

A DOUBTING HEART.

(There are the swallows!) / From and dead / Perchance upon some bank and stormy shore / O doubting heart!

LA NEIGE.

She looks down upon the faces in the waiting boat, perchance to find one to whom he can entrust his darling; and his eyes rest upon one that causes him a strange, undefinable thrill of terror; the darkly handsome face of Cyril Hammond.

A SKETCH.

Mrs. BEATRICE MCGOWAN. / He looks down upon the faces in the waiting boat, perchance to find one to whom he can entrust his darling; and his eyes rest upon one that causes him a strange, undefinable thrill of terror; the darkly handsome face of Cyril Hammond.

PART II.

"And the stately ships go on, / To their haven under the hill; / But O for the touch of a vanished hand, / And the sound of a voice that is still!"

"Why should you?" he asks her, "He never loved you. Even with men he was jealous and suspicious always. That very night I heard him quarrelling with you. He never understood you, never loved you, as I do, La Neige. That upon his lips!

Thirteen of them were men, the fourteenth was a woman. Gaunt, hollow-eyed, but beautiful still: Ross St. Arnold, poor La Neige. / They were taken at once to an hospital and the telegraph in mediately flashed accounts, to London and Southampton, of the wonderful rescue. Owing, no doubt, to the haste and excitement, there were some mistakes about the names, that of Miss St. Arnold appearing in a different guise altogether. Two weeks later, kind friends had come to Liverpool to take her home, but in the end, spiritless face, even they could find little trace of the bright beauty of the girl of scarcely five months before.

ing, her own trouble is hidden away that she may the better lighten theirs. / Friends regard her pityingly, and attribute her altered manner and altered looks to the strange and awful peril through which she has passed. But they do not know that the change in her is but the spent agony of a heart which has been all too strong to break. That she is quietly dying before their eyes and they never suspecting it.

The day has been intensely hot, the sky without a cloud; something extremely unusual for an English summer day, and the evening is scarcely less warm. / Upon the lower terrace of Bearwarden Court—residential with sweet scented flowers and rare blooming shrubs—La Neige wanders, slowly; not alone, but she might as well be for all the difference it makes in her listless apathy.

Now, as she turns her face to the evening sky—shaded into a dozen different tints by the amber sunset—she sees in the pale, delicate outlines—thrown out so vividly by the background of dark green foliage—how fearfully it has changed from the bright, lovely face of the Rose St. Arnold, who discussed the depths of the "divine study" so zealously upon the staid decks of the *Alert*; or the proud, passionate girl who to recall the bitter words spoken that fearful night to the bravest heart that ever beat, would give all the remaining years of her wasted life.

"La Neige." How little the man—for whom she now mourns unceasingly—thought that ever the pretty, quaint pet title would fit her as it fits her now. / She may not be so glowingly, vividly beautiful as in the old days, but never was she more lovely. Then she is very pale, and as before said she is not alone.

As the gentleman—dressed in uniform—turns round to look into her face, possibly to read there an answer to what he has been saying, he easily recognizes Cyril Hammond. / He has been very kind to her during the last year, and that kindness has tended much to remove the old prejudice. / "I am very sorry," she is saying, "but I can never give you any other answer than I am giving you now. That I will always think of you as a friend for—for the sake of that time, but I will never marry you... or any one else."

"Are you doing right?" he questions, passionately; "to indulge and encourage such morbid sentiments? Aylmer is gone, poor fellow, and even you are powerless to call him back. Then why waste your own life in a grief that is perfectly useless and unavailing? And, by heaven, mine too, for I love you, Rose St. Arnold, as I never loved a woman in my life. I loved you then when another man, a man I had no reason to hate, had just taken the life from you, leaving you in my hands, you either my saviour or my curse. If you reject me it matters little how the world goes, so long as it affords me scope and opportunities in which to forget that the happiness and completeness of other men's lives, might possibly have been mine. Rose, is the value of a human soul nothing to you, that you will send me away from you now?"

"Believe me, I am very sorry," she says, again, very gently; and all unconscious of the weak selfishness that would fain make his pleading a matter of conscience with her, "but nothing can be different. I promised—Gerald. The last words I ever spoke to him were that I would be faithful, and I will, and God will hear me." / "Why should you?" he asks her, "He never loved you. Even with men he was jealous and suspicious always. That very night I heard him quarrelling with you. He never understood you, never loved you, as I do, La Neige. That upon his lips!

Even more than his infinitely cruel words, does it make her turn faint to hear the loving name once spoken by those other lips, come from those of the very last man in the world who should ever call her by any term of endearment—Cyril Hammond. / Instinctively she put up her hands—the hands grown so delicately fragile and white—as though to ward off any more of the kind. / "I have all the right to do as I think best," she says, kindly, but firmly; "and it were useless to prolong this interview further. I can give you no other answer. I will never marry."

