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CROWN STOVE POLISH. The Best and most Economical Polish ever placed before the public. No dust, no dirt, no hard labor. Always ready for use. Put up in paste and liquid forms. Give it a fair trial.

Base Ball Tennis and Boating, SHOES, At all prices. Special prices to clubs. See our New Samples. Fishing Tackle —AND— Sporting Outfits. ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO., 68 Prince Wm. str et.

WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER,

Author of "The Wooing O't," "Her Dearest Foe," "Which Shall it be?" etc.

Continued.

"That girl is not so tiresome, after all. Thank heaven, she is no fool, and she is not a bit afraid of me," mused Mrs. Saville. "How I hate and despise folly and cowardice! they generally go together. There's a great deal of style about her, yet she must have been always steeped to the lips in poverty. If I had a daughter like her, I should want the first statesman in England for her husband. Bah! what folly! If I had had a daughter she would have been as indifferent to me as the rest, and would probably have married a groom to spite me. As no one cares for me, I had better concentrate my affections on myself. People may be indifferent to love, they are never indifferent to power; and money is power, especially if backed by common sense."

So the knitting and reading went on successfully, and Mrs. Saville was sometimes surprised by the light-hearted enjoyment which her lectrice showed in any drolleries which cropped up in the course of their readings. Mrs. Saville herself was not without a certain grim sense of humor, but she was sometimes surprised, and not too well pleased, at the quick perception of the ridiculous which so often gleamed in Miss Desmond's expressive eyes. Laughter is what neither pride nor power can defy, and few can hope to impose on him or her whose instinctive feeling of the absurd can blow away the chaff of pretension. Still, to her patroness the young lady's manner was about as perfectly well bred, but tinged with a sweet deference which implied a willingness to do her service which did not fail to please the sterm woman, while it in no way touched her self-respect.

Miss Desmond had been little more than a week at Inglefield, when, returning home from the neighboring vicarage, whence she had been despatched with a message respecting some of the local charities to which Mrs. Saville contributed, she entered the drawing-room through one of the French windows which opened on a veranda and thence on to the grounds.

The lady of the house was not there, but lounging comfortably in her especial chair sat a gentleman, who, directly Miss Desmond entered, rose and made her a bow,—a bow which proved that bowing was not yet quite a lost art. He was a tall, elderly man of uncertain age, slight and elegant, with fine aquiline features and light-blue laughing eyes that looked as if boyhood still lingered there in spite of the wavy gray hair that curled round a rather low but well-shaped forehead. He was carefully, admirably dressed, and indescribably fresh and cool, though it was a burning August day.

"Allow me to explain my appearance here," he said, in a pleasant youthful voice. "I have taken the exceedingly uninteresting journey from London to this villegiatura, and I now await its amiable mistress's pleasure as to whether she will see me or not."

"Has she been told you are here?" asked Miss Desmond, taking off a large garden-hat, which she continued to hold in her hand, wondering who this could be. Mrs. Saville's visitors had hitherto been few and far between, her acquaintances at that season being scattered in remote regions.

"Yes, I believe her major-domo has conveyed my pasteboard to the august presence." And the stranger, with the air of being very much at home, drew forwaqd a chair, which Miss Desmond did not accept.

"Pray, has Mrs Saville been long here?"

"About a fortnight."

And you—have you been here all that time?"

"Not quite."

Ah! what a wonderful resisting power! I should have imagined you would both by this time be extinct from mental inanition." Miss Desmond laughed,—a sweet, well-amused laugh.

"And you can laugh like that!" he continued. "Then your vitality has of course kept my revered sister-in-law alive. It must, however, exhaust your own vital powers to give out oxone—no what do they call it?—electricity—to such a degree. There is nothing to me so soul-destroying, so deadening, as suburban rusticity. Won't you sit down? I can't stand any longer myself."

"Then pray do not. I do not sit down because I am not going to stay. I thought Mrs. Saville would come in immediately," said Miss Desmond, who began to perceive in some way that this pleasant, talkative personage was a good deal older than he seemed.

