

## LIFE'S FATIGUE.

Coming, O my soul, let's steal away  
From this dark, murky frame of clay,  
To meet a power brighter day.  
(Whose secret doth not lower;  
Lies, a lamp on earthy sin,  
Lies, a lamp on earthy sin,  
Lies, a lamp on earthy sin,  
To peacefully dwell ourselves within  
It only for one hour.  
Let us away from charlatan  
From scheming knave—from enslaved  
man,  
From all that's base in mortal plan  
So, dear as ever found;  
Forgetting dull mortality,  
Aspiring heavenly paths to see,  
We'll tread where only those may be,  
From sordid ties unbound.

We try, we launch our little bark,  
No more to mundane things we hark,  
We now will rise as little ones lack  
Leaving this world behind;  
Soaring in realms of Eccey,  
Elated heart, surcharged with glee,  
With angel plumes and "fancy free"  
In voyage of the mind.

Sail on, my bark! On, on we'll flee  
And live for ever in our own sea,  
Nor other ventures shall there be  
Nor others' pastimes ban;  
The thirst for fame, the crave for gold,  
All that the eye longs to behold,  
The joys, the pains of young and old  
We leave to brother Man.

Still on, my bark! Nor look below,  
Disorder the full tide flow,  
At home, abroad, where'er we go  
But misery is seen;  
The charity of Christ's pure creed,  
The mammon grasp for selfish greed,  
All disregard of human need  
As if He ne'er had been.

Upwards, upwards! On, on my soul,  
We leave afar life's tiresome goal,  
Alone we roam from Pole to Pole  
Enfranchised every thought;  
Returning ne'er to wear the chain,  
Retiring from the wretched strain,  
Nor further struggle to maintain  
By sad experience taught.

Still high, and higher I soul of mine  
And let God's blessed sunlight shine,  
Illumining with joy divine  
The dark cup to its brim;  
Away from earth we take our flight,  
We speed afar from wrong to right,  
We revel in the spirit's light  
Ascending unto Him.

Still higher! Oh my soul, we'd go,  
But silent is the lyric flow,  
And wasted is the pulse's glow  
And past the fleeting ray;  
Sent shivering back to earth again,  
Beholding there our fellow-men,  
Re-entering our narrow pen  
Oppressed by mortal clay.

Here shackled, caged, cribbed, confined,  
Triumphant matter over mind,  
Communing with the base kind  
And nobler thoughts forgot;  
Cramped every faculty He gave,  
Of petty circumstance the slave,  
To fume, to fret, hence to the grave,  
My soul, it suits us not.

Patrick M. King, San Francisco Monitor.

## The Mystery of Killard.

## PART II.—THE WHIMS OF PLUTUS.

## CHAPTER XVI. Continued.

It's nothing, Christie Cahill; a few days like this will cure you."  
"I hope so," he said wearily. He did not wish to damage his chance by going any further just now. After a moment's pause he added:

"Would you mind giving me a bit part of the way. I'd get down a mile outside the town."

The humble pathos of the man's tones subdued the girl, and there was nothing for it but to ask him to take the other side of the car.

He got up. Each sat at the end of a seat. He turned in and rested his elbow on the cushion of the seat, so that he could see her without moving his head. She sat upright with her face slightly turned towards him.

For a time neither spoke. In the end she became afraid of the silence, and he began to mutter some words. It would be best to talk about something—anything.

"Is there any news in Clonmore?" she began in a timid voice. She did not at all like the situation, and she hoped they might meet no one on the road.

"No," he answered absently. "That is, I don't know of any. I'm not much good for news. I'm too stupid to remember it when I hear it, and that's the truth." The dogged misery of his voice touched her keenly, but she made no reply. He went on in a low monotone:

"I wasn't to be this way long ago. But something is the matter with me that no doctor can cure. Something that will be the death of me, I know." He did not look at her, but kept his eyes fixed ahead.

"Don't say such things. You ought not. It's very wrong." She was not uncomfortable, but unhappy. Was it not a pity that this man, who had always been kind to her, should be so afflicted for her sake and she quite powerless to succor him?

