To find that your shadow is portlier grown, That your voice has a practical, business-li tone;
That your vision is tricky, which once was so bright,
And a hint of a wrinkle is coming to light—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A sleigh-ride, a party, a dance or a dine; Why, of course, you'll be present, you ne But, alas there's no invite, your not "you folks." you see folks," you see;
You're no longer a peach, but a crab-apple tree
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

A daughter that grows like a lily, a queen, And that blooms like a rose in a garden of gree A dapper young clerk in an ice-cream saloon, Both a dude and a duce is to carry off soon; And a logy that is ten, and the pride of yo eyes,
Is caught smoking vile cigarettes on the sly—
Ah, that's what it is to be forty.

At twenty a man dreams of power and fame; At thirty his fire has a soberer flame; At forty he knows and he feels as he ne'er did before. ore, That a man is a fool till he's forty.

Ah, we're young and we're old, and we're gree and we're gray,
And the law of our living is change and decay;
Come, see the lone spot in the Valley of Tears,
Where your baby lies low in the cradle of year
When no longer on earth he is forty.

## SIR HUGH'S LOVES

There was little work for either of ther There was little work for either of them in Sandycliffe, but they carried their joint energies farther a-field. Pierrepoint had a large poor population, and the vicar was old and supine: he accepted gladly the volunteered services of his zealous coadjutors and, led by his faithful Johnnie, Mr. Ferrers penetrated into the winding alleys, and carried comfort to many a sick and dying bed. And as Mr. Brabazon grew more infirm, it became a rule for Mr. Ferrers to occupy his pulpit, on Sunday evenings, and twas always remarked that on these occasions the church was crowded; people would come ten to twelve miles to hear the would come ten to twelve miles to hear the blind clergyman from Sandyoliffe. It was even mooted by the Bishop whether, after Mr. Brabazon's death, Pierrepoint should not be offered to Mr. Ferrers. After the first few weeks Raby Ferrers hever spoke of his blindness to any one; ween his half-sister Margaret who lived with him, and was his dearest and closest friend,

him, and was his dearest and closest friend, never heard a repining word from his lips; neither did he waste his strength by silent brooding—the activity of his life left him ao time for this; when he was not occupied with his ministrations, or preparing his sermons, Margaret would read to him for hours.

Vat it was evident to any keen observer load.

"That could only be one reason, who, I said to my self, depend upon it, Madge means to stand on her dignity, and read Hugh a lesson, and I hope he will profit by it. I do believe Hugh's favorite motto is 'never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.'"

"I think you are a little hard on Hugh; has promised that he will speak to his safter to-day."

Yet, it was evident to any keen observer who studied the quiet face that some load of care lay on the bowed shoulders of Mr. Ferrers; some heavy weight that at times seemed to crush him. Sometimes when Margaret was reading to him he would make a sign for her to stop, and, laying down the book, she would watch him pacing up and down the green alleys of the Grange garden with his sightless-eyes turned to the sun-shine; but she knew that it was not of his blindness he was thinking, but of a heavier trouble still. heavier trouble still.

Few people about Sandycliffe knew that Margaret Ferrers was only Raby's half-sister; there were only a few years between them, and in the close intimacy that had grown up between the brother and sister it was seldom remembered by either of them that they had different mothers. Colonel

that they had different mothers. Colonel Ferrers had married within two years of his first wife's death, and the second Mrs. Ferrers had brought the Grange and a wealthy dowry to her husband.

But the marriage had not been a happy one, and the three last years of Mrs. Ferrers' life had been passed away from her husband. There were hints and tales of bitter scenes in the Grange, but little was known in the village: only. when Margaret was 7 years village; only, when Margaret was 7 years old, and Raby a lad of 14, there was a grand funeral, such as Sandycliffe had never witnessed, and Mrs. Ferrers was laid in the same marble tomb where her predecessor was buried, and it was noted with some surprise and a little incredulity that Colonel

It was about fourteen months before Raby glass of milk that one summer's morning the little churchyard was full of loitering villagers, waiting for the bells to stop before they hurried into their places.

passed into the porch, after stopping to reprove some noisy urchins eating small sour apples on the tombstones; and old Granny Richardson had just hobbled in after her in her red cloak and neat block. Granny Richardson had just holded in a feet her in her red cloak and neat black bonnet, and her prayer-book folded in a blue-and white checked handkerchief with a little bunch of sweet-william and southernwood—old man they called it in those parts—to keep it company. After granny came old Samuel Tibbs, the patriarch of the village, in his clean smock and scarlet handkerchief, followed by his carlet handkerchief, followed by his corduroys and hobnailed boots. Young Sam as they called him, was the youngest of fifteen, who had all grown up strong and the thought how strange and blemishes—as Sam as they called him, was the youngest of fifteen, who had all grown up strong and the thought how strange and blemishes—as Sam as they called him, was the youngest of fifteen, who had all grown up strong and of fifteen, who had all grown up strong and healthy under the thatched eaves of the low white-washed cottage down by the pond. There the fifteen young Tibbses had elbowed, and jostled, and kicked, and metaphorically necked at each other like en, who had all grown up strong and elbowed, and jostled, and kicked, and metaphorically pecked at each other like young rooks in a nest, and had grown up strong and hearty on a diet of bread and dripping, running barefoot over the grass and splashing like young ducks in the pond, until promoted to hobailed boots and bird-scaring, with a promise of riding the plough-horses to water, and an occasional bird-nesting expedition on their own bird-searing, with a promise of riding the plough-horses to water, and an occasional bird-nesting expedition on their own pardon.

