Paalm-Dominus Regit Me, etc. Translated by Very Rev. Æneas McD. Dawson V. G., LLD., etc.

anslated by Very Rev. Aneas McD. Dawso Very Co., LLD., etc.
Are subject to thy sway, great Lord ! Naught wanting to me eer can be. Is mine, reliant on thy word. The natures sweet Thou set at me down; Dost loving rear where ceaseless flow Refreshing streams. My soul doth own Conversion's power and all aclow With gree divine, I'm constant led In virtue's path; Thou. Heavenly Stre. My siay, no evil shall I dread; My siay, no evil shall I dread; The statistic streams, and the shalow of the shal

CHAPTER XXVI.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF MR. POTTER

A year rolled by before the effects of the panic which had its foundation in

Squire Thorn's rash display of disap-proval of the new order of things wore

-The Owl

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or Goitre year, causing 40 Years greats uffering. When she caught cold could not walk two blocks without fainting. She took The New Man at Rossmere.

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ness.

her.

4.5

Hood's Sarsaparilla And is now free from it all. She has urged many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they have also been cured. It will do you good. HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Ille, jaundic ss. sour stomach,

Mrs. Anna Sutherland

2

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ever desired to call wife. It must be harmless. You know his white deputy Ursula Ralston or no one. The Southmeads were leading very alon much the same sort of lives they had

led from time immemorial—a sort of stolid cheerfulness that partook largely of the nature of resignation. Carl was trifle older ; Fred, many degrees stronger ; Ursula, a little quieter, a little sadder, but infinitely gentle and lovable.

The freedmen, who despite their boasted independence, must, for many years to come, remain mere imitators and reflectors of the views and opinions of the white men nearest them, im itated the distrust and reflected the gloom of their superiors. The season in question was a veritable winter of discentent for all concerned. Of all those who participated more of

less directly in the troubles that Judge Upps and his colleague Gays were assuredly responsible for in the eyes of God, Manton Craycraft was the only one at rest where they had laid him, n the village graveyard, back on the ridge, where the white chrysan themums that womanly hands had planted at his head and feet were already abloom, perfuming the air

with their pungent fragrance. And again it was nearing Christmas time. To the dwellers in cities, whose year is punctuated by a variety of anniversaries scattered through the months, the significance to both white

away entirely. There were those who refused to believe that the subdued attitude of the freedmen, following, as it did, in a and black of this one holiday season on the plantation can hardly be exreactionary form after that one wild aggerated. The excitement which is outburst of brute force, was anything mmon to both colors is of a very different complexion. "Christmas times" means total debetter than a cloak for darker designs,

for whose development further time and fresh counsel were alone needed moralization among domestics, un-There were those who loudly advocated thrift, carelessness, and untidiness the desirability of taking justice in galore, necessitating an extra amoun their own hands, on the eye-for-an-eye, of exertion and superhuman exercise life-for-a-life principle, unmindful of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay !" There were those of patience on the part of the house keeper who would maintain a vestige of self-respect during the ordeal of that who came to the violent conclusion dom one week, extending from Christmas that the country would never again be to New Year, which, by the inexorable a fitting abode for white men, and fled law of custom, is given up to the labor ing class

in unreflecting haste with their wives There were those who To the latter it is looked forward to and children. held that Stirling Denny's influence from one coming to the next with childlike eagerness. If the men can alone kept the turbulent element with bounds, and should that influence be sure of the wherewithal to purchase be removed they would be left entirely a supply of whisky, tobacco, powden at the mercy of a set of beings who and shot, with perhaps a new pair of moral preceptions were of the lowest conestoga boots or a flash and shoddy order, and who, drunken suit of clothes, they ask nothing more possible at the hands of fate. To the women it means a grand shopalready with their own exaltation to a little temporary authority over their former masters in the person of Sam Faythliss, were ready for anything. ping excursion to the nearest store, where their hard earnings are speedily converted into tawdry finery and cheap gewgaws. The increase o Such convictions impelled many to seek in more civilized localities, and under more intelligent officials, that comforts for their homes is of the las security for life and property which all consideration. They are too migra tory in their habits to care for such men desire. A dreary winter followed upon the

unwieldy belongings as bureaus and fall elections that had been attended washstands.

