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PUPILS CAN BEGIN THEIR LESSONS AT ANY TIME.
MRS. KELTIE has charge of the Vocal Department.
vzx

Fate of Sir Hugh.

It was one of those days in the early year when the spring seems to rush upon the world as though suddenly new born, when there is all at once a delicious whisper and rustle of leaves, and the sunshine permeates everything; when the earth wakes fresh, green, and laden with dews; and soft breezes, fragrant with the promise of summer, come stealing into the open windows. Nea looked like the embodiment of spring as she stood there in her white gown. Below her was the cool green garden of the square where she had played as a child, with the long morning shadows lying on the grass; around her were the twitterings of the house-martins and the cheeping of sparrows under the eaves; from the distance came the perfumy breath of violets.

Such days make the blood course tumultuously through the veins of youth, when with the birds and all the live young things that sport in the sunshine, they feel that mere existence is a joy and a source of endless gratitude.

"Who so happy as I?" thought Nea, as she tripped through the great empty rooms of Belgrave House, with her hands full of golden primroses; "how delicious it is only to be alive on such a morning."

Alas for that happy spring-tide, for the joyousness and glory of her youth. Little did Nea guess as she flitted, like a white butterfly, from one flower vase to another, that her spring-tide was already over, and and that the cloud that was to obscure her life was dawning slowly in the east.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAURICE TRAFFORD.

I have no reason than a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
—Shakespeare.

Before noon there was a terror and confusion in Belgrave House. Nea, flitting like a humming-bird from flower to flower, was suddenly startled by the sound of heavy jolting footsteps on the stairs, and, coming out of the corridor, she saw stange men carrying the insensible figure of her father to his room. She uttered a shrill cry and sprung toward them, but a gentleman who was following them put her gently aside, and telling her that he was a doctor, and that he would come to her presently, quietly closed the door.

Nea, sitting on the stairs and weeping passionately, heard from a sympathizing bystander the little there was to tell.

Mr. Huntingdon had met with an accident in one of the crowded city lanes. His horse had shied at some passing object and had thrown him—here Nea uttered a low cry—but that was not all.

His horse had flung him at the feet of a very Juggernaut, a mighty wagon piled with wool bales nearly as high as a house. One of the leaders had backed on his haunches at the unexpected obstacle; but the other, a foolish young horse, reared, and, in another moment would certainly have trodden out the brains of the insensible man, had not a youth—a mere boy—suddenly rushed from the crowded footpath and thrown himself full against the terrified animal, so for one brief instant retarding the movement of the huge wagon while Mr. Huntingdon was dragged aside.

It had all happened in a moment; the next moment the horses were plunging and rearing, with the driver swearing at them, and the young man had sunk on a truck white as death, and faint from the pain of his sprained arm and shoulder.

"Who is he?" cried Nea, impetuously, "what have they done with him?"

He was in the library, the butler informed her. The doctor had promised to dress his shoulder after he had attended to Mr. Huntingdon. No, his mistress need not go down, Wilson went on; it was only Mr. Trafford, one of the junior clerks. Only a junior clerk! Nea flashed an indignant look as Wilson spoke. What if he were the city messenger; her father should make his fortune, and she would go and thank him. But there is no time for this, for the same grave-looking doctor who had closed her father's door against her was now standing on the threshold; and Nea forgot everything in her gratitude and joy as he told her that, though severely injured, Mr. Huntingdon was in no danger, and with quiet rest, and good nursing, he would soon be himself again. It would all depend on her, he added, looking at the agitated girl in a fatherly manner; and he bade her dry her eyes and look as cheerful as she could that she might not disturb Mr. Huntingdon. Nea obeyed him; she choked down her sobs resolutely, and with a strange paleness on her face, stole into the darkened room and stood beside him.

"Well, Nea," observed her father, huskily, as she took his hand and kissed it; "I have had a narrow escape; another instant and it would have been all over with me. Is Wilson there?"

"Yes, papa," answered Nea, still holding his hand to her cheek, as she knelt beside him; and the gray haired butler stepped up to the bed.

"Wilson, let Stephenson know that he is to get rid of Gypsy at once. She has been a bad bargain to me, and this trick of hers might have cost me my life."

"You are not going to sell Gypsy, papa," exclaimed the girl, forgetting the doctor's injunctions in her dismay; "not your own beautiful Gypsy?"

"I never allow people or animals to offend me twice, Nea. It is not the first time Gypsy has played this trick on me. Let Stephenson see to it at once. I will not keep her. Tell him to let Unbridge see her, he admired her last week; he likes spirit and will not mind a high figure, and he knows her pedigree."

"Yes, sir," replied Wilson.

