-a glorious July evening, all the rich landscape and the dis-

tant ocean steeped in a yellow light. Bidmund Standen heard those joy-bells as he smoked his after-dinner eigar, strolling about the garden with Esther and his mother-heard and wondered at the unaccustomed sound.

"What can they be all ringing for ?" said Esther. "It isn't the ringers' practising night; and there go the Monk-hampton bells as well as ours. Are the English fighting anywhere, and winning battles, Edmund, you know how little I "Read the newspapers." "No, Essie, England is honourably neutral just at present.

Those joy-peals do not proclaim a victory. Some victim at the hymenial altar, I suppose."

"They'd have rung this morning if it had been for a wed-ding," replied Esther, who couldn't quite get over her wonder at those unusual joy-bells.

The old gardener, syringing an adjacent rose tree, touched

his hat, and vontured to address the young lady of the house. "Begging your pardon, Miss, I met Jim Baker, the under-gardener at the Place as I was coming back from my tea, and he told me as Lady P rriam has got a little son-born this afternoon. Mebbe it war for that they bells was ringing."

"No doubt, Giles," answered Esther, with a nervous look at Edmund. His cheek, browned healthily by many a ride to and fro between Dean House and the Bank, and by many a run with the hounds last winter, paled at the montion of that too well remembered name.

"Poor Sir Aubrey," said Mrs. Standen, almost as if she read her son's thoughts on his clouded brow. "He will have little pleasure in the birth of his son."

The joy-bells rang on, and every note was bitterness to Edmund's heart. He left the three ladies to stroll up and down among the flower-beds, and went for one of those long, solitary rambles with which it was his wont to solace himself when the pangs of memory and regret were too sharp to be endured with a smilling countenance, and that cheery, easy manner which made him so dear to the household. He had borne his grief wonderfully, the women who loved him told one another with thankful spirits. He shared all their small pleasures, was the best of sons, the most indulgent of uncles, the most devoted of brothers. He only who wore the shoe knew how it galled and pinched. Edmund Standen wore his shoe with so good a grace that his women-kind fondly believed in his cure. The struggle had been sharp and short, they thought, and with one wrench he had plucked Sylvia Carew out of his heart. Were Sir Aubrey's death to set her free to-morrow, she would hardly win Edmund back again. He knew her too well

to be again her victim. Grief, like J alousy, is apt to make the meat it feeds on. Feeling the birth of Sir Aubrey's heir a source of supremest

his brief summer-time of love and hope had been a vision of dregs. He went across the well-known fields in the summer the day when Sylvia's first child should be laid in his unac-customed arms—Sylvia's child and his. gloaming—bean-fields, where the perfumed blossoms seemed fittest abodes for elves and fairies—clover-fields that looked darkly purple in the fading light—by wide stretches of fea-thery oats—by a bit of woodland where the thick forn filled the hollows, trembling like green water with every breeze— and so, as if summoned by that one monotonous bell, to the churchyard in the hollow, with its ivy-mantled stone wall— wall of mellowest grays and browns, with hart'stongue ferns pushing their slender fronds out of every crevice. The ball lossed into stlence as Edwund entered the little

The bell lapsed into silence as Edmund entered the little lane leading to the churchyard gate, a narrow lane with the wall on one side and a tall hedge on the other, a deep gulley between a green meadow and the rustic burial ground. People who live in the country are fond of churchyards and God's acre seems a natural lounging place, a trysting spot for lovers, a playground for children, a quiet scene where age may meditate upon life's brevity and the wide hopes beyond it.

## To be continued.

WAGNER : HIS MUSICAL THEORIES .- This is a title of a pamphlet published in this city by Reid Taylor, B.C.L., Advocate. nd fro between Dean House and the Bank, and by many a my the difference of the full of the

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