, adjoining Dominion Telegraph Company's Office.
E. H. SMYTHE, M.A., LL.B. | E. H. DICKSON, B.A.

HOMŒOPATHY.
C. L. CURTIS, M.D., successor to Dr. Jarvis, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office and Residence nearly opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street. Calls in the city or country promptly attended to.

H. J. SAUNDERS, M.D.,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE of Surgeons, England. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Wellington Street, half way between William and Earl Streets.
OFFICE—At Dr. Yates' Surgery.

J. H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S.
DENTIST.
Graduate of New York College of Dentistry Office—Wellington Street, between Princess and Brock Streets. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the teeth.
Kingston, Feb 5th, 1879.

FORD & SONS
Cataraqui Tannery
KINGSTON, ... ONTARIO.

Manufacturers of Slaughter, Sole, Harness Upper and Grain Leather Pebble, Hides Top, Buff and split Leather, Waxed Calf, Cow and Carriage Calf Kid, Belting, Boot Leather Hose, &c.

Dealers in Hides, Sheepskins, Calf Skins, Seeds and Wool, for which the Highest Market Price will be paid.

ESTABLISHED 1862.
Steam Dye Works.
60 PRINCESS ST.

HARD and SOFT FELT HATS Renovated and Dyed, to look equal to new, on short notice.
Terms reasonable.

R. MONTGOMERY
Steam Dyer.
June 23, 1-79.

JAMES REID,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer and Undertaker,
162 Princess Street
KINGSTON

All Kinds of COFFINS, CASKETS, SHROUDS &c., kept constantly on hand.
A NEW HEARSE, the best in the city, and can furnish Funerals at the most reasonable terms

VERY STYLISH.

Bell's Christmas and New Year Cards are all the rage. Name and photograph combined, and done in any style of lettering, in the most artistic manner. Call and examine samples, and, if satisfied, leave us your order.

W. P. BELL,
Corner of Montreal and Princess Sts.
ov 8th, 1879.

ONTARIO
Building & Savings' Society,
OFFICE—WELLINGTON STREET,
Opposite St. George's Hall.....Kingston

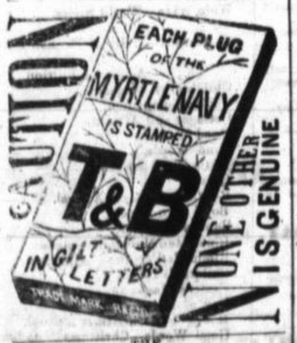
WM. FORD, President. Solicitor.....B. M. BRITTON, Q.C.
M. DORAN, Vice President.

Subscribed Capital, $250,000

Savings Bank open daily from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Interest allowed on deposits.
Loan Department—Money advanced on the security of Farm or City Property. For further information apply to
JAS. McARTHUR, Manager.
May 8th, 1879.

J. SMITH,
Teacher of the ORGAN, Pianforte
AND VOCAL MUSIC.
ARCH ST., KINGSTON, ONT.

MANHOOD RESTORED.
Prescription Free. For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address
DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., N. Y.



THE
City Woollen Mills
ARE NOW IN FULL OPERATION.
ON HAND FOR SALE:
Flannels,
Sheetings,
Blankets,
Yarn, &c.
Special attention to orders for Batting. Liberal reductions to the trade.
Call and see the Mill in operation.
Corn Meal, Feed, &c., on hand at the lowest figures.
HEWTON & HUGHES.
Kingston, August 27th, 1879

SUPPLIES
For Public Institutions
FOR 1880.

The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario will receive tenders up to noon of
MONDAY, 15th DEC'R.,
From such persons as may be willing to supply Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Prime Mess Pork, Corned Beef, Hams, Bacon, and Cordwood to the following Public Institutions, for the year 1880, viz:—The Asylums for the Insane at Toronto, London Kingston, Hamilton, and Orillia; the Central Prison, Toronto; the Provincial Reformatory, Penetanguishene; the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville; and for the Blind, Brantford.
Specifications and conditions of contracts may be had on making applications to the Bursars of the respective Institutions.
Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of the contracts.
The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.
J. W. LANGMUIR.
Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto,
December 5th, 1879.