"By and bye," continued Mr. Huntingdon, feebly, "some one told me just now about a youth who had done me a good turn in the matter. Did you hear his name, Wilson?"

"Yes, papa," interrupted Nea, eagerly; "it was Mr. Trafford, one of the junior clerks, and he is down-stairs in the library, waiting for the doctor to dress his shoulder."

Nea would have said more, for her heart was full of gratitude to the heroic young stranger; but her father held up his hand deprecatingly, and she noticed that his face was very pale.

"That will do, my dear. You speak too fast, and my poor head is still painful and confused;" and as Nea looked distressed at her thoughtlessness, he continued, kindly, "Never mind, Doctor Ainslie says I shall be all right soon—he is going to send me a nurse. Trafford, you say; that must be Maurice Trafford, a more junior. Let me see, what did Dobson say about him?" and Mr. Huntingdon lay and pondered with that hard set face of his, until he had mastered the facts that had escaped his memory.

"Ah, yes, the youngest clerk but one in office; a curate's son from Birmingham, an orphan—no mother—and drawing a salary of seventy pounds a year. Dobson told me about him; a nice gentlemanly lad; works well—he seems to have taken a fancy to him. He is an old fool, is Dobson, and full of vagaries, but a thoroughly good man of business. He said Trafford was a fellow to be trusted, and would make a good clerk by and by. Humph; a rise will not hurt him. One can not give a diamond ring to a boy like that. I will tell Dobson to-morrow to raise Trafford's salary to a hundred a year."

"Papa!" burst from Nea's lips as she overheard this muttered soliloquy, but, as she remembered the doctor's advice, she prudently remained quiet; but if any one could have read her thoughts at that moment, could have known the oppression of gratitude in the heart of the agitated girl toward the stranger who had just saved her father from a horrible death, and whose presence of mind and self-forgetfulness were to be repaid by the paltry sum of thirty pounds a year! "Papa she exclaimed, and then in her forbearance kept quiet.

"Ah, Nea, are you there still?" observed her father in some surprise; "I do not want to keep you a prisoner, my child. Wilson can sit by me while I sleep, for I must not be disturbed after I have taken the composing draught Dr. Ainslie ordered. Go out for a drive and amuse yourself; and, wait a moment, Nea, perhaps you had better say a civil word or two to young Trafford, and see if Mrs. Thorpe has attended to him. He shall hear from me officially to-morrow; yes," muttered Mr. Huntingdon, as his daughter left the room, "a hundred a year is an ample allowance for a junior, more than that would be ill-advised and lead to presumption."

Maurice Trafford was in the library trying to forget the pain of his injured arm, which was beginning to revenge itself for that moment's terrible strain.

The afternoon's shadows lay on the garden of the square, the children were playing under the acacia trees, the house-martins still circled and wavered in the sunlight.

Through the open window came the soft spring breezes and the distant hum of young voices; within was warmth, silence, and the perfume of violets.

Maurice closed his drowsy eyes with a delicious sense of luxurious forgetfulness, and then opened them with a start; for some one had gently called him by his name, and for a moment he thought it was still his dream, for standing at the foot of the couch was a girl as beautiful as any vision, who held out her hand to him, and said in the sweetest voice he had ever heard:

"Mr. Trafford, you have saved my father's life. I shall be grateful to you all my life."

Maurice was almost dizzy as he stood up and looked at the girl's earnest face and eyes brimming over with tears, and the sunlight and the violets and the children's voices seemed all confused; and as he took her offered hand a strange shyness kept him silent.

"I have heard all about it," she went on. "I know while others stood by too terrified to move, you risked your own life to protect my father—that you stood between him and death while they dragged him out from the horses feet. It was noble—heroic;" and here Nea clasped her hands, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Poor impetuous child; these were hardly the cold words of civility that her pompous father had dictated, and were to supplant the thirty pounds per annum, "officially delivered." Surely, as she looked at the young man in his shabby coat, she must have remembered that it was only Maurice Trafford the junior clerk—the drudge of a mercantile house.

Nea owned afterward that she had forgotten everything; in after years she confessed that Maurice's grave young face came upon her like a revelation.

She had admirers by the score—the handsome, weak-minded Lord Bertie among them—but never had she seen such a face as Maurice Trafford's, the poor curate's son.

(To be Continued.)

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so, too.

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METAMORPHOSED SONGS.

