The Veterans of '66.

Do you forget the rebber band
That made the blood of patriots boil,
When Union fam'ys were on our hands,
And rebel shoes had cursed our soil?
Do you forget how oceans vaste,
Has o'er our land been spread to pall,
But comrades still on ocean we hate,
And all obeyed our country's call?

Do you forget his dying face,
And he's the ranks with fury thrill'd
When someone suggested in his place,
And one first volunteer was killed?
We rested his poor fallen head,
We wiped his last of death and foam,
The first young patriot boys was dead;
He died for comrades, flag and home.

And others died—so sound the stone
That marks the heroes of that fray,
Their comrades living yet make moan
For those who fell that fatal day:
Their patriot blood baptized the land,
They gained a grave and won a crown;
Brother but the loyal hand
Can put the laurels upon down.

—The Khan in Toronto World.

The Death of May.

When rosy dawn is all aglow,
We'll sail away, we'll sail away,
Where limpid waters dart and flow,
And opening leaves of lilac play.

I go because I love thee so,
Thou peerless one, O, month of May! I
With thee across the seas I'll go,
Then blow, ye winds of morning, blow.

So when the beams of morning throw
Their gold upon the vacant day,
We'll wait the ebb and take the flow,
And thou and I will sail away.

For in thy bosom flowers grow
And fleckless skies, thou sweet month of May,
Together thou and I will go,
Then blow, ye winds of morning, blow.

—The Khan in the Toronto World

THE DOCTOR.

"And you are still in the old house?" he said.

"Yes," she replied; "still living in the same house; but it is little of a home to me now."

She spoke quietly, softly even, but there was such in-breathing pain in the tone that the doctor's heart ached as he listened. He longed to take her into his arms then, and hold her there, safe from every sorrow, as far as human shelter could make her so; but the cruel bond was on him still, so he thought, and he did not dare to do it.

"Oh, Pauline! Pauline!" was his inward cry, wrung out by a sharp pain, a sharp trial, "could you not have spared me that last horrible, venomous sting?"

Then he turned quietly to poor, trembling, conscious Letty, and spoke calmly and kindly to her, as he might have spoken to the girl Letty who walked and talked with his dead wife, when that fair young wife was the only earthly object his heart had room for. And Letty listening to him, forgot the dearer words that might have been spoken, that one day she had hoped would have been spoken by him to her, and was almost happy.

The doctor walked with Letty as far as the gate of her own house, and there left her wish a few parting words that would be his last, in case he got through the business that had brought him to Fenmore, as soon as he hoped to do that day. If possible, he would then be leaving Fenmore that night; if not, on the following one, so he told her; and if he stayed so long, he would call and bid her good-by again.

Letty heard him like one in a dream, gave her hand passively into his, and bent her head when he raised his hat and turned from her, and then, still pale and trembling, she went in-doors, and in the quiet of her own room broke the spell that was upon her by a stormy burst of tears.

"Oh! it is too much, too much!" she cried out, sharply, in her stinging pain; "and I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!"

All the old passionate devotion had risen up at the sight of Dr. Leonard—all the vain longings and hopeless hopes that had so racked her heart in the first months of his absence. They were racking it now with tenfold power, and if ever she had deluded herself with the thought that she had forgotten him, the delusion fell away from her then, as, with burning blushes and bitter tears, she told herself how much she loved him, and must always love him till the life that was so dark was ended, and the sore pain stilled.

"It was hard enough before," she thought, as she looked on the little gate by which he had stood, and up the lonely lane through which he was even then passing; "but oh! it is ten times harder now, and how shall I bear it?"

Meanwhile Dr. Leonard, sitting in the rectory parlor, was hearing from Mrs. Wilson the story of Letty's life, from the New Year's Eve on which he had last quitted Fenmore, and without seeing her, too, and that was troubling him not a little now, as he sat there. It was, taken all in all, a sad story, and there were tears in the kind lady's eyes as she told it, and in her husband's, who sat listening though he had heard it all before. Not so her other listener; they never left Letty's face altogether as the new light in which it was rather pleased to hear of poor Letty's misfortunes.

