The Village Druggist.

After Longfellow (a long way after.)

Within the corner storeroom bright
The village druggist stands,
With threadbare coat, rescued pants,
And thin and bony hands;
And the bottles on the shelves arrayed,
Are girt with golden bands.

With hungry eyes and famished look
He gazeth toward the door,
Longing for a liberal customer
Who will increase the store
Of nickels in his money drawer,
At least one nickel more.

His hair is thin and gray and short,
His face is pinched and wan;
Thought sits enthroned upon his brow,
He sells whate'er he can; (at cut rate)
And stares the whole world in the face,
For he is a hard up man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can see him standing there;
You can hear him sigh his heavy sighs,
The measure of despair;
Lack-lustre eye and shrunken form
All tell of want and care.

The children coming home from school
Drop in at the open door;
They love to beg for almanacs
And picture cards galore,
They make life for that pill pounder
One long continual bore.

On Sunday he ne'er goes to church,
His store he must attend;
He never hears a sermon, or
Thinks of his latter end—
From store to meals, from meals to store,
His footsteps always bend.

Toiling, sorrowing, suffering (from cut rates),
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees the same old grind,
Each eve increasing woes,
Till finally he tumbles off his perch,
And finds at last repose.

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION;

OR, A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

"Have you been all this time at the theatre?" asked Sardoni.

"Yes, two mortal hours of altercation; the manager, the local conductor, Merlino, and Marioni, all in battle array."

"With you as a go-between I suppose, alternately used and abused?"

All else would have been bearable enough to him if only he could have won Nita's love; but after the first day or two, when she had really been grateful to him for saving her from what in her better moods she fully recognized as a sin, she had never felt or pretended to feel for him any sort of affection. When alone with him, or when she wanted anything done, she would often be civil and even friendly, but when other people were present she seemed to take pleasure in snubbing him, and never allowed him to forget for a moment that he was her junior. The "elder sisterly" style of treatment is never very congenial to a man, and it was particularly irksome to Carlo, because he and Anita had so very little in common. It was, perhaps, this which made it so hard for him to win his way with her. They had none of the happy associations of childhood which form so strong a bond between most brothers and sisters; they had grown up apart, and when, at rare intervals, Nita had returned from the convent, there had been little love lost between them. At 19 she left home forever, and cast in her lot with Merlino, and now, after an interval of five years, the brother and sister were almost strangers to each other, and Carlo, often in despair, struggled to break down the wall of division which seemed to have risen between them. If he had been as indifferent to her as she was to him they might have drifted on without much discomfort, but he loved her, not only as the one specially left to him by his mother on her death-bed, not only with the family love which had first come to his aid in that time of numb grief, but with the divine love which had given him power to sacrifice himself for her sake.

It is often harder to understand the characters of those closely related to us than the characters of mere ordinary acquaintences; our very nearness hinders us from taking true and just views, and perhaps Carlo's love blinded him to some extent with regard to Nita. He credited her with virtues which she did not possess, and then was wounded when in daily life she was weighed in the balance and found wanting. He would say to himself, "Is she not the child of my father and mother? Then how is it possible that she should not as heart be really loving, really true?" But he did not realize, as a dispassionate spectator would have done, that, although Nita might originally have inherited many good gifts, her life and education had been quite enough to paralyze them. At her marriage she had escaped into what she imagined would prove love and liberty, but in three months time she had learned that she had made a terrible mistake, and had sold herself into a very almost intolerable.

When a woman makes so terrible a discovery there are only two courses open to her—either she must sink or she must swim—there is no idle drifting in such case. Nita never attempted to love her husband, she never tried to bridge over the differences between them; he tyrannized over her as was his nature, and she yielded in miserable, slavish despair, fearing him and hating him with her whole heart. So, inevitably she sank, and there was not wanting—there never is wanting—a Comerio to help her.

"You seem to have worked up Merlino into a pleasant state," she said, sarcastically, in reply to Carlo's greeting.

He disliked her way of speaking against her husband, and tried to turn the subject.

"There has been a good deal to worry him to-day, but all is straight now. We have been down at the theatre; it seems a better one than I should have expected."

"All is straight, you should say, with the exception of the impresario's temper," said Nita, sharply. "I wish you would leave him alone and not interfere; you only make it a good deal worse for me."

He was silent, and Nita, who had hoped to stir up a discussion, finding it impossible to quarrel alone, walked over to the window where Gigi was contentedly playing with his soldiers, and without a word of warning swept the whole of the miniature camp into its box.

"Go away! we can't have your toys all over the place!" she said, giving him a vindictive little push.

Gigi, whose tears were terribly near the surface, burst into a roar, and Carlo, who, on principle, never interfered between mother and child, had much ado to keep silence while the little fellow was ignominiously turned out of the room.

"It's all your fault," said Nita, returning a little flushed from the contest; "you make a great deal too much of the child; he must be taught his proper place."

She sat down with her writing-case at the vacant table.