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There are many songs which were composed in the time of Charles II., whose music is in vogue to-dry, whose words were of the most infamously indecent description originally. Henry Purcell, to the shame of the epoch be it said, brought forth many of these. But since even Shakespeare at times decended to the level of his age we need not too bitterly blame the musical genius (the greatest that England ever produced) for trying to earn an occasional shilling by turning out such wicked musical compositions. Some of the early English ballads tell of times of persecution, of bigotry, and of intolerance. Naturally these musical works have undergone transformation in modern times; but one, "The Jew's Daughter," has remained intact, and tells of the murder of Hugh of Lincoln, which took place A. D. 1255, and was charged upon the Jews of Lincoln, of whom over 200 were brought to London and tried, withtorture, for a mythical crucifixion of the unfortunate lad.

The tale of ancient jealousy has come down to our times in the song, "O, Waly, Waly Up the Bank," which refers to the separation of Lord Jamie Douglas from his wife. The original tale reads much like the plot of Shakespeare's "Othello," for there was an Iago in the shape of a certain Lowrie of Blackwood, secretary to Douglas, and in default of the fatal handkerchief which plays so important a part in the Shakespearean tradegy this wicked man placed a pair of boots in such wise that the jealousy of the Marquis was aroused, and a pathetic separation followed, of which few who sing the song know anything.

Some of the odd transformations of songs are due to what must originally have been something very like theft, thus "Willie, We Have Missed You" is only a paraphrase of the famous Scotch song, "Jock o' Hazedean." The yet more celebrated, "John Anderson My Jo" is suspiciously like "When Jonny Comes Marching Home Again," a popular song of war times. But sometimes these resemblances to the Scotch music come about very innocently. Thus a strathspey changed into "Oft in the Stilly Night," land this is by no means a distant relative to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," thus making a favorite hymn tune first cousin to an ungodly and very energetic dance. Such changes might occur through the unconscious retention of a tune in the mind, as once happened to Mendelssohn while composing "Elijah;" he had heard "Auld Robin Gray" sung in Leeves' tune (this popular melody is not the original tune which went with the words) and the melody clung to his memory without his being aware of the fact. When, therefore, he set the words of "O, Rest in the Lord," to the extreme horror of the publisher he used Leeve's tune without in the least being conscious of plagiarism. When his attention was drawn to the fact he altered the melody, but the careful observer will still discover something of the flavor of "Auld Robin Gray" in "O, Rest in the Lord."

Many of the songs of the German students have been stolen and reproduced in new guises on this side of the Atlantic. "Maryland, My Maryland," for example, is, note fote for note, the old German song "O Tannebaum," a song in praise of fidelity. The simple little song so often heard in kindergarten or Sunday school as "O, Come, Come Away" is one of the most popular of the student songs, but in Germany it represents the merits of a very fiery punch called "Crambambuli." Our national music is full of metamorphoses akin to those mentioned above, "Yankee Doodle" being old English, "The Star-Spangled Banner" a jovial drinking song, and "America" the English national anthem. Even the hymnology is not exempt from those importune resemblances, for "Sun of My Soul" is not very far from Mozart's "Se Vuol Ballare," and many other instances of metamorphoses might be cited, but enough has been noted to prove that Solomon's saying, "There is no new thing under the sun," may be very strongly applied to music.—[Boston Musical Herald.

CITY FIRE ALARM CARD

Locality and Numbers of Boxes, with Directions for Giving an Alarm.

No. 2. Central Fire Station Signal.
No. 4. Central Police Station.
No. 5. Dundas and Wellington.
No. 6. Talbot and Kent.
No. 7. Richmond and Sydenham.
No. 8. Waterloo and Picadadilly.
No. 12. Colborne and Bond.
No. 13. Dundas and Maitland.
No. 14. Simcoe and Maitland.
No. 15. Wellington and Simcoe.
No. 16. Talbot and Horton.
No. 17. Ridout and York.
No. 21. Clarence and G. T. R. Crossing.
No. 23. York and Burwell.
No. 24. Lichfield and Raglan.
No. 25. Carling's New Brewery.

Directions for giving an alarm from above boxes: Unlock the outside door and pull it steadily and firmly wide open. Then grasp the knob or button which is on a crank on the inside door and pull it slowly and steadily to your right, and downwards (once only) as far as it will go. Then release it and it will at once fly back to its place.

No. 9. William and Oxford.
No. 26. Dundas and Ridout.
No. 27. South street, opposite Hospital.
No. 31. Waterloo and Bathurst.
No. 32. Wellington and York.
No. 34. Richmond and Bathurst.
No. 35. William and Hill.
No. 36. Maitland and Pall Mall.
No. 41. Dundas and Adelaide.
No. 42. Ridout and Fullarton.
No. 43. Richmond and Maple.
No. 45. William and Bathurst.
No. 51. Waterloo and Queen's avenue.
No. 52. Richmond and Ann.
No. 53. William and Bond.
No. 54. Thames and Bathurst.
No. 61. Hill and Clarence.