"It's the truth," he said firmly and somewhat sternly, adding, "and there's no harm in telling the truth. But I don't care."

"The worst thing you could say is that you don't care. You should care. You should try and get well, and a doctor could do you good."

"No; not all the doctors in Ireland. They'd be no more use than so many crows." He looked at her now, a spasm went through his frame, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Mary—"  
"Don't! Christie Cahill, don't!" she cried in a frightened voice.  
"Mary—"  
"I can't! I can't! You don't know all."

to Clonmore to-day," she answered, covering her face.

"What?" he demanded, with a great attempt to steady his voice.

"I'm going—I'm going—"  
she paused.

"What for? Tell me, Mary Martin, tell me, girl."

"To meet some one."

"To meet some one," he repeated; at the same time his face became quite rigid and his voice hard and grating; but he never removed his eyes from her. "To meet some one. Who?"

"Some one you know."

"Some one I know!" He implied by his voice that she was treating him badly in not giving him all the information at once. "Some one I know. And who may that be?"

"You know."

"I don't."

"John Lane."

"John Lane. Damn John Lane!" he cried wildly, his sternness broken down all at once, and a wild fury of jealousy carrying him beyond all control. "He comes of a cursed race, Mary Martin; and if you won't give him up, may be you'll be sorry some day, when the curse falls on him as it did on his father before him."

Cahill was standing up when he uttered the last word, and as soon as it had left his lips he sprang off the car, and leaping over the low stone fence, struck off at a furious rate across the down, in the direction of Clonmore.

The driver looked around and saw Mary weeping.

"Why didn't you tell me he was bothering you, Mary Martin, and he'd very soon find himself on the road without any trouble to himself."

"No, no," she answered through her tears, "he wasn't bothering me."

"Faith!" ejaculated the driver to himself, as he turned around, "there's no knowing women. They're never easy until they're uneasy, and they have no comfort in their lives until they have some one that treats them badly."

## PART III.—ORDEAL BY GOLD.

## CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN OF THE HERO.  
Early in the afternoon Mary Martin arrived in Clonmore. She had been greatly distressed and shaken by the interview, and the man's last words had helped to tear up much of the tender toleration with which she had formerly regarded her second suitor.

Why had he threatened her? And if he really loved her as he professed, how could he utter such words? He was so selfish that he would rather calamity should fall on John, and sorrow on her, than that she should be happy away from him.

That was too bad. He was a heartless man, and she feared, a bad man; and no matter what her obligation had been to him, she would think no more of him, cast him off and decline to speak to him? Why should she trouble her head about him?

She loved John and John loved her, and if this other man cared for her it was because of an encouragement she had ever given him.

Suppose, for a moment, she loved John and was not beloved in return, could she wish him evil? No, she would make any sacrifice for his sake. Suppose John loved some one else while she loved him, what should she do? Feel hardly towards the other girl? No. Why should she? Who that knew John could help loving him? No one in the whole world.

John, her brown-haired, strong, faithful darling, and he'd be here soon, soon—soon—this very day, in an hour or little more!

He'd be home, never to go away again. He would not even follow the dangerous business of her father; but live securely on the firm land, in the sunshine. Oh, what delicious long summer days they should spend together on the beach and downs of Killard! How happy she should be when, once more, she was by his side, and could feel his strong arm and know that they were to be separated no more!

She would do everything he wished down to his slightest desires. It would be a paradise on earth, almost too happy for endurance. In a little time her own John would be standing there. She should look into his eyes and feel the pressure of his hand.

The car had set her down in the yard of the Clonmore Arms, the hotel at which the coach John Lane was to come by stopped.

She asked the landlady-legged ostler whether people usually got down outside in the street or in the yard.

"If they have luggage," answered the man, "they get down here; if not, they get down outside, that's generally."

So she resolved to wait in the yard. It was quieter than outside. John did not know she was coming to Clonmore to meet him. She had asked her mother if she might, and her mother had consented, declining to go with her on the ground of making preparations to receive the traveller; but really because she thought the young people would be quite enough for one another, and would not object to being alone for the first few hours.

