

ONLY A KISS.

Only a kiss—a trifle slight—
Just eager lips one moment blent.
Two faces lit with kindly light.

"But I had Job; and you have your mother
and sister, Milly."
At that she burst into tears, and put her hand
down on my knee.

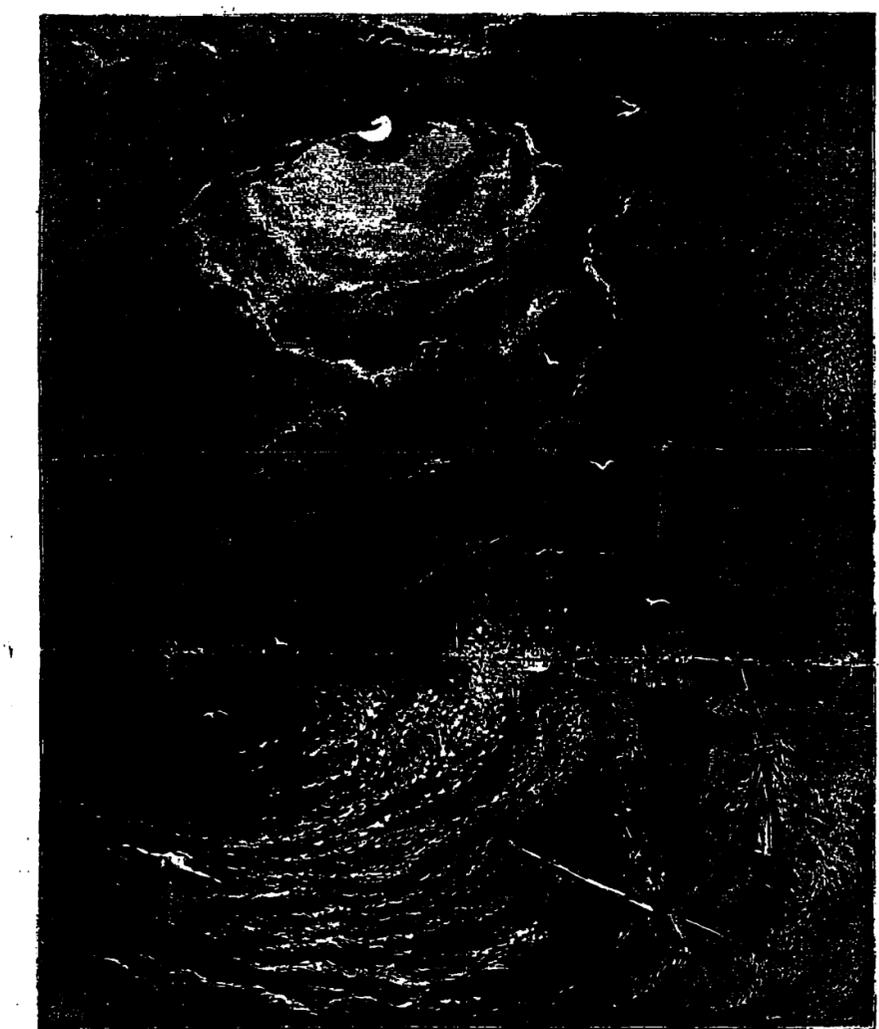
In finishing my silver-gray poplin. It sets splen-
did. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store,
and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off,
won't you?"

RAILWAY UNPUNCTUALITY.

Anybody who has been compelled to wait at
a railway station, and, for want of anything
better to do, has studied the threatening array
of by-laws placarded on the walls, must have
been struck by the astonishing number of of-
fences and misdemeanours which a person of
moderate enterprise and activity might easily
commit in a very short space of time.

THE BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE, \$10.

Read what an honest Quaker says:
WESCHERSBERG, Pa., 7th month, 10th, 1872.
RESPECTED FRIEND:
We value the little Ten-Dollar Sewing Machine
highly. Notwithstanding my wife is a very delicate
woman, she has recently, without apparent fatigue,
made for me by its aid a whole suit of French habit
cloth; also another light summer coat, besides many
other garments. Her physician forbids a treadle
machine to be brought into the house. We esteem
the Beckwith Sewing Machine as a great boon, and
if we could not procure another we would not know
what pecuniary value to attach to it.



THE SHIPWRECK.

word about her changing her mind; but for
all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of
maze.
"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as
that! Old as he was, could she fall to see the
honour?"
But when I told Job, says he:
"Jerusalem! a young, pretty girl like Milly!
Why don't he go after some widdler, or an old-
ish gal! They just suited each other."

