

Dreamland.  
(By Joan Blewett, Blenheim, Ont.)  
With an angel flower-laden  
Every day a little maiden  
Sells away from off my bosom  
On a radiant sea of bliss.  
I can see her drifting, drifting—  
Hear the snowy wings uplifting,  
As he woe's her into dreamland  
With a kiss.

Blissful hour, my pretty sleeper,  
Whispering with thy tender keeper,  
Listening to the world he brings thee  
From a fairer world than this.  
Ah, thy heart he is beguiling,  
I can tell it by thy smiling,  
As he woe's thee into dreamland  
With a kiss.

## UNCLE PAT.

"Well, Wynter is making an elaborate picture of this girl—a big affair. And he is at it every day—that is, every day he thinks Hugh's back is turned. Depend upon it, though, Hugh knows every day that he goes there. He has spoken to Wynter, and lately Polleken has heard him threaten. That's the sum of it. It wants putting straight."

"I'll see to it," said Monsell, thoughtfully.

"I have a scheme," Carstairs went on, "and I should not have mentioned the affair at all to you but from my interest in Miss Penland. It is deeper than you think. Besides, I fancy I know her people. I was at Trinity with a Fred Penland; hailed from the south, too. Forget whether he was an orphan."

"No relation, whatever!" Monsell remarked decisively; "it would be as well not to speak to her of her relations," and Monsell, flushed and indignant, was half-way across the room before the astounded Mr. Carstairs could gasp out, "Pig!" Mr. Boothby was pushed aside, and Miss Fanny pounced upon, captured and carried away before she had wished Mr. Hanover good-bye.

"What is this I hear about your going to the Hanovers, Fanny?" he began, angrily.

"Of course the thing is impossible."

"Why?"

"My dear girl, do you want any other reasons from me but those I gave three weeks ago? Didn't I ask you when you first came not to be too intimate? Now you seem to have struck up a close friendship."

"You were not serious, Uncle Pat! I know you were not serious because you gave no reasons."

"Reasons! Can't you have faith in Uncle Pat?"

"Yes, if Uncle Pat will have faith in me, and trust me with the truth and nothing but the truth. Miss Dawleigh makes a point of my going. There is no mystery about Aunt Carrie. Not a bit. Open as the day! She wants me to go because of Joanna and Mr. Dawleigh. She thinks I can help her, and you know very well how good she has been to me! Besides, I like Joanna."

"You may like her without rushing into her arms."

"I don't quite do that; but I do take to people when they are open!"

"Don't be unreasonable!"

"Is it unreasonable to want to know about one's father and mother after all that has been said?"

"You are bent on going, then?"

"More than ever! And I'll tell you why. It is Mr. Hanover you don't like—well—I shall make peace between you."

"Don't mistake, child! I cannot say how I dislike Hanover. He is well spoken of. I have no quarrel with him."

"Then why do you dislike my going?"

"He saw a slight chance here. He could at least push half Fanny, and I will tell you. It is, he said, holding her in his arms, "because I love you so much. It is because I want to see you happy—because I can't bear you out of my sight, or think of anybody coming between us. Remember you are all I have in the world. Now you have it!"

Fanny burst into one of her rippling peals. "You jealous old uncle!" she cried. "So you don't want me to go because Mr. Hanover is getting fond of me. Well! I am getting fond of him! What is more, he is getting fond of me. Your fiddle did it! He may make love to me," she added saucily, "though he is old enough to be my father."

"For heaven's sake never speak like that, Fanny! I can't stand it; you'll drive me crazy!"

And so manifest was his distress, that Fanny grew serious. She nestled closer to him. She slid down and knelt at his feet and there she sat with a pleading look from her blue eyes that the past flashed painfully back to him.

"Now! now! Uncle Pat!" she whispered. "Why don't you trust me? You don't know what pluck I've got. Try me! You said I was all you had in the world. You are all I have. I shan't go back to Peckham."

"You are determined to go then?"

"Quite determined. It would be worse if I stopped away."

"Ah! there is something in that."

