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In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

OVER THE GET-THERE ROAD.

Who will dare the road to There,
The There of glittering glory?
Rough it is as a Whitman ode,
Cruel it is as the Russian code,
Long it is as the devil's goad;
Attest, so runs the story.
There's never a finger-post nor guide,
Nor beast to bear your load;
Beware of the Reckless Rapid's tide
And of Easy Swamp on the other side;
Go slow and sure, for you cannot ride
Over the Get-There Road.

What does it cost to get to There,
The There of marvellous mention?
Only a soul of smallest breed,
Only a life of grasping greed,
Only a heart which does not heed
Another's right or plight or need,
But holds its own intention.
I saw one left to a loathsome pest,
For that is the Get-There mode.
One picked the purse of his wretched guest,
One trod rough-shod on a sweetheart's breast,
Over the Get-There Road.

What's the share of those of There?
Why, every taste is suited;
Fleeting fame or a ruling rod,
A sunny smile of the golden god,
Or may be, six by two of sod,
For that's a point disputed,
There's never a way to tell what's true
Of that select abode
Till you pass the wall which bars its view,
Over or under, around or through.
I don't know how it is done, do you?
Most of us don't, but some of us do,
Over the Get-There Road.

Who, then, cares to get to There?
Why all, if truth be spoken.
Spite of each scornful gibe and sneer
There must offer a heartsome cheer,
And can't be worse than being here
By many a sign and token.
Then ho! for a tramp on the well-worn track,
Though rough as a Whitman ode,
Or cruel as the Russian code,
Or long as the Devil's goad.
Whatever it is, there's nothing back,
It can't be worse than a *cul de sac*,
So gird up your loins, pick up your pack,
and hey for the Get-There Road.

J. E. V. Cook, in N. Y. Sun.

THE ROSE OF VENICE;

—A STORY OF—

Love, Hatred & Remorse.

BY S. CHRISTOPHER.

PART II.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

'I know it is forbidden to a subject of the Most Serene Republic to enter within a foreign ambassador's residence, but I had a reason for doing so which certainly did not effect the security of the State.'

'And what reason, unless it be a political one, could you, a senator of the State, allege for transgressing the laws of your country?'

'Illustrious councilors,' answered Foscarini, turning towards all, and looking each full in the face, 'I swear by St. Mark that it was not a political reason which induced me to trangress for a few seconds my beloved country's laws.'

There was truth in that open, fearless countenance, in those distinctly-uttered words. The secretary felt it, as did many of the councilors also; but the evidence was not in the prisoner's favor. Besides, leniency was out of the question. Severity alone, it was thought, prevented the fall of the Republic. Clemency, nay, common justice, would have caused its ruin! O tempora! O mores!

'Prisoner, explain the reason,' replied the secretary.

'I cannot.'

'It is not sufficient for a crimina to declare himself innocent; he must also prove it.'

'I cannot give the reason and yet I am innocent.'

'Prisoner, I tell you for the last time it is not enough. Disclose the reason. Your refusal only enhances your guilt.'

'I cannot and will not,' rejoined Foscarini, decidedly.

'Mind, your life is at stake.'

'Let it be so.'

'Have you anything to say?'

'Nothing.'

The secretary called the halberdiers, and said:

'Let the prisoner be removed from our presence.'

They obeyed, and Antonio Foscarini was reconducted to his cell.

The Council then retired to an adjoining room to consult on the sentence to be pronounced.

'This trial,' said the secretary, 'will be considered one of the most singular in the annals of history. It seems incredible that a man who has been entrusted with important missions, and has always given proofs of patriotism, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the most upright of the Venetian senators, should have allowed himself to be overcome in a moment of weakness, and have conspired against the safety of the Republic—unless,' added he, holding down his head, as if ashamed of what he feared would be pronounced weakness on his part, 'be be as he says, innocent.'

'I am of your opinion, illustrious colleague,' put in timidly a councilor who knew Foscarini well, 'he must be innocent of conspiring against St. Mark, only he cannot for the present proclaim the reason of his strange disobedience.'

'I think also that he may not be exactly culpable,' said a third, 'but I think he ought to be examined by torture, that thus we may obtain the confession of the truth.'

