A Pope's Property. Sale of the Effects of the Late Flus IX.

Correspondence of the London Standard.1

Listowel These partments are appropriated to the heasen of the searce of the Vation, the area of the Vation, the original of the searce of the Vation, the original of the most intoler, the operation of a series of jetures representing the fope going in procession to various points, the searce of the most intoler, the operation of a series of jetures representing the fope going in procession to various points, the searce of the most intoler, the operation of a series of jetures representing the fope going in procession to various points, the operation of a series of the most part to be operate of copies of the most part to be operate of copies of the most part of the searce of the search o Shepherds All and Maidens FATHER AND SON. "Your true name, John ?" "Yea, dear, My name is not Ashton at all, What is is I will tell you in a few minutes. Is Mr. Pomeroy in his office, do you think ?" "I believe so. He seldom leaves it during the day." "Then wait for me, Lettice, a few minutes only. I am going to bring him here, and tell him in your presence what I have to tell him." <text>

minded you of some one. Of whom, ways He bent down, looking into Mr. Pomeroys "Of one you loved many years ago." "Of one you loved many years ago," "She left me, in her guilt." "She left me, in her guilt." "She left you, in her moncence." "She left you, in her moncence." "She left you, in her guilt." "It is here, "the man murmured, "And yours," said John. "I am her son -and yours," said John. "I am her son have come to tell you that you have a wife living who has long a nee forgiven you, that you have a son who stands before you, and that I bring with me papers which I have not read, because that would be to think of my mother what is impossible, but papers which will prove to you what I have said. She left you, driven away by you, in her in nosence, and a few months later I was born. Lettie, that is my deception. In marrying me you will marry the son of your bone-factor."

"Then wait for me, Lettice, a few minutes only. Tam going to bring him here, and tall him in your presence what I have to tell him." Mr. Pomeroy was sitting at his desk, en-gaged I believe, in the soul-elevating work of making out bills of costs. Nothing to develops the best and most generous side of a mair character as that form of labour. I believe that lawyers who have a good deal of this work to do always employ for this branch of bills young men of broad benevo-lence and philanthropic aims. whose object in life is to advance the name of humanity by an examble of private genero-ity and the samble of private genero-ity and the most state of the same of humanity by an examble of private genero-ity. Mr. Pomeroy, no doubt with the notit st of mo-tives, kept the department entirely in his own hands, and this morning he was en-gaged upon it. There was no doubt in his own mind that his banker's book would shortly shows a very large increase. - a sweet and lofty thought in itself. " Tan interrupt you for a little while, sir " asked Joho." Mr. Pomeroy looked up from his work. His white stubby hair stuck up all over in a more determined manner than ever-perhaps because he was insisting in his bills on more than a usual amount of generous con-idera-tion-and his sharp, keen eyes were sharper than was all amount of generous con-idera-tiness. Not a money transaction, but much more imp-rt.ut." " Not a money transaction, but much more imp-rt.ut." " Not a money transaction, but much more imp-rt.ut." " Not a money transaction, but much more imp-rt.ut." " Not a money transaction, but much more, imp-rt.ut." " Nut hat's nomense, Ashton," Mr. Pomer-y replied, good-humouredly : ' only a very young man, like, yourself, would say. Stuff i no one loves anybody but himself in the world. If they pretend otherwise, make the proper deductions—the largest deduc-tions—and go on your own way." " Why did nit he pay it into the bank !" " Hot ropped talking in the streat tell he was too lant. Me dit hot steal the money, which was st

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A FLOWER IN A BOOK

BY J. J. PIATE.

A withered flower shall raise A ghost of v.nished days; From crambled leaves a rose, All fragrant-oulde shall ties Within the heast and eyes Of one who, dreamine, knows The dust that was a rose!

Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICK.

CHAPTER IX. [CONTINUED.]