"Depend upon it, it is best to have everything out and done with it. Try me. I've pluck enough."

"Why keep harping upon pluck? Of course you have pluck."

"I keep harping upon my father and mother. You have never from first to last told me one word about them. Tell me their being drowned and all. I want to be able to tell people that you told me."

"I cannot tell you!"

"Why not?"

"You drive me too hard, Fanny! A sacred promise prevents me. Be sensible. You are not a child."

"Why treat me like one, then? Answer me one question—Are you my father?"

"Would to God I were!" he cried, clasping her afresh. "Not that you could be more precious to me, or that I could love you more than I do. Do you wish I was your father, Fanny?"

"I can know no other," she replied, simply.

"If they are inquisitive at the Barracks show them you don't like it! Tell them to

mind their own business in some polite way. There—that will do. Run away, child!"

He was peremptory and she had to go. When her footsteps had died away he lit his pipe of consolation and sat down for a good think.

### CHAPTER X.

#### MR. MONSELL'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Monsell was a man who never lost time over any work he had to do. He had to do this, because if Harry was in a mess Fanny would be in trouble; so he caught up his stick and trudged off to the village the moment Dawleigh left him. His visits there were as welcome as flowers in May. At the sight of the well-known battered gray felt hat and broad knickerbockers Robson would pull himself together, Polleken bob inside his shop and stitch away at a boot, and even Maggie was gracious for a time.

By the time he reached the bridge on this particular afternoon, he had pretty good evidence of a "sorew loose" in the shape of Mr. Robson, who stood there with bare head and bloodshot eyes anatomizing the world in general and Sohierhallion in particular.

"See, Mr. Monsell," he cried, pointing to the mountain, across which some ragged brown clouds were scudding. "See! They drive me here and she jibes me! Pawkie and Hugh drive me here and she shakes her dirty skirts at me!"

"You've been drinking, man! Don't be swearing here!"

"Swearing, Mr. Monsell! Not at all, sir. Bardic satire, sir—sure you know nothing else. Pawkie shall be shattered; Pawkie's a liar! *Mendacem odi!*"

"You're drunk, Robson. Come home."

"Touble makes a man bacchanalian," he hiccupped, with a ludicrous effort at solemnity.

"Here is Maggie with your cap. Come home and tell me your trouble."

"Ay, ay, sir! Come to the cave of Trophonius!"

He noticed the girl look ill, and that the stains of recent tears were on her face as she put the cap on her father's head.

"See if you can get him to bed and come and talk to me," he said, when they reached the cottage. And his presence having made her father tractable, Maggie soon joined him in the shed.

"This is all wrong, Maggie," he began, "it has been wrong for months, and it is getting worse and worse. I have come here to-day on purpose to talk to you about it and help you out of it."

"I am about tired of it, Mr. Monsell; but there will be nobody that can help us."

"There is always help if it is looked for. Lay hold of this; don't forget it; now then, tell me all about it."

"Father is worse—that is all about it, sir. He lifted his hand against me yesterday for the first time. Ay! he struck me; but I don't think he would have done this of himself? Never! Polleken has been telling his lies, and he knows fine how to tell them. He has been trying to set father against me for many a day. Now he has done it!"

"You are afraid of this man?"

"He is no canny!" she cried, "he should not be here! He is like a pest, he poisons the place. He has set father against me, and he has set Hugh against me!"

"Is it true Hugh is angry because Mr. Wynter is painting your picture?"

"That is so; and where's the harm? Mr. Wynter he lays great store by the picture. He has been kind to father and I'll no thwart him. No! not though Hugh and Pawkie abuse me still they drop!"

"They have not done this?" Monsell asked gravely.

"They have done this! They have called me names no fit to be heard, and that is why father struck me. The drink was in him, and the words drove him mad."

"This picture was at the bottom of it?"

"Never had father said one word against it, Mr. Monsell, till Pawkie and Hugh spoke to him. Why, he would sit quiet here while Mr. Wynter painted. Mr. Wynter could keep him quiet. He could keep him from the public-house. He knew how to speak to him. Pawkie led him away with lies."