"You are not his wife," he retorts, with uncontrolled passion; "and you have no right to throw away your own life—silly fashion—even if it is romantic!" / For one moment she looks at him, and in her eyes there is something of the old fire. / "You say that he did not understand me. It is you who do not when you call her by that name as though you think that you can talk to me like that, with any other result than that of awakening my deepest contempt. Had Captain Aylmer lived, I should have been his wife. I am not—as you say—his widow, but in heaven's sight, I am at this moment as truly his wife, as though the Church itself had blessed our union. That you do not comprehend this, perhaps, you may; that what I should have been to Gerald, had he lived, I shall never be to mortal man. I am by my own promise, and in the eyes of God his wife; I shall never indeed—as you say—be his widow." / Hammond gazes at her, his hand on a face growing gradually darker and more vindictive. At first her words impress

VARIOUS MATTERS.

A monument of pure steel is talked of for Boss Tweed. / You cannot always tell by the way a man dresses whether his paw is paid for. / "Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing if it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."

The proposal to do away with the police in Ohio town is spoken of by a local paper as "another blow at the criminal class." / "The parting gives me pain," sighed the man who was combing his hair for the first time after a two weeks' seclusion.—[Cincinnati Post.]

Troy, New York, wants a ladies' swimming club—the little ducks. Who once grudge them a little diversion—[Commercial Advertiser.]

"When a boy bats a ball through a parlor window the boy may not lose his inning, but the man who owns the window is invariably put out. / "Brilliant and impulsive people have black eyes," if they don't have them begin with, they get them sooner or later.—[Omaha Republican.]

The moonlight lies soft on the dell, / And the fragrance of the night, / How that down the street / The chimney of the crane-shiller's bell. —Puck.

"Have you any damp sheets in your house?" asked a guest of a manager of a fashionable hotel, as he registered his name. "No," replied the manager, "but I'll have a pair dampened for you if you wish." The stranger retired.

When a young man in Patagonia wants a wife he rides out and lassos one, and in the more civilized United States of America, when a young man wants a wife, but does not come to time, the lassos him for a breach of promise.

"Now that the phonograph makes it possible for sounds to be canned the same way that we can get canned goods, it is very serious that he who registers his name at a hotel, and who is then given a key to a room, should be given a key to the door of his own mind." —[Boston Herald.]

"So you enjoyed your walk, Kate? Did you get all that distance alone?" "Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone." "Beautifully!" "Then how is it, Kit, you took an umbrella and brought it home with you?" "I don't know what to do with it. It's a walking stick!"

Scene at Theatre Matinee.—Gentleman (to lady)—"I fear there will be a rush and we shall get in." Lady—"Not get in? What do you mean?" "That you will get in with perseverance and—this big show!"

A Lost Ark.—Twelve years and more ago thousands of hoopkirts were manufactured annually in this country. Now the business is entirely dead, not a single hoopkirt manufacturer being in operation—the thousands of goats are deprived of their principal article of food.—[Norwich Herald.]

The present time seems to be an era of defalcations. A kind of epidemic of unbusiness appears to be running over the country. One man says, on being captured, "Real estate speculation did it," another says, "banking," a third says, "Wall street did it," and so on. It never seems to strike the thieves that downright dishonesty did it in every case. It is not surprising, but somewhat curious to see a field such as this excused as it has become fashionable to give.

MAN PROPOSING. / We parted one eve at the garden gate, / And I promised my love to come back to her, / That we might meet— / That we might meet— / And that the leaves were red, / And that we loved together. —[Hawkeye.]

The Canadians are resolved that the members of their Parliament shall be elected by ballot. Even the run of a message boy is noted as at the close of the year all the Dominion knows thereof. During the session that ended last month, the messenger boys ran 6,013 trips to the back of the members. If the same plan of election they will be well of re-election.

Report says that Miss Coffey of Lawrence, Kan., was one of the most modest and sweet-tempered women in that city, but after her marriage with one Leeper, who is represented as a worthless, bullying fellow, her conduct afforded strong grounds of doubt as to the ability of the Coffey. Leeper lived with his wife only two weeks, and then it was mutually agreed that they should separate. The bride assented quietly, saying that she had no objection to her husband, but subsequently spoke disagreeably of her to his friends. One evening he stood jauntily in the door of the Post Office, and the messenger boys were all there, ready to do his bidding. He had his hands full of parcels, put on her gloves, and walked off as usual. Nice girl.

NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND ENGLAND. / England to Russia—"Who's afraid?" / Russia to England—"You are, Yank!" / England to Russia—"Show yourself!" / Russia to England—"I'll show you if I can!" / England to Russia—"I'll show you if I can!" / Russia to England—"I'll show you if I can!" / England to Russia—"I'll show you if I can!" / Russia to England—"I'll show you if I can!"

M. McLEOD, of CAROLINE STREET, keeps a fine assortment of Tobacconists' Fancy Goods, Virginia and Canadian Smoking Chewing Tobaccos Havana Cigars, &c. He has "Queen's Gears" three for a quarter, and the genuine article. Virginia Stog and Gold Leaf Smoking Tobacco a speciality.