with so much of terror and tragedy. But neither white nor black citizens The residences of a great many of the looked forward to the coming Christplanters were closed and vacant. mas with feelings of hilarity. Every-Squire Thorn had finally been taken thing had gone awry. It seemed all back to his home, in a state bordering on imbecility. Time had only served muddle. Superstition, that ever-ready ally of ignorance, offered a solution of to intensify his gloom and his helplessthe general distress to Abram Potter: In faithful ministration upon He took gloomy satisfaction in trying to him his wife spent the days and nights prove by a capitulation of the various disasters that had helped on the cataswhich she had solemnly dedicated to duty. She had begun to climb the hill "Difficulty " on her wedding day, trophe of a moneyless Christmas, that the Lord was against His people, and and if by the eye of faith she could se was emptying the vials of His just wrath upon them. His favorite place the shining heights afar, happy for But the shadows lay thick and and time for airing these somber condark about her daily walk victions was of evenings, when he, Stirling Denny, repulsed a seated on a low stool in Frederic's

time, causelessly, as he imagined, by room, blacking the shoes for the three the woman to whom he had given the male members of the family, was at pest offerings of his strong, pure liberty to express his views on all subnature, withdrew into himself more and more, finding his only distraction sage reflections afforded Fred neverin endeavoring to ameliorate county natters for all concerned. It was n

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is, in reality, our sheriff. Poor old Sam ! he soon found he couldn't stand "Dat's wot I bin tolin' yer all dis time," says Abram, eagerly. "Nig-gers ken't stan' lone, don' keer how "Nighard dey try ! De lone bone done lef" out'n his 'natimy altoogedder.

"Give them time, Abe," said Stirling Denny's young disciple. "You know we all have to crawl before we can run." "You's right ag'in, son, but we ain

done no good by a histin' Sam Fayth-liss up whar he done got de dizziness in his head. You see, Sam he tried to run fo' he know how to crawl even, en what's been de hupshot ?'

"I don't know, what?" "De same Lord wich punish dem Babbyloners fur der foolishness and der out-set-in-ness, is ag'in proud an stiff neck folks down ter dis day. Ef Sam had er stuck to his cotton patch we would'nt never hev been a moanin over dese hard times, son-no, sah." "I don't know, Abe.

"I don't know, Abe." "But I does," said Mr. Potter, em-phatically. "Git out, chile ! w'en de nigger git's t' knowin' dat he is got to mek a contrac' uv mutualability wid his w'te folks, he's on de road t' wisdom,

"The lesson of mutual support and

in a row by the wall. Abe took up his implements, and went to give Mrs. Potter the benefit of his bottled wis-

> CHAPTER XXVII. WON OVER.

Stirling Denny sat alone in his library the morning before Christmas. He was at his open desk, but not writing with his usual directness of pur pose. He was surrounded by a con-fused mass of letters and papers, which he was examining, sorting, filing, and destroying, as their merits or demerits suggested.

The contents of his brother's lettercase lay before him. The task he had devoted this morning to was one he had been shrinking from ever since Manton's death. He knew it was a duty he must perform some time or other, but recognized no necessity for haste in the matter. His brother's unselfish and heroic death had wiped out so many of the old scores against him that Stirling shrank from what seemed like prying anew into his foibles and weaknesses. He laid down his pen more than once to clasp his head, as he tilted his chair back, and stared reflectively out at the cedar birds, busy among the purplish berries of the cedar trees that lent their ever

greenness to his front yard. To-morrow Christmas would be here once more. Two years since, he had first been made welcome in a Southern home. Two years since, he had first met Ursula Ralston ; and it seemed to him quite that long since he had been loving her with a single-hearted put pose of marrying her if he could. What headway had he made with these natives among whom he had cast his lot for better or for worse? The jects. His untutored but oftentimes majority he believed he had won over pretty thoroughly; but what did i him to