Mrs. Wilson was not usually a gossip; to-day she rather surprised her husband by entering into the most minute details of Letty's history—some that would have better been left untold, he thought.

All the little world of Fenmore had known of Letty's engagement to Ernest Deverenx, and had agreed in calling him a scoundrel for breaking the engagement when the change came. Mrs. Wilson alone knew that the break had not come from him—but from Letty herself, and so she told Dr. Leonard, confidentially.

"Letty told him," she said, "[illegible] and honestly, as not many girls in her position would have ventured or cared to do, that she did not love him as she would like to love her husband, and that she would rather not be his wife. He was not very much cut up about it, as far as I can understand, for though there's no doubt he was marrying her for her money, there is quite as little but he liked her well; however, he took her at her word, and left here for the Continent, I think. And then the very next spring after that Mr. Leigh died, and the poor child was left quite alone in the world; and how she has borne her dreary lot since is almost more than I can understand."

Mr. Wilson had coughed and fidgeted more then once during this recital, but his wife took no notice of him, and Dr. Leonard seemed fully as eager to listen to, as she was to tell, every particular relating to Letty and her affairs. When he had heard all there was to hear, he rose to go, declining to stay to luncheon on the plea of business.

"I have to call at Attorney Sharp's, and then round by Mr. Needham's; I shall have to work very hard indeed to pull up for this hour's gossiping," he said, smiling. "If I can possibly make time, Mrs. Wilson, I will call in again this evening to see you."

He gave that lady's hand a warm clasp, and his face wore a pleased smile as he said it. Apparently he did not despair of being able to call again. As he stepped down the garden pathway, his step elastic, his head up, Mrs. Wilson looked after him, well pleased.

"He is another man, George," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, "to what he was when he came in this morning."

"Very likely, my dear, he was tired then," replied Mr. Wilson. "But don't you think you spoke a little too freely about Miss Leigh? She might not like it, I'm afraid."

The tone was hesitating, the speaker's mild blue eyes deprecated any idea of reproach; but Mrs. Wilson turned round on him, almost sharply.

"I think nothing of the kind, George," said she; "you men are always for keeping things quiet that are all the better for being known, and also mistakes some lives are in consequence."

"Perhaps you are partly right, Alice," said he; "but I don't see that any mistaken life can be rectified by Dr. Leonard's knowing all poor Letty's little secrets."

"You cannot see it," said Mrs. Wilson, "because you know nothing whatever about the matter, and would not, my blind love, if it was to happen over again under your very eyes."

Mr. Wilson looked at his fair-faced, smiling spouse, and thought her humor rather strange that morning, but, being meek and gentle in spirit, he let the matter rest there, and went out through the French window to look at his pet plants, while his wife, still smiling, went up to the nursery to overlook matters there.

Dr. Leonard walked briskly through Fenmore, stopping to return the smiling greetings of the few he met, until he reached Mr. Needham's. He was two or three hours closeted with that gentleman, and from thence he went straight to Attorney Sharp's. By the time his business with him was completed, it was his dinner hour, and he went back to the Needham's to partake of it with them.

Mr. Needham had been a friend of old Mr. Leonard's when Paul was a dark-eyed, curly-headed boy, who thought it must be the grandest thing in life to be a doctor, if only to have a chance of tasting all the sweet syrups that went out from his father's little room, that was study and nursery and consulting-room, all in one.

This intimacy descended to Paul as soon as he became of a fit age to inherit, and today Mr. Needham and he were as firm friends as ever that gentleman and his father had been. With Mrs. Needham, too, he was a favorite; and as for the three Misses Needham, they fairly worshipped the ground he trod on. To-day they were clothed out in honor of his coming, accidental as it was. The elder sisters wore their best pale-blue glace silks, with the newest and most elegant lace berthas, and the youngest, being of a sentimental turn, and holding as a firm tenet of faith that man of the doctor's age were more attracted by simplicity, wore a plain white muslin dress and hair a la Greque.