"Let us settle this picture business first, Maggie. You say Mr. Wynter lays great store by it, and your father did not object?"

"That is so."

"Quite enough! I'll take it in hand. I'll caution the cobbler and Hugh. Just you keep your father from the tap till I come to-morrow. I'll speak to Mrs. Macdonald. I'll tell her to give him no whiskey. He must be made to pull up, even if he has to go to one of these hospital places for a time."

"Mr. Carstairs says I ought to go."

"Nonsense! You can't leave your father here; keep him from the tap, girl, keep him from the tap. That is what has been doing the mischief." And with this he walked across to the cobbler's.

Mr. Polleken quite expected him. He had seen him go into the joiner's shed, guessed his errand, and was quite ready for him. Indeed, he flattered himself he was always a match for old Monsell; so he received him cheerfully, wiped the spare chair upon his apron, and stood respectfully before him when he was seated. He had at once cleverly took his cue from the old gentleman's opening inquiries. Yes, he thought poor Robson was getting worse and worse. Mr. Wynter was there gay often, so was Captain Carstairs. It takes a longish time to paint a picture. Four times last week and every day this! Oh, it would be a baw, baw picture when it was finished! That was a fact.

"It's a pity though, Mr. Monsell," said he, "that it has led to such a disturbance. Hugh takes it too much to heart! He's young, you see, sir, and he's pernickioty."

"He need not make a fool of himself," Monsell observed.

"That is sense, sir. It's a fact, that is sense. But Hugh is never far off Maggie; and we know a March oock is aye the best watchman."

"This must be put a stop to!" said Monsell, rising.

Monsell hurried back to Dalchoenie, where he was lucky enough to catch Harry in the smoking-room.

"You must give up this picture," said he, point blank; "it has upset the whole village."

"It would take a deal more than that to make me give it up," said Harry.

"Of course it is all right; but you must not stamp on people's corns. Here is Hugh

ranging about the place and threatening vengeance."

"I know all about that."

"Well, my dear boy, you must think of other people as well as of yourself."

"Hugh is as mad as a March hare. I had to tell him yesterday he was a black-guard for abusing Maggie. He has taken to drink, too, and if the drink had not been in him then, I would have knocked him down."

"All had—very bad."

"Well, we shan't be troubled with him any more. He has thrown up his work, and is going off to his father's at Dunan."

"When is he going?"

"To-morrow."

"Then I will see him before he goes. I'll make a point of it. And you must give up that picture."

"I have begun it, and I intend to finish it," said Harry quietly.

"Eh?"

"You had better come up stairs," said Harry.

And, without another word, Monsell trudged after him up to the top of the house, where the big attic had been converted into a studio.

It might have been the carpenter's shop, though. Fresh shavings were strewn about the floor, hammers, chisels, planes and other instruments of carpentry dotted the walls; and there was Maggie—Maggie everywhere. Studies of her face, her arms, her neck. Outline drawings of the whole figure working at the bench. She confronted you everywhere. On the easel, too, was a "five-footer," which Harry uncovered, and showed the much-talked-of picture nearly completed.

Harry never spoke. He placed a chair for the old gentleman and simply pointed to the canvas. There was a flush on his face, but whether of pride or apology Mr. Monsell could not make out.

"This is a big thing," said the old man, completely staggered.

"All for Fanny!" Harry replied in a low tone. "I have been wanting to tell you about it for some time, but never got the chance. Well to begin at the beginning, the engagement was too hurried. I scored by a fluke in that affair with Mrs. Baldeu. I knew at the time it wasn't fair, but I could not give her up. I knew she could not love me as I love her, but I could not give her up. So I have just been working away to see if this sort of thing might make her believe me. I could never have done it but for her. That is the story name. Now you know why I must finish it."

"Finish it? Why, of course you must finish it," said the old man enthusiastically. "It's a big thing, I say—a big thing."

"But I must have the girl's face, and to do that properly I must get Maggie here. I can't take this five-footer to the shed—and if I did, like as not Hugh would put his foot through it."