"Since you permit it, then." And he sank into his chair with a sigh of relief.

"You see," he went on, "this sort of place is just far enough from London to cut you off from all the conveniences of town life, and too near for any of the legitimate amusements and occupations of the country. Why, if you did flush a partridge you dare not let fly at him, for ear of your neighbor's cocks and hens!"

"As I never hunt or shoot, this seems a most delightful abode to me," she returned, smilng.

"By Jove! you are easily pleased," said he, looking rather earnestly at her. "By the way, I do not think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before; indeed, I am sure I have not, for I could not possibly forget you!" Miss Desmond made him a pretty, saucy courtesy." Couldn't, 'pon my soul! So I fear I have not the honor of counting you among my kinsfolk."

"Indeed you have not," laughing a sweet, fresh laugh. "I am Mrs. Saville's demoiselle de compagnie, and am paying her a probationary visit."

"The deuce you are! What immense courage some women have! —though they say the race of Amazons is extinct."

Here the butler appeared, and said, "Mrs. Saville will see you, my lord, if you will come this way." The gentleman rose, and made another elegant bow as he passed Miss Desmond, saying, in a low tone, "Pray for me, sweet saint!" and left the room.

"What an amusing person!" I wonder who he is. Some relation, I suppose, or he would not speak so freely," thought Miss Desmond. "I must not go to Mrs. Saville at present." She too left the room by a different exit, and ascended to her own pleasant apartment, which looked out to the front; a dressing-closet opened from it, and, except for the bed, it was furnished like a sitting-room. After leaning from the window for some minutes, apparently in deep thought, she went to her writing-table, and unlocking a desk with a key which hung to her chain, she began to add some lines to a closely-written letter which lay therein.

She had written for a considerable, time, when the sound of wheels and horses' feet drew her to the window from whence she saw the gentleman with whom she had spoken in the drawing-room descend the hall door steps to enter a very rusty fly or station cab. He had a comically rueful expression of countenance, and, looking round over the front of the house, his quick eye caught sight of Miss Desmond. To her annoyance, he lifted his hat and gave a slight expressive shrug before stepping into his cab, which drove off immediately.

"I wish I had not looked out," she thought; then, smiling at the idea, it struck her as very like an "expulsion." "No doubt Mrs. Saville could be very severe,—even cruel; but she is good to me. I had better give her the vicar's message; yet I feel half afraid. This will not do. My best, my only chance is fearlessness."

She paused a moment, then locked away her writing again, and proceeded down a long passage and a short stair to the wing in which was Mrs. Saville's study. (The word boudoir is quite inappropriate.)

She knocked at the door, and was imperatively told to come in. Mrs. Saville was walking up and down, evidently much disturbed.

"I beg your pardon," hesitating.

"Oh, come in, come in! I have been worried by an importunate fool; but I am not so overset that I cannot attend to anything else. Did you see the vicar?"

"I did; and he is very sorry, but he has already returned the plans of the cottages to the builder."

"Then he must get them back," very sharply. "I will walk over myself to the vicarage. I want movement, and Prince wants a walk." She sat down as she spoke, and took her little dog (which was begging for Miss Desmond's notice) on her lap. "Did you happen to see Lord Everton?"

"The gentleman who has just left? Yes he was in the drawing-room when I came in."

"He is one of the most contemptible men in England," continued Mrs Saville, —"a mere butterfly at sixty-three. He has only existed for pleasure his whole life, and even now pleasure still pleases. His sense of enjoyment has been his ruin. A trifler of the most trifling description without an ambition or an aim; worst of all, reckless of how he may throw others into temptation or difficulty. He has injured me past forgiveness, and yet he comes meandering here to try and talk me over to induce me to pardon the cruelest injury that could be inflicted. I told him my opinion fully; but to be seriously angry with such a creature is like taking a howitzer to shoot a humming-bird. Come, Miss Desmond, let us go out into the open air. What o'clock is it? Nearly five? I shall walk round the grounds until it is time to find the vicar."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Good Suggestion.