"I am going to the post-office directly," said Carlo, by way of breaking the uncomfortable silence; "shall you have any letters?"

"What affair is that of yours?" she asked, angrily. "Is it not enough that my husband is spying on me all day long? If you think I am going to put up with you as a spy you are mistaken! It was bad enough before you came!"

And with an impatient gesture, she gathered her things together and left the room.

Sardoni, glancing up, saw the pained look on Carlo's face, and was so stung by it that he could no longer keep silence.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "if Madame Merlino were not your sister I should give her a piece of my mind."

"Marioni had arranged to take 'Trovatore,' with the orchestra and chorus, but he'll not need us."

"Good; then will you give me your company in the afternoon? I have a disagreeable piece of work to do, and should be glad of your help."

Carlo seemed really pleased by the request, and, in truth, his interest in Sardoni was a capital thing for him, and helped to take him for the time being out of his own troubles.

CHAPTER XX.

A RETURN.

"How dismal the place looks!" exclaimed Carlo, as after service the next day he walked with Sardoni through the quiet streets, with their shuttered shop-fronts and deserted roads, to the station. "A good thing, I dare say, to have the shops closed and to give the people a rest, but there is not a sleepy air about it all; they don't seem to enjoy it."

"Where in the world are we going" asked Carlo, looking perplexed.

By this time they had reached the station, and for reply Sardoni handed him his railway ticket. This conveyed to him nothing more, and in silence he followed his friend to a smoking-carriage, and, knowing intuitively that Sardoni did not care to talk, lit a cigar and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the beautiful wooded country through which they were passing.

[illegible] watched him silently.

[illegible] doubt whether he'll make [illegible] them," he thought to [illegible] were a stiff, churchy- [illegible] cross on his watch- [illegible] type of face, there [illegible] his coming; or, on [illegible] were one of your priggish-looking, truly pious young men, then I might gain a sort of reflected respectability. But there's no classifying Valentino, he won't fit any of the conventional notions. Imagine my father here at this moment; what would he see in him? Merely a very handsome Italian in a delightfully easy and comfortable attitude, travelling reprehensibly on a Sunday afternoon, idly enjoying the scenery and a cigar. And yet that fellow is a hero, if there ever was one, and a saint of the real sort and no mistake. I could wish for this one afternoon to shake him into the goody-goody mold though; that at any rate, has the merit of catching the eye of the respectable and virtuous, and getting a good deal more credit than it deserves. Now, Valentino, looked at casually, might be anything. I believe if he thought more highly of himself he would get the credit he deserves, but, confound it, he never seems to think of himself at all."

They got out at a small way-side station, and, making their way up a steep hill, found themselves on a wide, deserted-looking common, where here and there a solitary horse or cow grazed, and where the mingled heather and gorse, set like jewels in the smooth green of the turf, unlocsed Carlo's tongue.

"I know every inch of the ground," said Sardoni. "Down there to the right is the village—look; you can just see the church tower through those trees."

"And you are going home?"

Sardoni nodded. Just at that moment he could not have spoken a word to save his life.

Glad as Carlo was at his friend's resolve to seek out his people, he was sorely perplexed as to the part he himself was to play. Naturally enough he felt that he would be very much *de trop* in a family reconciliation, nor could he understand how Sardoni could tolerate the presence of a comparative stranger at such a time. However, he was too unselfish to reflect on his own account, and wise enough to let Sardoni choose his own way of setting to work. They crossed the field, walked through a little copse, entered a sunny-looking garden and made their way toward the vicarage, a pretty gray old house with many gables and a moss-grown, red-tiled roof. Carlo could guess how his friend's heart was beating, as with heightened color he walked steadily up the well-kept drive; but Sardoni spoke not a word till they stood in the porch and heard the bell echoing in the quiet house. Then he turned to his companion and said, with a touch of his ordinary jesting tone:

"The cat will be out of the bag at last—my name will no longer be a secret!"

As he spoke, steps were heard within, and through the half-glass door they could see a neat maid-servant crossing the hall. Sardoni was relieved to see a strange face; it would have humiliated him dreadfully to be recognized by the parlor-maid.

"Is Mr. Postlethwayte at home?" he asked, in his strong, decided voice.

A look of perplexity came over the maid's face.

"No, sir; there's no one of that name living here," she replied.

"What! is he gone, then?" exclaimed Sardoni, turning pale. "The vicar—who is vicar now?"

"Mr. Stanley is vicar now," said the maid. "Will you come in and see master, sir? He could perhaps tell you what you want to know. You see, sir, I've only been here in this situation a few days myself, so I don't know the names hereabout."

"Thank you—no—I'll not come in," said Sardoni; and he turned away and walked down the drive again with never a word.

"*Amico mio!*" said Carlo, when he ventured at last to break the silence; "what can I do for you? Shall I go and make inquiries in the village?"

They had by this time left the vicarage garden, and were in the little copse; Sardoni threw himself down in the shade of an old elm tree.

