THE WEEKLY MAIL : TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1877.

ay to them that your chief, is actually liv-use of the future colony, and for the pay-ment of which provision is made in Capt. Seeds of money dishoneskilly obtained from Tresov's outfit. As acon as possible mert he people of Canada. (Hear, hear, and asymptotic to Disco and these transfer har any aliver that there will be found any man pible to accept of the future set of the set of the set of the pible that there will be found any man

The Weekly Mail.

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CANADIAN. Pointo thieves infast Straiford. Commington has a cricket oith. Dunnville has now a lacrosse olub in full persition. Heidelberg P. O. has been made a monry order office. The water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water in the Grand river at Galt is to water of Grans & Sons, Care of Greens & Sons, Maurente

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	A S C.B.E LY.	aight? I doubt she has received a shock, at her age she will not easily get over."	FAI
	The sky has lost the happy lustre It barrowed from her azure eyes ; The unruly winds around me bluster,	They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy and water down	Trans
	Unsoftened by her balmy sighs, Aud or my true love's loss alone	few spoonfuls of hot brandy-and-water down her throat ; and presently a faint colour	only six growth,
	The thronging town's a desert grown.	her throat; and presently a faint colour flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eye- lids begin to tremble. My wife raises her	safely p
	SHIR.		and they season.
	Along the gien and o'er the heather, With Spring's return, once more I stray, Trough scenes were oft we've roamed together.	which Dr. Bruce has brought with him, and then lays her back among the soft warm	digging save a la
	At road dawn and gloaming grey. But all these former haunts of bliss, Love, without the their beauty miss !	when her have her back among the soft warm pillows: "I think she will rally now," says Dr. Bruce, as her breathing becomes more	roots we
	Love, without thee their beauty miss !	andible and regular. "Nourishment and warmth will do the rest ; but she has received	cloudy d moss, m
à,	E .	a shock from which, I fear, she will never	press.
	By arch triumphal, lordly tower, With thoughte like these I socthe my way- What southered flower could match her bower With wreaths of living roses gay 1 And plies superb, and courtly hall. For her sweet cot I'd change you all.	recover ;" and so saying, he takes his leave. By-and by I go up to the room and find	I would and a log
	With wreaths of living roses gay ?	my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer.	woman I the wind
	For her sweet cot I'd change you all.	She looks up at me with tears in her eyes. "Poor old soul," she says ; "I am afraid she	checkere
	SHE.	will not rally from the cold and exposure." I go round to the other side of the bed and	few holly I would
	Now blooms each freshest, fairest blossom, By woodland wild and garden wall, Yet pressed unto this aching bosom.	look down upon her. The aged face looks	leading go and
	Yet pressed unto this aching bosom. These faint blue stars are worth them all.	wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the	rather li
	These faint blue stars are worth them all. For being too sad to speak the thought, With these he sighed, "Forget me not."	snow. She is a very little woman, as far as	clerk of Orleans
	HL	I can judge of her in her recumbent position, and I should think must have reached her allot-	This z
	In art supreme, around us, o'er us. Sweet Southern voices rise and float. Or swells sublime the lofty chorus,	ted threescore years and ten. "Who can she be?" I repeat wonderingly, "She does not	of vastly think.
	Or swells sublime the lofty chorus, Or dies on one voluptuous note-	belong to any of the villages hereabouts, or	can thri
	But how can mimic transports move. After her unfeigned words of love?	we should know her face; and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the	are suffi
	After her unteigned words of love i	moor on such a night."	and an a
	Let skylarks spring to meet the morrow	As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly	shines a out in t
	Let skylarks spring to meet the morrow With lays of jubilant delight, And Philomela's voice of sorrow	about her. She tries to speak, but is evident- ly too weak. My wife raises her, and gives	even the
	Most passionate plead the livelong night. If of sweet music I have choice, Waft me one echo of his voice.	her a spoonful of nourishment, while she	The sun
	Waft me one echo of his voice.	says soothingly: "Don't try to speak. You are among friends : and when you are	Chronic The r
	HE.	You are among friends; and when you are better you shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep."	ashes,
	Oh! what are city pomp and pride. If Celia be not by my side ?	The gray head droops backs wearily on the	wander England
	SHE.	pillow; and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration that our	deal of
	Oh ! would that I my way might win To that sweet town he sojourns in !	patient is asleep.	tempt. him, Pa
	-Good Words.	"You must come to bed now, Jessie," I say. "I shall ring for Mary, and she can	and has day a n
		eit up for the remainder of the night." But	day a n populat
	FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.	born nurse, will not desert her post; so I	opports while w
		chamber.	matter potato
	The fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the	When we meet in the morning I find that the little old woman has spoken a few words,	than u
	great logs crackle and flare up the wide	and seems stronger. "Come in with me	buy a stead
	great logs crackle and flare up the wide ohimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my ohair nearer to it with a shiver. "What a	and mha she in " We find her propped into	The
	chair nearer to it with a shiver. "What a	a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.	weath
	night !" I say. "Is it still snowing ?" asks my wife, who		grass. and w
	sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.	ing over her. "Better, much better; thank you, good lady," she says in a voice which trembles	writes