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J. L. McCOSKERY, / (Late with L. Clubb & Co.) / BOOKBINDER, / ENNIS & GARDNER'S BUILDING, / PRINCE WM., STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Commercial Hotel / Opposite the Depot, / BREEN'S BRICK BLOCK, / ST. STEPHEN, N. B. / GEO. W. FOSTER, Proprietor.

Whiskey. / Just received from the French, / R-CASKS GLEN WHISKY, / 75 cases Lorne Highland / 12 Half-bushels / 12 Old Irish / For sale low, by M. A. FINN.

CLUB AGENTS WANTED. / THE / WEEKLY "MAIL." / Enlarged to Eight Pages / No Increase in Price. / It is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing that he purposes to still further increase this circulation by greatly improving the WEEKLY MAIL during the ensuing year, whereby he hopes to make it: / The Great Family Paper of Canada. / Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper / INTERESTING AND RELIABLE. / The MAIL will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the "Constitutional Cause."

All the DEPARTMENTS OF NEWS, POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE AND EDITORIAL, will be continued with unabated vigour. / During 1875 the following Departments will receive special attention: / Agricultural in its various branches, made especially interesting by a series of prize articles on leading subjects. We propose that our subscribers shall make this a Mutual Improvement Club, and that each one shall add his note to the general fund of agricultural knowledge. / Our Market Reports will be a speciality, well known to all, and will be sent to every copy of the WEEKLY MAIL. / Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories, both short and long, and many cases illustrated. / During the year we will treat our readers to a special portion of Canada, with descriptions of the various provinces, with illustrations of the various Departments, such as Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Manufacture, &c. &c. The WEEKLY MAIL during the coming year. Price as before, \$1.00 Per annum. Special Agents Wanted Everywhere. / Address, THE MAIL, Toronto.

BASS' ALE. / IN WAREHOUSE—30 Packages BASS' ALE, in kegs, blads and kilderkins. / For sale low, by M. A. FINN, / HANCOCK BUILDING.

Queen Hotel, / WATER STREET, / ST. STEPHEN, N. B. / Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable Terms. / Livery and Boarding Stables in connection with the House. / D. W. McCormick, Proprietor.

W. Martin & Son, / Custom Tailor and Clothier, / HAS REMOVED / TO HIS / New Building Dock Street, / SAINT JOHN, N. B., / WHERE WE WILL CAREY IN THE TAILORING BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

C. MCGOURTY, / City Contractor, / No. 208 Waterloo Street. / Estimates furnished for Execution of all kinds. / For a wide bill kept at HANLEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 42 Queen Street, and orders sent there will be promptly attended to. / June 15.

Portland Hat & Cap Store, / JOHN D. HARRIS, / MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF HATS AND CAPS. / NEARLY OPPOSITE THE LONG WHARF, / MAIN STREET, PORTLAND, N. B. / N. B.—SILK CLOTHS AND MELINO HATS made to order at the shortest notice, and a perfect fit guaranteed. / M. A. FINN'S REPAIRING carefully attended to. / June 15.

The Faith of our Fathers.

BY BISHOP GIBBONS. / THE / Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country / 30,000 COPIES SOLD IN THREE MONTHS! / Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it. / PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 CTS., OR IN CLOTH \$1. / Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.

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Three Building Lots to Lease / TO LEASE for 14 years, with usual conditions, except that the lessee is to be bound to build on the premises, the following desirable Building Lots, viz: / No. 1, on the corner of Carleton and British streets, fronting 20 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental \$20 per annum. / No. 2, lot on Carleton street adjoining No. 1, fronting 20 feet, with privilege of alley in the rear. Rental \$20 per annum. / No. 3, lot on Carleton street adjoining Lot No. 2, 25 feet frontage, extending back 70 feet, with privilege of alley in rear. Rental \$20 per annum. / This whole property has a frontage of 120 feet on Carleton street and 90 feet on British street. Total area 5,500 feet. / By Order, / ROBERT MARSHALL, / Treasurer (Provisional) Ophian Assn.

CANDAGE BROS., / Dealers in / Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c. / 14 CANTERBURY ST., / ST. JOHN, N. B. / B. W. Candage. / HAWKES BROTHERS, / Dealers in / Ales, Wines and Liquors, / 48 GERMAIN STREET, / AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS. / SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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GREENVILLE EXPRESS. / MANUFACTURED BY / D. A. HOLLAND. / ALL Orders sent to JOHN O'NEILL, Mill street, or at the Andrew's Mill, Portland, will be promptly attended to. / N'DONALD & CO., / Custom Tailors and / HAVE REMOVED / TO / MARSHALL'S INSURANCE / Cor. of Market Square, / SAINT JOHN, N. B. / GENTS GARMENTS made to order on the most

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