

Poetry.

AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be.
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.
NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

Thus were two long separated souls united at last, thus in a single moment was spanned a gulf of eighteen years. Again the child of sorrow wept and clung, as she wept and clung that bright autumn morning eighteen years ago—clung and wept on the same breast from which she was so cruelly torn, but now in joy and happiness, not as then in grief and sorrow.

have begun at least, an act of justice, which I command you to see consummated. I want you to see or write to young Arbyght concerning his sister; she may not now care to acknowledge the relationship, but I want to make reparation to HIM. I have willed to Grace \$10,000 in cash.

with Jespra, and our delightful tote-a-tote must, I am sorry to say, have an end."
"Remember," she warningly said, as he descended the steps of the glacia "that I must hear all about poor Grace."

ment, as the lips parted and the teeth glistened savagely. "We can remedy that" replied the artist confidently.
"Oh! Miss Geldamo is that you?" Relvason said, seeing her for the first time. He would not have seen her then had she not approached him.

I believe we will still be able to manage it."
"Do you really think so?" he asked with vehement eagerness, and he devoured the jagged fragment with a look that resembled the gaze of a famished hound at a piece of meat beyond its reach.