MECHANICS'
INSTITUTE.

EVENING CLASSES
at the Collegiate Institute:
MONDAY—Freehand Drawing, by Mr. A. W. Moore.
TUESDAY—Constructive Geometry, by Mr. Wm. Irving.
WEDNESDAY—Mechanical Drawing, by Mr. S. Bingham.
THURSDAY—Mathematics and Book-keeping, by Mr. Summerby.
FRIDAY—Chemistry, by A. P. Knight, M.A.
English Literature and Junior Mathematics, under the direction of the Public School Board, at Queen Street School every evening.
ROBT. BAIRD, Secretary.

A CARD
TO THE LADIES OF KINGSTON
Who are not acquainted with the fact that I am making quite a large number of
LADIES' ULSTERS, CHESTERFIELDS, JACKETS AND MANTLES this Season.
I have better facilities for meeting the requirements of Ladies in this Department than any other one in the city. My work is far superior and the general appearance of every garment I make commands universal admiration.
I have no objections to cut and make up materials furnished me, and my charges are very moderate and I study to please.
G. W. ANDREWS,
The Ladies' Tailor, Wellington Street.
Dec 1st, 1879.

FELICE BERTOLINI,
SALSAMENTARIO,
Has begun business in PISANI'S OLD STAND, lately occupied by Vanarnam.
Bolognas, Ham, Bacon and Pork of the choicest on hand in quantities.
Sausages, 10c per lb,
Nov. 12th, 1879.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
THE undersigned has opened an office at No. 134, Princess Street, for the sale and purchase of Real Estate, the leasing of Houses, Places of Business, Farms, &c., and procuring Leases of the same, buying and selling Mortgages, and securing loans on Real Estate. Commission reasonable. Parties having Farms, Lots, Houses, &c., to sell or let, please send in full description, registration and list of which will be made and kept on view in my office without charge.
JOHN FRASER.

FOR SALE.
A LARGE HOUSE in one of the best localities in the city with Lawn, Garden, Vinery, &c.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
A STONE HOUSE on Johnston Street: the property of Prof. Mowat. Both Houses are in repair.
Severn Farms in the County for sale.
Kingston, Oct. 10th, 1879.

FOR SALE.
LOT Thirty-Eight, 66 x 132, west side of Gore Street, between Sheriff Ferguson's Stables and the Fenwick House. Terms easy.
BAWDEN & MACHAR.

AN ELIGIBLY SITUATED LOT ON KING STREET WEST, the site of the "County Down Inn." BAWDEN & MACHAR.

LOT NUMBER NINE, west side of Collingwood Street. BAWDEN & MACHAR.
Kingston, July 26th, 1879.

For Sale or To Let.
THE BRICK DWELLING HOUSE on Bagot Street, adjoining West the residence of E. Chown, Esq., near the City Park Apply to BAWDEN & MACHAR, Solicitors

TO LET.
THE PREMISES on the west side of King Street, lately occupied by J. Cameron, Saloon keeper, and the Street Railway Company
BAWDEN & MACHAR.
Solicitors, Golden Lion Block.
July 26, 1879.

TO LET.
THE Premises on Princess Street now occupied by Mr. P. Harty. Possession given on 1st January next. Apply to Sheriff Ferguson.
Oct 29th, 1879

A BRICK HOUSE on Bagot Street, at present occupied by A. F Macpherson. Apply to
JOHN McMAHON, Wellington Street.
Sept. 16th, 1879.