Directions for giving an alarm from above boxes: Unlock the outside door and pull it firmly and steadily until it is wide open. Pulling the door wide open is all that is necessary to give an alarm from these boxes.

No. 3. Talbot and King.
No. 62. Dundas street and Street Car Stables.
No. 63. Elizabeth and Lorne avenue.
No. 64. Ontario and Franklin.
No. 71. Dundas and Quebec.
No. 72. G. T. R. Car Shops Gate.
No. 81. Rectory and Hamilton Road.
No. 82. Rectory and G. T. R. Crossing.

Directions for giving an alarm from above boxes: Unlock and pull open the outside door. Then pull the hook on the inside door straight down as far as it will go (about two inches)—only once—and let it go.

No. 18. Queen street and Maple avenue.
No. 19. Stanley and Horn.
No. 28. Wellington and Bridge streets.
No. 46. Elmwood avenue and Edward street.
No. 47. Wortley road and Briscoe street.
No. 56. Wharncliffe road, McMillan's Hotel.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO NOV. 15, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas.
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:50 p.m
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:00 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:40 p.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	5:25 p.m.	8:45 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m
Canada Southern Division—Going West.		
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:28 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	4:20 a.m
Chicago L'ld Exp. (daily)	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m
American Express (except Mondays)	9:50 a.m.	1:30 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Pacific Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	6:00 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m

Trains arrive in London at 8:25 a.m., 12 m and 6:40 p.m.

[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (A)	3:35 a.m.	3:55 a.m
Mail	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (A)	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
St. Louis Express (A) (D)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed—No. 78 Freight (C)	5:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m
MAIN LINE—Going West.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (A)	5:10 a.m.	5:30 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
Erie Limited	11:00 a.m.	.....
St. Louis Express (A)	11:30 a.m.	11:50 a.m
Accommodation	12:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Pacific Express (A)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	9:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:20 p.m
Sarnia Branch.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (B)	3:50 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (B)	11:45 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	8:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (B)	11:35 p.m.	.....
Sarnia Branch.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (B)	.....	5:20 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (B)	.....	11:05 a.m
Accommodation	.....	2:30 p.m
Pacific Express (B)	.....	7:00 p.m
London, Huron and Bruce.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail	6:45 p.m.	4:25 p.m
London and Port Stanley.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:20 a.m.	9:30 a.m
Mail	2:10 p.m.	4:50 p.m
Accommodation	6:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
Mixed	6:50 p.m.	.....
Mail	11:15 p.m.	.....
St. Marys and Stratford Branch.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail	10:55 a.m.	7:35 a.m
Express	5:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
	*7:00	9:15	10:50	12:25	4:10	5:40	n*7:00	9:25
Hamilton—Arrive—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m	
	12:35	8:50	9:09	B11:10	4:00	6:25	8:1	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(B) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(C) No. 38 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(D) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. 3 Masonic Temple.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.			
DEPART—			
London	4:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:25 p.m
Woodstock	4:46 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	6:33 p.m
Galt	5:40 a.m.	9:50 a.m.	7:30 p.m
Guelph	6:20 a.m.	11:05 a.m.	8:10 p.m
Toronto	8:15 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:55 p.m
Peterboro	11:45 a.m.	.....	12:13 a.m
Kingston	4:00 p.m.	.....	9:40 p.m
Ottawa	6:45 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m
Montreal	7:50 p.m.	.....	8:15 a.m
Quebec	6:50 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.	8:30 a.m.	.....	8:35 p.m
Boston	8:10 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m
Halifax, N. S.	11:10 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.			
DEPART—			
London	7:00 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	7:05 p.m
ARRIVE—			
Chatham	10:00 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:52 p.m
Detroit	.....	2:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m
Chicago	.....	10:15 p.m.	7:20 a.m
St. Louis	.....	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City	.....	6:10 p.m.	9:20 a.m

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:25 p.m.

THOS. R. PARKER, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)		.....	5:10	7:40	.....
Courtright		.....	5:40	8:20	.....
M. C. R. Junction		.....	5:45	8:22	.....
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	.....	7:45	10:35	3:30
	dep	7:45	.....	10:40	4:40
Fargo (M. C. R.)		8:13	.....	2:35	5:15
Blenheim	arr	8:25	.....	11:20	5:30

Trains North.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim	dep	8:20	2:55	2:45
Fargo (M. C. R.)		8:43	3:10	6:00
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	9:08	3:30	6:20
	dep	9:13	3:37	.....
M. C. R. Junction		11:20	.....	.....
Courtright		11:25	3:55	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	arr	12:00	4:25	.....

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