Gently cordial

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS. as he began turning over the leaves that bore record to his brother's active service in the Federal army. The events of the war were of too recent occurrence, and his own participation in them too real, for this record to possess any very vivid interest, and he was skimming across the pages with heedless hast , when the name ' Henry Ralston " started out from the page be fore him, black and distinct.

"Henry" contained no especial interest for him, but Ralston was a name that must always arrest his attention ; that was why the following lines won a more careful reading from him than he had yet bestowed on any of the papers : "Mem. - Must endeavor to send

through the lines a gold watch and cameo ring, confided to my care by a poor devil of a reb, who was shot through the side in the engagement today, and taken prisoner by our boys. Died in hospital at half-past 2 o'clock Asked for an officer. I went to him. Begged I would send his watch and ing to his wife. Gave me his name-Henry Ralston-last gasp came befor he could tell me many more. He was a gentleman. Shall fulfil his wishes if I ever find anybody who can help me. This whole war is an accursed

coffee, and whatever else answers to That was all. Stirling sat staring at the yellow pages before him wist-fully. He wished the record had been fuller. Why had not Manton tried to liscover this poor fellow's wife after the war? No doubt the name, even, had escaped his heedless head long be fore the coming of peace rendered the fulfillment of the promise possible. He knew that Ursula's husband had been one of the victims of the war, but his name was never mentioned. The Tie vina people were not given to egotisti cal gossiping, and he never could have brought himself to find out from others what they did not choose to impart voluntarily. This This record left him in doubt as to whether Manton had fulfilled the request of the dying rebel soldier. Then he remem ered that when kind hands had prepared Manton for burial in the little village grave-yard, some one had brought him a box, telling him his riend's watch and other valuables were in it. He turned to the drawer where he had placed it when coming home after the funeral. It was barely possible the watch in the box may been the watch of the bequest. He had never noticed it particularly when his prother was wearing it, nor when it had come into his own possession. H took it from the box and examined it minutely. It was a double-cased gold repeater, richly chased, but with no nitials to serve as a clew. He observed

opened the back. The works seemed hearts of the innocent in trying to prove somebody guilty. It went out of of ordinary construction, with the regulation number of jewels, but the extra thickness was certainly in the lid on ashion when private letters became public property ; and a man might, without fear of disgrace, print, or sell He examined it minutely this side. got up and went to the window for the to be printed, any scrap of paper be-longing to another that had fallen into enefit of a better light. Opening his pocket-knife, he ran the blade of it his hands. lowly and cautiously along the rim, A very wise man-a gentle man and and struck a spring with a suddenness a loyal man—once said : "A man may be judged by what he believes." If that made him start. A thin disk of gold revolved on tiny hinges and diswe could learn the truth of this early played to view, in the concave back of in life, what harm could be done us by he watch, a small ivory miniature of the creature who tears the thorns out Ursula Ralston.

we hear that Jason has called us a fool, takably Ursula Ralston. Stirling Denny stood there a long we should not be so ready to cry out with all our breath that he is a scountime gazing upon the picture of the drel, --because we should not be han he loved so dearly. Then he closed the watch with a snap and put it n his own pocket. He resolved to go mmediately to Mr. Southmead with the watch and Manton's diary. He had been so absorbed in examination of the watch that he had not He could see her now, coming to noticed the entrance of a visitor : a ward him through the folding doors at soft-foot, mute-lipped, humble sort of a hangs a tale.' visitor, nevertheless a visitor with an errand which he was eager to do. An and imperative bark announced this visitor. "Mingo," Mr. Southmead's lemoncolored setter, was standing there be fore him, his sides heaving, his tongue olling from his mouth, and anxiety of the keenest sort filling his intelligent eyes. Standing on two feet, he placed his fore paws upon the major's arm, and barked once more, quickly and imperatively. "Down, sir. What's the trouble. studied courtesy. They met only occasionally, more boy? Carl? Anything wrong with Carl?" ften at Thorndale than elsewhere At mention of the child's name, Min-Sula was Mrs. Thorn's chief stay and go dropped to his feet and started hastily for the door. Stirling opened prop during that dismal winter, and the major gave much of his time to the stricken old man. But these the lid of his desk and swept the scattered papers inside, then stooped to lock the drawers. The delay irritated Mingo, who said as much by another impatient bark, as he halted in the open door to wait for the major

