

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

Al! there he is, lad, at the plough; He beats the boys for work...

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MANSE AT ROWAN-OLEN. Weary Ian, and all his folk, Looming to sleep a hand...

It was towards evening, at the close of a lovely September day, that a rough equipage laden with luggage...

By and by came a few low cottages built of grey stone, and fastened down with a rough network of ropes...

Fay looked eagerly past them, and for a moment forgot her trouble and weariness; for there, in the distance, as they turned the corner, stretched the long irregular range of the Cairngorm mountains...

Oh, those glorious Highland mountains, with their rugged peaks, against which the fettes and clouds are hurled and go to pieces!

It was well that the mother and child had fallen into the arms of the good woman; for in spite of her wretchedness and the strange weight that lay so heavy on her young heart...

"No, no, wait a moment," replied Fay, hurriedly. "I must see if Mrs. Duncan be at home. Will you help me out?"

"Oh, Mrs. Duncan," she said, and she and the baby together seemed to totter and collapse in the little old lady's arms.

changed his wife to show every hospitality. "There's a deal said about the virtues of hospitality in the Bible, he continued...

"Whist, whist, my dearie," returned Mrs. Duncan, wiping her own eyes and Fay's, and saying she shall hide with me; would either Donald or I turn out the shorra lamb to face the tempest?

"You must never speak to me of my husband," continued Fay, with an agitation that still further misled Mrs. Duncan...

"Don't you remember Fay Mordant, the little girl who used to play with you in the orchard?"

"Come away, my bairn; Donald will be asking you, and you another time, and you said Mrs. Duncan, kindly, 'He is a bit drowsy now, and he is apt to wander at such times.'"

"Well, our nephew, Ferguson, rides over from Carris to take the services for the Sabbath. He is to be wedded to Lillian Graham, down at the farm yonder...

"It was at the close of a lovely September day that Raby Ferrers arrived at the manse of a large and comfortable boarding-house in Winton."

"You actually passed the house?" Oh, Margaret, how imprudent. Supposing Crystal had seen you from the window?"

"No, I want you to take me farther; the gate leading to the road, is there not? I should like to go past the house; it will make it seem more real, Maggie, and she who has seen her sister, Margaret, is it situated?"

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CURRENT TOPICS.

Dr. Blaine states in the Bulletin Therapeutique that in chronic and simple thrombosis pneumonia in doses of a teaspoonful before meals produces satisfactory results...

"I do not care for good looking men." "Or for plain ones either, my dear. I expect you are romantic, Crystal, and have an ideal of your own."

"All but the ideal," observed Miss Campion, smilingly; but she took the girl's hand in hers, and the shrewd, clever face softened. "You must forgive an impertinent old maid, my dear. Perhaps she had her story told, who knows. And so you, my dear, my poor dear child; and the ideal has not made you a happy woman."

"Dear Miss Campion," returned Crystal, with a blush; "if I am unhappy, it is only because I am not married; and it is not as if I were not a good girl, who has made every other man seem puny and insignificant beside him; but that is because he was so good, and there was no other man."

"Come away, my bairn," whispered Raby hoarsely, in her ear. "I have no other word, but that is betraying my darling's confidence. Take me away, for I cannot trust myself another moment; and it is late—too late to speak to her tonight."

"It is porridge which keeps the Scotch workman from ending his days in the poorhouse. It is porridge which permits the son of the humblest peasant to aspire to the life of a nobleman."

"How to Break Up Baby's Cold. When I find baby has taken cold, not so feverish and sick as to require padding with one or two blankets, I do not at once resort to a remedy resulting from any exposure afterwards, but a smart cold in its first stages, with red eyes and running nose and stuffed head, I take the little one in my arms and hold him over a steaming boiler for ten or fifteen minutes, and remove boots and stockings, rub the little feet—soles and tops and ankles—with sweet oil or goose oil, and then heat them long and well before the fire."

"Good Enough for the Price. Tenant—Say, there's a million rats in that house of yours. Landlord—Well? Tenant—What are you going to do about it? Landlord—Do about it? Nothing. You don't expect me to stock the place with white mice for \$18 per month, do you?"

General Middleton's Retirement. Sir Fred Middleton has received a private letter from His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, commanding Her Majesty's forces, complimenting him for his able direction of the Canadian militia, and expressing regret that owing to the compulsory retirement system the Imperial army should lose so valuable an officer.

Effect of the Coal famine. Hotel Clerk—"No, sir, we can't accommodate you. No, we have neither baggage nor money." "I know I haven't; but I came to town in a freight car, and there is considerable coal down in my hair."

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE. ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO. Nearly 200 students in 1888. 16 graduates and 200 certificated teachers in the faculty. Total expenses from \$40 to \$60 per term or from \$150 to \$250 per year in advance, including Music and Art Studies.

What Becomes of Bad Boys. Old Lady—I'm sorry to hear a little boy use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear? Urchin—Yes'm. Dey gits ter be loss car drivers.—Tid-Bits.

TECHING PILES. Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulcers, and in many cases removes the tumors. It is equally efficacious in curing all Skin Diseases. DR. RIVAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

A Masher Crossed. Would-be masher addressing a young lady coming out of the matinee—Would you like a carriage, miss? Young lady (pretending to mistake him for a coachman)—No, thank you, driver; my own coachman awaits me around the corner.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has demonstrated the efficacy of this medicine, and thoroughly tested remedies for the cure of women's peculiar ailments.

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