Three prettier, sweeter maidens it would be hard to find in all England; and when the doctor sat talking to their father in the dining room, instead of going into the drawing-room after them, his great want of taste was evident, not their lack of beauty. When he did come up, he only stayed to drink one cup of coffee, which he did so hastily that it scalded, and went near choking him; and then, with a few polite words, he left, and the pale blue robes gave a little angry rustle, and the white one a half timid sweep as he passed, each and all expressive of reproach, if he could have known it; but he did not, because he was not heeding. There was a soft, glad song in his heart that drowned, with its low monotone, all outer sounds—a bright and tender light shining about him, that blinded his eyes to all outer sights.

Going out, he met Mr. Grimshaw, the young medical man who was attending to most of his old patients, and living a bachelor life in his old house on the hill.

The two men bowed and smiled, but they did not stop; they were both too eager after other things to care to stay just then.

The doctor took the path to the shore, and Mr. Grimshaw went into the house and up to Mr. Needham's drawing-room. He had not been long there before he found a seat on the low couch by the window, over which Miss Amy's muslin skirts were spread—the poor white skirts that she had hoped would have fluttered into Dr. Leonard's heart. But they were not quite useless, after all, for Mr. Grimshaw evidently admired her in white, he was so unusually attentive. She had thought it was her sister Laura he admired, and Laura had thought so too, and still sat by her mother, feeling not a little aggrieved, while Amy, highly pleased, talked and smiled, and flushed, and wondered as the young doctor did his best to be gallant.

Silly little head to be so easily turned! Poor little heart, with its inner chambers empty yet, and giving such a sounding echo to every passing tread! The head may grow full with the garnering of years, but the heart is in danger of echoing each stranger step so freely, that when the true step comes it will let it pass out like the rest, and so remain empty for ever after.

Dr. Leonard did not go on to the shore, though he went toward it; he turned into the lane that led to Letty Leigh's cottage, and walked slowly up it, thoughtfully smoothing his thick beard, and switching the hedges with his stick as he stalked by them. As he walked his head was bent, and his face, at first calm and bright, grew more and more troubled with every step he took. A thousand hopes and fears were stirring in his heart; a thousand stinging memories; a thousand half timid anticipations of what might yet be.

The night was dark, dull, and misty; a hazy mantle was folded over the earth through which the stars sounded faintly and sonorously, as it might sound in the ear of a sleeper. The subtle, faint perfume of the fresh grass and the new born flowers was in the air, and the trees rustled and shook their branches mysteriously.

There was a boding calm all about—a stillness as of something yet to come—that struck a chill to Dr. Leonard's heart, strong man though he was, and little given to dreaming. It seemed as if the still evening, with its drowsy sounds and half-veiled, hazy lights, was a picture of his own life, dim and misty, and undefined, going on in darkness, ending in darkness and the pitiless sky over all. It was with an effort of will that he cast such fancies from him and opening the gate of the cottage, walked boldly up to the door and knocked.

"Miss Leigh have gone out, sir, as she often do of an evening, but she will be in soon for certain; she seldom stays out as late as this 'ere," said the servant.

The simple country girl who spoke held the door open with one hand, while with the other she shaded her eyes, the better to peer out through the rising mist at this stranger inquiring so abruptly for her young mistress.

"She often goes out, does she?" repeated Dr. Leonard, under his breath, as it were, and pulling away at that thick black beard of his more fiercely than ever, as though, in some way, it angered him.

"Yes, sir. Since master died she have been lonesome and restless-like; and she often goes on to the shore, happen, or up the lane toward the church. Array yourself, Miss, you fright me!" cried out the girl in the same breath, flinging the door wide open with a jerk as she spoke.

The doctor turned quickly, and saw Letty within a yard of him, her face deathly white as it showed in the light of the lamp, her eyes bright as with fever, and one ungloved hand resting on the porch for support. Instinctively he put out his hand to help her, but she would have none of his help. She drew herself up to her full height, and frowned him, calm again; the Letty he had parted from in the morning, to all appearances, but that she could not at will banish that deathly pallor from her face. But for the servant-girl, standing open-mouthed in the hall behind them, he would have gathered that white face to his heart, and warmed it into life and light with his kisses. As it was, he merely raised his hat, and uttered she few commonly polite phrases usual on such occasions.