"I wish you would, old fellow," he said, in a broken voice.

Carlo promised to do his best, and, taking the path pointed out to him by Sardoni, made his way through the quiet little churchyard and across a stile into the village street. For a moment he felt rather at a loss to know how to proceed, and half afraid lest the villagers might talk some unintelligible *patois*; however, he went boldly up to a group of big boys who were idling about and asked whether they could tell him where the sexton lived. Their dialect puzzled him not a little, but he managed to make out which house it was, and, walking through the pretty strip of garden, with its hollyhocks and dahlias, knocked at the door. A little bent old man, with a weather beaten face and a friendly but toothless smile, opened it.

"You keep the keys of the church, I am told. Am I permitted to see it?" asked Carlo.

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," mumbled the toothless old man. "Fine day, sir! Step in a minute, will ye, sir?"

Carlo stepped in and found himself in a snug little room which smelled strongly of apples. The old man took a couple of large keys from a nail, and then, with a great effort, tried to reach his hat from a peg on the wall.

"You've been here a long time, I dare say?" said Carlo, feeling rather like a detective.

"Oh! ay, that I have, sir, that have! Why, I've been sexton here these forty years past, and born and bred in the place, too! Six vicars I've seen in this here parish. Our late vicar's son, bless him, he used to say, 'Why, Johnson, you're like the brook! Vicars may come and vicars go, but you go on forever!' But lor! I never rightly understood which brook it was he meant."

"Wasn't there some one named Postlethwayte here once?" asked Carlo, bringing out the name with a laudable precision.

"Why, yes, sir. It was poor Master Jack as I was just telling on. Aw, he was a rare one for a jest, he was. The poor vicar never held up his head again after he left."

"Did the vicar die?" asked Carlo.

"Ah, no, sir, he didn't die; he be alive and well, bless him! But there was trouble with Master Jack—the old story, sir; the old story!—a pretty girl to put him off his balance; and then, when it all came out, he, just desperate-like at the blame he got at home, made away with some money that wasn't his, and rushed off and was never heard of no more."

Carlo could hardly have regulated his expression to the casual interest of a stranger had not his profession taught him to command his face and make it answer at all times to his will. He was glad that the sexton was silent for a minute while he fitted the key in the heavy oak door of the church.

"That's a sad story," he said at length.

"What became of the poor vicar?"

"He couldn't stay here, sir; he felt the disgrace so bad he went away to foreign parts; and it's my belief, sir, that he had hope of finding Master Jack, though other folks said different. However, I never heard as how they met, and the vicar he be back in England now, and I wish we'd got him here again. Not but what Mr. Stanley is a good young man in his way, you understand, sir; but he ain't our old vicar, and nothink won't make him."

"Has he taken some new living, then?" asked Carlo

"Ay, sir, he be just settled in since midsummer; the parish o' Cleevering in Mountshire, that's his new sitooation, and not a patch upon this parish, as far as money goes—at least, so folk say. Now, sir, just you step and see our monument. That's Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, as was killed in the Civil War; Naseby or Marston Moor, I b'lieve it was—at any rate, the last battle before King Charles was taken. Belike you know, sir, how it was called; I'm not much of a scholar myself."

"Nor I," said Carlo, not at all desiring to be put through an examination in English history, and feeling extremely shaky as to dates.

CHAPTER XXI.

WINTRY WEATHER.

He stayed long enough to please the sexton, and duly admired the village church; then, having gladdened the old man's heart with a shilling, he bade him good-day, and rejoined Sardoni, whom he found still stretched at full length under the elm-tree.

He got up quickly as Carlo drew near, and looked anxiously into his face.

"Well?" he exclaimed, in the sharpened voice of fear and apprehension.

"It is all right," said Carlo, reassuringly.

"Your father has got a new living. He is just settled down at Cleevering in Mountshire."

"How did you find out? Did they suspect anything?"

"No; but they spoke of you. I learned it from the old sexton."

"What! dear old Johnson? Is he still alive? Did you really see him?"

"He seemed very fond of you all, especially of you, and he spoke so warmly of your father. But, Jack, you must forgive me, I couldn't help hearing it, for the old fellow would ramble on, and I couldn't shut him up without making him suspicious; I heard—well, what you wouldn't tell me that day at Naglia."

He looked up at him apologetically.

"'Pon my soul!" exclaimed Sardoni, "you're the oddest fellow I ever knew. You look as if it were you that was to blame, not me!"

"I was sorry to know it, since you didn't wish me to know."

"All right, Val—all right!" said Sardoni, in a choked voice. "I might have known it wouldn't turn you against me! As I told you yesterday, you would make excuses for the devil himself—and so would old Johnson! Tell me just what he said."

The sat down again in the shade, and Carlo repeated the whole conversation, Sardoni listening with averted face, and nervously crushing in his fingers the fallen leaves which lay on the grass beside him.