To all suffering from catarrh is contained in the following from John J. McNeil, Grand Narrows, C. B. You will please find enclosed $1, for which you will please send me one large bottle Nasal Balm. I have used the first bottle sent me with most satisfactory results and have every reason to believe Nasal Balm is all you claim—a positive cure for catarrh.

The Soapine Explosion Victims.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 15.—Michael Carroll and John McElroy, who were the worst injured in the soapine explosion at the Knickerbocker manufacturing co's works yesterday, died last evening. Previous to their death they were visited by detectives but could shed no further light on the origin of the explosion. The eight remaining victims, all boys, are doing well.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Want the Strike Arbitrated.

DETROIT, Aug. 15.—The general executive board of the Knights of Labor suddenly resolved yesterday to finish their labors in New York and started for that city last evening. Mr. Powderly said he and his comrades were going to New York to demand arbitration in the matter of the New York Central strike.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

By Habeas Corpus Writ.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—A movement is on foot to procure, by a writ of habeas corpus, the liberation of Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman who was sentenced to imprisonment for life on a charge of murdering her husband.

Modern Miracles.

A singer for breath was distressed,
And the doctors all said she must rest.
But she took Dr. G. M. D.
For her weak lungs, you see,
And now she can sing with the best.

An athlete gave out, on a run,
And he feared his career was quite done;
G. M. D., pray observe,
Gave back his lost nerve,
And now he can lift half a ton.

A writer, who wrote for a prize,
Had headache and pain in the eyes;
G. M. D. was the spell
That made him quite well,
And glory before him now lies.

These are only examples of the daily triumphs of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in restoring health and enriching wasted vitality. Sold by all druggists.

The tender of Messrs. Pompore & Co., of Ottawa, for the Morrisburg canal works, was the lowest by $100,000. The engineers report it is utterly impossible to do the work at the figures they quote, so the tender will be ruled out.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

Senator Vidal presided at the council of the Dominion alliance which met in Montreal yesterday. The report on parliamentary action recommends the House be divided next season on the question of prohibition.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the Remedy for you.

The marine department at Ottawa has issued a new wreck chart of Sable Island, and gives the location of 153 known wrecks which have occurred around the island.

That hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

The Ganges river in India has overflowed its banks and inundated the country to an extent never before experienced there. The loss of life is large.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

The new town hall at Collingwood, Ont, was burned yesterday and caused a loss of $20,000.

A glorious cooling draught, for these hot days is "Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice, diluted and sweetened to the taste.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

THE NITH—THE GRAVE OF JENNIE DEANS.

Burns knew by Name every Man, Woman and Child in all Nithsdale—At Ellisland—Wakeman Spends an Evening with Jean Armour Burns Brown, a Great Grand-Daughter of Burns.

ANNAN, Scotland, July 18, 1890.

Complete as is the identification of the man Burns with place, scene and memorial in old Dumfries town, there is a far more pleasant association to be found between Burns the poet-farmer, Burns the poet-farmer-exciseman, Burns the poet-exciseman, and the lovely valley of the Nith. Burns' boyhood is a legacy to the winding Doon, in Ayr. The activities of his manhood are a heritage to the Nith, and the dale or vale through which it makes its songful way to the Solway and the sea. The etymology of its name is Gaelic, as is true of nine-tenths of the natural features of the country, and of the cities, towns and villages of to-day in Scotland as well as in Ireland. Neithe was the Gaelic watergod; hence Neith, and Nith; and a more lovely stream could not have been found in Scotland for honoring, or being honored by, the name. Coming from its crystal cradle among the mountains of eastern Ayrshire, it wimples along in a southwesterly course, watering the Royal Burgh of Sanquhar and the ducal village of Thornhill, thence passing the stupendous mass of Drumlanrig Castle which looks down upon the plain with its innumerable windows, "like a great presiding idol, the embodied genius of feudalism." Near this, the sister stream and dale of the Clyde are reached by the lofty pass of Enterkin. Farther to the south the bordering mountain ranges press the Nith closely at Auldgirth bridge; and then its vale broadens, giving place for myriads of equisite burns, braes and lesser dales. Soon the Nith, after passing Ellisland, the lovely farm-home of Burns, is joined by the Cluden water—which, at Irongray, but four miles to the westward, murmurs past the grave of Helen Walker, whom Scott immortalized as "Jennie Deans"—beneath the shadows of Lincluden Abbey ruins, when now, broad and melodious over glittering shallows, or slowly moving over quiet depths, the river sweeps under the red bridge-arches of Dumfries, and for eight miles to the Solway Firth flows stately on through a shining and spacious plain like that of Lombardy in miniature.