Three months ago—poor stupid!—I had em-
pied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there
it was.
Three months ago she had come down to me
and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half
crazy; and I've had given more money than
there was in the till, to have dared to fear that
letter open on the spot and read it, though I
knew the hand was Will Masse's.
"Thi can't wait," says I.
"No," says Job, "it can't, with that wedding
coming off to-morrow."

entered; there were only 21,948 in which a
jury was required. The sum for which the
plaints were entered amounted to £46,208,054,
and the sums (exclusive of costs) for which
judgment was obtained amounted to £23,448,
402. The court fees amounted to £8,851,000.
Upwards of 900,000 plaintiffs are now entered in
the County Courts every year, the claims ex-
ceeding in the whole above 21 millions sterling;
and, after many causes have been settled out
of court, judgment is given in above half a mil-
lion and for about 21,300,000. The County
Court Judges sit at 500 towns, and hold court
above 8,000 times a year.

LABOR CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

It is a well-established truth, that labor con-
quers all things. Everything that we do has to
have a certain amount of labor expended on it,
to bring it to a state of perfection. However
difficult it may appear, however impossible it
may seem to be, remember, if you attack it with
energy, and labor with all your might, your ef-
forts will be crowned with success. Inventive
mind, by the aid and application of labor,
wins for himself a name that will always be
honored, respected and remembered by his fel-
low-citizens.
It has been truly said, that no excellence is
obtained without labor. Few persons conversant
with the world have failed to discover that in
the race of life, men of moderate means and
attainments frequently outstrip competitors en-
dowed equally by the smiles of fortune and the
gifts of genius. Difference of talent will not solve
it; for that difference is very often found in favor
of the disappointed candidate. How often do
we see issuing from the walls of the same col-
lege, many, sometimes from the bosom of the
same family, two young men, one of whom
shall be admitted to be a genius of high order,
the other scarcely above mediocrity; yet you
shall see the one sinking and perishing in pov-
erty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on
the other hand, you shall observe the latter toiling
up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at
every step, and mounting at last to distinction,
an ornament to society, and a blessing to his
country.
Now whose work is this? Manifestly our own.
We are the architects of our own fortune. Every
one has the power of making himself respected,
if he will but go to work and try to win a pos-
sion worthy of commendation. For it is only
those who work that win. Therefore, in our
journey through life should obstacles arise to
obstruct our progress, let us remember that la-
bor conquers all things.

WE WANT ENERGETIC AGENTS,
MALE AND FEMALE, in every section of
the country, who can earn from \$5 to \$10 per day
by selling the Beckwith Sewing Machine, which
is highly recommended by the Scientific American,
The Independent, Health and Home, The Eclectic
Journal, American Artisan, American Agriculturist,
&c., &c., (the latter taking 1,000 as premiums for
subscribers), and by the thousands who are now
using the machine. Send \$1 for machine. Circulars
and other goods on application. 13 pages of de-
scription, testimonials, &c., sent free by addressing
the BECKWITH SEWING MACHINE CO.,
3-42-d No. 236 St. James Street, Montreal.

LADIES' GENTLEMEN'S & CHILDREN'S
Felt and other hats cleaned, dyed
and blocked in the latest style and fashion
at GEO. E. SIEGARS, successor to
G. W. KETCHUM, 66 Craig Street.

INVEST YOUR MONEY
EITHER IN
Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western
RAILWAY EXTENSION
FIRST MORTGAGE
7 Per Cent.
GOLD BONDS
OR IN
10 Per Cent.
MUNICIPAL BONDS.
Maps, Pamphlets and Circulars furnished upon
application.
W. N. COLER & CO., Bankers,
22 Nassau St., New York.

CHEMICAL FOOD AND NUTRITIVE
TONIC.—Without Phosphorus no thought,
no the Germans, and they might add, no action,
since Phosphorus and its compounds are known to
be the motive power of the nervous and muscular
system. They constitute more than half the mater-
ial of the human body, being found in every tissue,
and their presence is absolutely essential to nutri-
tion, as they promote the conversion of albumen in
the food into fibrine, which is the vitalizing agent of
pure, healthy blood. They are now coming into uni-
versal use in Europe and America in the treatment
of Scrophulous, Consumptive and Venereal diseases,
which are caused by impoverished and poisoned
blood; and in diseases of women suffering from ir-
regularities, obstructions, and exhausting discharges,
in pale, puny children, and that condition of nervous
and physical prostration resulting from bad habits,
excessive use of stimulants and tobacco, and all that
train of evils known as a fast life. The great reli-
ability and promptness in its effects, in immediately
and permanently restoring the derelict constitution,
has made Dr. WHELETT'S COMPOUND
ELIXIR OF PHOSPHATES AND CALSAYA, a
great favorite with the Physicians and public. Sold
at \$1.00.

TELESCOPES.
The \$3.00 Lord Brougham Telescope will distinguish
the time by a Church clock face, a flag staff ten
landscapes twenty miles distant, and will define the
Satellites of Jupiter, &c., &c. This extraordi-
nary cheap and powerful telescope is the best made
and possesses achromatic lenses, and is equal to one
costing \$20.00. No Tourist or Rifleman should be
without it. Sent free by Post in any part of the Do-
minion of Canada on receipt of \$3.00.