The bell had stopped, and the last loiterer

familiar with the features of the younger man, and every one in the village knew that the tall, broad-shouldered man with the fair beard and handsome aristogratic face was the young master from Redmon Hall, who was to marry Miss Margare

the vicar's sister.

But eyen young Sam Tibbs leaves off admiring his hobnailed boots to stare at the brown sickly-looking gentleman with the white moustache that occupies the other end of the seat; and Margaret, sitting with the school children, looks curiously in the same direction, for this is the first time that she has seen Sir Wilfred Redmond

since his return from Persia.

Both father and son are wonderfully alike, she thinks; they have both the same

and blue and violet—and giving a golden tinge to her dead-brown hair; and as Hugh looks at her he tells himself again that he has never seen any one to compare with her—his pearl among women.

When the services was over, and the

small congregation had streamed out of the church, Sir Wilfred left his seat, and church, Sir Wilfred left his seat, and walked up the aisle to inspect the chancel. He evidently thought his son was following him, for he turned round once to address him; but Hugh had noticed that Margaret had quietly slipped through a side door, and he hastily followed her. and he hastly followed her.

She was standing under the shade of a
willow, looking at a newly-made grave, but
she turned with a smile when she saw him

striding over the grass, with the sun shining on his golden-brown head. n his golden-brown head. "Margaret," he said reproachfully, "why have you not waited to speak to my father?
Raby has just joined him."
A quick blush crossed Margaret's face—
her lover's question seemed to pain her—
but she answered with her accustomed

gentleness,
"Surely you must know, dear; how
could I meet Sir Wilfred when he is still

could I meet Sir Wilfred when he is still in ignorance of our engagement."

"Ah! true, I forgot," with a short uneasy laugh; but it was Hugh's turn now to look uncomfortable. "What a little Puritan you are, darling, as though half a dozen civil words would have mattered."

"But I could not have said them, Hugh," with quiet firmness; "I should have talk with quiet firmness; "I should have felt awkward and constrained in your father's presence; I should have betrayed our secret by my very šilence."

"Ah, well, it will be a secret no longer,"

by my very silence."

"Ah, well, it will be a secret no longer," with an impatient sigh. "You look at me very reproachfully this morning, Margaret, but indeed I have not been to blame so much as you think; my father was tired from his journey yesterday. I am afraid he is in very bad health. I confess I am anxious about him. We had so much to talk about, and he is so full of that wonder; ful book of his. Come, cheer up, dear; I will not have you look so serious; I will promise you that he shall know of our engagement before I sleep to-right."

"Really and truly, dear; now say something kind to me before I go."

Ten minutes afterwards Margaret walked slowly down the churchyard to join Raby, who was waiting for her at the gate. He heard her footstep, and held out his hand to her.

to her.
"I was wondering what had become of the will be will be will be to her.
"I was wondering what had become of the will be will b

yon, Margaret. Sir Wilfred has been talking to me for a long time; he asked after you, but of course I made some excuse I think I know why you hid yourself."

"That could only be one reason, Raby."

"Ah, I was right then. I said to my-

"I think you are a little hard on Hugn; ha has promised that he will speak to his father to day."
"I am glad of that," very gravely. "I confess that this procrastination has made me very uneasy; it was not treating you fairly, Margaret, to leave his father all these months in ignorance of the engage-

these months in ignorance of the engage-"Yes, but you forget," interposed his "Yes, but you forget," interposed his sister eagerly, "he did write telling Sir Wilfred everything, but the letter never reached him. Yen are generally so charitable, Raby, and yet you misjudge poor Hugh so readily."

There was an injured tone in Margaret's voice that made Raby smile; he knew that she was blind to Hugh's faults, that she was high year.

she was blind to Hugh's faults—that she believed in him with all a loving woman's credulity; and yet as he smiled he sighed. He knew his sister well, the simplicity nd strength of her nature, the unselfishm and strength of her nature, the unselfishness and purity of her aims—few women had so high a standard—and he reverenced as well as loved her, for every day showed him new beauties in her character. But his knowledge of his sister made him doubt the wisdom of her choice; in his heart he had never really approved of her engagement with Hugh Redmond. Hugh was a capital fellow, he told himself: a pleasant companion, loveable in his way, and not without his special gifts but he was not

capital fellow, he told himself: a pleasant companion, loveable in his way, and not without his special gifts, but he was not worthy of Margaret.

Raby had not always been blind, and his intimacy with Hugh Redmond had given him plenty of opportunity to judge truly of his friend's defects. He knew Hugh was manly and generous, but he was also weak 'and impulsive, hot-tempered and prone to restlessness; and he marvelled sadly how Margaret's clam grand nature should centre its affections and hopes on such an unstable character as Hugh Redmond.

"I wish you thought better of Hugh,"

The bell had stopped, and the last loiterer had taken his place on the oak bench, when as usual two strangers took their places in a seat that was usually occupied by any chance worshipper.

"I wisn you thought better of Lugar, she said softly, as she felt his caressing gesture; and Raby smiled again.
"I do think well of him. Who am I that chance worshipper. not seen the man yet who is worthy or my Margaret. Come, is not that a lover-like speech; Hugh himself might have said it. But here we are at home; I can smell the roses in the porch; they are a sweet welcome to a blind man, are they not, Madge?"