"Hugh or no Hugh, this picture must be completed properly. Nothing must prevent it."

"Well, do you think you could persuade Maggie to come and give me a sitting here?"

"No doubts I could. I am going to take her drunken father in hand to-morrow, after I have had it out with Hugh. I must try and bring the fool to reason. But this picture must be finished."

"We will finish it between us."

"We will."

Uncle Pat's troubles were only beginning, though. Before he could get off to the village next morning to begin his work, he was pounced upon by Miss Dawleigh, and when an elderly lady runs after you down the avenue, you may be pretty sure she has something of moment to discourse upon.

"I'm glad I caught you," she began, a little out of breath; "Fanny goes to the Barracks to-day, and now the ice is broken. I do hope you will give the girl a free hand. They have a liking for her, I know."

"I believe they have," he replied ruefully.

"Well, take my advice—encourage it. It will be a grand thing for both of us. I'll walk a little way with you if you don't go too fast, for I must tell you what is on my mind. I have set my heart on matters being arranged between Dawleigh and Joanna this very evening. He was to have left last week, but I persuaded him to stay. Fanny goes first to the barracks, and may be able to help us if she has a free hand. But she has not. The girl is consumed with suspense. She can't get over Mrs. Baldeu's words. Is it not time to speak to her? Now—before she starts?"

"I don't quite see—"

"Wait a bit. I am not prying, but I am not going to beat about the bush at such a critical time. I want you to think now what the girl may have to suffer from your silence. I know her now, and I warn you she won't submit readily. If she is the daughter of these unfortunate Pentlands, why on earth not make it clear and decided before she goes to the Barracks?"

"Ahem!—a sacred promise—"

"Sacred fiddlestick! I tell you Dawleigh will lose Joanna with all this nonsense. Besides, no promise should prevent your taking the girl to your heart and telling her the truth. It would be helping us all and I have set my whole heart on having this business with Joanna settled before I go. Now understand that clearly," and the little lady nodded with a somewhat menacing emphasis. "I have set my mind on this being settled to-night."

"Ah," thought Mr. Monsell, as he walked over the bridge, "if this estimable lady only knew all that I know, she would say I was right."

Then he stopped suddenly. "Was he right?"

The question seemed to spell itself out on the road before him. Then he hated himself for doubting himself. "No," he answered, digging his stick at it; "the trust is a righteous one, and I will stand by it in letter and in spirit. I'll put these little matters right in the village, and get back in time to give Fanny another hint how to stop their tongues at the barracks. I will get her away the moment that visit is over."

He came upon Hugh as soon as he had crossed the bridge. There he was, stick in hand, ready for his start to Dunan, standing amidst the bastions round the tap-door of the "Macdonald Arms."

Early as it was, there had been some "doch an dorra" business going on to

speed the parting friend, and Hugh was none the better for it. He swung off when he saw Monsell, and Monsell swung a ter him.

"Are you going away in bad blood, man?"

"Rannoch will be a fine place for the bad blood, Mr. Monsell."

"That is as your temper makes it. What d'ye mean by throwing up your work and threatening Mr. Wynter like this? Eh?"

"I was meaning that," said he, savagely, stopping in his stride. "Why should he be coming between me and Maggie because he was a gentleman?"

"Look here, my man, I am not going to talk to you while the drink is in you. I'm ashamed of you."

"I am telling you, Mr. Monsell," he went on, reckless with drink, "she is airily glamourous with him. What would she be saying to me—the day was yesterday? You'll be no fit to tie Mr. Wynter's shoe. Those would be her very words—and Rannoch will be no more, no more for me. I will be away to my father's at Dunan. Let Mr. Wynter be looking to his self."

"Go to Dunan, man, and in God's name get some clean air blown into you. Then come back and see me. I shall go to Maggie now and tell her what I have told you."

#### (To be continued.) AS TO BALDNESS.

Is the Hair Cutter Responsible?—Bald Women are Comparatively Unknown, and They Never Have Their Hair Cut—Food for Reflection.