A VERY COMFORTABLE BRICK DWELLING, with carriage house attached, of Alfred street, will be sold or let. Apply to
VANDEWATER & BETTS,
Office—Ontario Street

FOR SALE.
A STEAM ENGINE and BOILER, about 3 horse power. Price $150, complete, Apply at the Whig Office.
Kingston, Dec 6th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS!
Call and Examine our Stock of
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION AT THE CENTRAL DISPENSARY,
W. D. GORDON & CO.,
124 Princess Street, nearly opposite the City Hotel.
A Night Bell.
Dec. 9th, 1879.

Notwithstanding the Heavy Duty on the Celebrated Indianapolis Patent
FLOUR
It still takes the Lead
FOR PASTRY. BUT FOR A GOOD BUN USE THE TEA ROSE BRAND OF FLOUR, AND FOR A GOOD DRINK use
KAOKA, KAOKA.

CHINA T. HOUSE.
J. REDDEN.
Dec. 10th, 1879.

The New Book Store.
RECEIVED THIS MORNING.
Scottish Hymnals.
Sankey's Hymns—20c.
21 Volumes E. P. Roe's Works.
Macaulay's Life and Letters.
Greg's Creeds of Christendom.
Alice's Wonderland.
Through a Looking Glass.
Beautiful Scrap Albums in Cloth, Leather, Morocco and Persian Bindings.
Coleride's Ancient Mariner, BEAUTIFUL.
Baby's Opera—Brimful of Fun and Music.
Pocket Diaries for 1880.
Glove Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Vases.
Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books.
New Plutarch Series of Biographies.
New Books Arriving Daily.
Prang's Cards, Imperials, Chromos, &c.
S. WOODS.
Dec. 8th, 1879

A SUPPLY OF THE
Compound Syrup of
RED SPRUCE GUM
PREPARED BY
The Sisters of Providence
For Coughs, Colds, Pulmonary Consumption, &c., received at
THE PHARMACY,
HEATH & GUNN,
185 PRINCESS STREET.
Dec. 6th, 1879.

AT WADE'S.
Johnston's Indian Blood Syrup.
Green Mountain Asthma Cure,
Wynkoop's Iceland Pectoral,
Stafford's Olive Tar.
Schenk's Mandrake Pills.
Roman Eye Balsam,
—AT—
WADE'S DRUG STORE,
Corner King & Brock Streets, Market Square
Nov. 8th, 1879

NOTICE.
FRIDAY, the SIXTEENTH day of JANUARY next, will be the last day for receiving Petitions for Private Bills.
FRIDAY, the TWENTY-THIRD day of JANUARY next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills to the House.
THURSDAY, the FIFTH day of FEBRUARY next, will be the last day for presenting Reports of Committees relative to Private Bills.
Applicants for Private Bills must, within two weeks from the first appearance of their Notices in the *Ontario Gazette*, place a copy of the Bill, and the sum of one hundred dollars, in the hands of the Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.
CHARLES T. GILLMOR,
Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.
Dec. 12th, 1878.

CALL BEFORE PURCHASING
YOUR OVERCOATS
—AT—
LIVINGSTON'S,
THE PEOPLE'S CLOTHING HOUSE,
And see the Largest and Cheapest Stock of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Overcoats in the City.
C. LIVINGSTON,
21 BROCK STREET. 21
Dec. 5th, 1879.

CHEAP CLOTHING.

McNAUGHTON & CO.
GREAT CLEARING SALE
—OF—
READY-MADE CLOTHING, CLOTHS, TWEEDS, DIAGONALS, &c., to continue until the last day of December.
We need not say much in the matter, as our customers are well aware of the great value we give when we make a Clearing Sale. All we ask of our customers is to give us a call and examine our Stock and see prices and then judge for themselves.
One price asked and no less taken.
McNAUGHTON & CO.,
Corner of King and Princess Streets,
Kingston, December 11th, 1879.

KID MITTS and GLOVES
With and without Fur tops—the Best Assortment in town, at
MILLS BROS'.,
Corner Princess and Bagot Streets, Headquarters for fresh made
FASHIONABLE FURS.
December 10th, 1879.