CHAPTER III. UNDER THE OLD WALNUT-TREE nus oft the mourner's wayward heart mpts him to hide his grief and die, o feeble for confession's smart o proud to bear a pitying eye;

w sweet in that dark hour to fall Our sighs, and gently whispered all! They love us—will not God forgive? Keble's Christian Ven

Strangers passing through Sandycliffe Both father and son are wonderfully alike, she thinks; they have both the same heavy-lidded blue-grey eyes, the same proud carriage of the head and stately presence; but the bright sunshiny smile that greeted her from Hugh Redmond is certainly not reproduced on his father's sombre face. Sir Wilfred looked ill and saddened; and evidently the report that ill-health had brought his researches to a speedy end was probably true.

Sir Wilfred listened with grave attention to Mr. Ferrers' eloquent sermon. The deep musical voice and fine delivery seemed to rivet him; he sat motionless, with his hands grasping each other, his eyes fixed on the pale, powerful face which the morning sunshine touched with a sort of glory.

As usual Hugh Redmond's attention strayed to the corner where Margaret sat, the light from the painted window reached her, staining her white gown with patches of prismatic color—a bordering of crimson of prismatic color—a bordering of crimson is a broad circular seat and a little strip of grass round it was always known as the

"Master's summer study." It was here that Margaret read to him in the fresh that Margaret read to him in the fresh dewy mornings when the thrushes were feeding on the lawn, or in the evenings when the birds were chirping their goodnights, and the lark had come down from the gate of heaven to its nest in the cornfield, and the family of greenfinches that had been hatched in the branches of an old acacia-tree were all asleep and dreaming of the "early worm."

old acacia-tree were all asleep and dreaming of the "early worm."

People used to pity Margaret for having to spend so many hours over such dull, laborious readings; the homilies of the old Fathers and the abstract philosophical treatises in which Mr. Ferrers' soul delighted must have been tedious to his sister, they said, but if they had but known it, their pity was perfectly wasted.

Margaret's vigorous intellect was quite capable of enjoying and assimilating the

capable of enjoying and assimilating the strong hardy diet provided for it; she knew Mr. Ferrers' favorite authors, and would pause of her own accord to read over again some grand passage or trenchant

again some grand passage or trenchant argument.

Hugh had once laughingly called her a blue-stocking when he had found the brother and sister at their studies, but he had no idea of the extent of Margaret's erudition; in earlier years she had learnt a littleGreek, and was able to read the Greek Testament to Raby—she was indeed "his eyes," as he fondly termed her, and those who listened to the eloquent sermons of the blind vicar of Sandyoliffe little knew how much of that precious store of wisdom and scholarly research was owing to Margaret's unselfish devotion; Milton's daughters reading to devotion; Milton's daughters reading to him in his blindness were not more devoted than she.
When their early Sunday repast was over

Margaret, as usual, led the way to the old walnut-tree seat; she had Keble's "Christian Year" in her hand and a volume of Herbert's poems—for wearied by his labors, Raby often preferred some sacred poetry or interesting biography to be read to him between the services, or often he bade her close her book or read to herself if his thoughts were busy with his evening sermon.

The strip of lawn that surrounded the

walnut-tree led to a broad gravel walk with a sun-dial and a high southern wall where peaches ripened, and nectarines and apricots sunned themselves; here there was another seat; where on cold autumn mornings or mild winter days one could sit and feel the mild chastened sunshine steal and teel the mind chastened sunsine seeming round one with temperate warmth; a row of beehives stood under the wall, where sweetest honey from the surrounding clover-fields was made by the busy brown workers, "the little liverymen of industry," as Raby called them, or "his preachers in brown." margaret glanced at her brother rathe

Margaret glanced at her brother rather anxiously as she took her place beside him; he looked more than usually tired, she thought; deep lines furrowed his broadforehead, and the firmly compressed lips spoke of some effort to repress heart-weariness. "He is thinking of our poor child," she said to herself as she turned to the beautiful norm for the seventh Sunday after said to herself as she turned to the beautiful poem for the seventh Sunday after Trinity: "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness"—the very text as she knew that Raby had selected for his evening sermon at Pierrepoint; but as her smooth melodious voice lingered involuntarily over the third verse, a sigh burst from Raby's lips.

Landscape of fear! yet, weary heart,
Thou need st not in thy gloom depart,
Nor fainting turn to seek thy distant home:
Sweetly thy sickening throbs are eyed
By the kind Saviour at thy side;
For healing and for balm e'en now thy hour
come. "Oh, that it were come for both of us," muttered Raby in a tone so husky wish pain that Margaret stopped. "You are thinking of Crystal," she said softly, leaning towards him with a face full

of sympathy. "That verse was beautiful; it reminded me of our child at once,"—but as he hid his face in his hands without answering her, she sat motionless in her place, and for a long time there was silence etween them.

But Margaret's heart was full, and she

was saying to herself: "Why need I have said that, as though he ever forgot her? Poor Raby—poor unhappy brother—forget her! when every night in the twilight I see him fold his hands as though in prayer, and in the darkness can hear himwhisper, 'God bless my darling and bring her home to me

"Margaret!"
"Yes, dear;" but as she turned quickly at the beseeching tone in which her name was uttered, a smile came to her lips, for Raby's hand was feeling in his inner breast pocket, and she knew well what that action signified; and in another moment he had wn out a letter and had placed it in Margaret's outstretched palm. Ever since this letter had reached them about two months ago, each Sunday the same silent request had been made to her, and each me, as now, she had taken it without hesi ation or comment, and had read it slowly rom beginning to end.

