MY MARRIAGE.

What Trouble a Lack of Confidence Brought-A Foolish Wife's Controlly.

Christmas is ever-the first Christmas I have spent from hour-and I am glad that it is past and goice; and the new year, itsly two weeks old as yet, is passing on its way, beginning its infancy with a tempest of rain that lasts day after day. But I can bear bud weather-anything, in fact-with equalitity, for Lone and Bor are coming mext week, and I am counting the very days and hours now.

I have chosen two of the prettiest and brightest bed-rooms, and, with Mrs. Streete's help, they are made pictures of luxurious comfort, with lace and ribbons, and some of Humphrey's pictures on the dark walls. The beds are got up in the white and pink common to the dainty bed-rooms provided by novelists for the reception of their beroines. In darling Bee's room I have placed a writing table well stocked with paper, pens, and luk; and at one end of the room stands a book-sace into which I have put every book I can find, for, of five writes ahe must read, and out of this beterogeneour mass she will surviv find food for her

Humphrey laughs at my plans; but I think he looks a little sad too. And one evening he says, half smiling, half seri-

wil shall be nothing to my wife now, when nee and Lena come"... putting his hands on my shoulders as he sproks. And then he laughs at the pitcons dismay in my upturned face. "Never mind, my little wemain? Be as happy as you can."

"Humphrey, I am happy with you very often," I whisper ever so low, and feel his arms close round me tightly.

«Wife, darling, will there ever be a time when you cannot be happy without me to Drawing back my head, I look up into his face and read the passionate leve there, unit a great pitty ventes into my mears for I

"Humphrey, if I get to cure for you as Buch as Bee, will you be confent?" A smile comes into his eyes. His voice takes a lower, more loving bene-

"Content...but not satisfied. It must be more than Bee, Madgie." "I couldn't, Humphrey! I could never

love any man as much as Bee !" "Not as much-but more," he answers softis.

CHAPTER XVII.

seOnly three days, and Bee and Lena. will be with me! We are at breakfast, Humphrey and I. The post-bag has just come in; and behind the great silver ura I am reading a letter from Bee... a long letter, full of wild delight at the prospect of coming to Carstairs; and she gives a graphte and amusing description of Lena' dread that their wardrobes will not be considered fashionable enough for the gay neighbor-"Madgie."

Humphrey's voice breaks in upon my letter-reading, and there is something in his tone that tells me it is not an ordinary question he is about to ask. "Well," I say, perping round the ura,

everhal is it, Humphrey! He has a letter in his hand-a fereign

letter apparently, judging from the thin "Madrie," he says again trying to speak

earelessly, but looking at my face all the time to see the effect of his words, "what do you say to a trip to New York." "To New York" I echo, with eyes open-

for in amazement, "What do you mean, He looks down at the letter in his hand,

and then up at me again.

of have an old friend named Grant dying in New York of consumption. This better is from him; and he asks me, as a last favor, to come and see him before he dies, and be a guardian to his only sister. poor fellow !" I listen blankly to his explanation, and

then turn my eyes away from my husband's

"Humphrey most you go?"

He gets up and comes over to me. «Listro, child. When I was ill in London, years ago, with no friends, no one to care if I lived or died, Grant aureed me almost night and day for two months, and worked himself to a shadow to procure wine and luxuries for up. Don't you think I ought to go? We shall not be away more than six weeks or two months." "We."-with a gasp in my voice. Do

you mean that I am to go, Humphrey." "Yes," is all be says, gravely and sternly, and puts his dring friend's letter into my hand, and then walks away to the window, while I read the faint blotted handwriting, the last touching appeal of man to man and heart to heart.

Slowly I read the letter, and slowly I "Humbhrey, I think you ought to go,"

I say in a tearful voice, with a stress on the wron" which he cannot thil to under-

He does not answer immediately. I look over at his tall figure standing in the window, and wender what he is thinking of and why he does not speak. The silence becomes unbearable, and I break it at last, simility and uncertainly. Bee and Lona will be so

Humphrey, would you mind if I stayed at home with them?"

