GOING HOME TO CLOUD.
HEAVEN. Deas, dear, but it was cold on Christ mes morning. The air was keenly bittare the snow was crusted with ice, and eneril. Turie Quiltr drew her thin legs up into ber chair, and sat on her feet with a pathetic idea of warming them. As she sat, her fingers, though numb andeold, knitted busily, and ber thoughts flew as fast. Nowhere ! Nothn' for milk no sugar, nor coal, nor jelly! A egg yes. Thm, coming!"
The half-muttered monologue re solved itself into this cheery, sweet
oned, "Yes, Tim coming." The smal eet were placed stiffly down on th loor, and Turie was in motion. As suredly "in motion," for such comi getting over the floor could not be sty ed walking. One hand was flung abov the same beight, and the other twist d itself along, and tbrough the open nore comfortable, but poor enough a the best. A whirl of a second on one toe, and breathless the girl looked down on a white face lying so tired and weak
on the pillow. Then the owner of the hite face spoke proudly
That was a stunner.
Yed, that if I can only get a little fatter can soon earn a shilling a weet. Think of that Tim! What do you waut ?" Tim looked down nervousty, befo be answered with a patient yet childish"I It one : ner time, and I didn't smell no fire, and I tho

It was well for bis tender heart that he could not see her face as she stoop. its brightest colors should lie where he should see them. That face was full of lismay; and it was quite a moment be regained her feti and epring, he regai
You great baby! It was not the ner you wanted, bat me! Don' rou go for to say you're hungry! I
must go out, but I'll give you a crack
With a great show of bustle and fuss, she produced one from a stone jar, and only one. Not daring to look at him again, she danced out and shut the
door. All the life died out of her whirling figure, and she sank down in
the farthest corner of the bleak garret "Ob, Tim ; oh, poor Tim! He's
hangry, and I've nothin' to give him;" rove to think calmly.
They were orphans. Tim crippled $\begin{aligned} & \text { great and heavy cloud of gray, } \\ & \text { thought, mast be the bome of his fathe }\end{aligned}$ their father had fallen from a scaffold,
and been brought home to them-dead. ing the laces and crochet tidies, in the
day, that her fingers wore so deftly at father, then a carpenter in a minorthea in retuca Madomisselle Corinue ( $\mathbf{C a r y}$. o dane2. Through all their poverty Turis bad been an apt pupil. A great
gricf to Curinne was the fact that Turie
couldn't wouldn't grow fat; and
mary were the cosical cousultations held with Tin on the subject. Turie
entertained the shrewd idea that mor fee. would saire the difficulty; but she
kept this ides ecret, and the others had
not yet stuabled on it. 4f, Corinne bei been away with ber
troupe in the berth country towns, or Terie would hare gone to her, sare of
kindly belp. Paor little woman then kindly belp. Poor little woman: the
Christmas Day wsen not a very hopeful or happy one. Tim's rapidy faiking health had kfot her more at honie of
late, and bephistock of pennies had dwindled to one. ber tears, she started up and wrapped her rageed shawl about her. A straw bonnet without trimming of any kind, and so large that it slipped down and rested on her ears, she fastened by ty-
 and hunger was tempting ber sorely
Keeping her head well up, so that sight of the cakes might make her false to Tim, she started for the opposite
side of the street. The roadway was crowded with carts, but Turie was no prosite side when an that gained the opposite from its master's guiding hand,
broke and sprang forward. Turie heard the warning shonts, and even then would have been safe, but her bat fell forward, blinding ber eyes, and in the next in-
stant she was under the tramping boofs, down in the spow, with the wheels crushing out her life. Around the pale form a pitying crowd gathered, some only curious-many with the Christ
mas softness resting in their moisten For
For she was dead. Her fragile ber face, unhurt and smiling with the triumph of a vanquished temptation, and one hand grasping the precious food, were all that looked bike Turie. Just before a boot-boy bad ridiculed
her comical bat; now, with his bare her comical hat; now, with his bare
cold hand he strove to shape it round cold hand he strove to shape it round
the still face. No one meemed to know who she was, or where she lived. A laid ber on its rough boards. With an ashamed movement, he pulled off his warm coat, covered the broken form with it, then drove away with the policeman, and faced the bitter day, bare
armed. The matron at the boapital armed. The metron at the bospital
dropped tears of sympathy on the white dropped tears of sympathy on the white
flowers she laid round the child fate, then kissed the peaceful lips, and saw them close her last frail house, and
bear Turie to the field of everlasting quiet. No more of dancing, no more of knitivg, no more want, but a rest ment and the glory of the angels for
Turie. Tim lay quiet after Turie bad left him alone, eating his cracker slowly
and trying to believe that it satistied
him. When it was bim. When it was gone be watche
the clouds passing by, and thoughts the clouds passing by, and thoughts of
the angels that Turie had taught him to believe dwelt in them. Surely Turie
was staying long! He covered his thin arms more cli,sely, for the scrap of fir
she had left was cold and dull. thought, ansest be the bome of his father
sturdy and strong of yore, and chang
ed in no way in his son's mind. An hold bis young mother, who left him a
his birth: and he knew ber waiting marcely lift in tead fast, and Turie was 2 latig time coming.
It was getting so dark, the shadow
were gathering so fast, but he heard
footstep. He felt faint and wealk from Want of iod blowly the tears rose
and dropped silently one by one. I
was co dark! A frightened sob, and the child natare conqured as the still
ness of the room was broktn br hi
sobs. He was soon exhausted, avd la
terrified and stuoddering. Then te call ed. "Turie, Iurie." No answer, and
with a fratic effort he raised himself
and slid off the bed, felling so beaty that he was stitnned.
He woke with the raws of the randle Those arm his head was pillowede, and
kis crooked limbe cerered by the fold spalk; butss. following the too weal totion th
tion Corinne thourht he mat lipi, Corinne thought he was trying to
prace and she said aloud the words of
peace that came to bur
roice was still, Tim bad gone to find
his lowed ones, and Turie among them.
little es be nnew it. Corinne learned one day of Turie's
death from a chance witness of the scene: and through all ber life the memory of the tender, self-denying, sufering children kept her heart more
fresh and pure than it might otberwise fresh and pure than it might otherwise
hase been. The large white cloud, with the golden edges, and \& red ligth
showing through, lying at sunget in the
fit showing through, lying at sunetin in the
far \#eatern sky is it not the beine)
Timothy


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