Mary was not glad David Lane had died, but somehow, ever since his death, she had breathed more freely. She had a morbid horror of the Bishop's Island. She was not free from the superstitious feelings with which the people of Killard regarded it. At the least she thought David Lane had been a cruel, unnatural father to drive his only son away from him; and she believed that he had come by the gold in some unfair manner.

John himself had once and over again decided those ideas about Darkness; still there was much which could not be explained by anything known to the people around, and although she did not wholly accept the general belief, she could not rid her mind of the thought that there might be something in it. But as far as her John went it counted for nothing.

John's disposition did not in the least resemble his father's, and the son was free from any physical defect such as his father had inherited under. In other respects, too, her John was so unlike. He had gay spirits, pleasant words, was fond of being with people; whereas his father had been dark, morose, would associate with no one, own no friend but the Fool.

There was no taint or flaw in her darling John. His heart was whole and all hers, as hers was his; and he would be here presently—here, standing with her, with his arms around her, as in the days long ago.

"I'll sit where I am," she thought, "on this bench in the shadow until the coach in the yard and the horses are stopped. I'll never raise my head the whole time until the horses stop, and then I'll look up and see him, and he'll see me, and then—"

She uttered a long low sigh of happiness, clasped her hands in her lap, and keeping her eyes on the ground, listened for wheels.

There were two or three others also waiting in the yard, but they took no notice of her, and she was left to her listening and her dreams.

In the street fronting the hotel there were people, too, expecting the coach. It waited half an hour of the time appointed for its arrival when a low-sized, stout man, with a rather red face, came quickly down the street and entered a public-house directly opposite the archway leading to the hotel yard.

On the right hand side of the shop was a door. This the man opened, and went into a small tap-room, and struck violently on the table with his clenched fist. A boy appeared in a moment.

"Two glasses of raw whiskey," he ordered. When it was brought he swallowed it at two gulps, then approached the window and looked out through a narrow slip between the top of a high zinc screen and the blind.

From his position he commanded a view of the hotel and the loungers in front of it. He could also see up into the yard, the people there waiting for the coach, and Mary Martin sitting on a stone bench in the shadow of the wall. The tap-room was empty, and the boy had closed the door when he left.

The man breathed heavily through his dilated nostrils, caught the top of the zinc screen in his fat red hands, and fixed his eyes upon the figure of the girl.

A quarter of an hour passed without the slightest alteration in either his or the girl's attitude. Then he turned round and again struck the table with his clenched hand.

The boy appeared.

"Two glasses of raw whiskey," he said slowly.

These he swallowed as he had the preceding ones, and when he had finished and the door was shut, went back to his former post and old occupation.

In a little time he looked at the clock over the gateway; it wanted still five minutes of the arrival of the coach. Again he left the window, again summoned the boy, gulped down two more glasses of the fiery spirit, and with a gurgle in his throat and a wild red glare in his one rain eyes resumed his watching.

At length the rumble of approaching wheels could be heard. The ostler came out and stood, full of importance, looking up the street, shading his eyes with his hand.

The boots, in his shirt-sleeves, was on the steps leading up to the hotel, and in the doorway appeared the burly, bland proprietor, prepared to receive any who might desire to put up at the Clonmore Arms.

Four smoking horses came in sight; the leaders were seized by the ostler, the boots opened the coach door at the hotel side, the bland proprietor smiled at the travellers as they went on the steps. There were several outside passengers, most of whom alighted.

Three remained in the car, an elderly woman with a child, and a young brown-haired, sunburnt young man in a blue cloth pilot coat and straw hat.

Before the coach was ready to go into the yard, a slight female figure, wearing a red shawl and linen bonnet, came round under the heads of the leaders, look at the young man on the box, and beckoned to him.

In an instant he was down in the middle of the street, brandishing the arms of the young man were wound round her, and her right arm lay on his shoulder, and their faces met.