"You'd better have your hair trimmed, sir."

So said the barber in the shop at Church and Cortland streets.

"Why?" he was asked. "I had it cut only a week ago."

"Yes, but I see it is very thin on top," said the barber, "and I think that it should be cut very frequently in order to save it."

On the next afternoon the barber in the Park avenue hotel was making his last excursion with a razor over the same man's face, says the New York Sun. "You are getting bald," said he. "Now, what a gigantic mystery it is—this subject of the hair. I am bald; you are getting bald. Neither of us would try to save a thousand dollars if that would have kept us a full head of hair, but neither money, nor skill nor wisdom will save any man a single hair of his head. For my part, the only knowledge I have, after being in the barber business 20 years, is purely negative. I think that if you don't have your hair cut it will not fall out."

"What? Never have it cut?"

"Stop a minute. Did you ever see a baldheaded woman? You never did. Well, such a thing as a baldheaded woman exists, but they are very rare. Now, why are women practically never bald, and why are men growing bald in greater numbers every year? You naturally reply—or you would if you had thought about it as much as I—that the reason lies in the hats women wear. Their hats amount to nothing. The average bonnet does not weigh two ounces. Their hats are open, and there is more or less ventilation under and through them, whereas men's hats are heavy bonnets that enclose and weigh down and stifle the hair."

"I never thought of that."

"Well, that amounts to nothing," said the barber. "It sounds important, but whatever we say in favor of women's hats is offset by the fact that they wear them twice as many hours at a time as men wear theirs. Women often put a hat on in the morning and don't remove it till dinner; they wear their bonnets in church, at the theatre, during their calls, everywhere and all the time. The important difference between the sexes is, after all, that boys and men have their hair cut and girls and women don't. A little girl's hair is nursed after she passes early childhood. Some fathers who are obliged to keep their families in the hot city insist that their babies' hair shall be cut, and the mothers yield in the case of the girls with great reluctance, and after the little girls are four or five years old the women fight to have their hair uncut thenceforward, and such is the rule with most girls. After thinking it all over for 20 years I am of the opinion that hair-cutting produces baldness."

"See," continued the barber, "what wonderful heads of hair the Indians have. How thick it is; how splendid are the braids they wear down their backs. It is so with all savages—all have plenty of hair and none ever cut it. The white man who lives in wild countries or on our border exemplify the same thing. They wear their hair down on their shoulders and it is thick and luxuriant; but it has not been cut in all the time they have lived the life of the rude people around them. My own decision is that if you want to establish baldness you must keep the scissors away from your head. No medicine will remedy baldness. To find a physician that will do so is the surest road to a giant fortune, and men have been experimenting for more than a century without finding a remedy."

With health and beauty laden,  
A rich and priceless thing,  
To woman, pale and wasted,  
My precious gift I bring.

Such the object and such the mission of woman's valued friend, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Don't let unreasonable prejudice prevent you from sharing the health and beauty proffered in good faith, by this most excellent Remedy! None of the almost countless weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women, but that readily yield to its magical powers! Manufactured, recommended, sold through druggists, and guaranteed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it cheerfully refunded.

Useful for Housekeepers.  
Two gills, one cupful.  
Two cupfuls, one pint.  
Four wineglassfuls, one gill.  
Four tablespoonfuls, one wineglass.  
Two teaspoonfuls, one coffee-spoonful.  
Three teaspoonfuls, one tablespoonful.  
Two pepper-spoonfuls make one salt-spoonful.

"What is the meanest thing out?" Do Nood was asked. "A pretty girl in the rain with gum boots on," he replied with a sigh.

#### HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne Once Sang it Under Adverse Circumstances.

When the Cherokee Indians were removed from their homes in Georgia to their possessions west of the Mississippi River, John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was spending a few weeks with his life-long friend, John Ross, chief of the Cherokees. Several prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia.

While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the little hut to which they had fled from his house, the door was suddenly burst open and eight militiamen entered.

Ross and Payne were arrested and taken away on horseback. Rain was falling, and the journey lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, to keep himself awake, began to sing "Home, Sweet Home."