He hoped he was not intruding, but he found he had more time on his hands than he expected to have. He was going in the morning, and he had come to bid her good-by again, as he had said he should.

Letty listened gravely, thanking him, as she tried, but she failed. How could she help it, with her heart throbbing stormily, and her breath coming thick and fast under his glances?

All creation may say what it likes, but men are selfish. A cat playing with a mouse, sure and safe under its paw, would be no bad emblem for their shields, if they would only be true enough to wear it.

Dr. Leonard loved Letty with all his heart; he had come to tell her so; and yet there he sat, watching her changing face, her quickening breathing, her restless hands, and drinking in deep draughts of subtlest pleasure from these evidence of his power. Nothing but the inherent selfishness of man could have enabled him to torture that poor trembling little heart so cruelly.

His strange silence oppressed her; he would not talk, she could not very much longer, she felt, and the terror of the coming pause made her awkward and nervous.

He saw it all. He read her in her restless fingers, and the flashing pulses of red and white that came into her face under his glance. It was plain in the unwonted dropping of her frank gray eyes, and in the low, broken tones of her voice, that tried to ring bravely for pride's sake, but could not, simply because love is stronger than pride; and he was glad, was loving him just then with all her soul.

For a few moments he sat still in his chair, and drank the sweet picture in greedily; then he bent forward, and took the tiny hot hands into his, and told the tale he had come to tell, and asked humbly for pardon in that he had not told it before, and served her all the pain of doubting him, the pain and sorrow that had so changed her.

"It was for my father," Letty began, bowing her lower still, and hiding her hot face against the tangles of black beard that bent over her.

One of the rare sweet smiles that so seldom lighted up the doctor's grave face flashed across it now, as, loosening his arms, as though to put her from him, he asked, softly: "And was none of it for me?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the old frank spirit flashed out.

"A little, little bit of it was because of you," she said; "only a little bit, though."

"I thought so, my darling," said he, and the strong arms closed around her again tightly, lovingly; and the grave, pale face bent lower and lower till it rested on the girl's flushed one, as, with one long kiss on the tremulous scarlet lips so near his heart, Paul Leonard sealed his troth-plight.

Amy Needham, pretty little traitress that she was, did not win poor Laura's sweetheart from her. Mr. Grimshaw admired her very much, and small blame to him, for she was a sweet little creature; but he loved Laura with a strong love her sister Laura; and when three months after, he went and settled in London, it was Laura, he asked to go with him and share his fortune.

Amy felt a little inclined to pout. Poor child! Fate was using her hardly. At eighteen and a half she had had her cap at two, one after the other, and lost both. But cheer up, Amy—take heart of hope, little maid! There is a young lieutenant in her majesty's navy, now cruising about in the Mediterranean, who is bent on coming all the way home when his leave-time comes, for the express purpose of setting his cap—the jaunty true blue one is—at you, though you do not know it. Just a little while—only a little while—and you will be telling sympathizing young lady friends that "an officer in the navy is a gentleman, you know, dear; and there is something nicer in a sailor than a doctor; he has such nasty things to do sometimes," meaning that the doctor has, of course.

"Laura does not mind that in the least. But she was always odd, you know; and for me I like sailors best, by a great deal."

When Mr. Grimshaw left Fenmore, the old brown house on the hill did not remain empty long, nor did the sick and ailing continue to supply overwork for any great length of time for Dr. Green. For the second time Dr. Leonard brought home a bride, and to the same quaint nest of a home, perched on the hill, and looking over the ocean; not a brilliant, pampered beauty, but a grave, sweet-faced woman, beautiful only in her purity and gentleness, and her exceeding strong love.

In Dr. Leonard's eyes she was perfection, and on her love his tired heart rested safely. When he held her in his arms, it was no beautiful mocking vision that he clasped, racking him with far-away glimpses of what might have been, but a slender, loving woman, all his own, to the core of her warm heart, and doubly precious in his sight because of the past sharp pain, wrestled with in silence so long and so bravely.