There is not in all this fair domain a castle, a gentleman's seat, a manse, a farm-house, a cabin or an old roadside inn, that existed in Burns' time, which does not preserve some relic of the poet, or some memory of his actual presence. The rich and great regard these as their most priceless heirlooms; but the tenderness with which the lowly preserve the most trifling tradition of what Burns did, or said, or of some accidental meeting or kindly visit, possesses the deepest significance. He was essentially of the lowly. He was ever ill at ease among the gentry and nobility. His great, generous heart was keenly alive to the humble folk about him; and even as gauger, the most dreaded and hated capacity in which law ever took form, in the eyes of the Scotch of that day, and of the Irish of a no remote time, there was a love for Burns through the valley countryside that knew no bounds. He rode on his horses, "Pegagus and Peg Nicholson" 200 miles each week in connection with his duties as exciseman; and, it is told with pride, he knew by name every man, woman and child in all Nithsdale. Their hearts all went out to the man, for had he not lived as they lived; had he not known the things they knew; joyed and suffered in all the humble things in which they joyed and suffered; and were not his songs the rhyme, rhyme and soul of their own vague hungerings? Who was who will come among this peasantry today, loitering here and there where he lingered need go to the books for tender things about Burns. These people all have them in the very core of their hearts, and, with glowing faces, at their tongues' end.

Everywhere your wanderings may lead, at this farmhouse you will learn of unrecorded kindness; at the next, of some pleasant incident; at another, of an odd adventure; now of perhaps a forgivable roystering; then, of some blessed help in time of need; again, of festivity of which he was the life; and here again, of prayer. Prayer from Burns? Yes, prayer with the living and at the couch of the dead, among those so lowly that somehow those "spiritual excisemen" who delighted to league the poet excisman with "Auld Hornie" and had no time from their "higher" parochial duties to minister there. And it does one good to hear those whose fathers before them treasured his memory, tell scores of tales, like those of Burns' own tenderness: How the poet-gauger, ever leaning to the side of mercy, once came to "auld Kate Watson, of Thornhill, in the publican's trade for a fair-day without a license, and when it was his sworn official duty to confiscate her goods and land her in gaol, he only said 'to her with a meaning wink, "Kate, are ye mad? Don't ye know that the Supervisor will be in on ye, *in the course of forty minutes?* 'Good-bye t'ye at present.'" How, at the Kirkpatrick-Durham fair, where he came upon another brewing, and, having asked fiercely of the inmates of the cabin if such has been going on, a servant canily replied, "We has na license for that;" whereupon the wee lassie innocently confessed "that the muckle black kist (chest) is fu'o' the bottles o' yill (ale) that sat a 'up nicht brewin for the fair!"—when Burns instantly eyed a bird hanging in a cage above the child's head and said: "If that bird speaks, there's no use of another speaking bird in this house while that lassie's to the fore;" and left the cabin with the remark, "We're in a hurry now but when we return from the fair we'll examine the muckle black kist!" How when he had caught "auld widow Jenny," of Dunscore, in possession of a large stock of smuggled tobacco, and from public knowledge of the case, was compelled to make a seizure, he did it in this extraordinary fashion. "Jenny," said Burns gravely, "I knew this would be the upshot." Then to Lewars, his assistant, "Here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls, as I count them. Now, Jock, did ye ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check-reels were invented? 'Thou's ane' an' thou's no ane, an' thou's ane out—listen!" As he counted and handed out the rolls, every other one was handed into "auld widow Jenny's" lap.