He turns round suddenly

«Great Heaven, Madgie, do von mean to drive me mad?" And then, as I rise to my feet and stand smitten dumb with wild trightened exve at the first wrathful words that have ever passed his lips to me, be cries out, with something like a sob in his votes, we hild, child, you will break my

I do not speak-I only look back at him. with flat-coming tears and gasping, catching breath. Itid I seem glad at the prospect of being alone at Carstairs, with my sixters for company? Perhaps I showed gladness in my face. I was hardly conscious of even feeling one thresh of pleasure at the prospect; but Humphrey's junious passimulte even are keen. Tears roll down

"Madgie, Madgie, where is all your heavegg? Wife, don't you know it is your duty to accompany mery

It harts me to hear the pitiful stress on the word oduly" as it falls from his ligs. "My duty?" I falter with a threb of pity for us both, and go one step marer to him. "Your wife most not fall in that, Mun-

"We must go at once," my husband says, passing his hand wearily across his fore, head; and I wigh, and think of the long MUCHEY DODGE US.

Just for one second my husband's arms clasp me tightly; he bends his face ever mine, and keeps it there. «Madgie, Heaven help us both if only

duty keeps you by side." What is the good of my saying anything. No words of mine can make any

By-and-by he coupes and finds me withing a few hasty lines to Bee to tell her of our sudden strange journey. Not one word do I say in blume of my houband; but, in spite of myself, one tear hav fallen on the

paper and left a blistered stain. Humphrey looks sorrowfully at my wochegone

"Madgie darling, it won't be so long after all; and then you can have the girls for

the whole summer if you like." when I very foolishy's I say, and smile up at him a little. One of my repentant fits comes suddenly, and I lean my check upon his hand ... Humphrey, I wonder. when you will begin to hate me?"

of will tell you when the time comes .--And now, my child, I want to start the day after to-morrow. Can you be ready?" "Yes," I answer, with a lump in my throat, but very resolute and determined to say I would be ready in half an hour if he so witted it.

There is a great deal to be done, and Mrs. Steele is at her wits' end; and with a pang I hear her giving orders for the dismanthing of the two pretty rooms that have been gotten ready for Leuz and Bee .-Baxes are packed, and the whole house is in confusion. Chris Delacourt comes over and offers to do anything in his power.

I think our neighbors believe we are crazy for flying off to America to see a dying man; and the day before our departure we are besieged with visitors. Nobody seems to believe that we are actually going. The house has a deserted air already. Mrs. Steele is promising herself a field-day in the drawing-room after I am gone; and I hear murmurs for holland coverings, as she thinks it sacrilege to have the ancient drab brocade exposed for every day use.

On the day of our departure the china and cruaments disappear into some mysterious cupboards, and the long dim drawing-room has a dismantled appears ace .-We are not to start till the afternoon, and to-morrow we shall be on the salt sea, our faces set towards the New World. In spite of myself, and notwithstanding my disappointment, I am filled with a not unpleasurable excitement at the prospect of a sea-verage, and all the new sights that Se before us.

The morning is raw and cold, and the air outside is heavy. Drops hang from eyery bare black branch and tiny twig, and the world has a soddened look that would be depressing if I had time to think about it. The postman is coming up the avenue. I expect a letter from home, and go out

into the hall myself to take the pile of letters and papers from Bernard. Tossing them all down by Humphrey, I seize an envelope bearing mamma's handwriting. and, tearing it open, see a few scrawled lines, evidently written in a great hurry; and I read, with a wild beating at my heart, that Bee-my darling Bee-is illscartatina, the dectors say. "Madgie, what has happened?" Hum-

phrey asks. And I look up and feel myself growing white to the lips. "Bee is ill. I must go to her." I say

slowly and with difficulty. And, without speaking, Humphrey takes the letter from my hand and reads it through. "Scarlatina! Have you had it, Mad-

of? No; I think not." And then I get up. "How soon can I go to her, Humphrey?"-looking up to him with a sort of

domb appeal, for something tells me if I go to Bee it will be against my husband's wish. And I set my lips together firmly when his low-breathed steady words come. . «Madgie, Bee's illness is infectious; you cannot go to her." «I must! Don't try to stop me, Hum-