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The doctor, too, was changed on that day The upright, handsome man, with she ready smile and the quick, firm tread, is not much like the grave, somewhat stern gentleman we have known hitherto, and his friends and neighbors did not fail to notice it. It was a thing so marked and unlooked for that they could in no way account for it; but as we who are wiser know, "Love works wonders," and "Love is still the lord of all."

As years flew by and little feet pattered up and down, and shrill baby voices rang through the old house, its master seemed to grow younger and handsomer than ever. And when friends, looking at the kindly, intellectual face, and hearkening to the rich tones of the genial voice, complimented Dr. Leonard on his improved looks, a softer light would come into his eyes, a faint tinge of color to his pale cheeks, and he would tell them, half proudly, half laughingly, that they must thank his wife for the change.

Letty, glad and happy in her prosperous matronhood, never forgot the past. Safe among the treasures in the pearl and ebony work-box, that used to hold Ernest Deverenx's scented missives, lay a tiny drab satin shoe. Looking at it, she often recalled the time when that little shoe, all stained and torn, had dragged the veil from her eyes, and burned hot blushes of shame into her face by the pain it told. She thought of that time now, not with bitterness, not sadly even, but just a little wistfully, for she felt and knew that but for it she would have been a more thoroughly light-hearted woman now that her time of joy and peace had come.

The chain had worn in deeper than ever the doctor, looking at her placid face, could know; and a little of its galling smart rankled in her hears even yet, whenever she thought of it. But, withal, there was no bitterness. Safe and unspeakably content as Paul Leonard's wife, his only true wife in heart and soul, though she was his second wife, she had pity, and pity only, for the memory of the misguided woman, who, in her wilful blindness and jealousy, went as near wrecking both their lives. This poor, brilliant Pauline, who had fretted herself into her grave, stinging all about her in her venomous spite, had worked, by means of that same spiteful spite, great ill both in her life and after her death. But her evil power was sealed forever, and the recollection of it only brought a graver shine to the clear, gray eyes, and a more chastened light of gladness over the comely, winsome face of Dr. Leonard's second wife.

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DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Laurier asked if the Minister of Justice was prepared to bring down the papers as to the Washington negotiations.

Sir John Thompson said that permission was hourly expected from England. It did not come to-day he would ask a day's grace.

Mr. Bowell, answering Mr. McMillan, said that raw sugar was not ex-warehoused without the duty first being paid.

Sir Hector Langevin, answering Sir Tarte, said there was no record in the department of the removal of Mr. Farley from the chief engineership of Quebec harbor and the appointment of Mr. Boswell.

Mr. Haggart, in reply to Mr. Featherston, said that no Order-in-Council had yet been passed to fix the cattle space in ocean steamers. The inspection was made by a Government veterinary inspector, who had power to prevent any vessel from carrying cattle which had insufficient space for the health of the animals.

Mr. Haggart, answering Mr. Sproule, said the Government had no official information that the United States has established a quarantine for sheep and lambs going from Canada to Buffalo and other points.

Mr. Dewdney, replying to a question by Mr. Coatsworth, said that the Government had made a settlement with the Temperance Colonization Society, by authority of an Order-in-Council of April 21st. The society was to receive 100,000 acres, but had not yet selected all of them. They had paid into the Government $100,000, and were no longer indebted to the Government. No serious complaint had been made against the settlement.

Mr. Davin, in moving that it should be enacted that all settlers who went into the Northwest between June 1st, 1883, and June 2nd, 1886, should on completing their improvements be granted a second homestead, explained the course he had taken in regard to this matter last session, and recalled the promise made then by Mr. Dewdney that the question would be laid before the Government for further consideration. The whole department of the Interior was made a donkey-engine to the avarice of the Lieut.-Governor of the Northwest Territory. He (Mr. Davin) would not allow the policy of the Government in the Northwest to prevail. (Laughter. The Ministers might laugh, but there was not power enough in them or in those six strapping scarlet lips so near his heart, Paul Leonard sealed his troth-plight.