And so in a larger sense, because Burns came into a loving familiarity with every thing, object or place which he gave lasting life from the devotion of his poetic genius, or made as it were a part of himself by its mention in his rare and winsome letters to his literary friends, those who wander here feel almost the thrill of a personal companionship with not only the past but the man. The Solway Firth, when the tide is in or out, is a magical arm of the sea because the exciseman Burns bravely captured smugglers upon it, and because its mere name ebbs and flows through the measure of his verse. Mist-crowned Criffel looming above, is now a land-mark in literature as well as in topography, and since Burns' time has had the attention of a Longfellow, a Wordsworth, a Ruskin and a Carlyle, because of just two lines he penned,

"The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sunk to Solway—."

before a foreign foe should be permitted to rally on British ground. One has not a hundredth part the interest in that finest ecclesiastical ruin in the south of Scotland, Sweatheart Abbey, which stands by Nithsmouth at Criffel's feet, or in that other majestic ruin, Carlaverock Castle, unquestionably the choicest specimen of castellated architecture in the whole of Scotland, as in old Brow Well, not two miles from the latter; where Burns made his last stand against death, only to be borne home to the Mill street cottage, in Dumfries, to die. And this Brow well has been singularly overlooked by lovers of Burns visiting Nithsdale. It is distant but an eighth miles' tramp south from Dumfries, on the Ruthwell road. It is locally called "The Broo" (Brow), and lies at the brow of the Locher Moss, a few hundred feet back from the Solway tide edge. An ancient "clachan" or prehistoric stone circle once stood near, and the half dozen stone houses of the neighborhood have taken the name of "the auld clachan o' the Broo." These houses, as in Burns' time, are rude structures, merely hinds' houses. The road to Ruthwell, which is but a mile or so distant, winds past the place; and a little delving into antiquities makes curious and not altogether improbable the conjecture that Ruthwell—Ruth being English for the Gaelic Ruadth, red—was the name for locality originally comprising that village, the Red-Well itself and the clachan or stone circle for the celebration of Pagan rites and ceremonials. For Brow Well, of whose waters Burns for months vainly partook is truly a red well, being strongly impregnated with iron. Tradition, too, places Brow Well among those possessing miraculous power. Stepping a few feet from the roadside towards the Solway, there is found a deep pit open to the Eirth at the south. In the center of this is the well, square, but a few inches deep, and perhaps five feet across; altogether more a stone basin than a well, to which three stone steps descend. The water filling it trickles through a spout from the base of the bank "brow" above; and it overflows a tiny burn which, whimpling and broadening in its descent, is reinforced by other half-hidden rills from Locher Moss, until it cuts a clear and distinct way through the reddish gray sand of the Solway. In this dreary place Burns remained, taking the waters of "The Broo" from the middle of April until the middle of July, 1796. His only companions were his thoughts and his "worn out pocket-Bible. His eyes could rest upon but one scene—the roaring or sobbing Solway and the darkening range of the English hills on the Cumberland side of the Firth. Remembering it all, that is one line of English shore whose mystic mists to my eyes seem endlessly fraught with a tinge of dolor and sadness.

Far pleasant associations and memories than those of Brow Well cluster about the upper Nithsdale region. Here, not two miles from Dumfries is that lovely ivy grown ruin, Lincluden Abbey at the confluence of Cluden water and the Nith. Just beyond, to the east, is Dalswinton Hall, where lived the generous and ingenious Patrick Miller, notable not only for his connection with the earliest experiments in steam navigation but as the big hearted owner of Ellisland, the farm Burns took when fresh from his laurels at Edinburgh. This little of a farm, now comprising 135 acres of land, lies to the west of the Nith upon its very banks, about five miles north, of Dumfries; and it is here that Burns, after building the cottage which to this day stands embedded in roses and ivy, brought his bonnie Jean to live with her the only happy days he ever knew. I never saw quite so songful and idyllic a spot—songful in every field and copse bird that border Scotland knows, and wonderfully songful in the waters of the Nith which, between banks white with daisies, bordered closer down with yellow broom, spreads wide across gleaming shallows as if its mission here was to sing endless and tender melodies in honor of the spot where the inspired ploughman sang in his clearest, purest, grandest strains. For here in this farmhouse were produced among scores of lesser poems, "Tam o'Shanter," written in a day and denominated by Alexander Smith "since Bruce fought Bannockburn, the best single day's work done in Scotland," his magnificent battle-piece, "The Song of Death," his wonderful satiny, "The Kirk's Alarm," his matchless embodiment of connubial affection, "John Anderson, my Jo," "O blaw ye westlin winds," his "Address to the Nith," "On seeing a Wounded Hare," that grand "Address to the Shade of Thomson," "Of a' the airts the winds can blaw," and that divinest of all his odes, "To my Mary in heaven."