He pauses to prepare himself for the

conflict of will against will; but he is very calm and quiet yet. "My darling, if it was anything in rea-

son, you know I would yield to your wishes, but I cannot allow you to put your life in But I am deaf to reason. Bee, bright merry Bee, is ill. The life of the one be-

ing dearer to me than all else in this world. is in danger, and go to her I must and "Humphrey," I say desperately, With a choking voice, "you cannot keep me from Bee. I must go to-day; we are only losing

time. If you love me you will not say

anything more." alf I love you?"-and his voice is as unsteady as my own. "It is because I love you so much that I cannot let you go .-Listen, child, Bee has her sisters and her mother with her. She may have taken this illness very lightly; and when we come home she will, please Heaven, be well and

"You don't mean to take me to New York?" I cry, and then burst into bitter weeping. "Humphrey, Humphrey, I cannot go! Bee may die-and I must, oh, l must go to her !"

I sit and sob, and my husband walks up and down; and presently I feel his hand "Darling, you know that I feel for

I raise my face and say in a whisper-"Then you will allow me to go to-day! No one could nurse her as I could. She

loves me more than them all." I thought when I married I should never find any difficulty in obeying my husband. To-day it seems as if this is the hardest of

of all my yows to keep. "No good could come of you going, Humphrey says gloomily. "It would only trouble Bee and make her anxious for your sake. Don't look, dear, as if I were un-

kind in saying this, or harsh, when I tell you that I absolutely forbid you going to "Shall I disobey him? Shall I rise to my feet and say I will go my own way? For a moment my heart rises in hot rebellion

and then something in the grave tender face looking at me in pity, not anger, brings me all at once to my better self. "What do you wish me to do, Hum-

phreyen I say very sorrowfully. "Tell me what you think lest." He looks very sad when he speaks-not

at once, but as if he were weighing his

«Madgie, I am not selfish enough to ask you to accompany me, when I know that in your heart you would rather be at home; but, if I allow you to stay here, will you promise not to go to Bee? Will you give me your word now?"

I look into his face as I speak. "I could not promise that, Rumphrey." "Then, my child, I must take you with me to New York." Very quietly and patiently he gives his decision, and I listen

with a sense of desperation. "Madgie, I leave it with yourself to decide." of will stay here," I answer, with the feeling that, of the two evils, it is better

to choose the least. "And you will promise not to run away home to Bee?" he urges gently still; but I can see how anxiously he walts for my

alf Bee is dying," I say, with quivoring lips, "I must go to lier. No promise could keep me from her then."

"Bee is young and strong. Why should she die? Madgie, give me your word that, unless the worst comes, you will stay

of proming",-whispering the words re-

"Now I shall be better satisfied, when I am far away, to know that you are safe at home." Then my husband says with a wistul tenderness. "Madgie, you will write

to me every mail?" "Yes." I answer, thinking little of his logeliness, but my mind dwelling upon

voice, iti, dynak perunje, and my word passed that I am not to go to her, unless it

is for a last good-bye. The remainder of the day drags with leaden hours. Humphrey's grave face is a constant reproach. Once I am tempted to say, "I will go with you, Humphrey," but I cannot bring my lips to utter such words; and my boxes are carried up to my room again, and I see Hester laying my things back in the wardrobes.

"I don't like leaving you here alone, Madgie," Humphrey says, as the time draws very near for his departure, "I wish Georgie Delacourt were here, she could have stayed with you while I am away."

But Georgie is away on a visit having beaten a cowardly retreat and left the field clear to Sir Jasper Vane.