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The hon. Minister then referred to an agreement which had been come to with regard to the resumption of the debate on Mr. Jamieson's prohibition resolution, which, according to the order paper, would come up this evening. It had been arranged, he said, that this debate be suspended. It was an important subject, involving a change in the policy of the Government. The force of the Premier's illness would reach in new advisers of the Crown being called upon, and therefore the debate of this question had better be suspended.

Mr. Tupper told Mr. Brown, of Monck, that no fishing licenses were issued during March and April for the Grand River, that an order prohibiting fishing with seines in that river was sent out on the 23rd of March last, and if the prohibition were continued until after the close season the fees for licenses would be refunded.

Mr. Kirkpatrick obtained an order of the House for a return of all papers in connection with the complaints of the high water in the Rideau Canal between Kingston and Jones' Falls.

On a motion made by Mr. Bowers for papers relating to the subject of the herring fisheries of the Bay of Fundy and its adjacent waters there arose a debate in which members from New Brunswick took part. Messrs. Bowers, Forbes and Gillmor made good speeches in which they called the attention of the Minister of Marine to the depletion of the herring fishing grounds, and called upon him to take measures to prevent the young being destroyed in those waters. They were supported by Messrs. Hazen and Flatmer.

Mr. Edgar moved for a "return showing all correspondence between the Imperial Government and the Government of Canada on the subject of the copyright laws of Canada, and all other papers relating thereto not already brought down." He asked why the copyright Act passed by the Canadian Parliament in 1889 had not been proclaimed. He did not acknowledge that the Parliament of Canada had not the right to deal with copyright. He urged that the Government make representations to the Imperial Government which would show them that the people and Parliament of Canada were in earnest about the matter. Interior was made a donkey-engine to the avarice of the Lieut.-Governor of the Northwest Territory. He (Mr. Davin) would not allow the policy of the Government in the Northwest to prevail. (Laughter. The Ministers might laugh, but there was not power enough in them or in those six strapping scarlet lips so near his heart, Paul Leonard sealed his troth-plight.

Amy Needham, pretty little traitress that she was, did not win poor Laura's sweetheart from her. Mr. Grimshaw admired her very much, and small blame to him, for she was a sweet little creature; but he loved with a strong love her sister Laura; and when three months after, he went and settled in London, it was Laura, he asked to go with him and share his fortune.

Amy felt a little inclined to pout. Poor child! Fate was using her hardly. At eighteen and a half she had had her cap at two, one after the other, and lost both. But cheer up, Amy—take heart of hope, little maid! There is a young lieutenant in her majesty's navy, now cruising about in the Mediterranean, who is bent on coming all the way home when his leave-time comes, for the express purpose of setting his cap—the jaunty true blue one is—at you, though you do not know it. Just a little while—only a little while—and you will be telling sympathizing young lady friends that "an officer in the navy is a gentleman, you know, dear; and there is something nicer in a sailor than a doctor; he has such nasty things to do sometimes," meaning that the doctor has, of course.

"Laura does not mind that in the least. But she was always odd, you know; and for me I like sailors best, by a great deal."

When Mr. Grimshaw left Fenmore, the old brown house on the hill did not remain empty long, nor did the sick and ailing continue to supply overwork for any great length of time for Dr. Green. For the second time Dr. Leonard brought home a bride, and to the same quaint nest of a home, perched on the hill, and looking over the ocean; not a brilliant, pampered beauty, but a grave, sweet-faced woman, beautiful only in her purity and gentleness, and her exceeding strong love.

In Dr. Leonard's eyes she was perfection, and on her love his tired heart rested safely. When he held her in his arms, it was no beautiful mocking vision that he clasped, racking him with far-away glimpses of what might have been, but a slender, loving woman, all his own, to the core of her warm heart, and doubly precious in his sight because of the past sharp pain, wrestled with in silence so long and so bravely.

Letty Leigh was no more, and with the maiden name was buried the maiden troubles on the day that a new life opened before her, as Mrs. Leonard, of the hill.

The doctor, too, was changed on that day The upright, handsome man, with she ready smile and the quick, firm tread, is not much like the grave, somewhat stern gentleman we have known hitherto, and his friends and neighbors did not fail to notice it. It was a thing so marked and unlooked for that they could in no way account for it; but as we who are wiser know, "Love works wonders," and "Love is still the lord of all."