The envelope bore the Leeds postmarks, and the letter itself was evidently written

in a flowing girlish hand. "My DEAREST MARGARET," it began, "Ifeel to night as though I must write to you; sometimes the home-sickness is so bitter—the longing so intense to see your dear face again—that I can hardly endure it; there are times when the restlessness is so unendurable that I cannot sit still and bear it—when I feel as though I had but one wish in the world, just to feel your arms round me again, and hear from your lips that I am forgiven and then lie down and die.

"You suffer too, you say, in the one letter that has reached me; I have over shadowed our happiness. You and Raby are roubling your kind hearts about me, but indeed there is no need for any fresh anxiety.
"I have met with good Samaritans. The
roof that shelters me is humble indeed, but
it shelters loving hearts and simple kindly. natures—natures as true as yours, Margaret gentle high-souled wor

gentle high souled women, who, like the charitable traveller in the Bible, have sought to pour oil and wine into my wounds. How you would love them for my sake, but still you would love them for my sake, but still more for their own!

"These kindly strangers took me in without a word—they asked no questions; I was young, friendless, and unhappy, that was all they cared to know.

"I must tell you very little about them for I do not wish to give you any clue to my home at present; they are a mother and two daughters in reduced circumstances, but having unmistakably the stamp of gentlewomen; buth mother and daughter, for the second is only a child, have high cultured natures. The mother—forgiveme, Margaret, for I dare not mention her name teaches in a school close by us, and her daughter is also a daily governess. I am thankful to say that their recommendations have procured me work of the same kind; I give morning lessons to two little boys, and Fern—that is the eldest daughter's name—and I have also obtained some orders for embroidery to fill up our leisure hours, and occupy our hands while we teach Fern's

and Margaret obediently opened the thin if his marriage with me would bring him

MY POOR DARLING—At last we have heard from you—at last you have yielded to my urgent request for some news of your daily life. God bless you for lifting a little of the weight off us, for telling us something about yourself and your work. I could not help crying bitterly over your letter, to think that a numble roof shelters our child; that you are compelled to work for a living. about your mother?"
She looked at him with wide crying bitterly over your letter, to think that a humble roof shelters ourchild; that you are compelled to work for a living; you, Crystal, who have never known what it is to want anything; upon whom a rough wind was not suffered to blow. My child, come home. What need is there of penance and expiation when all has been forgiven? The evil spirit that tormented our child has been cast out, and you are clothed afresh in your right mind now; come home for Raby's sake, and be his darling as of old! Do you know how he longs for you? Daily hs asks 'Any news of her, Margaret'? and last night, as I was passing his study door, he called me in and bade me give you this message—'Tell my child, Margaret,' he said, 'that every night I bless her and fall asleep breathing her name; tell her that my forgiveness and blessing are ever with her; that there is no bitterness in my heart; that she cannot escape from my love; that it will follow her to the world's end. And tell her, Margaret, that if she does not soon come back to me, that I, Raby—blind, helpless, useless as I am—will seek her through 'God's earth till I find her and bring her back.' Ab spreak you mark ween as you startled eyes. at her funeral, and Raby told me I ought to have cried too."
"I loved your mother, Margaret," returned the old man, and his mouth twitched under his white moustache. "You are not like her; she was dark, but very beautiful. Yes, she was ill, with that deadly hereditary illness that we call by another name; so ill that for years before her death her husband could not see her."

before her death her husband could not see her."

"You mean——" asked Margaret, but her dry white lips refused to finish the sentence. Sir Wilfred looked at her pityingly, as he answered—

"She was insane. It was in the family—they told me so, and that was why I did not ask her to marry me. She was beautiful, and so many loved her—your father and I among the number. Now you know, Margaret, that while my heart bleeds for you both, I ask you to release my son." God's earth till I find her and bring her back." Ah, surely you must weep as you read this, Crystal. I pray that every tear may be God's own dew to melt and break up the hardness of your heart. Your ever loving. (To be continued.)

up the hardness of your heart. Your ever loving Maggarg.
"That was written nearly two months ago, Madge, and she has not come yet."
"No dear, we must have patience."
Raby sighed impatiently. "So you always say; but it is hard to be patient under such circumstances—to know that the woman you love has made herself an exile from all she holds dear. Margaret, I was wrong not to tell her what I felt. I sometimes fear that she has misjudged my silence. But she was so young."

sometimes fear that she has misjudged my silence. But she was so young."
"You meant it for the best, Raby?"
"Yes, I meant it for the best," he answered slowly. "I did not wish to take advantage of her youth; it did not seem right or honorable. Let her go into the world a little and see ether men, that is what I said to myself. Even now, I hardly think I was wrong."

to myself. Even now, I hardly think I was wrong."

"No, you were right, quite right; but you need not have dreaded the result of such an ordeal; Crystal would never have loved any one but you, Raby. I sometimes think"—but here she hesitated.

"You think what, Margaret?"

"That she was jealous of Mona—that she misunderstood you there?"

"Good heavens! Mrs. Grey!"

"Crystal was so young and did not know that poor Mona's life was doomed. I have seen her look at Mona so strangely when you were talking to her; and once she asked me if you admired fair women, and if you did not think Mrs. Grey very beautiful; and when I said yes, I remember she turned very pale, and did not answer."