"I shall not mind being alone," I say bravely. "And I dare say Georgie will be home before you Humphrey,33

My husband's spirit's get lower and lower as the hour of his departure draws near. One little act shows his kind heart and his love for me. Shortly before it is time to start, he calls me into the library and hands me a cheque for one hundred pounds.

"For Bee," he says. "I know what an expensive thing an illness is." "Humphrey-how kind!" I say, with a mist of tears in my eyes and a swelling at

my heart. He listens to my faltering thanks, holds out his arms, and I know the time is come to say good-bye, and I cling to him -sob-

"Humphrey, I know I ought to have gone with you. Say you forgive me before

"Good-bye, my wife-my darling!" His voice is not like his own. . Heaven keep you, Madgie! Good-bye!" A few minutes afterwards I am standing

alone, white and tearful, and Humphrey is

Bee's illness turns out to be very slight, and in a week's time she is out of danger. It is the very mildest form of scarlatina. Isabel and Regy take it too, equally light-

I am dreadfully lonely, and the days seem interminable. My first letter to Humphrey causes me much thought, especially how to address hime "Dear Humphrey" looks formal, but I have written it down, and there is stays; and the orthodox ending, "Your affectionate wife," looks strangely cold. It is a very short letter; but I don't know what to say; and there is a whole half sheet staring me in the face in its spotless purity. I read my letter over again, and it seems stiffer and more stilted than ever. So over the blank half sheet I write, "I do miss you very much, Humphrey."

I know long afterwards that he kissed that one little sentence again and again, and that the postscript was the only part of the letter he cared to read-the few words in which I told him that I missed

And I do miss him every hour of the day-for time hangs heavily on my hands, and the house is dreadfully, painfully still. Humphrey's own room, with the unfinished pictures standing against the wall, looks dreary in the extreme. I miss the form I am so accustomed to see sitting at the easel, but always looking up with a smile when I appear. I long-yes I absolutely long to hear Humphrey's voice, for a sight of his gray eyes-the eyes that are always full of sympathy for me.

I must be getting fond of him I say to myself, or I should not miss him so much; and then I think it is only because I am lonely that I miss his presence and put imaginary cases to myself. Which would I rather see arrive-Hum-

phrey or Bee. I know that I would a thousand times rather hear Bee's merry voice than my husband's deep tender Humphrey or Lena? There is a little

doubt here, but Lena earries the day.

Humphrey or Helen? I think that

Humphrey would get the gladder wel-And so the scale of my affectious runs thus-I like Humphrey nearly, but not quite as well as Lena. Though better than Helen. But ob, how immeasurable low is my standard of love for him com-

pared with my love for Bee! With Bee's returning health my spirits revive, and the sickening anxiety at postlome. Mrs. Steele is very anxious about me, and comes repeatedly to see how I am getting on. She scolds me if she finds me

"For illness, ma'am, is a dispensation of Providence. Tears wont make the young lady well; and your own health is to be

But Bee is out of danger now. The weather is fine-a mild green winter it is -and weather prophets foretell a white March. So I got out into the world again, accept an invitation to lunch at Ripley, and find that Captain Delacourt is home on I think every one is a little surprised at

my not going with Humphrey; and I fancy that the outward world regards my anxiety about Bee as an excuse to stay at

"So you were afraid to cross the seas. Mrs. Carstairs?" says Captain Delacourt. «I don't wonder; at this time of year it is far more comfortable on shore," "I was not afraid," I answer. "But

how could I go when my sister was ill?" He smiles, and says in a low voice-"We are the gainers; and it would have been selfish of Carstairs to take you away | leaux?"

when winter is the gayest time here." "Yes, but I cannot go to any of the gayeties when Humphrey is away." "Oh, you must-you cannot shut yourself up! Georgie talks of coming home

soon, and she won't be content to live qui-Chris sitting at the end of the table turns his smiling blue eyes on me.