As years flew by and little feet pattered up and down, and shrill baby voices rang through the old house, its master seemed to grow younger and handsomer than ever. And when friends, looking at the kindly, intellectual face, and hearkening to the rich tones of the genial voice, complimented Dr. Leonard on his improved looks, a softer light would come into his eyes, a faint tinge of color to his pale cheeks, and he would tell them, half proudly, half laughingly, that they must thank his wife for the change.

Letty, glad and happy in her prosperous matronhood, never forgot the past. Safe among the treasures in the pearl and ebony work-box, that used to hold Ernest Deverenx's scented missives, lay a tiny drab satin shoe. Looking at it, she often recalled the time when that little shoe, all stained and torn, had dragged the veil from her eyes, and burned hot blushes of shame into her face by the pain it told. She thought of that time now, not with bitterness, not sadly even, but just a little wistfully, for she felt and knew that but for it she would have been a more thoroughly light-hearted woman now that her time of joy and peace had come.

The chain had worn in deeper than ever the doctor, looking at her placid face, could know; and a little of its galling smart rankled in her hears even yet, whenever she thought of it. But, withal, there was no bitterness. Safe and unspeakably content as Paul Leonard's wife, his only true wife in heart and soul, though she was his second wife, she had pity, and pity only, for the memory of the misguided woman, who, in her wilful blindness and jealousy, went as near wrecking both their lives. This poor, brilliant Pauline, who had fretted herself into her grave, stinging all about her in her venomous spite, had worked, by means of that same spiteful spite, great ill both in her life and after her death. But her evil power was sealed forever, and the recollection of it only brought a graver shine to the clear, gray eyes, and a more chastened light of gladness over the comely, winsome face of Dr. Leonard's second wife.

THE END.

MUCH BETTER,
Thank You!
THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
—Of Lime and Soda.—
IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Allen Forman Sketches His Character in a Decidedly Unconventional Way.

The man who runs away with the notion that the Prince of Wales enjoys anything like a sinecure, makes a very large error indeed. He is one of the hardest working men in Great Britain, and the fact that he gets through his work without fuss, and does it well, is proof that he has a genius for work. He makes more speeches every year than Chauncey Depew, and he never makes a speech without saying something. I've heard him speak two or three times, and have read some dozens of his addresses, and each time the idea is borne in upon me anew, that if we had him in America, we would run him for Congress, and elect him too, over any possible opposition. He never slops over. As a speaker he is never flippant and rarely witty, laughs are very few in his speeches, but he is earnest, forceful, and he has the admirable faculty of making his hearers believe that he is sincere. Something remarkable over the matter in hand. He glides deftly between the rocks and whirlpools of British politics, and is loved by the Tories as the representative of royalty; is popular with the Liberals and Reformers on account of his broad views, while even the Radicals have a measure of fondness for him. He is far and away the most popular man in England to-day, and he never misses a trick. You will find him one night opening the asylum for decayed Bible readers in Brompton, and to hear his earnest and straightforward speech, you will gather that the larger portion of his heart went out toward the decayed Bible readers, that he had always felt the greatest interest in them, and that, now an asylum had been opened for them, his fondest hopes had been realized, and in the privilege of opening it, his dearest ambition had been gratified. He does not say these things right out, but rather leaves them to be inferred. His manner is singularly magnetic and his speeches are full of sound good sense.—*Philadelphia Press.*

World's Fair Visitors Will Not Miss It.

The exhibits which the South American republic of Colombia will make at the World's Fair will be a very notable and interesting one. A communication received at Exposition headquarters describes its character in part as follows:

"Colombia's World's Fair building will be modeled after her national capitol at Bogota. The exterior will be in imitation of the palacios, of which it is built, while the interior will be partitioned and ceilinged throughout with the precious hardwoods of the country, comprising more than a hundred varieties, both rough and polished; an exhibition in wood alone, a parallel to which has never been presented by any other country in the world. The interior will be filled with the products of the country—coffee, cocoa, rubber, ivory, nuts, wax, gums, fibers, etc., while the mineral exhibits will doubtless be the richest ever shown in the United States.