'Most illustrious colleagues,' replied Vittorio Gradi, in a low, humble voice, 'if my opinion has any weight in this matter I should say that it is most evident the senator Antonio Foscarini has conspired against the security of the State. yet. He does not deny having entered a backyard of the Spanish ambassador's palace, which constitutes him at once, for it is, likely that a note of his standing would have stopped at no forbidden ground without a political reason? 2ndly. He refuses to tell the truth. And what conspirator ever did reveal the truth unless the rack forced him to it? 3rdly. His reputation for uprightness is no proof of the contrary, since conspirators do not believe they tarnish their honor by their diabolical machinations; and although Antonio Foscarini enjoys universal esteem are you quite sure he really deserves it?' and Vittorio Gradi grinned as much as to say: 'I know to the contrary.' 'And lastly, the man who has denounced him is the faithful Bartolommeo Reni, one of our best employes in such matters, and who has never failed to denounce real culprits.'

These words had the desired effect. The councilors feared to say anything to the contrary. There was a pause.

'What course had we best fol ow?' asked the secretary at length.

'Keep him in prison till we can be better assured of his guilt,' answered the first councilor, timidly.

'Have him put to the rack in order to know the entire truth,' said the second.

'I am of the last opinion,' added three or four councilors, speaking together.

'As for me, subjoined the crafty Vittorio Gradi, raising his voice to its natural pitch, 'when my country's welfare is at stake I would sacrifice myself, my wife, my children! Venice would be lost if she let conspirators live!'

'Let us judge him, then,' said the secretary, more frightened than ever, 'according to what the laws decree. Thus we cannot fail of being in the right. The laws of Venice,' added he, in a solemn voice, 'decree the punishment of death to any Venetian who without previous permission enters within a foreign ambassador's premises.'

'Let it be death,' re-echoed all the councilors at once.

The sentence was forthwith passed that Antonio Foscarini, senator of the State, should that night die by strangulation within the precincts of the Inquisitorial Palace, and the sentence be notified to him by the Father Confessor, who was to prepare him for death.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH.

When Antonio Foscarini found himself again alone, he reflected deeply on the condition in which he was placed. He knew he could hope little or nothing either from the justice or the mercy of his accusers and judges. Two alternatives only were left him. Either to tell the reason why he had been discovered leaving the backyard of the Spanish ambassador's palace, or choose immediate death.

As to the first, independently of his intense love for Rosa, of the slur he knew would ever after be attached to her name, were it known that she had received a man alone, unknown to her father or any one else, at dusk, the tongue of slander, envious of her beauty, would have exaggerated the event, and added lies to lies. His upright nature rebelled at the mere suggestion of preserving life by divulging a secret; it was a base act, unworthy of Antonio Foscarini! There was no other alternative left him except death, and death he willingly, unhesitatingly chose. To feel oneself, in the vigor of manhood, on the verge of

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns,"

though it be one's own choice, though one may feel strength and courage enough to carry the resolution into effect, 'puzzles the will,' and thus it was that the noble prisoner sat musing deeply. He refused the food brought to him, and would only drink a glass of water. He leant his head on his hand, and his elbow on a block of stone beside him, and now and then sighed, not from love of the world, its joys and its pleasures, not because he felt his conscience reproach him with the crimes caused by pride, hardheartedness, or the grosser passions which debase man, but because he felt he was going to appear before a Judge in whose sight the stars themselves are not pure!

When the shadows of night had enveloped every object in darkness he was still there, in the same posture, except that within the last two hours he held in his left hand the miniature, the gift of which was to cause his death, but whose privilege it was to comfort him to the last.

The noise made by the heavy door turning on its hinges aroused him. A halberdier entered, carrying a small lantern, and followed by two other guards and a friar.

The friar belonged to the Order of the Capuchins. He was not more than four and twenty, but he looked ten years older. He was of middle height, thin, dark, and would have been judged in a decidedly unfavorable light, but for the humble, benevolent expression of his countenance which prepossessed every one in his favor at first sight. His name was Father Paul, and his office was the difficult one of visiting and converting prisoners, and the heart-rending one of preparing them to meet death.

'Senator,' said Father Paul, approaching Foscarini with a bow, 'please to follow us.'

Foscarini put the miniature beneath his vest, and rose instantly, saying:

'I am ready, Father, to go wherever you like.'

Father Paul sighed, and followed the halberdier who led the way. The other two guards placed themselves on either side of the prisoner, and all quitted the cell.

