

A SPRING CHORUS.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there, ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,

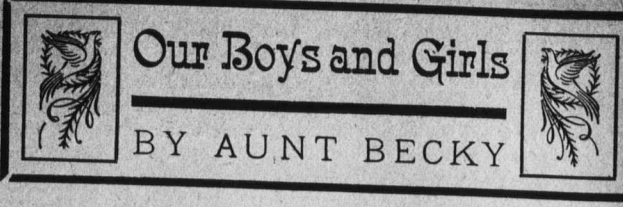
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Superior Court. Dame Exilda Conant, wife common as to property of Francois Xavier Robert, hotelkeeper, both of the City of Montreal, has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband, in the Superior Court at Montreal, No. 2851.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair,
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

An omnibus full of young Parisian students was rolling down the street when a quiet looking old gentleman in priest's attire got in. The students, angry at the interruption, began using bad language in the hope of driving him outside. But the priest took no more notice than if the bus had been perfectly empty.



The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.
"The wood-cutters," replied Scout. "They bring bullocks in to carry off the timber. They harness the animals with chains, and drag out the felled trees. They have almost cleared some places—and see what holes the trees dig as they are dragged along."

CHAPTER VI.—THE BUSH DESCRIBED.—MR. ANDERSON.—A NIGHT ALARM.
The gleam of sunshine did not deceive the little party, who made their way towards it, a path being quite invisible; but the guide was so accustomed to find his way about that I believe he would have found the clearing at night.

"Something has attacked him; perhaps he has fallen down again," suggested Ernest. "Let me climb up and see."
"Stay where you are," replied Scout. "I will go up. I suspect he has fallen in!"

When their meal was finished they rose and made their way to the river, where they had a good draught of water. They crossed it and soon after came upon a poor, dead, wild sheep. It had been only eaten in one place, and the boys were very curious to know what animal had made a hole and just picked out a certain part so daintily.

sheep, which wandered here, and became wild. We often meet them in the woods not very far from the stations. Poor things!

As they chatted thus the distance did not appear so long to the boys, who became great friends with Scout. They were surprised that a half-savage, as they had thought him, could be so kind; and they made up their minds to have him rewarded when their uncle found them, or when they found him. Stephen thought he would ask the Scout about the mysterious lake; so he said—

"Can you tell us anything about the Silver Lake which the natives think my sister can find?"
"I can only tell you that it is supposed to be somewhere in the north-east, yonder," replied the Scout, pointing in the direction whence they had come.

"The legend is this," replied Scout. "Many years ago, when the natives first began to fight, a young Maori loved a beautiful Maori girl, and offered her all his treasure if she would marry him. He declared that within the mountain yonder was a lake of molten silver, the dross of which was sometimes cast up in springs or spouts, like mud. Beneath this mud, or dross, lies the silver in the heated earth—so it is said. No doubt there is silver in the mountain, and even gold, if we could find it."

"There is—somewhere in the rocks—the path leads through a cavern, all in darkness, and a rope of sand—so it is said—guides the person who is bold enough to enter! But as he grasps the rope it crumbles, so he cannot find his way back. There are many side passages, and any one lost in the cavern would never be found again!"

"This is really mysterious. I hope they will not make poor Amy go into that horrible cavern!" exclaimed Ernest. "I must rescue her. Oh!" he continued, "must we go down there?"

"There is the bushman's hut. This is the end of your uncle's settlement. He got his land cheap, I expect. It was Maori land, and they did not know its value. I wish I had had it. This is Mantons'."

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