"Clive is beating about the bush, Mrs. Carstairs; he wants to get up private thestricals, and I believe your presence and assistance are indis

"Oh, I couldn't act! I never did such a The poor Blake girls will feel very small." thing in my life !" I exclaim "There is to be no acting Captain Delacourt hastily interposes. It's only tableaux vivants; and you have merely to

good fun if well got up; and you must help us, Mrs. Carstairs." "You must wait till Georgie comes home, Clive," Mr. Delacourt says. "I expect

stand perfectly still. They are awfully

her home in about three weeks. And a month hence will do for the tableauxthe getting up of these things is half the

"What are they like!" I ask. "I have If my sisters could only come to me, never seen any." Captain Delacourt proceeds to explain. "Living pictures, you know. You can eyes.

take any subject you like-from Beauty and the Beast to Mary Queen of Scota on possible, group them after a picture, and, seen through a gause, the whole thing is And then the thought of limmphrey very effective when properly lighted. Will checks the words on my lips, and sends a been ransomed for \$30,000. you be Mary Queen of Scots, Mrs. Car- tide of crimson over my face. In my con-

"I will be anything you like," I answer. "Mrs. Steele told me that there used to be a trunk full of old brocaded silks and all kind of antiquities at Carstairs; but she is not sure where the box is. I intended to search for it when toy sisters came. Per-

haps the things would be of use for the tableaux " Captain Delacourt looks delighted. "The very thing, Mrs. Carstairs. It is a mercy that you did not go to New

York." Captain Delacourt evidently goes in heart and soul for anything that he under-

After luncheon, every book in the house is searched for suitable subjects for tableaux. Chris declares himself incapable of giving any assistance.

of am awfully hazy about history and all that sort of thing. Don't ask me to suggest anything about books. Have something modern, Clive-Arrival of Shab,

"Don't bother, Chris." Captain Delacourt has a sheet of paper and a pencil to write down anything that is thought of. He has a number of books around him. Mrs. Delacourt suggests wild impossible

scenes from the Waverly Novels, which are negatived immediately by her dutiful son Clive. "We must have something tragic, and a few desperately sentimental scenes; those

are the only tableaux that are in the least effective," h. says. "The Huguenot'?" suggests Chris, his eyes lighting on the pictures on the wall.

"What do you say to that Clive?" Captain Delacourt looks up. "I put that down long ago, also The Black Brunswicker."

"But who will take those characters?"

says Chris, in his lazy honest way. "No girl would stand like that with a fellow unless she knew him very well," "Oh, bosh!" cries Captain Delacourt -"Leave me to choose the characters, Chris, and they will be all right."

"Wouldn't Elaine make a pretty tableaux?" I say, looking over Tennyson." "Yes, lying on the barge; or it would oe better to have her polishing the shield. That would be less hackneyed," Captain Delacourt returns.

"So Elaine goes down on the list, and we progress swimmingly: "Have something with a soldier in it. Your uniform would come in handy, Clive."

This is another idea from Chris, brought out, as usual, after long deliberation. "By Jove, yes! Good idea that, Chris! Mrs. Carstairs suggests something with a red coat in it." Our combined thought results in a scene

with a dead soldier and angels hovering "An awfully jolly idea!" Captain Delacourt declares. "But how we are to get the angels I do not know. The girls in this region are simply frightful! Mrs. Carstairs, will you be an angel? But I think

I have you in every tableau, and it is hardly fair to give you so much to do." "Beauty and the Beast." This is also from Chris, who seems to have a fertile imagination.

"You and your husband," Captain Delacourt says quickly, and then colors crimson. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I don't mean anything, Mrs. Carstairs; but Carstairs is such a big fellow, with a beard and all that, and of course there could be no one more suitable than yourself to act. Beauty."

"Of course not," I say, laughing .-"Have Beauty and the Beast if you like. I am sure Humphrey would not mind." "We need not decide upon them all today," Chris observes. "We have lots of time, and ideas may come to us."

CHAPTER XVIII.