"I never thought of this," he returned

"I never thought of this," he returned "I never thought or this," he returned in a tone of grief. "It must have been one of her sick fancies, poor unhappy child—as though my heart had ever swerved from her for an instant. What do you think, Margaret, could she care for the blind man

still?"
"More than ever, dear. If I know
Crystal, her heart has belonged to you from
a, child."
"There speaks my comforter"—with one

There speaks my comforter"—with one of his rare smiles; "you are always good to me, Madge. Now read to me a little, and let me banish these weary thoughts. One little clue—one faint hint—and I would keep my word and seek for her; but, as you say, we must have patience a little longer," and Raby straightened himself and composed himself to listen, and they sat there until the evening sunshine began to creep about the sun-dial, and it was time for Raby to walk over to Pierrepoint.

walk over to Pierrepoint.

It is well for some of us that coming events do not always cast their shadows events do not always cast their shadows before; that we lie down to rest in happy ignorance of what the next day may bring forth. As Margaret looked out on the meonlight that evening, she little thought that that Sunday was the last day of her happy girlhood—that the morrow held a bitter trial in store for her.

She was sitting alone in the morning-room, the next afterneon, when Sir Wilfred Redmond was announced, and the next moment the old man entered the room.

oom.

A faint blush came to Margaret's cheeks as she rose to greet him. This visit meant recognition of her as his son's fiancee; and Hugh with him? Hugh's father was almost a stranger to her. He was a man of reserved habits, who had never been very sociable with his neighbors, and Margaret had seen little of him in her girlish days. "It is very good of you to come so soon ir Wilfred," she said, blushing still more Sir Wilfred. rosily under his penetrating glance. "I am so sorry that my brother is out; he has

gone over to Pierrepoint."

"Leame here to see you and not your brother," returned Sir Wilfred; but he did not look at her as he spoke, and Margaret noticed that he seemed rather nervous. My business is with you. Miss Ferrers I have just heard strange news—that you and my son are engaged; is that true?"

Margaret bowed her head. She thought Sir Wilfred's manner rather singular—he had met her with coldness; there was certainly no trace of warmth, no cordiality in the loose grasp of her hand. She wondered what made him speak in that dry, measured voice, and why, after his first keen glance at her, he had averted his eyes. He looked

older than he had done yesterday, and there was a harassed expression in his face. "It is tather strange," he went on, "that Hugh is rather strange," he went on, "that Hug should have left me in ignorance all these onths, but that "-as Margaret seemed about to speak—"is between me and him, I do not include you in the blame. On the contrary," speaking now with some degree of feeling, "I am sorry for you, Miss Ferrers, for I have come to tell you, what Hugh refuses to do, that I cannot consent to my

son's marrying you."

Margaret started, and the proud indigant color rose to her face; but she estrained herself. May I ask your reason, Sir Wilfred? "I have a very good, sufficient reason, eturned the old man, sadly; "Hugh

my only son." I do not understand "Perhaps not, and it is my painful task to enlighten you. Miss Ferrers," hesitating a little, "I do not wonder at my son's choice, now I see you : I am quite sure that you are all he represents you to be; that in all respects you are fitted to be the wife of a wealthier man than Hugh. But for my boy's sake I am compelled to appeal to your generosity, your sense of right, and ask you to give

him up."
"I cannot give your son up," returned
Margaret, with noble frankness; "I am promised to him, and we love each other dearly." "I know that," and for a moment Si

"I know that," and for a moment Sir Wilfred's eyes rested on the beautiful face before him with mingled admiration and pain, and his voice softened insensibly. "My dear, I know how my boy loves you, now his whole heart is centered on you. I can do nothing with him—he will not listen to reason; his passion for you is overmastering, and blinds him to his best interest: Phave the property of the pr wart to wear a hat on, as some one does in Dundas that we know of.—Galt Reporter.

grew pale, and for the first time her courage forsook her." forsook her."

"I cannot bear this," and her young voice grew thin and sharp. "Why do you not speak plainly and tell me what you mean? Why do you ask me to save Hugh my Hugh—when I am ready to give up ny whole life to him? You speak as

"As it most surely wou his children, Miss Ferrers. Margaret—I may call you Margaret, for I knew you as a child—it is no fault of yours if that be the truth. My dear, has no one told you

startled eyes. "My mother, Sir Wilfred! no, I was only seven when she died. I think," knitting her white brows as though she were trying to recall that childish past, "that she was very ill—she had to go away for a long time, and my poor father seemed very sad. I remember he cried dreadfully at her funeral, and Raby told me I ought to have oried too."

Farm and Garden.

To those who may not be familiar with collie dogs it may be stated that they will not drive sheep or cattle unless first trained to do so, though the supposition on the part of some is that such dogs perform the work by natural instinct. They are more easily taught to drive stock than any other breed of dogs, but they will not doso unless tangit.

taught.

It is much better to watch for the white butterfly, the parent of the cabbage worm, and kill it than to have the annoyance of the worms. It is not so difficult to keep the cabbage free of worms by killing the the cabbage free of worms by killing the butterflies as may be supposed, though it requires constant watchfulness for a while. Lice will breed on all classes of animals and fowls at this season unless the quarters be kept clean. Dry dirt is one of the best preventives of lice, especially if used on the floors, but the stock should be examined occasionally. If in good condition, however, lice do not attack animals readily.