Getting to this Ellisland farm brought me, in a singular and fortuitous way, within the radius of certain associations so far have had the good fortune to enjoy. As they link the living with thrilling closeness and emphasis to the dead, brief account of this unusual experience will have interest to all lovers of Burns in America. At a late hour of a recent evening I was standing near the noble statue of Burns, erected in 1877, in Church Place, when I saw a lady and other occupant of Church Place at that time was a venerable Scotchman who, standing in the shadows of the Grey Friars' Church, seemed, though in reverent and idle curiosity on his part, as intently regarding me as I had been studying the statue. I finally made bold to approach him with a request for information regarding the road I should take to Ellisland, at the same time expressing my intention of visiting it on the morrow. The chance meeting was a pleasant one, and on discovering that the gentleman, Mr. Thomas Brown, of Queensbury street, was quite at leisure for the next day, I invited him to join me on the excursion, to which he heartily acceded, and the day was a glorious one on account of his intelligent company; for his perfect familiarity with details of the life and experiences of the poet, at which I then wondered, though attributing it to the same the universal treasuring of Burns-lore by the people of Nithsdale, was a source of the greatest delight. The companionship resulted in a return invitation to visit my new found friend's family on the same evening of the Ellisland journey. On presenting myself at his door, I was confronted by a young lady whose face and presence startled me as completely as though Robert Burns had himself greeted me at the threshold of that welcoming habitation. There was a fair young woman, in whose face was repeated every lineament of the poet's. Her hair was raven black; her brows were broad and high; her eyes like flaming orbs; the nose perfectly chiseled; the mouth large, impassioned, tender; and the chin full rounded and dimpled. It was indeed Burns' face softened and softened by the pure soul of a woman looking throught it.

Completely overcome by the extraordinary likeness and situation, I could scarcely use my tongue, but, at last faltered,

"Is—is this the residence of Mr. Thomas Brown, with whom an American gentleman has an engagement for the evening?"

"It is;" the young lady smilingly answered. "Father and mother are expecting you."

"And you are?"—

"Their daughter, Jean Armour Burns Brown!"

It was to the home of the granddaughter and great granddaughter of Robert Burns I had come. The cheery, handsome, whitehaired hostess of the evening, Mrs. Thomas Brown, a lady sixty years of age, who sang for us, "Of a' the arts wind the can blaw" with extreme pathos and feeling, is the surviving daughter of Robert Burns, Jr., the poet's oldest son, who died here in Dumfries in 1857, at the age of 70 years. His early education was chiefly the charge of Burns himself, and with him, hand in hand, he wandered again and again in every loved haunt of Nithsdale from Criffel on the Solway to Friar's Carse, above Ellisland. A page of his paper could be delightfully filled with the experiences of that evening and of later hours, in this plain and pleasant home—in itself a museum and shrine of Burns' memorials, relic and sentiment. But aside from these and the marvelous reproduction of figure, face and radiant speech of eyes and look of the poet in his great-grand-daughter, Jean Armour Burns Brown, two things came to me with conviction which cannot be shaken, and which I would set down to remain, with earnest and solemn emphasis.

