Supper is over, the hearth is swept. And now, in the wood fire's glow, The children cluster to hear a tale

Of the time so long ago. When grandmamma's hair was golder brown, And the warm blood came and went O'er the face that could scarce have been

sweeter then Than now in its rich content. The brow is wrinkled and careworn now, And the golden hair is gray,

But the light that shown in the young girl's eyes Has never quite gone away.

And her needles catch the red fire's light, As in and out they go,
With the clicking music that grandmamma

Shaping the stocking toe And the waking children love it, too, For they know that stocking song Brings many a tale to grandmama's mind Which they shall hear ere long.

But it brings no story of olden time To grandmama's heart to-night -Only a parable, short and quaint, Is sung by the needles bright.

"Life is a stocking," grandmamma says, "And yours is just begun; But I am knitting the toe of mine, And my task is well-nigh done. With merry hearts we begin to knit,

And the ribbing is almost play; Some are gay colored, and some are white, And some are ashen gray. But the most are formed of many a hue, And many a stitch set wrong,

And many a row to be sadly ribbed Ere the whole be fair and strong. There are long plain spaces without break That in youth are hard to bear,

And many a weary tear is dropped As we fashion the heel with care. But the saddest, happiest time is that Which we sigh for and yet would shut,

When our Heavenly father breaks the thread And tells us our work is done." The children come to bid good-night,

With tears in their bright young eyes; While in grandmamma's lap, with a broken thread. The finished stocking lies.

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of 'That Fair Face,' 'She Knew Best.' etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

To climb the rugged steps and turn the I would joyfully welcome her as a daughtkey in the rusty lock, was the work of a er. I would beg her forgiveness, that for high as he mounted the steep, spiral stair- to one of her sweet character." case; there was a ghostly clang about his footsteps as they echoed through the huskily, "we cannot recall the dead. The gloomy, vault-like corridors.

Higher, higher he climbed, till he came | peacefully in her grave at Los Palmas. All upon the dark passage under the sloping | the same—she is lost to me. roof, flanked by attic chambers, then, brave man though he was, he turned pale, for distinctly near him he heard the it you are saying?" sound of a human moan, a low-drawn cry

to the roof of his mouth; he flung wide and his supposition. open the third door. Great heavens! what did he see in that darkened garret? ally, then added, as she still kept one arm was a dark-skinned woman, who moaned | you stand great happiness as you have feebly; across her knees lay a girlish form | born cruel sorrow?" in soiled white garments, a graceful figure, with sweet, dead-white face, that the closed eyelids, with their jetty fringes and | was an expression that stuck to his heart. blue-blask hair clustering round the marble brow, made still paler.

His head was in a whirl; sight failed him, but for that half-delirious moan it almost dead when discovered, now she is such a formality unecessary. It has been seemed his senses would have failed him rapidly gaining strength. She is a loving in the public prints often. I am known to faithful girl to whom the child had been to her, my boy." entrusted. Was it not all to plain, his here to languish out a pitiful existence.

Marchmont Ardleigh groaned in uncontrollable agony, salt tears fell from his eyes on the tiny nerveless hand he held in his own. He would have called down bitterest curses on the wretched man, but the words died upon his lips; vengeance was in higher hands than his; retribution had come, only too justly, on the paralysed creature breathing out his last mis- ed how eagerly she had been waiting for commodities into the circulating medium erable moments on his bed of down.

Vaughan was beside himself with anxmaster, Sir Giles Massinger, would die.

She was laid in her grave amongst the flowers, the graceful palm waving above her, the myrtle and arbutus, with their glistening leaves and fragrant blosfull of love, noted the expression of satisful arbutus, with their glistening leaves and fragrant blosfull of love, noted the expression of satisful arbutus, with the workers the terms on which the workers may live. Like a hideous above her, the myrtle and arbutus, with soms all around; deeply sorrowing, her faction passing over each face as they sub-Only Sir Giles was left, growing paler and thinner day by day; he made no exGiles; you are very welcome," exclaimed ertion to live, he had no desire to return the elder man. "Don't rob me of my to his native land. Things were going darling girl yet, Giles," he went on; "she on in this style, when one morning he re-

He saw nothing but that one word, which burned into his brain. Her name

so loved, so worshipped. His hands wildly as he sprang from his couch. the lovely cemetery.

een, sir," Vaughan answered respectfully; hoped for her ultimate recovery. "she'd have spoken some words of her native tongue before she died, had it

"Then this - what is it?" he said The woman shiver finger still on that one name. mean they've found the poor young lady's laugh, he had told her to take her dead luxuries and not upon the necessaries of

"We will return home at once, Vaughan. There's a vessel departs for England tonight: take berths at once." "Ah, sir! that's spoken like yourself. A sight of the old home is worth all the

foreign lands in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

and twig deliniated in nature's diamonds, of her society in all these years. when Sir Giles entered his mother's morner for explanation.

her first remark.

your news."

