The Weekly	Mai
TORONTO, FRIDAY, O	OT. 20, 1876

TWO SONNETS. Troubled in spirit by the unvaried ways
Wherewith perpetually I seemed to view
In regular and familiar retinue,

In regular and familiar retinue, and days, coming the north place in the place in t But wheresoe'er my wandering feet might be, Like some persistent word that memory Like some persitent word that memory of the control But when the Autumnal trees in ruin glow You meet hor white ghost wandering to and As though the spirit of this proud blossom came
To haunt the world in expiatory shame.
Repentant of her cold imperious past!
EDGAR FAWCETT.

HALF-AND-HALF AT THE ADMIRAL.

Three thirsty souls in Hertfordshire went transping through the dust. Ned; "Drink something, lads I man Ned; "Drink something, lads I may Sem, "I'm "Why, there il livere il li some bream, and then to Ned: Drink
something, lads, I roust!
My throat is dry, says Ned; says Sam, "I'm
parched as any stick."
Good luck, then! chorrowed all the three.
"A public in the nick." A country inn, beneath a tree where swung a cheery sign—

rubicund old Admiral, whose looks said
rubicund old Admiral, whose looks said

Drink and dine;

*Drink cook, with flowers sweet, and chairs
coice,

*A comely dame for Hebe bright, with face in
welcome dress.*

Cor "A pot of ecolest beady beer-prime old and ine rea Miss

"A port or courses vers."

bitter als "

Cried Dick; and soon before them stood the old and pearly pale.

These data fact the dam too brought, be like that?"

The data his better full. A rew foam flakes fell softly out, as number

"Go, fill agram," cried Sam; and then, "I

will," the dame replied.

No pumping sucine decked the bar, no wenBut from the cealar, cool and dim, she drew it

from the cealar, cool and dim, she drew it

from the coalar, cool and dim, she drew it

from the coalar, cool and dim, she drew it

word only be quaffed.

Then Ned and Diot each took his pull, a

thorough honest third.

Now, just one more, "cried Ned;" and then,
boys, onward like a bird.

Down went the dame, uncoant the coalest of the coal

Down went the dame, up came the beer, and Ned led off this time, He took his third, the others drank, and vowed the liquor prime; The secons they paid, and took the road, with secons they paid, and took the road, with A long pause. And went brower brewed, the best that ever brower brewed. Next time the friends strolled out that way, bables, aren't y cousin Mark and as they passed beneath the sign, they rubbed their hands and laughed.

"Here, hostess, fil that tankard up; our throught are parched."

The land by be apron smoothed, and lips and gree brows arched.

"Ah, gentleman !"—she shook her head—"ai Cousin Mar Such scolings-on as that. I fear, would ruin soon our trade.

My massier ever since that day's done noughr but peak and pine.

For what I drew was half pale ale, and halff was sherry wine! "GEO, MANNVILLE FENN-Once a' Week."

MATCH-MAKING.

"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!"

And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, ahe thought she meant it. After sli, how few of us ever really know what we do mean! "I engaged myself once when a girl, and the simpleton thought she owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him, and sent him about his business."

The voice was now a trifle sharp. What wender, with so galling a memory?

"No man shall ever tyrannize over meneve! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?"

"Annoyed at your logic, most likaly, said my friend, a bright-eyed young matron as she threaded her needle.

"My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

"I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic answer.

It was quite evident by the expression of the same was the same ____ "I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic answer.

It was quite evident by the expression of the dress-maker's face that she had formed the dress-maker's face that she had formed the press an opinion on any subject.

Miss Kent was a little woman, as fair as girl, and as plump as a robin. She wannis ashamed to own that she was forty years oll and an old maid. She had carned her own living most of her life, and was proud of it. Lariness was the one sin Miss Kent outling most of her life, and was proud of it. Lariness was the one sin Miss Kent outling most of her life, and was proud of it. Lariness was the one sin Miss Kent outling most of her life, and was proud of it. Lariness was the one sin Miss Kent outling most of her life, and was proud of it. And it is much shorter time than it takes me to write it. Her views on all subjects were atrikingly original, and not to be combated.