"As to the money," he said, when Carlo paused, "I swear to you, Donati, I didn't know what I was doing! I was mad!—if not, is it likely that, to escape my father's blame, I should have done what the world would blame a thousand times more? Embezzlement is an unpardonable crime, but to ruin a girl is an offense very easily condoned by society."

"That's true—to our shame be it spoken!" said Carlo, with a gleam of indignant light in his eyes.

"I was mad—desperate!" resumed Sardoni. "It all came out at her death—and I—why I felt like a murderer! My father was not one to spare a fellow in such a case. I couldn't stand it; to stay at home was more than a fellow could bear; I was bound to get away from him. And then came a mad impulse to take this money which was within my reach, and break off with the Old World altogether and rush to America."

"We are not very far from Mountshire, I suppose, here?" he said at length. "Shall you go there, or shall you write?"

"Neither," said Sardoni. "I can't go through a day like this again, Val."

Carlo was sorry that his friend had made this decision, but he knew that had he been in Sardoni's place arguments would only have irritated him. So he held his peace, and comforted himself with the reflection that in so small a country as England the chances were greatly in favor of a meeting between the father and son.

The autumn wore on, and the cold weather set in. Merlino's company had become pretty well accustomed, however, to wintry weather during their American tour, and no one suffered much, except Carlo, who, having never left Italy before, found the English climate fearfully trying.

But, spite of the fur coat, Carlo's health did not improve; the constant travelling, the draughts on the stage, the necessity of turning out every night, ill or well, in rain or snow, and the constant strain of physical hard work and mental excitement, all told on him severely. Nor was it possible for a man of his temperament to go through all the suffering and grief of the past few months without paying for it. It was few only the change of physical climate which told upon him; it was the change of moral climate.

Toward the middle of January, Merlino had arranged to take one of the London opera houses, and give a series of twenty performances, a project held to realmen at that time of the year. The company betook themselves to various dreary lodging-houses in the neighborhood of theatre, and Carlo, under very depressing circumstances, made his first acquaintance with London and his first appearance on a London stage. He had taken up the paper casually enough, little thinking that instead of a distraction it would prove an additional care, when suddenly, and with a shock indescribable—a shock which for the time half paralyzed him, he read the words, "Signor Comerio begs to announce his arrival in town. All communications with regard to concerts or other engagements to be addressed to Antico & Co."

Those brief lines in the *Times* had fallen like a bomb-shell into the life.

He had wandered miserably round the dreary-looking park. The fog was not quite so dense as it had been on the previous day; he could see through a misty haze the chill, gray-looking water, and the ducks swimming about noisily, and here and there in the distance the outlines of great houses. Presently he heard the Westminster chimes, and he remembered how, long ago, Francesca had told him of the words which belonged to them:

"Lord, through this hour,
Be Thou our guide,
So by Thy power,
No foot shall slide."

But he was too hopeless to pray, and the next moment Big Ben warned him that he must hurry back for a rehearsal of "Un Ballo in Maschera." He reached the theatre, feeling harassed and ill, and made his way to the greenroom, where he found Sardoni, looking more cheerful than he had done for some time past, and with a mischievous gleam about his eyes.

"You basely deserted me in the argument," he exclaimed, as Carlo entered; "but I'll have my revenge on you! You're the most careless fellow on earth, leaving diamonds straying about loose in a London lodging-house!"

Carlo, glancing down quickly, saw that Francesca's ring, which he always wore, was not on his hand.

"Where is it?" he said, hastily, feeling annoyed that he could have forgotten it even for a moment.

"Ah! that is the question," said Sardoni, taking him by the shoulders in teasing fashion, and meaning to have a little fun out of him before he yielded the ring, which was on his own finger.

Unluckily the light at that moment happened to flash on the diamond, and Carlo, in a sudden paroxysm of anger, wrenched himself away from the teasing hold, and dashing himself at Sardoni with all his force, took him so completely by surprise that, before a bystander could have uttered a word of remonstrance, the tenor had measured his length on the floor, and the ring had been seized by its rightful owner.

Sardoni had gone over like a ninepin, being utterly unprepared for so furious an onslaught; he was angry and astonished.

"What the devil are you after?" he exclaimed, as he picked himself up.

"Jack, Jack—I didn't mean it!" exclaimed Carlo, his wrath spent in that one lightning-like flash, and shame and regret overwhelming him as he partly realized what he had done, and saw the look of grave inquiry with which one of the officials belonging to the theatre regarded them as he entered the greenroom.

Sardoni was silent till they were once more alone. He could not keep his anger in face of Carlo's shame and dismay.

"I didn't know there was anything particular about the ring. Gigi brought it down from your washstand; I only meant to chaff you a little."

"It was the ring which belonged to my betrothed," said Carlo. "Not that that is any excuse—indeed, I think it makes it rather worse."

He was evidently so unhappy about it that Sardoni quite lost all feeling of offence.