At the Bankrupt Stock Sale,
106 PRINCESS STREET,
MAY BE HAD
Men's Scotch L. W. Shirts and Drawers, at Original Cost, less 10 per cent.
50 doz. Men's All Linen Collars at 5 cents each.
White Shirts at less than wholesale prices.
BARGAINS in all lines of Gents' Furnishings.
GEO. LAING,
106 Princess Street.

Buy Your Fancy Goods for Xmas,
—AT—
WALDRON'S.
100 Doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs at 7, 10, 12 1/2, 15 and 20 Cents.
Ladies' Linen Hem Stitched Handkerchiefs, 2 1/2 and 2 in Hem, at 20, 25, 30 and 35 Cts
Ladies' Fancy Embroidery Handkerchiefs, Beautiful Goods.
75 Doz. Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs, at 15, 20, 25 and 30 Cents.
Ladies' Wool Clouds at very low prices.
Children's Wool Mitts, Gaiters, Cuffs and Fancy Squares, Cheap.
50 Doz. Ladies' Kid Mitts, Lined, at 60, 75, 80, 90 Cents, and $1.00.
10 Doz. Ladies' Kid Mitts, Fur Tops and Spring Fastenings, at 90c., $1.00 and $1.25.
20 Doz. Gents' Lined Kid Gloves and Mitts, at 75c., $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.
Lots of Fancy Goods at Extremely Low Prices.
800 New Dresses at Montreal Wholesale Prices.
R. WALDRON, Wilson's Buildings.

L-U-M-B-E-R!
Doors, Sashes and Blinds.
Everything in the Line of Building Materials for Low Prices
AT THE
RATHBUN LUMBER YARD,
KINGSTON, foot of Queen Street.
Large Stocks constantly on hand: Flooring, Wainscotting, Clap-Boarding, Base, Architraves, Brackets, Mouldings, Newels, Balusters, Hand Rail, Fencing of various descriptions, beautiful in design, Verandah Roofing, Battens (dressed and rough) Furring, Lath, Shingles, Fence Posts, Mill Wood, Pickets, Dimension Timber, &c., &c., &c.
Sash Factory orders of all kinds promptly filled.
Everything manufactured from the best of kiln-dried lumber, by experienced workmen.
Kingston, Sept. 3rd, 1879. J. B. BENSON, Agent.

J. DUNBAR & CO.
Are now showing a large and fashionable Stock of Overcoatings,
REALLY NOBBY GOODS,
Scotch Tweed Suitings, Choice Styles and excellent value. English and French Trouserings, very superior and Cheap Goods. Our
Canadian Tweeds,
Very best makes and very cheap, will be MADE TO ORDER at very Lowest Prices Having secured the services of a FIRST CLASS CUTTER we hope to be able to please all who favor us with their patronage.
J. DUNBAR & CO.
Merchant Tailors, Corner Princess and Wellington Streets.
Oct. 23rd. 1879

McMAHON BROS.
FOR
Cheap Hardware!
THE Subscribers beg to intimate that they have purchased the Stock of John E. Rose and intend carrying on the business at the same place.
Yarker's Old Stand,
PRINCESS STREET,
Where they will keep always on hand a complete stock of
HARDWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
and will be happy to see all the old customers and as many more as may favor them with a call.
McMAHON BROS.,
Princess Street
Dec 3rd, 1879.