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, FEBRUARY 21, 1879.

the maples in the forest our wedding guests. Cheer up, Lettice dear, there will be re-joicin.s enough in the new country over you and me, and sorgs and dances, too, and joy for all our lives." "Poor things!" sneered the man of ex-perience. "When do you propose to begin this-pi grim-ge of sleigh-bells and snow?" "We will be married as soon as we can," said John. "But that, too, will depend mone x. " other that you have given your hand "Never I" he replied. "You have chosen. "Never I" he replied. "You have chosen. I have no wile and no son -I never had -I will never have. Take that girl out of my sight lest I do her, or you, or myself a mis-chief."

chief." They went out together, Lettice weepint. The door closed behind them, and Mr. Pomeroy was left alone. Down the stairs into the court, noisy with hurrying foot-steps; out into the busy and burrying world, away to the hotel where Will Lang ton, dress d and in his right mind, which was a positiont one, was waiting for his sa-ter. said John. "But that, too, must upon y u." "I will have nothing to do with it, I tell "I will have nothing to do with it, I tell

""Will have obtained by a set of the set of n was a ponitent one, was waiting for his sar-ter. Clients came to see Mr. Pomeroy that day, but they could not gain admission to his of-sice. It was empty, and the tenant was in that back room alone, looking out on the wall. In his hand was the pecket of letters. It his lips was set tight, and his eyes wree angry and fixed. There was no repentance yet in old John Pomeroy's face, whatever might come later. Two days later his son wrote to him : My Dass Farmer-We are to be married to morrow in the church of Moulsey Priofs, by special license ; we shall be at the church at eleven. I hope that we may see you there, and that you will give away the bride. Your affectionate son, JOINS POMEROY. "And so, you see, Lettice," says John

JOHT POREROY. JOHT POREROY. MARI SO, YUN SEE, LETTICO," SAYS JOHN, when Will his told his tale and John his all over again, and he and L ttice were sitting s de by side, her hand in his, while Will looked on marveling, "and so it was not my doing at all; and you have not me to thank, but our friend the Frenchman." "I should like to thank him," Lettice re-plies. "Do you think you can find him ?" That was not difficult, and the hero of "L'Affaire Kuge!" the account of which mate so great a sensation when it appeared in Paiss-was the same day captured by John and hrought to the hotel, to be intro-duced to the young English "mees," whose charms he so graphically described in his letter.

HAWKINS & KELLS, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETOR

GENERAL.

In Europe steel and iron rails nearly the same price. A Bremen anti-collisive steames an electric light at the prow while ing "the thousand-masted Thames.

THE forts around Rome, for the protection of the capital, are fairly under way: and new ones, not originally contemplated, are being freely ordered by the War Depart-ment.

Standard.

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He had better come in scen, Baby mine, huby mine : To been valing sime high moon Baby mine, haby mine ; I am waiting with a broom, I will chase him round the room, I will chase him round the room, While his nose shines through the Baby mine, baby mine.

ALL SORTS.

I've a jetter from thy sire, Baby mine, baby mine ; He's coming hone or he's a la the source of the source of the source the is now chuck full of wine ; He is now chuck full of wine ; He is now chuck full of wine ; He is now chuck full of source the is now chuck full of wine ; He is now chuck full of the source the is now chuck full of the source the source of the source of the source he is now chuck for the source of the source the source of the source of the source of the source the source of the source of the source of the source he is now chuck for the source of the source of the source he is now chuck for the source of the source of

Daby mine, say mine. THE FIREMAN'S PORT.—Burns. As ex-purt-A discharged firearm. As advanced pupil-A protruding eye. WHEN a man hasn't a red he gets bine. A HIGHLY coloured tails-the pesocok. WILHELMJ go'ts the bulj on the fiddlers. THE PUPY CONTRADICTORY.—A swee art.

THE great want of the church just no MEN whose business wall-bill posters.

FRANCE doesn't need any Rhi he has her Rhrone.

Am as her Khrone. A max can never see the point of a joke in a paper he does not pay for. "I Nro the chaws of death," said the man who fell among the techt of a buzz.esw. This art of education has been reduced to so fine a point that even a hawser can be taut. It takes a spol dual of said to the