"Well, you know, old fellow, I always wanted to poke up the devil in you and see what you'd do."

Carlo turned away with a sigh.

"I can't think why I did it! I was beside myself. If I had done it to Gomez, now, it might have been easier to understand; but to you, Jack, you whom I'm really fond off!—I can never forgive myself."

He was very quiet now, and sad and ashamed; in all his life he had never been guilty of such an unreasoning fit of anger.

"Never mind, Val," said the Englishman, almost as much surprised by the vehement regret as by the attack itself. "I declare I like you the better for it, I do indeed. Why, to hear you talk one might suppose you had meant to murder me!"

"I meant nothing; that's the horrible part of it to me," said Carlo. "I wanted the ring and to be free from your teasing. There wasn't a moment to think—it was all over in a flash. How am I to tell that I mayn't murder some fellow one of these days by a like impulse?"

"My dear boy!"—Sardoni laughed till he was almost convulsed—"you, who wouldn't hurt a fly?"

"Well, you laugh," said Carlo; and it's good of you to take it lightly; but I can't see that there's a pin to choose between me and the man who murders in sudden anger. Anyhow, I know I can never be hard on such a murderer again."

"That's like the story of the fellow who saw a man going to the gallows, and exclaimed, 'There, but for the grace of God, goes——' I forget the old buffer's name. However, Val, I don't think you need be afraid, for you have plenty of that sort of thing, and little enough of the devil's help."

"That's what I can't understand about it," said Carlo, in the most outspoken way. He hardly ever spoke of religion, but when he did speak it was with the direct simplicity and naturalness hardly ever to be met with in England, save in children. "That's what puzzles me. How can I say the 'Veni Creator' one hour and know it is true, and the next turn upon my friend like that? My blood was made hot just by that trifle."

At that moment the call-boy appeared to summon them, but in the many and wearisome delays and repetitions and scraps of rest, Carlo apparently had time to think out his problem; for as he and Sardoni walked home together he said, just as if no rehearsal had intervened:

"I see how it was, Jack. I was horribly anxious, and had lost faith; then quickly into that vacant space steps the devil, and presto! I am made to knock down my best friend."

Evidently the whole affair was so graphically before his own mind that Sardoni suppressed his inclination to laugh.

"You are an old-fashioned fellow, Val," he said; "not at all up to the modern lights, as I told you once before. A fellow that does believe in the devil and doesn't believe in divorce! My dear boy, you're an anachronism! But what made you so horribly anxious? Anything gone wrong?"

"No; of course it's all right; but at first it took my breath away, and I thought all was lost. Comerio is in London."

Sardoni gave a whistle of surprise and dismay.

"Are you sure it is true? Who told you?"

"No one. I saw it in the *Times* this morning."

"What! while I was finishing the argument? You had plenty of self-control, then, for you betrayed nothing at all."

Sardoni was not a little curious to know more about Carlo's love affairs, but he could not make up his mind to speak to him about the matter; instead, he threw out a casual remark that afternoon, when it happened that he and Anita were practicing a duet in the drawing-room which they had to sing at night.

"Mademoiselle de Caisne is doing her best to captivate your brother, don't you think?" he said, by way of leading up to the subject.

"Yes, the little goose," said Nita; "it makes me quite cross to watch her."

"Our Valentino doesn't exactly enjoy it either, I fancy," said Sardoni. I understand from him that he was to have been married at one time."

"Yes, he was betrothed to Miss Britton, an English girl who lived near us. It was broken off when he went on the stage. In some ways it is rather a pity, for she was well off, and he'll not find such a pretty girl again in a hurry. But, after all, as I told him only the other day, these marriages with foreigners seldom turn out really well."

"What did he say to that?" asked Sardoni, marvelling at the indifferent way in which she spoke of the sacrifice which she must have known had been made for her sake.

"Oh, he said nothing at all, only blushed up like a girl, and looked as he always does when I say what he doesn't like."

While she was speaking the door was thrown open, and the servant announced "Signor Comerio." Sardoni, charmed to think how Comerio would hate him for being in the way, greeted him in the friendliest manner, and determined to stay and be hated to the bitter end; he could see from Anita's manner that she was not wholly unprepared for Comerio's sudden appearance.

"But I interrupt a *tete-a-tete*," said Comerio, in his soft, flattering voice. "What did I hear from Madame Merlino's lips? 'When I say what he doesn't like!' Does our *prima donna* ever say anything distasteful to mankind?"

Nita laughed.

"We were talking of my brother," she said, taking her revenge on Sardoni for not at once going away by saying what she knew would vex him. "I was trying to persuade him the other day that it was just as well his engagement with Miss Britton was broken off, and naturally he didn't like it."

Sardoni bit his lip. He would have given much to have refrained from introducing the subject, and he thought Madame Merlino showed very bad taste in speaking of it before Comerio, while, to make matters worse, Carlo happened just then to come into the room.

(To be con tinued.)

Romance of Leap Year.