Keep up the use of Paris green on the

readily.

Keep up the use of Paris green on the potato vines. Every year the number of bugs is being lessened, and with the aid of Paris green and the parasites that prey on the beetles the time may come when they will be exterminated. The rule should be not to allow one to see year. not to allow one to escape.

When grapevines fail to bear, and do not

When grapevines fail to pear, and do not thrive well under good cultivation, cut the old vine off close to the ground and allow a new cane to grow. Train it on the trellis, do not allow too many shoots, and the result will be a great improvement over the old ane.

Never feed all the cows by a certain mea

Never feed all the cows by a certain measure, giving each cow the same amount as is given another, as cows differ in their wants and preferences. The cow that is in sull flow of milk should be given all she may wish to eat, as she will thereby be better enabled to give a large quantity of milk.

Young ducks should be marketed when they weigh about three pounds each and they weigh about three pounds each, and may be sold either alive or dressed, the best prices being obtained for the dressed carcasses. The best time for selling young ducks is in June and July; they should be

plump and fat.

Do not let the strawberries mat to thickly in the rows. It is better to have the space between the rows cultivated, and manure worked in, so as to benefit the cros or next season. Cut away the runners

for next season. Cut away the runners in they become too numerous. Heavy feeding is a good quality in an animal, and not a fault, as the more food consumed the greater the product, if the proper kind of animal be used for the purposes required.

To fatten poultry quickly confine the birds for ten days and feed them on a mix-

ture of cornmeal and potatoes four times a day, with all the wheat and corn they can eat at night.

If the meat in the barrel show any signs of taint take it out of the barrel show any signs of taint take it out of the barrel, wash in clean water and put in new brine, first cleaning the barrel thoroughly.

Do not kill the mole until satisfied whether it is an enemy or a friend. Some-

times the mole destroys a large number of cutworms and slugs.

"Dusty Miller" makes a beautiful ornamental plant in the centre of a grass plat, but once rooted it spreads in all directions.

If a rat get into a chicken-coop it will kill every chick if it can have time to carry them off before being discovered.

Don't use any parsnip seed unless it be of last vearly gravith as get and last the following discovered. of last year's growth, as such seed does no

eadily germinate if old. Are They Leaning on a Broken Reed ? A Brussels cable says: The discussion of the Bill for the defence of Belgian neutrality by the fortification of Meuse Valley was continued in the House of Bepresenta-tives yesterday. Minister of State Nothomb showed the necessity for fortifications by asserting that England can no longer assist Belgium, her military forces being numerically too weak. Minister Nothomb quoted the opinion of Sir Charles Dilke and other English authorities. Mr. Woeste one of the most powerful friends and coun ellors of the present Belgian Government naintained that unauthorized reports England's future attitude should not be istened to, as the English have always officially fficially promised to protect Belgian eutrality by force of arms in case of need Several other members rejected the idea of England abandoning Belgium. One went to the length of saying—incorrectly, no the length of saying—incorrectly, no bubt—that the reason why Lord Randolph Churchill was compelled to resign was that the English Cabinet would not abandon the idea of protecting Belgium from attack. The discussion of the Bill will probably last until the end of the present week at least.

Moltke and Bismarck.

A young lady, says Das Deutsche Tagle blatt, having asked Moltke and Bismarck to favor her with a few lines in her album Lies pass away, but truth lives for ave To which the Chancellor wrote: In yonder world full well I know Truth will at last the victory gain; But gainst the lies told here below, A marshall e'en will fight in vain. —Notes and Queries.

Sizing Up Their Prominent Citizens. The stingiest man in the world has bee discovered in Galt. He uses a wart on the back of his neck as a collar button.—Dunlas Banner.
Well, even that is better than using the

The formal dress parades of the Haytian army must be very amusing affairs. At a recent parade there were thirteen privates, ten officers and six drummers, the rest of the men not thinking it worth while to attend. Both officers and men carry their arms as they please, and the privates appear in picturesque tatters. The sentries always sit on comfortable chairs while on

In the south it is a popular belief that a man can endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than any other drink. It satisfies the craving for acids and furnishes in its cheesy matter a good supply VICTORIA'S MOUTH

easured in Order to Make a Copy of It in Marble.

Mr. Gibson, R.A., told us of his visits to Windsor when honored with sittings for his admirable bust of the young Queen, writes Dr. Macaulay. On first getting the commission and the command to attend at the castle he was in much anxiety and trepidation concerning his interview with royalty. The very first half-hour put him perfectly at ease. He was charmed by the gracious and affable demeanor both of the Queen and the Prince, and he was surprised and delighted by the wide and varied knowledge shown by the Queen in conversation, for she talked frankly on many subjects. At one of the sittings he said he wished to measure the mouth, if Her Majesty would allow him. "Oh, certainly," said the Queen, "if I can only keep it still and not laugh." The proposal was apparently unexpected and so droll that it was some time before the Queen could sufficiently compose herself and only after repeatedly laughing. Another day he said he wished to see Her Majesty in evening dress. She came down the stairs with the Prince, who accompanied her, having, like a fond young husband, his sarm round his wife's neck, and said, pointing to the shoulder: "Mr. Gibson, you must give me this dimple." The only drawback in the artist's pleasant reflections of those days was the disturbing presence of a dear, bright, restless child of about 3 years, who kept dodging about with her doll. This was the Princess Alice. Whether the Queen noticed the sculptor's thoughts or merely as a diversion, she said to the child, "Go and give Mr. Gibson your hand."