CATARRH
Of Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by
SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.
Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen—I feel compelled to acknowledge to you the great benefit SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE has been to me. For ten years I have been afflicted with this loathsome disease, and especially in the winter time has it been most severe. The discharge has been thick and bloody, emitting a foul odor so bad that my presence in a room with others was very offensive to them. One week after commencing the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE I was not troubled with it at all. My senses of taste and smell, which were wholly gone, have now fully returned, and my general health is much improved. Yours,
MELBOURNE H. FORD,
Short-Hand Writer.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 3, 1879.
LATER.
Gentlemen: The package of SANFORD'S CURE arrived here to-night all right. I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for this remedy. I have tried Nasal Douches and everything else, and although I have been able to stop the offensive discharge, I have not been able to recover my senses of taste and smell until I tried SANFORD'S CURE. You can refer any one you choose to me, and I will cheerfully inform them in detail as to the benefit the remedy has been to me. Yours,
MELBOURNE H. FORD.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 15, 1879.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE
Not only promptly arrests the corroding discharges in Catarrh, but, by sympathetic action, it restores to sound health all the organs of the head that have become affected by it, and exhibit any of the following affections:—
Defective Eyesight, Inflamed and Mattery Eyes, Painful and Watery Eyes, Loss of Hearing, Earache, Neuralgia of the Ear, Discharges from the Ear, Ringing Noises in the Head, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Pains in the Temples, Loss of the Senses of Taste and Smell, Elongation of the Uvula, Inflammation of the Tonsils, Putrid Sore Throat, Tickling or Hacking Cough, Bronchitis, and Bleeding of the Lungs.
Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full and carefully prepared directions for use in all cases. Price, $1. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canadas. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS'
VOLTAIC PLASTERS
AN Electro-Galvanic Battery, combined with a highly Medicated Plaster, forming the grandest curative agent in the world of medicine, and utterly surpassing all other Plasters heretofore in use. They accomplish more in one week than the old Plasters in a whole year. They do not palliate, they CURE. They
Relieve Affections of the Chest.
Relieve Affections of the Lungs.
Relieve Affections of the Heart.
Relieve Affections of the Liver.
Relieve Affections of the Spleen.
Relieve Affections of the Kidneys.
Relieve Affections of the Spine.
Relieve Affections of the Nerves.
Relieve Affections of the Muscles.
Relieve Affections of the Joints.
Relieve Affections of the Bones.
Relieve Affections of the Sinews.
No matter what may be the extent of your suffering, try one of these Plasters. Relief is *instantaneous*, a fact supported by hundreds of testimonials in our possession. Bear in mind that the most important discoveries in pharmacy date back within ten years, and that combinations of gums and essences of plants and shrubs are herein united with Electricity to form a curative Plaster, in soothing, healing, and strengthening properties as far superior to all other Plasters heretofore in use as the scientific physician is to the horse-leech.
Price, 25 Cents.
Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER lest you get some worthless imitation. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canadas, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

To the Electors of the City of Kingston.
GENTLEMEN,—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens I have consented to place myself before you as a candidate for the Mayoralty for 1880. As an Alderman I have had considerable experience in municipal affairs, and if elected I shall do all in my power to promote the city's interest, with the strictest regard to economy.
I respectfully solicit your votes and influence.
ROBERT CARSON.
Nov 15th, 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS
OF THE
CITY OF KINGSTON.
GENTLEMEN,—At the request of many of my friends and fellow-citizens of all creeds and politics, I have the honour to announce myself a candidate for the Mayoralty for 1880. I filled that office in 1874, having been then elected by the Aldermen, and for thirty years I have taken a prominent part in the public affairs of the city, thus enabling me to look strictly after its interests.
Respectfully requesting your support, I am gentlemen,
S. T. DRENNAN.
Nov. 13th, 1879.

TO THE ELECTORS OF VICTORIA WARD:
GENTLEMEN,—In consequence of the proposed retirement of Ald McKelvey, I beg to offer myself as a candidate as Alderman for 1880.
C. F. GILDERSLEEVE.
Kingston, 9th Dec., 1879.

BURNETT'S FLAVOURING
EXTRACTS.
CAUTION! CAUTION!!
TO HOUSEKEEPERS—The attention of the heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of these Extracts. They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are sold at retail at the same prices as the inferior makes, viz.: 25c. per bottle for all kinds except Vanilla, which is sold at 35c. per bottle. Ask for Burnett's. Take no other.
For sale by W. E. McRAE & CO., Golden Lion Block, Kingston, Ont.
Nov. 25th, 1879

The British Whig.