"Harold," she said tenderly, as she took his shrinking hand in hers and looked into his lustrous eyes, says the Detroit *Free Press*, "may I tell you something?"

"I presume, Miss Smith, you may," he responded nervously.

"May I tell you what is on my heart?" she pleaded. "What there is beating and pulsing there for expression?"

"I shall listen; go on," he said with cold asperity.

"Oh, Harold," she cried, "you are cruel. You know that I have loved you for four long and weary years."

He shrugged his shapely shoulders, but did not speak.

"And now you will not listen to me," she implored.

"I am listening," he said shortly.

"But not with your heart, Harold, not with your heart," she agonized.

"What would you have me do, Miss Smith?" he asked kindly.

"Be mine, be mine!" she wailed.

"Your husband?" he interrogated with a start.

"Yes, Harold, yes. My husband; my own; my loved one; mine always," and she threw herself at his feet.

"This is folly, Miss Smith, absolute folly," he urged, rising and standing over her. "We have always been friends. Why cannot we remain so? I can never be more than a brother to you. I——"

"But she did not permit him to go on. With a smothered scream she rushed from the room, and as Harold Hossington heard her wildly putting on her overshoes in the hall and impulsively grabbing her hat and wraps from the rack, he picked up a rosebud she had dropped and sighed heavily.

This was Harold's first.

The Jew and the gentile.

Hon. George R. Wendling, the well-known platform orator, has written an interesting letter about the Jews, of which this is the concluding paragraph: "But the Jew is tricky; is he? Were you ever taken in by a Methodist class leader on a real estate trade? Did you ever get into close quarters with a Presbyterian speculator? Did you ever buy mining stock on the representations of an Episcopalian broker? Did you ever take a man's word any quicker because he was a Baptist or a Roman Catholic? Did you never see a stone weighing 20 pounds concealed in a bale of cotton grown by a southerner? Did you never see hard in the butter sold by a New England Puritan? The belief that the Jew is more dishonest than the Gentile is one half nonsense and the other half prejudice and falsehood. The anti-Jewish feeling which now seems to be rising again is unchristian, inhuman and un-American. No man can share it who believes in the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. It is born of the devil and is detestable."

One of Spurgeon's Stories.

Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, of the First Presbyterian Church, Germantown, tells a good story at his own expense about Spurgeon. Dr. Wood, while in London, was telling Spurgeon that he was going to Germany to study.

"Haven't you any theological seminaries in America?" asked Spurgeon.

"Yes," said Dr. Wood, "but I don't think I know everything, though I graduated at Princeton, and I am going to Germany to try and learn more."

"Well," said Spurgeon, "I hope you will not be like the calf I once heard of. The milk of one cow wasn't enough for it, and they gave it the milk of two, and the more milk it drank the more of a calf it became."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Bright Boy.

It was on a trolley and the boy wanted to turn round and look out of the window.

"Johnny," said his mother, "if you don't sit still, I shall punish you."

"You'd better not," answered Johnny, "'cause if you do I'll tell the conductor you ought to have paid full fare for me."

There have been 149 cases of typhus and 17 deaths from that disease in New York.

Queen Victoria's horses are attended when they get sick by a veterinary surgeon who wears a title and who is the only man of his profession in England who does wear one.

—Bagley—Are those people across the way absolutely destitute. Mrs. Bagley—Destitute! I never saw anything like it. Why, they haven't even a piano and a seal skin sacque in the house.

Tennyson's rustic drama, "The Forester Robin Hood and Maid Marian" will be printed the latter part of March by the Macmillons.

London has gone stark mad over the refrain of a music-hall song called "Te-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

Kyrle Bellew says if a suitable theatre can be found or built in Calcutta, he is prepared to manage it, with the assistance of Mrs. James Brown-Potter.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

A number of petitions were presented.

Mr. Speaker laid before the House the report of Mr. John H. Hague and James McLennan, to whom had been referred the bill respecting the Synod of Niagara and the sale of Government lands. The report said that the information was meagre and the preamble faulty.

Mr. Harcourt moved the second reading of the bill respecting the village of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Ross, in reply to Mr. Sheppard, said that the number of pupils attending Upper Canada College for the winter term was 312, the number in residence 173, the number of day pupils 139; of those in residence 30 belonged to Toronto, 119 to the province, 14 to the other provinces, 9 to the United States, 1 to England; 94 had been refused admission, including 40 from the United States, 1 from Chili, 1 from Cuba, 1 from the Bahamas, 1 from the Bermudas, 1 from Honduras, 6 from Toronto, 10 from Ontario, 3 from Mexico, and 29 from the other provinces.

Mr. McMahon moved for a return giving the names, etc., of all permanent officers or employees in the public institutions of the Province since January, 1879, down to the present time, and whether they still hold office, and if not, the reasons for resignation, dismissal, or otherwise.

Mr. Gibson said he would like to ask if the mover intended under the motion to have a return embracing the names of attendants, servant girls, and all persons employed by the Government. If he did it would require some time to prepare it.