They passed through long damp corridors, they descended narrow staircases whose only light was the small lantern carried by the first halberdier. On reaching a hall whose vaulted ceiling was covered with cobwebs, whose floor, earthy and muddy, convinced that it was underground, whose only furniture was a life-size crucifix hanging on the wall, and two large high stone seats, the halberdier put the small lantern on the ground in a corner, and followed by his two comrades left Foscarini and Father Paul alone, carefully shutting the door behind them.

The friar and the prisoner seated themselves. The latter was the first to speak.

'Father,' said he, unhesitatingly, 'I know enough of my country's laws and customs to be perfectly aware I have been brought into this dungeon to die.—'

'Son,' said Father Paul, interrupting him, 'accept death as the expiation of your crime against the laws of your country, and——'

'Father,' rejoined Foscarini, interrupting the friar in his turn, 'I receive your reproach with humility, inasmuch as I shall soon appear before the righteous Judge; but my conscience is innocent of the crime imputed to me, so help me God,' added he with energy.

'My son, I did not mean to reproach you; I am come to comfort you, to help you to meet our Judge with faith.'

'Ever since I returned from the presence of the Council, I have been meditating on sin and death. I am prepared to receive the Sacrament of Penance,' continued the noble prisoner, desirous to cut short at once the argument Father Paul had begun to enter upon.

'And I am ready to hear you unburden your soul before God, for confession is made to the Almighty. Man is as nothing. I am only here in order to answer in God's stead, and to pronounce forgiveness on the Almighty's part.'

Foscarini devoutly knelt before Father Paul, and made his confession. The experienced friar did not interrupt him with useless observations. Accustomed to hear confessions of rapines and murders, of treachery and tyranny even from many who enjoyed a good reputation as pious and just men, he felt an increasing interest in the man who could relate his whole life without mentioning any of the crimes which have sullied some men in all ages, and had tarnished the lives of many men in his.

When Foscarini had finished, he said kindly:

'My son, have you nothing else to say?'

'Nothing, Father.'

'My son, man is imperfect. Perhaps you thought to benefit your country ultimately by having secret understandings with the ambassador of a foreign power. But though your intentions may have been good, the means were bad, and might have brought irreparable ruin on the Republic. Confess, therefore, before God, that you were wrong.'

'Father, I confess that I entered for a few seconds a small back yard attached to the Spanish ambassador's palace, but that was the fi st time and the last. I saw no one, I spoke to no one.'

'But why enter it at all, my son, since the laws forbid it?'

'Ah! Father, for a reason that God alone knows; but man shall never know. No, not even you, Father. But of one thing you may rest assured, I did not so much as dream of conspiring in any way against the government of the Republic, nor lower myself and my country by machinating against it in favor of a foreign power. And this, Father, I can assert in the presence of that crucified God,' and he pointed to the crucifix, 'and of His holy Mother,' and he took from beneath his vest the miniature and kissed it.

'I will absolve thee, my son; it is not for me to inquire further.'

Father Paul pronounced the holy words of absolution.

Foscarini rose and seated himself again on the other stone seat.

'Father,' said he, 'I am compelled to ask a great favor of you.'

'Speak, my son, I am ready to serve you.'

'I have loved and still love with a devoted attachment the lovely and virtuous daughter of the patrician Marco Centofoglia, and I am beloved in return. There was no worldly interest in our love Mutual esteem and the same tastes inspired and fostered it. Her father promised her hand to a youth for whom he has a great regard, and I withdrew. But ere we parted forever, Rosa gave me a keepsake—this miniature. I wish to die clasping it, and I beg of you, Father, when I am gone, to take it back to the angel, telling her it has comforted me greatly; also that I beg of her,' here Foscarini's voice faltered, 'that I beg of her—to mourn—as a Christian should—with fortitude and resignation, not to regret my loss too much, since I am pleased to die; and I implore you, Father, not to tell her the precise cause of my death. Let her be ignorant that I die because I entered the Spanish ambassador's palace. Trials are conducted with so much secrecy in our enslaved country, individuals disappear without others knowing what is become of them; so she will not, at least for some time, know the real cause of my death. Father, will you promise me this?'

'I will, my son; and I will promise you to go to her to-morrow morning.'

'A dying man, Father, thanks you, and blesses you. I beg also that you will go about eleven o'clock, as at that hour her father does not receive visitors, and I wish the keepsake to remain a profound secret.'