VOL. XLVII. KINGSTON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1879. NO. 292

Daily British Whig.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 13.

THE BURGOMASTER'S WELL.

A peaceful spot, a little street,
So still between the double roar
Of sea and city, that it seemed
A rest in music set before
Some clashing chords, vibrating yet
With hurried measures quick and sweet;
For so the harsh chords of the town;
And so the ocean's rhythmic beat.

A narrow street with linden trees,
So thickly set, the belfry's face
Was leaf-veil'd, while above them pierced
Four slender spires flamboyant grace.
Old porches carven when the trees
Were seedlings, yellow in the sun,
Four hundred years ago, that on
The quaint old city gaily shone.

A fountain, prim and richly cut
In ruddy granite, carv'd to tell
How a good Burgomaster reap'd
The stone above the people's well,
A sea-horse from his nostrils blew
Two silver threads, a dragon's lip
Dropp'd diamonds, and a giant hand
Held high an urn on finger tip.

'Twas there I met my little maid.
There saw her yellow tresses first;
She filled her cup for one who leaned—
A soldier crippled and athirst—
Against the basin's carven rim;
Her dear, small hands' white loveliness
Was pinkly flush'd; the gay bright drops
Plashed on her brow and silken dress.

I took the flagon from her hands—
Too small, dear hands for such a weight—
From cobweb weft and wool is spun
The tapestries of Life and Fate!
The linden trees had gilded buds;
The dove wheel'd high on joyous wing,
When on that darling hand of her's
I supper the glimmer of a ring.

Ah, golden heart and gilded locks!
We wove so sweet, so sure a spell;
That quiet day I saw her first
Beside the Burgomaster's well.

—*Telegram*

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

'A sweet dom stic picture. But stop! Surely that is a frown between those prettily arched brows, and the full swell of the under lip is very like a pout. And, as I live, there are two great tears on the long black lashes! And now she breaks out into a torrent of petulant, impatient words:

'The same tiresome things, day after day—first breakfast, then kiss Charley goodbye, then directions to look for the six o'clock dinner, and after the needlework; or calls, made or received, in which one is treated to a full account of Mrs. Blank's extravagance, of Miss Honiton's flirtations, of that horrid Col. St. Cyr, so awfully fast, my dear, and so distressingly good-looking. How tired I am of it all! And there is Charley. Who believed he could have changed so in so short a time? He no longer cares for balls, theatre or opera, but dons dressing-gown, smoking-cap and slippers directly he has swallowed his dinner, lights that horrid meerschaum, and passes the evening behind a newspaper enveloped in smoke-clouds. O dear! I wish I had not been in quite such a hurry to get married.'

A rap at the door, and to her sharp "Come in" a servant appears, bearing a card. Madam looks, flushes, says "I will be down directly," and flies to her dressing-room, brushes her flushed cheeks with a cooling powder puff, pats the brown waves of her hair with two pretty dimpled hands, glances at herself in the glass, smiles, and descends to the drawing-room.

A tall, gentlemanly-looking man rises and comes forward as she enters.

'Mrs. Thornton.'

Well they talk of the weather, the last new opera, etc. Common-place subjects enough. But why should his eyes cause hers to waver and droop, glad to shelter themselves behind the white lids? Why, at parting, is the little white hand so hastily withdrawn from the close, warm pressure of his? Why after he has gone, does she gaze so tenderly at the hand she had so hastily withdrawn, raise it almost to her lips and then, suddenly let it drop at her side? Why? I can tell you that. She loves her husband with her whole warm, passionate heart. And for a year and more she has been living on husks. He considers his whole duty done when the table is bountifully supplied, the wife well dressed, and he does not waver in his allegiance to her.