JULY 28, 1892.

JULY 23, 1892.

The Garland of Roses.

Maurice Fr ancis Egan in Ave Maria.

-too much about the outward look of things, and too little about the inward.

Manners make a great difference in

this world-we all discover that sooner

or later, -- but later we find out that

there are some principles which keep

society together more than manners

If manners are the flower, these prin-

ciples are the roots, which intricately

bind earth and crumbling rocks to

gether and make a safe footing. To

to teach the outward form, without the

value. By preaching I mean the talk

and advice that permeate the news-

papers and books of social instruction. Manners are only good, after all,

when they represent something. What does it matter whether Mr. Jupi

ter makes a charming host at his own table or not, if he sit silent a few min-

utes after some of his guests are gone, and listen to the horrors that one who

stays behind tells of them? And if Mrs. Juno, whose manners at her "at

nome" are perfect, sits down and rips

acquaintances she has just fed with

But by and by there comes into the

woman has not a taste

and tears at the characters of

ay the end of preaching seems to be

nward light that gives the form all its

There are too many etiquette books,

THE CITY OF TH AN ALLEGORY

(ALBA).

CHAPTER II.-Con We entered the Empo Fairheart kindly directe chases. He insisted stron investing only in the very of seed. Numerous bags ing around, invitingly adorned with recommen cards ; but my companion cal examination, declined of each and all, telling that they were all inferior them absolutely perniciou We were told that ous. quality of seed best suited the Hill of Fame ; that were hardly ever asked After much rummaging, brought forth which F seemed up to the busines fairly good. Armed wit clear my way with all thro and with my bag of seed shoulder, I was ready t Other implements, they had on the Hill.

Won't you come with gested to Fairheart, for part from him.

'No, thank you," ret am going home. Take self, and don't wander in CHAPTER

I will not say how lon cross the ravine, nor w difficulties I encountere say that an age seemed before I found invself ceptibly journeying luxuriant vegetation the many rifts and of the hill, proved, on 1 ance, to be excessively indeed, as to render th wholesome. The fruit duced were very abun were of the nature of fu I thought, both as to t and the blotched, unhea of those I saw eating ient evidence of the character. This crop, grown from the seed denounced; for the evidently been laid ou embosomed habitation imposing. Many of th ninhabited and in dwellers in those that pied showed unmista bad air and food. I fo some roots, very my saw on the Common, pretty flowers ; but th drier and more stony not linger on my way haste I could to reach By dint of tion. steep and stoney pr attained a small table surface of one of th ences. Here I foun tentious dwelling, wi of pretty flowers, breeze. A man was lot, digging up roots I had already made a After the first salu

> 'Is this the only I asked, pointing to might just as well sta

to talk.

Common. "Every bit as y man-whose name, Sterling." Every save all the climbing he added, "you an "Here are some there," I said, indic whence I had come. "Yes," answered

don't have much

weeds. Now, here

them all over my

effect from the lev

Poor Sterling !

to tell him that

and little more d

road. I felt very i

could not help rema

Seed down there.

" It seems an ait

"It is better th

" But could one

-a little higher u

Sterling laughed

could ; but I have

It was hard enoug

and I am satisfied

plant my flowers,

grance while it la

is glad to hold on

added, wearily,

ing-and all for v

ness but veiled di

not re-assuring

continued :

it.