"Little did I ever expect to hear that song under such circumstances," Payne remarked, gloomily.

"I reckon not," said his escort, "but it's a good song to make a feller think of the home he's left behind him."

"Yes," said Payne. "Do you know who wrote that song?"

"No; do you?" the soldier answered.

"Yes," said Payne, "I wrote it."

"A lot you did!" returned the soldier sarcastically. "You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here, if you made that song—and I don't know you didn't—you can say every word of it. Now start in and recite it off, or I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of him."

Payne answered the threat by repeating the words of the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with the melody and the pathos of the words.

At 11:30 a. m. 1838, the soldier said kindly, "If you didn't write it, ye can sing it; and gracious I believe you did write it!"

He added that the man who could write such a song, and sing it as Payne had done, shouldn't go to prison if he could help it.

When the party reached Milledgeville, the prisoners, much to their surprise, were discharged, after a brief preliminary examination; and Ross valiantly insisted that they had been saved from insults and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," as sung by Payne on that midnight journey.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### Spring Assizes, 1891.

AMMOUR, C. J.	10th March
Brantford	Tuesday
St. Catharines	Tuesday
Berlin	Tuesday
Stratford	Tuesday
Simcoe	Tuesday
Cayuga	Thursday
Welland	Monday
Hamilton	Monday

  

ROSE, J.	9th March
Frontville	Monday
Cornwall	Tuesday
Kingston	Monday
Napanee	Monday
Pictou	Monday
Belleville	Monday
Whitby	Monday
Cobourg	Monday

  

FALCONBERG, J.	9th March
Woodstock	Monday
St. Thomas	Monday
Walkerton	Monday
London	Monday
Goderich	Monday
Sarnia	Monday
Chatham	Monday
Sandwich	Wednesday

  

MACMAHON, J.	9th March
Barrie	Monday
Owen Sound	Monday
Lindsay	Monday
Peterboro'	Monday
Perth	Monday
Pembroke	Tuesday
L'Orignal	Monday
Ottawa	Monday

  

STRATFORD, J.	9th March
Toronto—Civil Court	Monday
Toronto—Criminal Court	Monday
Brampton	Thursday
St. Catharines	Monday
Orangeville	Monday

  

CHANCERY SPRING CIRCUITS, 1891.	9th March
Simcoe	Monday
Hamilton	Monday
St. Catharines	Monday
Brantford	Friday
Guelph	Thursday
Owen Sound	Monday

  

FENAVON, J.	8th April
Barrie	Wednesday
Lindsay	Monday
Peterboro'	Friday
Stratford	Thursday
Whitby	Monday

  

ROBERTSON, J.	16th March
St. Thomas	Monday
Walkerton	Wednesday
London	Monday
Goderich	Monday
Sarnia	Monday
Chatham	Thursday
Sandwich	Monday

  

MARSDEN, J.	9th March
Cobourg	Monday
Belleville	Friday
Ottawa	Thursday
Brookville	Monday
Cornwall	Friday
Kingston	Tuesday

#### Letting a Man Alone.

That a husband is at times silent and preoccupied does not argue that he is indifferent to his wife, writes Mrs. Phineas T. Barnum in the *Ladies' Home Journal*; he may be depressed, and yet not feel that marriage for him, is a failure; he may be capacious and fretful, yet feel no irritation against his wife. I am not absolving men from the obligation to be agreeable to their woman-kind, nor extenuating their frequent infractions of the code of marital amenities; I am only assuring you, for your own good, that these things are often the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual discordance which you have not caused, and about which you would be unwise to grieve. Learn to wait, and by-and-by you will find that business went wrong that day; or he sat in a draft, and all his bones ached with an insipid cold; or he had eaten an indigestible meal (not at home, of course), and was depressed he knew not why. Wait! wait! and when you have found out what the matter was, you will be thankful you did not weary him with foolish questions.

#### A Fervent Woman.

"What! You loved another! But you said you'd marry me if your father disowned you!"

"I know. But he didn't disown me, you see!"