She does not care one iota for this Ray Remmington. Still she has hungered so that this crust is not so unpalatable to her as it would once have been. There! Sir or madam, you have the explanation.

Now I am not going to make of this handsome Ray Remmington a fiend incarnate. No, he was witty, generous, a warm friend, nobody's enemy, and a little, just a little weak and impulsive enough to follow up his own desires and inclinations, recking little of the cost or consequences to himself or others.

He had been very much in love with pretty Mrs. Thornton before she became Mrs. Thornton—when she was pretty Lou Tremaine, and had asked her to change her name for that of Remmington. But pretty Miss Tremaine was very much in love with some one else, and a few months thereafter made herself and that other supremely happy by going through a certain ceremony in Grace Church, resplendent in white satin and Brussels lace.

He had met Mrs. Thornton several times since her return from her tour, but never alone, as to-day, and he found it dangerously sweet to sit there gazing into the lovely eyes and at the dear, tender little mouth of his early love.

But let us return to Mrs. Thornton. She stands there, in the centre of that pretty room, with a white, white face, and a wild, frightened look in the sweet blue eyes, then bursts into a passionate flood of tears, throws herself on the nearest chair, drops her face in her hand on the table before her. Five—ten—fifteen minutes pass. The sobs grow fainter and fainter. At length silence reigns, save for an occasional chirp from the canaries and the ticking of the pretty French clock on the mantel. A rap at the door arouses her and James enters with a cluster of violets. There is no card—nothing to tell from whom they came; but she knew only too well. In the dear old days, when she was Miss Tremaine, two such clusters were left every day at her door, one bearing Ray Remmington's card, and the other Chas. Thornton.

A moment later she is excessively provoked at herself for thrusting the violets out of sight. Why did she do it! She could not have told you. Perhaps she felt instinctively that her husband would hardly approve of her receiving even so trifling a gift as a wee bunch of violets from his old rival, Ray Remmington.

Well, the thing was done, and there was no help for it. Were she now to take them from the drawer Charley would certainly require an explanation as to how they got there, and surely it was a queer place in which to put pretty, fresh flowers! Better not say anything about them. And should she speak of Ray's visit! Yes; she would surely tell that—but not now—after dinner. Charley always just a trifle impatient—cross—when he was hungry. She would wait until after dinner. But before the dessert was brought on, while she was eating her salad, her husband asked to be excused.

'There was a most interesting article in the *Evening Spouter* on the Chinese question, which he had commenced in the omnibus on his way home, and became deeply interested in.'

And off he went, and when the dainty cup-custards, fragrant mochs and luscious fruit were brought in there was a troublesome lump in the white throat and a suspicious moisture in the blue eyes of the wife, and the custard was trifled with, a spoonful or two of the mocha swallowed, for were not the watchful eyes of "Jeemes" upon her? And then she hastened from the room, her mind fully made up. She would go to Charley, tell him everything—just how she missed the old caresses and delicate little attentions; how lonesome it was to sit there, night after night, gazing at the back of his newspaper, or at the top of his sleek brown head, as it peeped above the top of the paper. She would tell him of Ray's visit, and about the hidden flowers, and with this resolve in her heart, she opened the door of the sitting-room.

'Charley dear,'—she would not give herself a moment, for fear her courage might fail—'Charley, dear, will you put you paper aside for a moment? I want to tell you something.'

'Now, Lou, do't bother me; I never was more interested in my life. By jingo! this fellow writes well. Where's Lelia, or Bijou? What is the use of your having pets if you never notice them. Now, sit down, that's a good girl, and dress Lelia up in pink ribbons or something. You ought to be fond of that confounded cat; it cost enough.'

How quickly the moisture leaves the blue eyes! What a sudden, firm, tightening there is the pretty red lips, and what a hard, cold heart this of hers has suddenly become! And the Tempter whispers in her heart; 'Not so would Ray Remmington have looked or spoken.' And, remembering the tender voice, and the love in Ray's eyes, she feels a sudden tenderness springing up in her heart for the owner of the bold, black eyes, and a glad though guilty pleasure in the thoughts of the hidden violets.