With the wind in my face and the keen air causing a thrill of exhibaration, I am speeding over a wide common, leaving Peter on the brown horse far behind. The Ranger has not been out for a week,

and he is in wild spirits to-day; and no sooner does he feel the close short grass under his feet than he is off, and I let him go for a mad gallop, which sobers him a little, and then I draw bridle and glance back to see Peter in the dim distance. The sea looks cold and blue to-day, with the sunshine on the white-tipped waves,

and I can feel the briny air on my face, and hear the wash of the water on the rocks. time abates. I can eat and sleep now, and | Up against the horizon I see a horseman cease to start at every knock, believing approaching; and when he gets near every sound to be a summons to call me | enough I see that it is Captain Delacourt mounted on a gray horse. He takes off h "Good morning, Mrs. Carstairs. Was

your horse running away just now?" "No!" I answer indignantly. "I cou

have pulled him up if I liked." He smiles again and I think what a very good-looking man he is, and how very beautiful his dark long-lashed eyes are. am sure that he thinks so himself too, from the way that he lifts his dark curled lashes and looks at me smiling.

thought you were not strong enough to pull in the Ranger!" I shrug my shoulders. "It is not worth being angry about; for your thinking it, Captain Delacourt, does

"Are you angry," he says, "because

not prove that it is true." He looks penitent. "Please don't quarrel with me! Shall I say that you are the best horsewoman in the county? But of course my saying or

I laugh as he catches me by my own argument, and say "Have you thought of any more tab-

"I was coming over to Carstairs this morning to talk to you about them," he says. "My mother wants a tableau with Amy Robsart. Will you be Amy to my Earl of Leicester?" "Oh, yes!" I answer carelessly, "But

I can't be everything, you know. "We are going to get the Blake girls to help. They are all frightful however, except the little one; but for court-sq.nes it will not much matter; and you and Georgie can take all the principal characters." "How very unfair!" I say, laughing.

"I don't care what they feel. I have put you and Georgie down in nearly every-

We are walking our horses slowly side "When is your husband coming home?" Captain Delscourt asks.

"In about a month, I think; but am not "I suppose you are dreadfully lonely?" he says presently. "I was at first," I answer, frankly,-

But I am getting accustomed to it now.

should be quite happy." Then I note a curious expression in "Your sisters! Do sisters make happi

the eve of her execution. Of course you | "To me they do," I answer, stroking the get people as new like the characters as Ranger's neck. I was always perfectly happy at home till-

tusion 1 draw the whip smartly across the Ranger's shoulder. Away we go, and Captain Debeourt is soon after me. It is a race for the next five minutes; and then I pull up, and we look into each other's faces and say no more.

Ah me, is there never/a closed in the blue sky, never a sigh in the wind, to warn me of storms and breakers ahead, never a voice to say 'Beware,' to whisper of dan-

I say "Good bye" to Captain Delacourt, and nod a smiling farewell; and on the morrow I meet the gray norse and his rider again; and laugh (at the incident, looking at the Captain with world-insocent

"How strange that we should meet again!" I say, and know not now, but afterwards, that he has been watching and waiting for the last hour. -

Day after day we ride together; and I find him a gay, pleasant companion, always ready to amuse, always agreeable. I laugh and talk, and the hours go by pleasantly enough. And long afterwards I know that my husband set his teeth hard under his moustache at one little sentence in a letter of mine-"I go out riding with Captain Delacourt every day."

I see no harm in it. Ignorant of the world's ways, utterly innocent of the conclusions that might be drawn from my conduct, I allow Captain Delacourt to be my companion day after day, riding out with him alone.