'I will follow your directions, and will endeavor to comfort the lady. It is a hard trial to lose those whom we love!'

Father Paul looked very sad. Painful remembrances were crowding on his mind.

Foscarini took his hand with emotion, pressed it, and kissed it.

'Father,' he then said, 'I have had a moment of weakness, or rather of doubt; but now I am happy. I feel reconciled to my Maker through Him,' and he looked at the crucifix, 'who tasted death for all, and I shall be glad to hear the steps of my executioners.'

'Yes, my son,' answered Father Paul, with fervor; 'after all, what is the power of death? It kills the body, which is corruptible matter, but cannot destroy the soul.'

'Truly. Death cannot stifle thought, and that is my comfort. The spirit, freed from the body, will be able to soar on high. All its faculties increasing by reason of its absolute freedom, it will remember more accurately, love better, and judge rightly of many events of this its nether life which during its mortal career appeared under the form of unfathomable mysteries. Exquisite and enlivening thought! A complete cessation from trouble, and yet an inconceivable increase of life. A perfect satisfaction, yet not satiety. An unlimited expanse, and no bewilderment. A great lightness, and a great strength.'

'And above all, my son, the light of God.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Antonio Foscarini with holy enthusiasm. 'Yes, the light of God! A few pangs, and then, and for ever, the light of God! May that light shine on my poor country, and on mankind in general, and illuminate the dark paths of tyranny, that it may perceive how destructive and mistaken are its ways!'

'And may the executioners axe and halter be for ever banished from the civilized world!' said Father Paul, looking upwards with holy earnestness. 'Man, sitting in judgment, has no more real right to condemn a brother to death than the highway robber to waylay him and cut his throat.'

'Father, I have often thought so, little thinking I should end my life in this manner.'

'The manner of our death is as unknown to us as the hour of it.'

Steps were now heard. Father Paul suddenly stopped. Presently the door opened, and the executioners appeared, accompanied by several halberdiers. Father Paul became as pale as death. Antonio Foscarini was unmoved. He rose, and going towards the new comers, said in a clear voice:

'My friends, I know you mean to ask my forgiveness. You have it. I forgive you heartily. And,' added he, turning towards Father Paul, 'if by any chance you should meet with the person or persons who have been the cause of my unjust denunciation, tell them I forgive them as I hope to be forgiven.'

Foscarini then approached the crucifix, kissed its holy feet devoutly, knelt before Father Paul to receive his last blessing, looked at the miniature he held, pronounced an inaudible prayer, said, 'Father, remember your kind promise,' and advancing to the corner where the executioners stood, wondering at the calmness with which the noble prisoner quitted life, added, smiling:

'My friends, I am ready.'

Father Paul followed.

'My son,' said he, 'I renew the promise already made. I bless you again in God's Name. Within a few seconds you will join the song of the angels at the foot of the Almighty's throne.'

The executioners began to tie his arms.

'Give us the object you are holding, prisoner,' said the chief executioner.

'The only favor I ask,' answered Foscarini, 'is that I may be allowed to die holding this miniature of our most holy Mother.'

'Don't refuse this favor to a dying man,' added Father Paul.

'Be it so,' answered the executioner.

'And when I am gone let the minister of God have it,' said Foscarini.

'We have no wish to take it,' replied the authorized murderer.

He then adjusted the rope round the victim's neck.

'Father, the light of God . . . how surpassingly glorious!' exclaimed Foscarini.

Father Paul knelt, turning his eyes towards the crucifix. He prayed earnestly. He heard the faint sound of a struggle for breath . . . then of another . . . then of a third. He prayed still more fervently. Then the harsh voice of one of the executioners said:

'Friar, the culprit is dead.'

'He might have added, only he knew it not, and, if he had known it he would have feared to say it, 'And the most complete murder on record accomplished.'

Father Paul rose from his knees.

The body lay on the ground, the muscles painfully contracted, the face livid. The executioners untied the arms, and Father Paul tried to open the hand that held the miniature. It was not so easy, for so tightly had Foscarini grasped it in the last agonies of suffocation, that the print of his fingers remained on the velvet.

When Father Paul had taken it, he cast a last affectionate and sorrowing glance on the motionless corpse, and quitted the prison to return to his cell.

CHAPTER XII.

THE KEEPSAKE RETURNED.