"What are you going to do when you as old?" persisted the mistress of the establishment.

"What other old folks de, I suppose."

"What other old folks do, I suppose."
"But you can't work forefur."
"But you can't work forefur."
"Can't say that I wantade."
"Now, Miss Kent, a hymband with means,

"Beautifully."

"Beautifully."

"Beautifully."

"Beautifully."

"Bo will mime. I never botched a job in my life.

"It is not think I understand you, "said Miss Kent, perplexed.

"No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear."

"Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the sone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week Cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with the gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jeanie told me, and for fifteen years carried aload of miseery that few could have endured. Death came to his relief at last, and now the poor fellow honestly believed himsell an alien from domestic happiness.

Singular as it may appear. Consin lifark was the embodiment of good health and good mature; fifty, perhaps, though he cish't sister, who was married to the was making a rate of the control of the co

look it, and as rotand and fresh is his way as the little dressmaker was in here. I looked at him, I defeed anybody to see one and not be immediately reminded of the chiral true, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than was the bright little woman whom ennic had determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should thinkinecessary to caution me about that, Dousin Mark." occord the plotter, as she shood by his side looking out of the window. "The steen of my being so ridiculous productions and this resource was twork there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

Of course Coursin Mark answered "Ne," of ony boyhood that I could work there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it ?"

Of course Cousin Mark answered, "Ne," promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

'This is my cousin—Mr. Lassing, Miss Keet, "and Mr. Lassing bowed politely, and Miss Keet arese, dropped her emisson, blushed, and ast down again. Cousin Mark ploked up the refractory implements, and them Mrs. Jennie proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labour d love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read shound an article from the Popular Science Monthly, drawing Miss Keet into the discussion as despired of sport in the control of the course of the co

Cousin Mark, at her request, read amond as article from the Popular Science Mondaly, thrawing Miss Kent into the discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the appider.

"Whe was that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired in the evening.

"Do you mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie, looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. It is make the popular seems of the specially as my was a lady I have known for a long time. See in making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman."

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman."

"Under other circumstances Mrs. Carlais would have resented this, but now the only quaried. "Do you think so !" and that end; it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there; are fiver a week he became as familiar as this::

"If you are not too busy, I shoull like to toal you this article?" and this is want Miss Kent would say:

"Oh, I am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this conflortable chair and let's hear it."

Miss Kent b

"But you can't work foregre."
"Only any that I wanted."
"Now, Miss Keet, a hashead with means, a kind, intelligent man."
"I don't want. I don't want any man, the light of the want in the work of the wanted his pour dress.

"I tell you, Mrs. Carlah, I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, if he wanted his marriage, and as Miss Kent fitted the wanted his marriage in the threw me a letter from the burean.

"Read that," she said, with a knowing look, "I Is may amme you."
This is what the letter said:
"My Dara Jannin, set to voice.
"Butter embark in a new ship, hadn't he'put in Jennie, setto voice.
"Butter embark in a new ship, hadn't he'put in Jennie, setto voice.
"So unsuitable was this marriage, so the terry and entirely wretched have been is consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever tived, if by so doing I could save her life.
Your old courin. Mark Larsino."
"Rich, han't it' said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure wisce back happened to be turned.
I shook my head and langhed.
"You'll see," continued the incorrigible. "See what?' inquired Miss Kent, figure wisces has happened to be turned.
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"You'll see," continued the incorrigible. "See what?' inquired Miss Kent, figure wisces and the propert of an appointment in a hot colony; and as it was rather a good thing good pay—out of which I could save, and the prospect of an appointment in a hot colony; and as it was rather a good thing good pay—out of which I could save, and the prospect of an appo