The first is, that Robert Burns, Jr., was a man of extraordinary intellect, attainments and character. He was an attache of the British Stamp Office, in London, for thirty years, during which period, and to the day of his death, as I have evidence, he was one of the profoundest thinkers and scholars of his time. A no more learned scholar lived; and Carlyle himself was not his superior in depth of philosophical research. United with these were qualities of heart and character which were grandly pure and sweet; while hidden and restrained by a loyalty to to his father's name and fame, to discern which gives one a glimpse of what true heroism means, was, as I also have evidence, a gift of the loftiest poetic power. With this new light upon father and son I cannot complete the one extreme attachment to the other without feeling that a bond, perhaps unconscious but still mighty, aside from the sacred filial tie, held the matured and budding, intellect so tenderly together.

The other thing I would say from conviction is this: Jean Armour was a woman of loftier soul than has ever yet been depicted. Burns' genius was illimitably too great to require unworthy contrast to render it more surpassingly transcendent. Carlyle's definition of the function of women—"to wed a man she can love and esteem; and to lead noiselessly under his protection, with all the wisdom, grace and heroism that is in her, the life prescribed in consequence, was illustrated supremely in the life of Jean Armour, the wife of Robert Burns, and her unaffected tribute to his kingship of affection in the poverty-stricken home they both loved, in her own words, "He ne'er spoke misbehadden word to me in a' his life," is as royal a tribute to his manly, if erring nature, notwithstanding all other evidences of men and pen, as the world can ever bring to brighten the memory of his immortal poetic genius.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

FROM BEHRING SEA.

The United States Not Interfering with Canadian Sealers This Year—Big Catch Reported.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug., 15. Captain Erskine of the steamer St. Paul, which arrived yesterday from Ounalaska says that Victorian poachers this year secured 20,000 sealskins, and in consequence the take of the North American Commercial company is greatly reduced. He believes in a few years that seals will become extinct. No attempt has yet been made to seize any of the large fleet of contraband vessels in Behring sea.

The Angel of Mercy.

Quite recently a, philanthropic old lady had occasion to visit a poor family in the south-west portion of the city of Montreal, a densly populated district. This lady, was one of a committee of ladies, appointed by a certain evangelical church for the purpose of finding out and relieving distress and want in that particular district.

The old lady after entering the house perceived that the comforts were few and the furnishing scanty; and that the two young children, and a baby of nine months, as well as the mother, were poorly clad and look emaciated.

The old lady quickly came to the conclusion that here, she had certainly found a family who deserved help and assistance.

The good Samaritan listened attentively to the mother's brief story, that her husband had been unable to obtain work during the winter season, and that she had been obliged to go out and do washing and ironing wherever she could, to support her family. In this way her baby had been neglected, and was now almost a shadow.

The benevolent old lady hastened away, and before night came on, a beautiful supply of necessaries were sent to the poor family, and their condition was made happier.

The old lady visited them early next day, and from a capacious satchel brought forth two cans of Lactated Food which she had purchased for the sick baby.

The mother was instructed how to prepare it, and baby was fed, much to the delight of its mother and her kind visitor. Its appetite which had become voracious, was soon appeased, and that night the baby's slumber was peaceful and healthy.

The good old lady visited the family once a week for some time after, and found that the baby was growing strong and fat. She never forgot in her visits, to take with her, a can of the food. The poor family soon, through the efforts of the church, were made to feel comfortable, as the husband and father had obtained steady work through them, and the mother was enabled to devote her time and attention to her family.

The mother now with grateful heart, often blesses the angel of mercy who came to her and her family with such timely assistance, and for the saving of her babe's life by the use of Lactated Food.

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STEAMERS.

PEOPLE'S LINE. UNTIL further notice the favorite Star STAR will leave her wharf, St. John, N. B., for Washademoak Lake and all other intermediate landings every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 10 a. m. Returning, is due on alternate days at 2 p. m. Also a steamer of this line will leave above wharf for Gagetown and all intermediate landings every week day (Saturday excepted) at 5 p. m., and Saturday at 6 p. m.; returning is due at 1 p. m., on Saturday at 9.30 a. m. Goes down and up west side Long Island Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; east side on other days. J. E. PORTER, Manager.

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