The next morning, a few minutes before eleven, Father Paul entered the Centofoglia palace. The porter admitted him readily, 'although,' said he, 'the Signora Rosa has given orders she will see no one for some days, she will not refuse to see your reverence, she is so good and charitable. Her mother was the same. . . .'

The porter would have gone on at least an hour had not Father Paul in a humble though firm tone of voice replied:

'I have heard of the many charitable acts of the late Signora Teresa Centofoglia. Would you, my son, show me upstairs, as my errand is a pressing one?'

The porter complied with no small zeal, and in a few minutes Rosa was told that a friar of the Capuchin Order earnestly desired to speak with her.

From the day of Foscarini's arrest Rosa had refused to see any one. She even declined dining at table, knowing that Guido was there, and being quite sure he felt no sorrow respecting the sad occurrence. That was not at all. She knew everybody blamed Foscarini, her father, and Father Pio more than others, for his disloyal conduct. Her seclusion, and the secrecy attending political trials in Venice, prevented her from hearing that he was accused of having been seen within the precincts of the Spanish ambassador's residence. She had simply heard he was accused of disloyalty to the State.

Early in the morning succeeding his untimely end, Father Pio sent a message to his friend Marco announcing his death. Marco was beginning to suspect the *traitor*, as he called him, and his daughter loved each other. But as he was firmly determined on her marrying his favorite, Guido Bernardi, he tried, as far as he could, to render Foscarini's memory odious to her, and having learned she was already up and dressed, he entered her room, saying:

'I bring good news to a true daughter of Venice. The traitor Antonio Foscarini has paid for his crime with his life. He was executed during the night. Venice is safe again! My child, let us rejoice!'

Rosa, whose heart since the day of Foscarini's arrest had felt sad misgivings, became pale, but she had sufficient strength not to faint. She only felt she could not answer; speech was impossible She went straight to her crucifix, and without saying a word or shedding a tear, fell on her knees before it. Even her father's callous heart felt a degree, if not of pity, of respect for a sorrow so true, so intense, and yet so nobly expressed; and without saying another word he left the room, closing the door after him.

The maid who afterwards entered, announcing the Capuchin Father, found her in the same posture. She went gently towards her. Rosa had not heard her footsteps, and started on hearing herself called.

'Signora,' said the maid, 'a friar of the Capuchin Order desires to have a few words with you.'

'Tell him I am sorry I cannot receive him now,' replied Rosa, feeling unequal to the task of receiving any one. 'If he could call in a few days I would then willingly see him.'

The maid left with the message, and soon returned with the answer.

'He says he has something to tell you of the utmost importance.'

'Could he not call this evening?'

'His manner is so pressing that——'

'Well,' answered Rosa, in a resigned tone of voice, 'perhaps some wretched creature—not more wretched than myself,' thought she—'wishes for help. Tell Beppo to ask him to pass into the small drawing-room near the hall. I will be there in a minute.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Rogers' Building, Queen Street.

McKAY WOOLEN CO.

SPRING, 1894.

Readymade Clothing, Hats, Gents Furnishings.

You can save money by inspecting our clothing before going anywhere else. We have a very large assortment which we are bound to sell. We are selling at a small advance on cost. The clothing made from our own Island Tweed for durability and cheapness cannot be equalled, and we have the largest stock of imported clothing in the city.

100 odd suits now offered at less than cost. New patterns of Island Tweed coming from our own Mills every day.

Hundreds of dozens of Hats to select from. It will pay you to see our display,

A new line of Gents Furnishings just in.

HIGHEST PRICE for Wool—Cash or Trade.

AMERICAN KEROSENE OIL!

The Best is the Cheapest.

DON'T buy low grade, inferior Oil because it is a little cheaper in price than the highest grade. It is false economy as you will find it to be the dearest in the long run.

Poor Oil will not burn nearly so long as the better grades, and besides it will smoke your chimneys and make a very disagreeable odor in the house.

This fall we are selling the BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE OIL cheaper than ever before, and we guarantee every gallon of OIL we sell TO BE THE BEST AMERICAN WATER WHITE.

Bring in your can and have it refilled at

BEER & GOFF'S.

THE BEST COUGH CURE.
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the best and best cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50 cents.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.
Dear Sirs,—I can truly say that Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the best medicine ever made for coughs and colds. I consider it worth its weight in gold.
Harry [illegible],
[illegible], Ont.