Yes. I could see

I should like

You will nev

He looked at m

he thought I was

expression chang

"Why not?

"Yes - but h

explain. There

to the effect that

Chance appeare them up. Som

them up. Som is no such indivi

all done by shee

was, I can't se

one reaches even

were invisible

charming.

piece of barbarism. That boy's face-he was hardly anything more-haunts

to the fatted calf, shall we believe that she is useful to society? There is harmless gossip which has its place; in life it is like the details in a novel ; it is amusing and interesting because it belongs to humanity,-and what that is human is alien to us? far as gossip concerns the lights and shades of character, the minor miseries and amusing happenings of life, what honest man or for it? And who values a friend less because his peculiarities make us smile? very corner of the fireside a guest who disregards the crown of roses which every man likes to hang above his door. The roses mean silence,or, at least, that all things that pass under them shall be sweetened by the breath of hospitality; and he adds little to the smile of kindly tolerance, and he paints it as a sneer. forgive me for telling you," he whis pers, when he is safely sheltered be neath your friend's garland of roses 'but Theseus spoke of you the othe night in a way that made my blood boil

And then the friendship of years is snapped ; and then the harmless jest, in which Theseus' friend would have delighted even at his own expense if he had been present, becomes a jagged bullet in an ulcerased wound. Sub rosa was a good phrase with the old Latins, but who minds it now? It went out o that it was of a peculiar thickness. He opened it. The dial was like all fashion when the public began to pay He opened it. The dial was like all watch dials. He closed the face and newspaper reporters for looking through keyholes, and for stabbing the

of our hospitable roses, and goes about Younger, brighter, more girlish in lacerating hearts with them? her beauty, shyer of eye, but unmis-

a good shine to de boss's boots." And, ranging the six shining shoes

en will fotch up healthy en wealthy en wise and not fore. Exhausted by this foresic flight, this

unconscious political economist rose to take his departure for the quarters. dependence is one we have to learn, Abram, as well as yourselves, and, thanks be to God, we are learning it." "Amen !" said Abram. "Good-night, chile. Bless de lum', ef I is done turn fool I ain' forgot how to give

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ng amusement.

"Yes sah " Abram said, for about affection of the ninety and nine whom n him to brood over a disappointment he cared nothing for, so long as the the fortieth time, drawing a long, If the joys of domestic life were not at restful inspiration, as he laid down his one hundredth, the stately, calm-eyed tainable by him, in the only shape he one-hundredth -- Ursula, maintaine blacking-brush and held Mr. South craved them, then he would do with mead's highly polished boot off at arm's an attitude of reserve that puzzled and He, who scorned substitutes for pained him beyond expression? length to criticize the result of his own meaner things, would certainly never efforts, "de Lord is ag'in us sho'! En accept one for the only woman he had

dat's gospil troof, ef hit ain' nuthin Tievina, that pleasant Christmas two years gone, like a messenger of pcace but a fool nigger a sayin' uv it. An I is come to the 'clushun, sah," he con tinued sententiously, "dat I is foun' out whar de trouble mos'ly lays wich and good-will. thoroughly friendly then, when he had expected so little from her by way of is brought down de viols er wraf on lis yer first greeting to the man whom see

yer vale uv tears." 'Where does it lie, Abe?" Fred tional traditions presented in the light of a foeman-but now, when he had shown her his heart, when he had asked, always willing to lend an attentive ear to the old man's quaint grown to feel a daily need for the frank noralizing. comradeship that had marked the

Abram polished another boot in olemn silence before delivering himearlier stages of their acquaintance. their intercourse had congealed into elf further. 'Hit lays, sah," he said, finally.

emphasizing his remarks by a meas ured beat of three right-hand fingers upon the outstretched palm of his left hand, " in de fac' dat we is got a Joner on bo'd de ship uv state." " A Jonah, Abe !'

meetings were fraught with discomfor "I makes no 'punctions in sayin' to to both of them, There was such a you, in de priversy uv dis room er yo'n, Mister Freddie, dat we is unpalpable effort to ignore the one pas sage in their lives that was omnipres doubtedly a sailin' in de same boat wid ent to both, that each stood self-con a Joner "What is your Jonah's other name. victed of duplicity.