"Within the building Indian women will be seen weaving the much-appreciated Panama hat from fiber prepared on the spot, all hand work, yet stripping and weaving the fiber in threads as fine as linen. An 'Alpargateria' (manufactory of hemp sandals) will be seen in full operation, while the 'potate' (is the palm fiber mat) will be turned out by the native hand loom manipulated by skillful workmen of the country. Tumbuch makers will braid the beautiful grasses of Colombia into artistic work, all of which cannot fail to find appreciative purchasers, thus leading to a commerce in these useful and valuable articles. These latter exhibits will be made by private parties but will have a place within the Colombian building, because they present an interesting and important feature of her industries so exclusively Colombian that her exhibits would not be complete without them.

"Other exhibits by private parties will be made, the principal of which and probably the most valuable and interesting will be a recently discovered antiquities in solid gold, weighing an aggregate of 48 pounds, consisting of helmets, idols, birds, animals, ornaments, etc., valued at more than $80,000. These objects are all curiously and delicately hand wrought, the work of people who lived ages ago, but whose history is lost to the world. These antiquities were discovered buried in vaults or tombs deep in the ground, supposed to to have been the burial place of a king or cacique. This exhibit will be under the direction of Lieut. Lemly, of the United States army to whom great credit is due for his successful efforts in having directed to the United States, where it is hoped, it may find a permanent place in the national museum."

Why "America."

The way in which America came to get its name is one of the features of a valuable old volume which has just been secured for use at the world's fair. The early names of the western world were "The Land of the Holy Cross," "Atlantis," "Hesperides," "Iberica," "Columbia," and "New India." In 1507 a geographer of Friebourg received a letter from Amerigo Vespucii, detailing the manner in which the Italian claimed to have discovered this country. The geographer was so impressed with the letter that he proposed that the new world should be given the name of America, in honor of Vespucii, as Europe and Asia had been named after women. The geographies were the standard ones of the day, and were given official recognition by the Duke of Lorraine, who assumed the title of King of Sicily and of Jerusalem. From such a beginning came the name "America" has been invariably used. There are four or five copies of this ancient geography in existence, most of them being in the celebrated libraries of Europe. It is one of the rarest of these volumes that has just been secured for the world's fair.

Few Spare Hours.

Mr. Hayseed (arriving at city hotel)—I s'pose I kin hear the gong here when it rings for dinner, can't I?

Clerk—We have no gong. We have breakfast from 6 to 11, dinner from 12 to 6, supper from 6 to 11.

Mr. Hayseed—Jehosephat! How am I to git time to see the city!—*New York Weekly.*

A Captain Loses His Life.

A Duluth despatch says: The schooner-rigged screw steamer Mayflower went down four miles from this port at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Capt. Theodore Zoerbst of Houghton was drowned. The crew of four men were rescued by the tug Sheldon, which had her in tow. The Mayflower was loaded with stone for Duluth from Portage Entry. She is owned by Lenham & Smith of Sturgeon Bay and was valued at $8,000.

Beauties of the Queen's English.

Chicago *Tribune*: Johnny (looking up from newspaper)—Mamma, what does con sume mean?"

"Johnny's Ma—You ought to know better than to ask such a simple question Johnny. It means to burn.

Johnny—Then the people in New York city burned nearly 500,000,000 pounds of ice last summer.

Don'ts for the Summer Girl.

Don't squint—carry a sunshade.

Don't wear a red veil if you value your reputation.

Don't wear scarlet shoes in the city in daylight.

Don't wear a Leghorn hat with a rose garden on the crown to the opera this summer.

Don't fidget.—*Music and Drama.*

Intense Realism.

New York *Judge*: "The curtain falls as the burglars are heard sawing the bars, and Ethel, the heroine, rings the district telegraph alarm for help."

"What happens then?"

"Ten years elapse, and as the curtain rises the messenger boy arrives."

Shock to the Summer Boarder.

New York *Herald