And Charles Thornton, Esq., returns to his paper with a most self-satisfied air, which by the way, is the expression generally to be found on the masculine countenance when the owner thereof has been making a most egregious ass of himself.

An hour later he throws down the *Spouter*, and asks what it is she has to say to him.

'I really have forgotten. It was of no consequence.'

Take care, Charles Thornton! Your wife's first falsehood! Who is to blame for it? and for what will it lead!

* * * * * * *

Three months later. Ray Remmington and Mrs. Thornton have met many times since that sad day on which he sent her the violets. They have lunched together, rode together, and attended the matinees together, and to-night it is all arranged that she will leave her husband's protection for that of Ray.

Is she happy at the thought of leaving her husband's home? Happy? No! wretchedly unhappy. But that which seemed only a slight grievance at first has become now an unhappiness too great to be borne.

Of course she confided her sorrows to Ray, and his indignation was intense.

'That any one could so neglect her! She, whom he would have cherished so tenderly,' and so forth, in the usual strain.

Of course, all this only made her lot seem the harder. And now she is going to escape from it all. But the treacherous little heart in her bosom, that she had thought so cold and dead to Charley, now begins to plead for him.

How he haunted the corridor outside her bed-room door that time when she was so ill, and he was forbidden to enter. And when at last she was well enough to see him, how shocked she was at the alteration in the dear face. Why, it was worn as thin and white as her own, and when she first saw her own face in the glass, the great hollows in the pale cheeks he used to praise for their plumpness and bloom, and saw in place of the luxuriant brown tresses he was so proud of, the boy's shock of curly brown hair, and threw herself weeping on her pillow, sobbing, how could he—could he love her now? How tenderly he took her in his arms, laid her head on his breast and kissed the shorn locks and sunken cheeks. And though she lived to be old and gray, could she ever forget his words!

'My dear one, my wife, I am so thankful that I hold here on my heart, where at one time I feared you never would rest again. I love you my darling for yourself, your warm heart, your pure soul, not for the bloom that can fade or the tawny brown tresses that are gone.'

Ah! what a sudden sharp catching of the breath. Could any other man ever be the same to her as Charley? Oh! she must not think of this.

What is this? A bracelet he gave her on the first anniversary of their marriage. No, she cannot take that. And her wedding ring! Yes, that must be left with the rest. Oh! she had not dreamed it would be so hard to part with the old love-tokens. Even the despised Lelia is caught up and kissed, and cried over. And—what was she about to do? Yes, she was actually going to kiss the little white tidy on the back of the sleepy hollow where Charley's head rested every night while he read the *Spouter*.

When Charley returns to his deserted home (he left for Washington that morning) what will he say? Will he care very much?

Hark! One—two—three—she counts the nine. Then the strokes cease.

The hour has come. She starts for the door, stops, with her hand pressed to her heart, gazes wildly around, and dashes out blindly into the night. A tall form is standing at the foot of the steps. It is Ray. He draws the little cold hand through his arm. They turn the corner, a carriage is waiting, the steps are down, the wife has entered, Ray is about to follow, when—ah! great heaven! what is this! Her husband stands before him. There is the flash and the report of a pistol, and Ray Remmington falls. She shrieks wildly, springs from the carriage, and—awakes!

Yes, thank God! awakes to find it all a dream.

She is in her own dear little sitting-room. There is the dear old sleepy hollow, and there is Lelia, the fluffy Angora cat on the rug before the fire. Bijou there too, with his funny little goggle eyes, and funny little pink tongue lolling out, and—what is this? A card—Ray Remmington's. She remembers now he did call, and he had the impertinence to show by his look and tone that he still cared for her.

She rings the bell violently.

'James, in future, when Mr. Remmington calls, I am not at home.'

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