"You shall have it if you promise take your breakfast, not without. He made pretence of enjoying what was set before him

Lady Massinger began-"Norris Ardleigh is dead and buriedyou have heard that; also his brother is alive and returned home again." "Good heavens-no! His death must have been a great shock to you."

I wish I had never touched that man's hand! Who would have given his smooth face credit for so base a nature?" ing his mother with astonishment. She

"The colored woman is not dead. All fused to pive up a treasure belonging to a few months. her nursling."

"What was that?" till Noreen came of age. The woman travelling gear. concealed it, mistrusting Norris from the first; she gave him only the golden nugget, which was for the child's maintenance during her minority. He guessed

vient to Denize, his own false heiress." "This is a terrible story of a man so universally respected. How did you become acquainted with it?" "He confessed all before he died.

wife wrote for him-he attested." "Then she knew of the crime?" "Undoubtedly." "And Denize?"

"Of late years, yes."

"What a trio! It is well that he is dead, or I should be tempted to punish him in my own way. They might at least have treated my poor girl better; they need not have grudged her my love."

"Denize had made up her mind to be mistress of Kingscote; I foolishly fell into the snare and abetted her. You loved Noreen: after her cousin's disappearance Denize dropped some remarks which filled me with a suspicion of foul play." Sir Giles' eyes dilated with horror, he grasped the table for support, leaning forware, he whispered hoarsely-

"They did not murder her?" Lady Massinger shook her head. "Giles," she said, and there was a strange tremor of eagerness in her voice, if you could bring Noreen to me now, I

moment; he carried a lantern and held it an instant I preferred the cruel Denize, "Too late! too late!" he responded sea holds her in its arms, or she sleeps

Lady Massinger looked hard at him. "Los Palmas, my dear boy! What is

She rose and went to him, throwing her around him in sweet motherly fasion. His heart stood still, his tongue clove He told her of the Hungarian gypsy girl "No! no!" she exclaimed energetic

On the floor, huddled together in a heap around him protectingly; "my boy, can He started, growing red and pale in

> "Mother, have you found her?" he "Yes, Noreen is found, Giles. She was

altogether. He flung himself on his companion to her poor, crazy aunt, whose you by name, I presume, as a public speakknees, he was wild with anguish. The days are numbered, the light of her fath- er and lecturer on social and political dead girl's face resembled his young er's eyes, the idol of the faithful creature sub-" wife's, whom years ago he had lain in her whose life was almost sacrificed for her grave; the half-mad woman's, that of the sake. Giles, she waits for you now; go And thus she quietly explained away

brother's villainy? Too great a coward all the strange mystery connected with to commit murder, he had thrust them Noreen's disappearance, and her ultimate Very quietly his mother went from the

> "Noreen, Noreen, my little darling!" She flew to him hiding her flower-like face on his breast

"Father, Giles has come back to me," she ejaculated. That was all, but it show-

beautiful countenance. Together they iety; he was fully persuaded, unless some- walked towards the centre of the great They are swift to take money in and slow morning room, where sat a stranger at a to pay it out. They form but another writing table. He was bronzed with the link in the chain with which plutocracy Blow upon blow seemed of late to have sun, for his adventures in foreign lands is fettering the limbs of labor—another come upon this once lucky child of for- had been manifold, laboring for his spadeful of earth on the mountain that tune; the last was the death of the beautiful gipsy girl, Zara, whom he had so plain he was an Ardleigh; he was Norris mon people! Banks, sir, are simply a over again, only with type of physiogomy part of the scheme through the operation

as the two men clasped hands; they gazed polists control the means of exchange and mitted to the scrutiny.