Stirling was wondering, as he sat there watching the busy cedar birds. Abe

Fred asked this question with eager how they would all spend the day to Who knew but perhaps the interest. name of Manton Craycraft's slayer would at last be divulged ! All the morrow at Tievina, and would they slaver think of him. Now that Manton was gone, he stood entirely alone in the inited efforts of the white people had world, and his heart craved recogni proved useless, so far, to discover the tion in the universal brotherhood of humanity. But prolonged repining an who struck that deadly blow.

"His name, sah, hit is Samuel aythliss," said Abram, promptly. was altogether out of his mental rou-"À nigger wich is done turn fool tine : so, shaking himself very much hisseff, an' wich ain' gwine to res' tell after the fashion of a big Newfoundafter the fashion of a big Newfoundhe mek jes' es big fools uv all de res' land dog ridding himself of a surplus uv de niggers, is Joner 'nough to of cold water, he shook off what threat-

swamp de best boat dat ever wuz sot ened to be an unusually severe attack of the vapors, and fell vigorously to afloat !

work on the papers before him. He came, finally, to a small black 'You are going too fast, old man, said Fred, seriously. "You are hold-ing poor Sam in too heavy responsisaid Fred, seriously. "You are hold-ing poor Sam in too heavy responsi-bility for the actions of other and deeper men. He was nothing but a tool before election, and he's nothing "He cane, many, to a small black pocket diary, clasped with a broad stamped on the flap in gilt lettering." tool before election, and he's nothing "'He was with the army in Virginia but a dummy now. He is perfectly that year," the major said, musingly,

"I'm coming, boy. Is it Carl that wants me ?"

> TO BE CONTINUED. To the Point.

To the Point. We say our remedy is a permanent core, and then prove it thus: Toronto, Ont., April 17, 1887. "I would state that St. Jacobsoli cured meeffectnally of rheumatism, with which I suffered in 1880. I have never had any return since of the pain which I en-dured for months previous. It affords me great pleasure to say I have recommended it to a number of friends. Too much praise cumber of the pasenger Agent, 51 York St. A seven years' test. A Child Saved. My little boy was taken very bad with

A Child Saved. My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhea, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his lite, but a kady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child. MRS. WM. STEWART, Campbellville, Ont.

ready to believe that Jason, who was a decent fellow yesterday, should sud denly become the hater of a good friend to-day. And when, under stress (unrighteous indignation, we have called Jason a scoundrel, the listener can hardly wait until he has informed Jason of the enormity ; " and thereby

looking

But when we get older and wiser, we do not ask many people to sit under our roses ; and those whom we ask we trust implicitly. In time-so happily is our experience-we believe no evil of any man with whom we have ever cordially shaken hands. Then we begin to enjoy life; and we, too. Then we choose our acquaintances by their unwillingness to believe evil of others And as for the man who has eaten our salt, we become so optimistic about his that we would not even believe that he could write a stupid book : and that is the nirvana of belief in one's friends. Less manners, we pray,-less talk about the handling of a fork and the angle of a bow, and more respect for the roses. Of course, one of us may have said yesterday, after dinner, that Jason ought not to talk so much about his brand-new coat-of-arms; or that Ariadne, who was a widow, you know, might cease to chaunt the praise of a number one in the presence of numbe two. But do we not admire the solid qualities of both Jason and Ariade And yet who shall make them b that, when the little serpent wriggles

Don't be discouraged about that eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the com plaint for George S. Thomas, of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.

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from our hearthstone to theirs?

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