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The Weekly Mail.

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PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION



ligion. He is very for animals, especially 1 occkatoo with which hours at a time. He stuffed animals, ma keys, and has recent ing butterflies and

pons, of which he and all his gun

and a girl of quite contentedly à ing at the same and playing with th

OTHER SMALL BREEDS

Total. LARGE BREEDS.

Her guests are bidden, her house is fair-Four wild rovers have entrance there. Never's an hour so still and sweet But may be broken by trampling feet ; But when from the ruin they turn away. Oh, who so gentle and blithe as they ! They rock the cradles in tall tree-tops, They run with the tripping water-drops Deintily courting, they sigh and pine Round the flower-ladies so pure and fine. Well they love pleasure, but mischief best-Too swift and subtle and strong for rest, Up and down in the world they go. And mock us with every voice we know. They pipe to the dreamers at even-song ; They mourn to the watchers all night long. The old man, sighing, repeateth still, "The will o' the wind is boyhood's will ;" The boy, with wondering, silent lips, Thinks of the sea and the wafted ships ; And each in his dim heart longs to find Out of his world the way of the wind -Harper's Magazine for Septe Or a Leaf from the Diary of a Raily his Cadine. Or course no www = female always, (odlaceques), but conscientionaly bldme him for with the institutions of his re-tis very foud of all sorts of tame specially birds, and has one pet the which he amuses himself for beetles. One of his

make it is more strained, with a more the start of the second star

that you are a cowardly cur, as I have just died called you. She said she'd believe one word will from you quicker than my oath. could see you now !" And he turned away disdain! I was too contemptible for his "Why is the North Wind's breath so strong }-"Why is the South Wind's step so light ?-jumped after him, as mad as a tiger-ca 1 jumped atter mm, as mad as a tuger-cas and span him round in front of me again. "You'll have to exclaim yourself befor was fairly on fire with rage ; "ay, and mk, me an ample apology, too! Who hold you that i've told lies about you to Phabe Mason?" "She did, herself !" cried he wit: blacing eyes, and looked a perfect devil, in is insan anger. "She gave me the mitten hat night-and-and said it was because he would believe your word against mine any dex." "Why is the West Wind's touch aflame }-Lying under a summer tree, This is what Zephyr sang to me. Zephyr, with flattering words and low, Tails but half of the truth I know. Four great boys in an ancient hall, They grew up thinking their will was all. Sweet Mother Nature, the dearest dame-I fear her softness is much to blamewould believe your word against mine day." A gleam of the truth-I afterwards I it to be the eract truth-flashed upon In his wrath at her rejection of him för misunderstood her words. To soften refusal ahe had wished to convey to hin fact that she liked me better, and in confusion had given him a wrong imp jon, still more distorted by his anger. I all this clearly when I had time to t about it jout at the moment the only t I realized was that she had express preference for me. The thought drive a reference for me. The thought ill my rage, and for the life of m relp a look of exultation comm He saw it there, and, driven ancied insult added to his sup as sprang at my throat with rowl of a mad-dog. He was man, and if my eyes had no n him it might have gone Then down the chimney they shout and roar. Shriek at the lattice and shake the door. stopped his rush; but it didn' down or stun him, and the nex were clinched, and whirling r The whole thing was over than I have taken to tell it. dozen men were standing ro and we were separated damage was done. I was office, the door of which CARL SPENCER. the platform a few feet from encounter, and he was borne in the midst of the rest of th before he got out of ear-shot pour on my devoted head a the calendar, and the last THE IO.30 EXPRESS. im say were : "I'll have your life for this, Marti -or may the devil take That kind of talk did <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> ent, for I've always heard that thr men live long, and before the day wa had fairly forgotten what he said-no member it until it was almost too late. (From Pleasant Hours for September,)

THE WAY O' THE WIND "Why does the East Wind always. Because he is married to the Rain.

Lovely and quiet, year out, year in, Her soft white blankets she sits to spin; Rose-hued curtains, and carpets green, Broidered cushions of satin sheen.

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