POETRY.

MY GUESTS.

If the dull walls that narrow my vision Were all that mine eyes might behold, If the knowledge that comes to my cottage By the lips of my neighbor were told; If they who were coming and going Each day were of number so small As the few who come in-by the doorway-Perhaps I might tire of them all

But now as I sit in the silence My vision holds vistas so wide That I would not exchange with a princess The halls where my fancies abide. I walk amid limitless forests, I wander again on the shore And hear the grand hymn of the ages With the rhythm of the surf-beating oar

I summon my guests of the proudest The best and the wisest of men; They are mine by the magic of printing-Mine by the gift of the pen. But they come to the hush of my chamber And tell me their thoughts and their ways, Till I walk where their footsteps have trod-In the twilight of far distant days.

And even the friends who have left me Come near me to wander again 'Mid fields of bright thought all ungathered And mysteries far from my ken. The path of my fancy grows whiter-Too holy for unhidden feet . The wind harps of memory murmur In cadences mournfully sweet.

If the pall and the dust of the churchyard Were all that our vision could see Of those to whom death brought his silence How bitter remembrance would be! But the white wings of guardian angels Are meeting the dust of the sod. And the low grave is only a threshold Of the beautiful palace of God.

So the walls are made broad in my chamber So the curtains of clay fall apart, And the vista grows wide to my fancy And the sunshine of faith fills my heart. But if they who were coming and going Each day were of number so small As the few who come in by the doorway, Perchance I might tire of them all.

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO; -OR THE-

REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTES.

CONTINUED. CHAPTER XLVI.

VALENTINE.

A sob was the only sound he heard. He the assassin. "And this time, as though saw, as though in a mist, a black figure | nature had at least taken compassion on kneeling, and buried in a confused mass the vigorous frame, nearly bursting with the bed. CHAPTER XLVII. MAXIMILIAN. Morrel the door. " Yes." " No " proctor ?" " No." "Yes."

> "Yes." "But can he understand you?" "Yes."

SOUTHAMPTON.

vork.

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When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill. MAR. 29.- The fields are about bare ; but | to be inaugurated president of the United and get on in life.

From a sermon recently heard preached not thousand miles from here, your correspond-

advt.

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THE BEST.



ed, with outstretched arms, towards the happier than the young man who sobbed table. She saw d'Avrigny curiously ex- without weeping, tears glistened in the amining the glass, which she felt certain eyes of Noirtier. "Tell them," said Morrel of having emptied during the night. It in a hoarse voice, "tell them I am her was now a third full, just as it was when betrothed. Tell them she was my be she threw the contents into the ashes. loved, my noble girl, my only blessing in The spectre of Valentine rising before the the world. Tell them-oh ! oh ! tell them poisoner would have alarmed her less. It that corpse belongs to me." The young was, indeed the same color as the draught man who presented the dreadful specshe poured into the glass, and which tacle of a strong frame crushed, fell heavily Valentine had drunk; it was indeed the on his knees before the bed, which his poison, which could not deceive M. d'Av- fingers grasped with convulsive agony. rigny, which he now examined so closely ; At length Villefort, the most composed of it was doubtless a miracle from heaven, all, spoke. that, notwithstanding her precautions,

there should be some trace, some proof you loved Valentine, that you were beremaining to denounce the crime. While trothed to her. I knew nothing of this Madame de Villefort remained rooted to engagement, of this love, yet I, her father, the spot like a statute of terror, and Ville- forgive you, for I see your grief is real fort, with his head hidden in the bed- and deep; and, besides, my own sorrow clothes, saw nothing around him, d'Av- is too great for anger to find a place in my rigny approached the window, that he heart. But you see the angel whom you might the better examine the contents of hoped for has left the earth-she has the glass, and dipping the tip of his finger nothing more to do with the adoration of in, tasted it. "Ah !" he exclaimed, "it is men. Take a last farewell, sir, of her sad no longer brucine that is used : let me see what it is!"

Then he ran to one of the cupboards in Valentine's room, which had been transformed into a medicine closet, and taking from its silver case a small bottle of nitric acid, dropped a little of it into the liquor, which immediately changed to a bloodred color. "Ah !" exclaimed D'Avrigny, in a voice in which the horror of a judge unveiling the truth was mixed with the delight of a student discovering a problem. Mme. de Villefort was overpowered her eyes first flashed and then swam; she staggered towards the door, and disappeared. Directly afterwards the distant sound of a heavy weight falling on the ground was heard, but no one paid any attention to it : the nurse was engaged in watching the chemical analysis, and Villefort was still absorbed in grief. M. d'Avrigny alone had followed Mme. de Ville fort with his eyes, and watched her precipitate retreat. He lifted up the drapery over the entrance to Edward's room, and his eye reaching as far as Madame de Villefort's apartment, he beheld her extended lifeless on the floor. "Go to the assistance of Mme. de Villefort," he said to the nurse; "she is ill."

"But Mlle. de Villefort-" stammered the nurse. "Mlle. de Villefort no longer requires

help," said D'Avrigny, since she is dead." "Dead !-- dead !" groaned forth Villefort, in a paroxysm of grief.

"Dead !" repeated a third voice. "Who said Valentine was dead?"

The two men turned round, and saw Morrel standing at the door, pale and terror striken. This is what had happened: At the usual time, Morrel had presented himself at the little door leading to Noirtier's room. Contrary to custom, the door was open, and he entered. Morrel had no particular reason for uneasiness; Monte-Cristo had promised him that Valentine should live; and, until then, he had always fulfilled his word. Every night the count had given him news, which was the next morning confirmed by Noirtier. The first thing he saw was the old man sitting in his armchair in his usual place : but his eves expressed an internal fright, which was confirmed by the palor which overspread his features.

"How are you, sir?" asked Morrel with a sickness of heart. "Well!" answered the old man "You are thoughtful, sir?" continued

Morrel; "you want something; shall I call one of the servants?" "Yes," replied Noirtier

Morrel pulled the bell, but, though he nearly broke the rope, no one answered. and anguish expressed on his countenance

momentarily increased. "Oh !" exclaimed Morrel, "why do You thought yourselves alone, and talked water than was comfortable. they not come? Is any one ill in the about that tragical death, and the fatality house?" The eyes of Noirtier looked as if they would start from their sockets. which has caused the death of Valentine." "What is the matter? You alarm me. Villefort and d'Avrigny exchanged looks-

Valentine? Valentine?"

nothing; he staggered, and supported him- my ears. Certainly, after witnessing the him, as this is the second accident that self against the wainscot. Then he point- culpable indolence manifested by M. de has happened to the same limb. ed to the door.

"Yes, yes, yes!" continued the old ought to have denounced him to the man. Maximilian rushed up the little anthorities; then I should not have been hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemstaircase, while Noirtier's eyes seem to an accomplice, as I am now, to the death ishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, say: "Quicker! quicker!"

In a minute the young man darted accomplice shall become the avenger. sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save through several rooms till at length he This fourth murder is apparent to all, and \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the reached Valentine's. There was no oc- if thy father abandon thee, Valentine, most wonderful blemish cure ever known. spent a very pleasant evening last week casion to push the door, it was wide open. it is I, and I swear it, that shall pursue Warranted by Davies, Staples& Co.

estate this summer.

A party of young people from this place at the home of N. Gilman, Pokiok.

PUREST, STRONGEST.

McMurray & Co.