The little thing toddled un and held un her. Mr. Gibson, R.A., told us of his visits day he said he wished to see Her Majesty in evening dress. She came down the stairs with the Prince, who accompanied her, having, like a fond young husband, his arm round his wife's neck, and said, pointing to the shoulder: "Mr. Gibson, you must give me this dimple." The only drawback in the artist's pleasant reflections of those days was the disturbing presence of a dear, bright, restless child of about 3 years, who kept dodging about with her doll. This was the Princess Alice. Whether the Queen noticed the sculptor's thoughts or merely as a diversion, she said to the child, "Go and give Mr. Gibson your hand." The little thing toddled up and held up her hand, which the artist took and kissed, after which there was stillness for a long time and the artist's attention was not disturbed. After the last sitting the Queen said: "Now,

After the last sitting the Queen said: "Now Mr. Gibson, I shall have pleasure in showing you what is worth seeing in the castle;" and the Queen and Prince took the trouble to bring to his notice all that they thought would prost interest and existing the same of the prost interest and existing the same of the prost interest and exist in the prost in the pros would most interest an artist.

Mr. Gibson seemed pleased to tell all these details and laughed in recalling the Queen's amusement on first being asked permission to measure her mouth, adding:

"I measured also her height to a line and it was gractly five feet."

Odd Means of Livelihood. One of the highest salaried skilled work

One of the highest salaried skilled work-men in Chicago is an expert safe-opener employed by a large safe and lock manufac-turing company there. He was once a well-known burglar, but reformed when released from the penitentiary a few years ago. He then secured employment with the firm un-der heavy bonds, and has been with them ever since. The chief industry of Kilbourn, Wis., i the exportation of the trailing arbutus.

The flowers are made up into bouquets, the stems being wrapped in moist cotton and tinfoil. They are then placed in boxes and mailed to all parts of the United States, including the South and California, arriving

there as fresh and fragrant as when gathered in the woods of Wisconsin. A citizen of Pasadena, Cal., kept the wolf from the door during the winter by fur nishing the village druggist with all the horned toads he could capture. Altogether he brought in several thousands and re ceived good pay for them. What the drug gist wanted with them nobody else knows but he is supposed to have utilized the oi extracted from them in the manufacture of

a patent medicine.

A tramp recently arrested in Jackson, Mich., for disorderly conduct, was found to have a capacious wallet in his inside pocket stuffed full of two-cent postage stamps. He confessed that he had been making a tour of the State, begging a stamp from every person he met, on the plea of wishing to send a letter to his wife. When a stamp was not forthcoming he usually got two coppers or a nickle to buy one with, and was able to live in comfort on his revenue. patent medicine. A-man in Birmingham, Mich., invested A-man in Birmingham, Mich., invested \$30, all the money he had in the world, in a double-barrelled shotgun, on Christmas day, and entered into a contract with a local restaurant-keeper to furnish him with an unlimited supply of fat sparrows at one cent apiece. The agreement has been the cause of great@sitsfaction to each of the parties to it. The hunter has made more money per week than he ever did at his trade, and the reputation of the restaurant man's quail on toast, at 20 cents a brace, keeps his dining-room crowded.

A Child's Letter to Kaiser Wilhelm. A 13-year-old lad of Stahm, in Prussia. etter to the Emperor William on his birth-

Dear King,—On thy great birthday thy subject offers most obedient congratula-tions, with the prayer to the good God that thou mayest long be our good King. And now I beg you to be so kind as to send my poor father—who has been an invalid since the war with Austria, having been shot in the foot—something from the war fund. I have two brothers and two sisters, and often we have no bread to eat. I like m orother, mean to be a soldier, and then w fight the enemy. My dear mother has long been sick. And now I greet you, dear imperor, and send you my name.—August WOLK, 13 years old. The War Ministry has taken the case in hand, and inquiries are being made into the circumstances of the little petitioner's

parents. Their Friendship Severed. Koseiusko Murphy—I don't see you and Hostetter McGinnis together as much as

old shake.

Murphy—What did he do?

Gus—Nothing, except he asked me why a
thief who gives his confederates away was
like the capital of Turkey. I said I didn't
know, and then the double-dyed assassin replied, "Because he is constant to no pal-Texas Siftings.

He Earned "His Money. "It's one hundred dollars in your pocket," hispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslanghter in the second degree." Such proved to be 'the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as be paid him the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I got there after a while. All the rest went in for acquittal."—N. Y. Sun.

When kite-flying is to be considered, the When lite-flying is to be considered, the Chinese of any age are always children. Old men take as keen delight in, sailing paper dragons and birds as boys of 10. But this does not detract from the pleasure of the boys, who unwind the kite-string and watch their cherished toy float away with an interest that flags not with each successive agrial flight. ive aerial flight.

"That Baby in the Ash-Cart—Dumped Alive into a Scow with the Fifteenth Ward's Refuse—It was Nearly Dead when Exhumed with a Pitchfork—None of the Drivers Remember Picking up the Basket-in Which the Waif was Packed—It is a Pretty Baby Boy, and His Life May Yet be Saved."—Heading in the New York Sea air is said to be greatly beneficial to

ersons with pulmonary troubles. A sex oyage, however, is considered to be more dvantageous than a residence on the coast. The most prevalent surnames in Scotland are Smith, the name of one person in every sixty-nine; MacDonald, one in seventy-eight; Brown, one in eighty-nine; Robertson, one in ninety-one; Campbell, one in ninety-two; Thomson, one in ninety-five; and Stewart, one in ninety-eight. "One person in every twelve in Scotland," says Mr. Seton, "wilt answer to one or other of these seven names."