MICROSCOPES.
The new Microscope. This highly finished instru-
ment is warranted to show animalcules in water, cells
in paste, &c., &c., magnifying several hundred times,
has a compound body with achromatic lenses. Test
object, Eyepiece, Eyering, &c., &c. In a polished
Mahogany Case, complete, price \$3.00 sent free.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL
GEORGE BRUSH, PROPRIETOR.
ESTABLISHED, 1823.
Manufacturers of Steam Engine, Steam Boilers and
machinery generally.
Agent for JUDSON'S PATENT GOVERNOR.
3-28 m.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
In Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and Asthma. It will
give almost instant relief. It is highly recom-
mended for restoring the tone of the Vocal Organs.
The virtues of Red Spruce Gum are well known.
In the Syrup the Gum is held in complete solu-
tion.
For sale at all Drug Stores. Price 25 cents per
bottle, and Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor.
HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
144 St. Lawrence Main St.,
Montreal.

THE GREATEST BEAUTIFIER OF THE AGE!
LADIES' MAGIC HAIR CURLERS!
Warranted to curl the most straight or stiff hair
into wavy ringlets or massive curls. It is used according
to directions. Money refunded if they fail to accom-
plish what is above stated.
50 cents per box; full set of three boxes, \$1.25.
Address: MONTGOMERY & CO.,
Wholesale dealers in Groceries,
Brookville, Ont.

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAN.

I'm Aunt Gunter. Job Gunter is my hus-
band. We keep the Anchor Port post-office and
a store, and sell groceries and garden stuff, calico,
shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our
line, when anybody asks for 'em.
When a ship comes in, and the sailors come
home to their wives and mothers, trade grows
brisk. The housekeepers do their best, and the
raisins and dried currants and eggs and butter
go off nicely, and it's worth while to lay in rib-
bons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and
long pipes for the men.
Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port
brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and
all the women seem to ask for will be letters—
letters, letters, letters, when they have a right
to expect them, and when they haven't, all the
same.
It's "Please, Aunt Gunter, look over them,
and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's
"Please, Uncle Gunter; it might have got mix-
ed up and overlooked somehow;" often and
often—(God help the poor souls!)—after Jack
lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will
ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck.
But plenty of letters come after all, and some-
times we have to read them for the folks, Job
and I, and so we got to know something of their
lives.
Milly More could read and write herself, but
still I always knew when she had a letter from
Will Masse. I knew it by the handwriting,
and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy
look in her face. When he came home, she
bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apron-
ful; and I knew where the packages of candy
that he brought were to go. And I used to keep
Job from fishing down in Fullman's creek of
afternoons, because I knew that was where
Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time
comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like
to see it prosper.
At last he sailed away, second mate of the
Golden Dove, and when he came back from that
voyage, they were to be married.
It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs.
Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on
the shore. Twenty women from the Port and
five from the Hill were there to see her set
sail.
It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was
to be a long one.
It was under the old sycamore that Will took
Milly to his breast.
"Don't fret, darling!" he said. "I'll come
back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now;
I've too much to live for."
"Poor boy! in spite of that the Golden Dove
went down in mid-seas, and only three men
reached Anchor Port to tell how Captain Raw-
don and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in
a most awful storm.
Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs.
Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about
it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-
eight, and as handsome, with his white hair
and red cheeks, as a picture.
That was twelve months ago, the night I
went into the store to sort things out, as I al-
ways did Saturday nights. Through the week
Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in
my tea boxes, candles in the letter box, eggs
where they oughtn't to be, and all the place
askew. It was a warm autumn night, and
Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and we
had plenty of custom. Job served the people
while I tidled up. I found half the last mail in
a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground-
coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.
"Gunter up your lot!" said I. "What
possesses you?"
And he laughed, and patted 'em up. "And I
made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar
box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it
for the mail.
I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as
"coffee crushed," because it was prepared espe-
cially to use in coffee. That was the finest
sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I
had a little cut and powdered by me, in case
Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minis-
ter's lady should send in; and I took the paper
up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring
it in a nice smooth stream, when who should
come running into the shop but Milly More.
She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes
were red with crying.
She asked for some tea, and while Job was
weighing it she whispered to me:
"Oh! Aunt Gunter, have you looked to-day?
Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he
couldn't die? I don't feel so if he could.
Mightn't he write, after all? Do look."
"My pot," says I, "it's a year ago that the
Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. And
he don't let those live that want to always. It
isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."
I took the letters in my hand one by one.
Many of them would make hearts glad before
the shutters were up that night; but none for
Milly! It couldn't be expected, of course.
I told her so; and I took her into my little
back parlor and made her sit down there.
I talked as good as I could to her; but what
good does talking do.
"Oh, Aunt," says she, "I know it seems as
if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this
morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I
can't."
"When baby died—the only one we ever had
—I thought I never should believe it," said I.