ceived a telegram from his mother. It Ardleigh, we had better go away for awhile. Take him to Nadha now, my "Return home at one. There is death at Ardleigh. News of Noreen." child. After all, she has been the greatest victim: her life has been one long est victim; her life has been one long

sacrifice for your sake." Dark-skinned, of nearly African type of countenance, Nadha's face yet wore a very | for the actual settler. shook as with palsy, his heart throbbed sweet expression. She was robed in richest silk, and reclined on soft cushions; "What does it mean? Surely she lies golden ornaments she loved were about there," he exclaimed, pointing towards her arms and fingers; Noreen deemed nothing too good for her. She still suffer-

"I told you that was never Miss Nor- ed from great weakness, but the doctors Noreen threw her fair arms around her "Nursie, this is my own dear lover," she whispered. hoarsely, holding out the telegram, his that terrible night, when fainting, Noreen cept county judges.

had been thrust into the prison by her "Don't get excited, sir; it can only wretched uncle, when, with a harsh body. But that's a melancholy satisfact- girl, and she had thought it was a corpse he gave her.

"God bless you both!" she murmured.

CHAPTER X. more of her loving nature, seeing her produced by such combinations or mongrow daily more beautiful. It was a trial opolies. for his constancy, but his love increased ered with winter's rime; every branch votion to her father, who had had so little to the public interest.

They longed, yet dreaded, to return Provincial voters' lists by the municipal ing-room. He had travelled with all home once more. Marchmont Ardleigh officers. speed to obey her summons and was eag- loved the halls of Ardleigh, where his 13. Conformity of electoral districts to "My dear boy, how ill you look!" was memory of his brother and his duplicity. municipal purposes, as far as the princi-

ed with a short, weary laugh. "I want fondly, he would turn away his head and stamp his foot impatiently.

"Indeed, father, they were kind to suffered most."

ful that she does not fly away." apprenticeship. "So you have, my boy; "In more ways than one. Oh! Giles, we'll 'let the dead past bury its dead.' There's happiness left in the world yet;

the village bells shall ring out merrily Sir Giles tilted back his chair, regard- for your wedding; Ardleigh has been shut wound in which its fangs are buried, unup long enough. The village bells rang out right lustily be-

fore the wedding; they sent forth a joyful these years he has had her incarcerated in peal, when the bride and bridegroom a garret of the old, disused west wing of elect entered the territory of their own his own mansion. She has passed a mis- domains. As the carriage passed the erable existence—fed on bread and water, church, Noreen looked from the window. taken to her by his own hands, when he Right before her was the marble tomb thought of it-just as often forgotten; im- where slept her uncle and aunt, for Caroprisoned because the faithful creature re- line Ardleigh only survived her husband

"We have heard news of Denize," said Lady Massinger, later on, to Noreen; they "A sealed bag of uncut diamonds, large | were sitting in the latter's boudoir, sipand of the purest water, not to be opened | ping chocolate, the girl divested of her

"Oh, have you? Does she want anything? Is she well?" "My dear child, what a lot of questions about a worthless object. She went off the woman's secret; she was drugged and | with Abel White, the gardener, as we surrobbed, and conveyed to her living tomb | mised, the charming couple taking with in the dead of night. Then came his them as much booty, in the way of jewels sudden access of fortune. He had no and money, as they could lay hands on scruples; looking upon the child as an with the proceeds, they, or he, I suppose orphan whom no one was likely to claim, we must say, for it appears she's found he brought her up a a dependant, subser- her master, bought a farm in the wildest part of Queensland. She was seen at the 'station,' the only woman amongst a lot of rough men, waiting upon them, cooking their dinners, her husband taking her to task for her dilatoriness, laughing at what he called her affectation of fatigue." "Oh, poor Denize!" exclaimed Noreen

'What will she do?" "You are amply revenged, Noreen, and she has only got what she deserved." "Dear Lady Mrssinger, I want not revenge, I only care for love." "You want the millenium, my dear,

but that will not come yet." The girl laughed softly. "I think it has come to me," she said

her dark eyes luminous. Such a bonny bride, such a proudlyhappy bridegroom. The ancient village church was crowded to see the beautiful Miss Ardleigh married to the heir of teething. It will relieve the poor little Kingscote. It was in the time of roses; sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mistake about it. If the church was a bower of scented blossoms, the aisles a perfumed carpet for her dainty feet, and the frou-frou of her sheeny the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is satin skirts.