Mr. McMahon consented to a postponement of the return.

Mr. Meredith moved for an address to his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, praying that he will cause to be laid before this House copies of all Orders-in-Council setting apart or allotting out of any fund any sum or sums for the purchase of a site for Upper Canada College or the erection of the college buildings or any buildings on the grounds purchased for such site, or for the furnishing or equipment of the college, or for any other expenditure on capital account in any way relating to the said college.

Mr. Ross said that the information asked for was reasonable, and he trusted that he could give the House a proper explanation.

Mr. Balfour said that he had always opposed the grant of money to Upper Canada College because it was an interference with the work of the High schools. If the Minister had brought down the figures he explained away to-day when he came to the House in 1887 the House would not have passed his Bill.

Mr. Meredith said that no answer had been given to the most serious charge made by him. There was no use in discussing the expediency of the original grant in 1887 to the college, but he wanted to direct attention to the fact that the spirit and the letter of the law had been broken, and a distinct pledge of the Minister violated. If the honorable gentleman had in 1887 told the House that he wanted $80,000 for equipment besides the $120,000 for the building he would never have got his bill through.

Mr. Ross said it was not the intention of the Government to spend money without asking the House for it, and the House would be asked to endorse any extra amount spent.

Mr. McMahon moved for a return showing the names of all persons, separately by counties, holding an office under the Government of Ontario in respect of which any salary is payable, or to which any fees are attached, together with the amount paid as salary to each such officer for the year 1891. And if payable by fees, showing the amount received for the same period according to any return furnished by such officers to the Government. Such return not to include bailiffs of the Division Courts or lesser servants employed under the Government.

Mr. Campbell (Durham), Equal Rights, moved for a return showing the number of all persons or bodies who have received remuneration for holding religious services in the various asylums of the Province, as per statement of the report of the Inspector of Asylums for the year 1891

Mr. Balfour moved for a return of copies of the application of Clara Brett Martin to the Law Society of Upper Canada for admission as a student-at-law; of the report of the special committee of the Benchers to which the application was referred; of the minutes of the meeting of Hy. L. at which the report was adopted, and of all correspondence on the subject between the Law Society and other parties.

Mr. Biggar moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Act respecting wages. The object of the bill was to extend the time required to give notice to employees in the employ of a debtor from one month to three months.

Mr. Waters moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Act to impose a tax on dogs and for the protection of sheep. The bill was designed to render operative certain clauses in the general bill.

The bill passed its second reading, and was referred to the following Select Committee: Messrs. Deyman, Awrey, Bishop, Clancy, Ferguson, Wood (Hastings), Willoughby, and the mover.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) presented the report of the Private Bills Committee, which was adopted.

On the motion of Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) orders-in-Council relating to the General Hospital, Stratford; Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor; St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham; Convalescent Home, London; Home for Friendless Women, Ottawa; Home for Friendless, Windsor; Hotel Dieu Orphanage, Windsor, were ratified.

Mr. Hardy moved the House into Committee of the Whole on his bill to incorporate the surveyors. Mr. Speaker left the chair and Mr. Awrey presided in committee. Mr. Hardy made some slight amendments to the clause dealing with the suspension of surveyors. A clause was also added making it permissive for the association to exempt surveyors who have been in active service for 35 years from the operation of the Act. The bill was reported to the House and will be read a third time on Tuesday next.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton), in moving the second reading of his bill respecting insurance corporations, said that there was perhaps no legislation before the House so badly required by the public as legislation on insurance. He said that the province had exclusive jurisdiction in the matter of the bill, and the Legislature had already dealt with the matter. One of the objects of the present bill was to extend the provisions of the former life insurance bill to benevolent societies and to accident companies. In view of the interests involved it was necessary that the Government should know what companies or corporations were doing business, what authority these corporations had, and how they conducted their business. It was also necessary to know what relation the members bore to one another and to the officers of the concern. Information should be had as to the financial basis of the institution, whether it possessed a reserve fund, and which such estimates are based. Continuing, he said there were two things that were noticeable, first, the gradual decrease of standing timer; and, second, the increase of expenditure.

Mr. Hardy said that so much of the information asked for as was possessed by the Crown Lands Department would be cheerfully given. There was some information asked for, however, that could not be given.

The motion as amended was carried.

Mr. Tooley moved that an address be presented to his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council praying that he will be pleased, in accordance with a resolution passed by the County Council of the County of Middlesex at its last sitting, to appoint Robert Boston, ex-Warden of the county, to the position of registrar of the said County of Middlesex. He said that two gentlemen had been recommended—one each by two supporters of the Government. He thought that the appointment of Mr. Robt. Boston would meet with the approval of all parties concerned. He trusted that his resolution would relieve the Government from all embarrassment.

Mr. Waters said that the resolution was a peculiar one. Such a resolution had never been introduced into the House before. He moved in amendment that it be not expedient for the Government to name the official to be appointed.

The motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Balfour moved the second reading of a bill to amend the Municipal Act. He thought it well to strike out the bonusing clauses of the Act, as they would be evaded anyway. He thought the sentiment of the country was in favor of doing away with the principle.

Mr. Clancy thought the remarks of the hon. gentleman were a slur upon the business enterprise of the country. He thought the proposition was too sweeping. Bonuses might be very desirable in certain circumstances.

Mr. Waters said that bonusing in Ontario had done a great deal of good. (Hear, hear.) If it had not been for bonuses we should not have had our railway facilities.

Mr. White pointed out that ample protection existed in the law as it now stood. He believed the people were quite capable of protecting themselves.

Mr. Wood (Brant) pointed out that the intention of his bill to repeal the bonus clauses of the Municipal Act did not propose to repeal the bonuses to railways. The bonus-seekers were often manufacturers who had become rich without bonuses, often having outgrown their premises. Keen competition for their products forced them to the step. He believed, no man more so, in giving to the people the widest manner of liberty, but what did they find? Petitions came in every session from every county for the repeal of the bonusing clauses. He moved the second reading of his own bill to repeal the bonus clauses of the Municipal Act with that of the hon. member for South Essex.

Mr. Smith (York) believed the bill went further than they were warranted in restricting the freedom of the people.

Mr. Whitney opposed the bill. It was a bill of coercion, and which restricted the people from using their private funds as they pleased. As long as municipalities had the power to reject bonuses, what need was there for repealing the clauses?

Mr. Wood (Hastings) hoped they would remember that in attempting to improve the evil, if an evil existed, they might increase instead of remedying it. He moved the adjournment of the debate.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time:

Mr. Waters—To amend the Act respecting the profession and practice of medicine and surgery.

Mr. Wood (Brant)—To protect the public interest in rivers, streams and creeks.

Mr. Wood (Hastings)—To enable married women who are freeholders to vote for councillors and aldermen.

Mr. Gilmour—Respecting the Toronto & Mimico Electric Railway Co.

Mr. Ross—To amend the Act respecting the Provincial University.

Mr. Ross—Respecting the election of members of the Legislative Assembly.

Mr. Hardy moved the House into committee on a bill to reduce the number of grand jurors.

Mr. Whitney thought the number 12 would do equally as well as 13, the number proposed by the hon. gentleman.

The bill was carried in committee.

Mr. Mowat moved the second reading of a bill to further amend the law respecting mortgages and sales of personal property. The object of the bill was to prevent a person obtaining credit upon mortgaged chattels, and provides for the registration of mortgages.

Mr. Wood (Hastings) thought the bill should be extended to include lien notes.

The bill was read a second time.

Mr. Harcourt moved the House into Committee of Supply, Mr. Awrey in the chair.

The item of $10,000 for immigration was passed.

The Department of Agriculture was then taken up and dealt with a length. The total estimate for 1892 is $173,207, an increase of $27,607 over last year. The increase is materially due to the extra grant to 87 electoral district societies of $8,700.

Mr. Hudson claimed that district societies were not entitled to the grant any more than were the township societies.

Mr. Clancy objected to the privileges which students at the Ontario Agricultural College possessed in connection with their smoking room.

Mr. Ross, in the course of a vigorous reply, defended the arrangements in vogue at the college for the benefit of students, and speaking of the college generally, he said it deserved the support of everybody. He knew of no institution in the province that he would sooner see maintained in its present state of excellence.

Mr. White charged the Minister of Agriculture with a vacillating policy. The farmers of the country were not benefited by the existence of the Agricultural College. The professors of that institution went about with gloved hands, such one also followed anything to do with any of the college work except that particularly relating to their departments. The result was that the farmers' sons went home and tried the same tactics, and got the farm mortgaged. He was not opposed to the college in any way, but it was not accomplishing the work it should. He thought that perhaps Mr. Mowat might secure a job for his old time but now dishonored acquaintance, Mr. Mercier, in the college.

Mr. Dryden defended the system of experimenting which was being carried on by the Government, and which was necessary if they would keep abreast of the times. Every country carried out experiments that was requisite, as the markets and competition increased, and was done in every country. In reference to the charge of the hon. member for North Essex, he was convinced that he not only knew his mind when purchasing cattle for the department, but bought them at the best possible bargain that could be made. He certainly did not smuggle cattle, as the hon. gentleman's friends did.

Mr. Preston said that after a muddled reign of twenty years was it not a debatable thing that the Minister of Education had to tell of the disastrous state of affairs at the Agricultural College. He thought the blue ruin speeches of the hon. gentleman were responsible for the retrograde movement. Were not the recent Dominion returns a sufficient answer to their reciprocity and blue ruin speeches? He thought that when the Reformers tried it again they would change their tune. He suggested that the hon. Attorney-General hold a conference with Sir Richard Cartwright concerning the adoption of a