It had been all very well to plan sitting in that yard waiting until John should be driven in; she had held out valiantly for some seconds, but then the thing became an impossibility, and she did not at the moment care if all Clonmore saw their meeting.

Mary and young Lane went into the hotel yard, and in a few minutes a car, the one in which Mary had arrived that morning, drove out with Mary Martin and John Lane on opposite sides of it.

Two of the travellers by the coach crossed the street and entered the public-house. They belonged to Clonmore, and evidently knew the place well, for they nodded to the man behind the counter, and ordered something to be brought to them into the tap-room.

Brought entering the room they found the man who had watched the arrival of the coach, walking up and down in a very excited manner; his face was purple, and his eyes inflamed.

"Is that you, Christie Cahill?" cried one of the newcomers familiarly. "Did you know who came by the coach to-day? Young Lane, of the B-shops Island; his sweetheart, Martin, and her mother, and father, a pretty girl, she is, and no mistake."

"That for your information," shouted Cahill, striking the speaker a blow in the face with his fist.

The man fell, but was quickly up again, and a desperate fight ensued.

Cahill was mad with rage and whiskey; he struck out wildly, not seeing where his blows fell, and not caring. Now he hit the man, now the wall, now the door, no matter so long as he struck and swore.

The third man tried to interfere, but a random blow sent him across the room. The landlady and the man who helped in the shop strove to separate the combatants, but failed, and the fight went on with unabated ferocity. Had all Cahill's blows struck the traveller, he could not have withstood the onslaught, for Cahill was by far the more powerful man. But Cahill took no care to fend, and was getting severely handled.

A boy was sent running for the police. Four arrived. As they entered the room Cahill paused a moment, and looked at them. Then suddenly before they could seize him, he caught up a chair, slivered it to pieces with one blow against the

wall, and brandishing the back and legs above his head, shouted:

"Ay, come on! all of you, any of you, one after another or all together, I don't care which! I don't care whether I'm lugged for you or killed by you; only come and see the fun out!"

No one stirred. The police were afraid to approach; they knew that the first man would in all likelihood fall with a shattered skull.

One of the policemen whispered for a few seconds with the others. Then all at once the table was seized and pushed swiftly towards him. He lowered his arms to protect himself, and the instant he did so a general rush of all present bore him heavily to the ground.

He struggled desperately, but in the end was overwhelmed and secured with handcuffs and cord, and carried writhing and cursing to the police station.

"What's the matter with Christie Cahill?" asked the people who knew him, as he went by between the policemen.

"Mad, or mad drunk?" was the reply of those who formed the crowd following him.

Mary Martin and John Lane knew nothing of the disturbance in the public-house, for it had not attracted any exterior attention until they had got out of the street.

As they drove along the lonely road to Killard in the sweet, fresh afternoon, they talked over a great variety of matters. He had heard of his father's death in a letter from Mary, and knew that Tom had been appointed steward during his absence.

Each of the lovers leaned an elbow on the well-cushion of the car; he held one of her hands in his; her face was turned towards him, his towards her; and when the conversation paused now and then, he bent still lower, and she did not move away.

As they reached the fifth milestone, Mary looked into his face with full grateful eyes, and said:

"Oh, John, you don't know how glad I am for many sakes that you are home once more."

"My own true Mary!" he murmured, pressing her hand; "and I am glad to be back. It is so good to be here near you, my darling."

"Yes," she resumed, "I have been a good deal troubled by something."

"Troubled by something, Mary? What was it troubled you? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"You must promise me, if I tell you, not to be angry with any one. It is all over now, once you are here."

"I'll promise you anything, Mary. Has my coming back banished your trouble?"

"Yes; it will altogether, I think."

"Tell me now. Since your trouble is gone away because I am here, how can I be angry with any one? Indeed, it seems to me just now as if I never could be angry with any one again."

"Well, some one has been saying civil things to me."

"I'd like to see the person could say uncivil things to you, Mary, and I'd very soon let him know his mistake."

"What I mean is, some one has been speaking to me as if I never knew you."

"Oh, I see! and who was it?"

"Christie Cahill."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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