		lady," she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. "And very	orchan will b
	fore you." "Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night !" srys she.	grateful to you for your goodness."	power night
	moor to-night !" srys she.	I hear at once by the accent that she is English. "Are you strong enough to tell	herba
	"Who would venture out? It began mowing before dark, and all the people	me how you got lost on the moor, and where	has it of it.
	about know the danger of being benighted on the moor in a snowstorm."	you came from, and where you were going ?" continues my wife.	if you
	"Yes. But I have known people frozen	"Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I shall never see him	I cars
	to death hereabouts before now." My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house	more," says the poor soul, with a sigh of	dange —Dit
	in the Highlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and find it ex-	"Where is your lad, and how far have	WI
	cessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally	you come ?"	under must
	I decide that in future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting sea-	"My lad is a soldier at Fort-George ; and I have come all the way from Liverpool to	promi
	son. Presently I go to the window and look out ; it has ceased snowing, and through	see him, and give him his old mother's bles- sing before he goes to the Indies." And	wet t
		then, brokenly, with long pauses of weari- ness and weakness, the little old woman tells us her pitful story.	plant
	"It is beginning to clear," I tell my wife, and also inform her that it is past eleven.	ness and weakness, the little old woman tells us her pitful story.	last s on th
	As she lights her candle at a side-table I hear	Her lad, she bells us, is her only remain-	all si was g
	a whining and scratching at the front-door. "There is Laddie loose again," says she.	ing child. She had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want dur-	the w
	"Would you let him in, dear ?" I did not like facing the cold wind, but	ing the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew	eight finely
	could not refuse to let in the poor animal.	up a fine likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her	ever mina
	Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him, he wouldn't come. He runs	declining years. But a "strike" threw him out of work, and unable to endure the priva- tion and misery, in a fit of desperation he	early
	up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few	tion and misery, in a fit of desperation he "listed." His regiment was quartered at	grou
	steps, looking round to see if I am following ;	Fort-George, and he wrote regularly to his	anno Pau
	and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out.	mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day; until suddenly he wrote	Sa
	" Laddie won't come in," I call out to my wife. "On the contrary, he seems to want		good
	me to go out and have a game of snow ball	India, and begging her to send him her bles- sing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged	Ast
	with him." She throws a shawl round her and comes	mother, widowed and childless, save for this	and
	to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of	one remaining boy, felt that she must look on his face once more before she died. She	able to
	him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest	barned from a few ladies whose kindness	oug
	boy. "Laddie, Laddie !" she calls ; " come in, sir." He comes obediently at her call but	had kept her from the workhouse, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow ; and	have
		from thenee she had made her way, now on	that
	refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried	foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or waggon, to within a few miles of Fort-	but
	on me.	George, when she was caught in the show-	nice
	"A night in the snow won't hurt him :"	have parished in the snow-but for Laddie.	rake
	and I prepare to close the door. "You will do nothing of the kind !" she	My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing sudibly as the little old woman concludes	form
	""You will do nothing of the kind !" she replies with an anxious look; " but you will rouse the servants at once, and follow	her simple and touching story ; and I walk to the window and look out for a moment,	show
		before I am able to ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her that we are but a	larg to g
	Leddie knows it." I laugh. " Really, Jessie, you are absurd.	few miles from Fort-George, and that I will	0108
	Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I	send over for him, a smile of extreme con- tent illumines the withered face. "His	ben
	can he possibly know whether any one is	name is John Salter," she says: "he is a	and
	can be possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow, or not ?" "Because he has found them, and come	tall handsome lad ; they will know him by that."	in g che
	back to us for help. Look at him now."	I hasten down-stairs and write a short	N.
30	back to us for help. Look at him now." I cannot but own that the dog seems rest- less and uneasy, and is evidently endeavour- ing to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entresty in his eloquent eyes. "Why won't you believe me ?" he seems to each		stri lon
	ing to coax us to follow him ; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes.	stances, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once ; and I despatch	gat
	"Why won't you believe me !" he seems to	my groom in the dogcart, that he may bring him back without loss of time. As I return	gal ke
	ask. "Come," she continues ? " you know you could not rest while there was a possibility	to the house after seeing him start, 1 meet	of
	of a fellow, creature wanting your assistance.	Dr. Bruce leaving the house. "Poor old soul," he says ; " her troubles	in er
	And Tam contain Laddie is not deceiving us."	are nearly over ; she is sinking fast. 1 al-	fre
	What is a poor hen-pecked man to do ? I grumble and resist and yield ; as I have	most doubt whether she will live till her son	-
	often grumbled and resisted and yielded be-	"How she could have accomplished such a	Ju

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