AGNES HUNT

She and Tom Karl Won't Sing in St. Paul and With a Popular Amateur A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says: Agnes

The Autumn Assizes.

GALT, J. Toronto Civil Asssizes-Monday, Sept 12. TorontoCriminalAssizes—Monday St. Catharines—Monday, Oct. 24. Orangeville—Monday, Oct. 31. Milton—Monday, Nov. 7. Brampton—Monday, Nov. 14.

ARMOUR, J. Hamilton-Monday, Sept. 12. Stratford—Tuesday, Sept. 20. Guelph—Monday, Sept. 26. Berlin—Monday, Oct. 3. Simcoe-Tuesday, Oct. 11. Cayuga—Thursday, Oct. 11. Welland—Monday, Oct. 17. CAMERON, C. J.

CAMERON, C. J.

Barrie—Monday, Sept. 12.

Owen Sound—Monday, Sept. 26.

Ottawa—Monday, Oct. 3.

Pembroke—Monday, Oct. 17.

L'Orignal—Monday, Oct. 24. Perth—Thursday, Oct. 27. Lindsay—Monday, Nov. 7. Peterboro'—Monday, Nov. 14.

ROSE, J. London-Monday, Sept. 12. St. Thomas—Monday, Sept. 26. Chatham—Monday, Oct. 3. Sandwich—Monday, Oct. 10. Sarnia—Monday, Oct. 17. Goderich—Monday, Oct. 24. Walkerton—Monday, Oct. 31. Woodstock-Monday, Nov. 7. O'CONNOR. J.

Whitby-Monday, Sept. 12. Napanee—Monday, Sept. 19. Picton—Thursday, Sept. 22. Belleville-Monday, Sept. 26. Kingston-Monday, Oct. 3. Brockville-Monday, Oct. 17. Cornwall—Monday, Oct. 24. Cobourg—Monday, Oct. 31.

Personal Points.

Cleveland Plaindealer: Perhaps the rea-son of Boston's cultured people going wild-over Queen Kapiolani was because her skin is about the color of baked beans. Deputy Attorney-General Johnston of Ontario has been ill for some weeks with rheumatic fever. Yesterday he was able to leave his bed, but is still very weak.

There died at Vienna on the 14th ult.. aged 72, Alfred Von Skene, a gentleman of Scotch extraction, who for 25 years has been a member of the Austrian Parliament. He was one of the greatest and wealthingt manufacturers of Austria.

A Speedy Cure of Whooping-cough. Mohn, a Norwegian physician, is reported to have been able to cure whoopge-cough by means of inhalations of sul-urous anhydride. In the first instance is was done accidentally while disinfecting some rooms, subsequently it was done by burning six drachms of sulphur per cubic metre of space; the bedding, etc., being well exposed to its influence. fter the room had been closed for nours, ventilation was restored, and the children put to sleep in the beds i nated with the sulphurous vapors. morning the cough had ceased.

A Kansas Incident. As an incident of the late cyclone a Kansan tells of a ball of wool twine which was blown against his house. Striking was blown against his house. Striking upon the end of the twine, which was blown through the weather-boarding and plastering, the ball remained outside until," unreeling, it was dropped in a loose mass upon the sitting-room floor. We are not ready to vote him the championship, as Missouri is yet to hear from, but we take Missouri is yet to hear from, but we take occasion to congratulate the people of Kansas in that some one has been able to break the monopoly hitherto controlled by real estate agents.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wide Awake Town. One man knocked down, two others kicked in the stomach, Deputy Sheriff McPhee laid up by a kick in the groin McPhee laid up by a kick in the groin, several big fare games running, also several poker games, at one of which there was over \$500 in the pot—a good house at the theatre; all this last Saturday evening in this city would seem to indicate that times are getting livelier.—Halley, Idaho, Times.

If from six you take nine, and from nine you take ten,
(Ye wits now the puzzle explain);
and if fifty from forty be taken, there then
Will just half a dozg n remain.

Solution.—From SIX take IX and S From IX take X and I From XL take L and X Polyphonic

Jack (backward in his grammar)-"Papa Papa, what part of speech is woman?"

Papa (fresh from a verbal engagement with mamma; in which, of course, he has been badly worsted)—" She isn't any part of speech at all, Jack; she is the whole of it!"

Cause for Thankfulness. "Jim," said a lusty tramp to a companion, "this is beautiful weather, ain't it?"
"Betcherlife." "We've got er lot, o' things to be thankful for, ain't we?" "You bet we have, and 'specially thet wood-piles is out o' season."—Washington Critic.

One of the teachers in the school at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what lbs. stood for: "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

Episcopal duty in some parts of Ausralia has its humorous side," says the Ballarat Courier. "One prelate, Ballarat Courier. "One prelate, on his first journey around, was flung into the deep mud by a restive horse. Rising rue-fully, with his chaplain's help, and surveying the place, the bishop consoled himself with the reflection, "I have left a deep impression in that part of the diocese, at any rate."

Ripe peaches and watermelons are being shipped from Georgia to northern markets. In San Francisco, since last Saturday week, they have experienced the hottest weather ever known in that city.

ORIGINA IS