"I can take care of you, Mrs. Carstairs," he says one day. And so Peter is saved the trouble of do-

ing escort duty, and Captain Delacourt takes care of me instead Humphrey writes regularly. Every week brings a long letter from him, every word breathing his passionate love for my own worthless self; and I get to know my absent husband better by these letters of his than I have learned to know him all the months we have lived together .--I read that he is thinking of me every hour

of the day, that he is longing and hunger-

ing for the time that will bring him home

again, home to the wife who has no love for

him, back to the heart that has never beat-

en for him or any man yet. Poor Humphrey! I press my lips to his letter for I am fond of him after a fashion -and when I write to him, and say I wish. he were at home again, it is no falsehood, for I do mean it. His friend Grant is getting weaker and weaker, dying day by day; and his sister is to be left in Humphrey's charge. My husband writes a great deal about these two, brother and sister; and I wonder what Felicia Grant will be like, for he is to bring her home with him after her brother's death. It will be only for a little while; but I am sorry, I do not like strangers; and this Felicia Grant I

And then comes a letter which says Mr. Grant is dead, and that Humphrey and his ward are to leave New York by the next "My husband is coming home," I say

have never seen.

hind us lie the great sea.

are the same?"

to an end."

with a grave smile, looking not at Captain Delacourt, but straight between my horse's We are riding side by side over the stretch of common which spread far away on either side and widehs out beyond till it meets the gray horizon. A row of tali elms stand up against the sky, and far be-

"When is he coming?" "In less than a fortnight; and Miss Grant is coming with him. Her brother is dead, and Humphrey is her guardian." I say it all slowly and gravely, for I am-

sorry that Felicia Grant is coming. And

The gray horse is brought a shade closer.

then I look up and see my companion's eyes fixed on mine. "What are you thinking of Mrs. Carstairs?" he says. I wonder if our thoughts

I am sure they are note" I answer; "for I was wondering if I shall like Felicia Grant." "And I," he says quickly, "was wonderdering if our pleasant rides were to come

"Your husband will want to ride with you himself," he says, a little color rising to his face. "Humphrey never rides," I rejoin, not

"Our rides-why?"-looking at him with

my husband might object to my constantly having Captain Delacourt for a companion never once enters my head. He explains himself. "Carstairs might not approve of your / riding with me so often"-laughing as he

speaks; and I laugh too.

in the least detecting his meaning, for that

only be too glad to have any one to take such good care of me." He sighs, and his face gets very grave.

To be Continued.

"Oh, what nonsense! My husband will

The campaign in Lennox is growing more lively, and meetings are being held by both parties every night. Last night (Tuesday) meetings were held at Roblin, Bath and Wilton. At Roblin the speakers on behalf of Mr. Allison was Mr. Stephen Gibson, and on Mr. Pruyn's behalf Messrs. Roe and Uriah Wilson. Mr. Roe resorted to his old trick of lying and abuse, but was most

effectually exposed by Mr. Gibson. At Wilton Messrs, Boultbee and Elliot appeared in Pruyn's interest, while Mr. George Hawley, ex. M. P. P., spoke for Mr. Allison, and in a very able speech thinking it would not prove that it was of nearly on hour's length completely refuted the arguments of the gentle man of Bowmanville fame. Two-thirds of the audience were in favor of Allison The meeting at Bath was a decided

success for Mr. Allison, no one daring to put in an appearance for Mr. Pruyn. Dr. Platt, M.P., and Mr. James Daly addressed the electors and were well recerved. They both dwelt surongly on the effect the N. P. in the price of barley and showed conclusively that it was to the intecests of the people to elect Mr. Allison.

Meetings were held at Robtin, South Fredericksburg and Bath on Wednesday night. Mr. Allison and Dr. Platt, M.P. addressed the electors and were replied by Mr. Harris. Mr. Allison has wonderfully improved in his speaking and was cheered upon taking his seat. At the outh Fredericksburgh meeting Messre Elliot and Boultbee spoke in Mr. Pruyn's interest and Mr. H. M. Deroche on behalf of Mr. Allison. Althons this was Proyn's meeting more than one half of the audience were favourable to

Mr. Roe was the speaker for Mr. Pruyn at Bath and was replied to by Mr. Hawley in a very able speech.

There is to be a mass meeting at the Crystal Palace on Saturday at 1 p.m. to be addressed by Sir Richard J. Cartwright, William Paterson, M.P., and others. It is currently reported that Prnyn is spending money lavishly.

The Duke of Castlemente, recently captured by the brigands of Sicily, has



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