"My own love! yes, mine at last!" her church. Her eyes wandered to the marble tomb, whereon the roses lay in rich clusters,

placed there by her hands the night be-"Forgiven?" she asked, softly. "Forgiven now, dear, through the great love we bear each other; but, oh, my darling, let us put all thoughts of the past away from us. We have nothing to fear in the future. Noreen, are you glad

to come to me?" "Need I answer such a question?" she replied, with a joyous little laugh.

AMPLY IDENTIFIED.

"I have no doubt, madam." said the cashier, "that you are Mrs. Jykes, the person named on this draft, but the rules of the bank require that you must be idturns. Their eyes met; in hers there I can cash the paper for you."

"I suppose I could go and hunt up some acquaintance," replied the lady, "but I took it for granted you were sufficiently familiar with my face to make

"I repeat, madam, that so far as I am personally concerned I have no doubt you are Mrs. Jykes, the well-known public speaker, but in business matters, as you must be aware, a banking house must be guided by established business prin-"

"When business principles are contrary to established rules of common sense," interrupted the caller, impatiently, "what is the use of being guided by them? Bank drafts are drawn, sir, to facilitate the transaction of business. The theory is that banks are organized to serve as a means of promoting the rapid interchange of commodities, or rather the convertion of of the country, to the end that toil may He pressed her soft lips with his own, meet its due reward without undue delay. inrebuked; there was no fear now on her But banks, sir, are conducted for the real purpose of enriching their proprietors. of which the rich are growing richer and Noreen was still clinging to her lover the poor are growing poorer. The mono-

life blood of the people and-" "Madam," said the cashier feebly, " here's your money."

THE PATRON'S PLATFORM. In view of the fact that the Patrons of Industry are to organize lodges of their order in New Brunswick shortly, their platform will be read with interest as 1. Maintenance of British connection.

2. The reservation of the public lands 3. Purity of administration and absolute independence of parliament.

4. Rigid economy in every department of the public service. 5. Simplification of the laws and a general reduction in the machinery of gov-

The abolition of the Canadian Senate. 7. A system of civil service reform that will give each county power to appoint or elect all county officials paid by them ex 8. Tariff for revenue only, and so adjusted as to fall as far as possible upon the

9. Reciprocal trade on fair and equitable terms between Canada and the world. 10. Effectual legislation that will protect labor, and the results of labor, from Five years of travelling in sunny lands, those combinations and monopolies which Sir Giles ever by his darling's side, learn- unduly enhance the price of the articles

11. Prohibition of the bonusing of rail-The lovely Kingscote woods were cov- rather than diminished, watching her de- ways by government grants as contrary you mean, sir, by thus embracing my 12. Preparation of the Dominion and

youth had been spent, but there was the county boundaries, as constituted for Noreen knew only too well of what he ple of representation by population will liver pills cure constipation, thereby pre-"Never mind me, mother," he answer- was thinking, when, after kissing her allow. venting its consequent ills.

KILLS WITHOUT BITING

The cobra is believed to be the deadliest me," she would whisper, her soft cheek of all snakes. Ten thousand or more laid against his; it was only just at the people lose their lives in India every year last—ask Giles. Nadha forgives — she from its bite. This has gone on from time immemorial, and there appears to "This child is an angel, Giles. If I be no immediate prospects in putting a trust her to your care, you must be care- stop to it. Some of the peculiar characteristics of the cobra are that it rarely opens "Trust me very soon," laughed Sir its mouth when striking, but actually Giles. "I really think I've served a long gives a deadly blow without biting; is bites deliberately when in a state of ap parent death from muscular contortion and will then hang on like a bulldog, the venom flowing all the time into the til it drops at last from sheer exhaustion; and it can squirt the venom from its fangs into a person's eyes and thus blind him for a time at least. The cobra's poison fangs project beyond the lower lip when it strikes, so that it can injure fat-

> ally without biting. For children's coughs and colds Hawker's balsam of tulu and wild cherry is unequalled. It is the children's favorite.

> She - Do you think the time will ever come when women will propose? He-I don't see why it shouldn't. Suppose you proposed to me tonight and I said yes, what ----

> But never mind; it is just as well, and mother, I know, will be delighted.

Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every and pain in passing it almost immediately If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Colonel (to pretty nurse) - Whose baby is that - a pretty fellow? Nurse - Why. sir, it's your own little boy. Colonel -Really? My wife changes nurses so often that I don't recognize my own flesh and

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I understand, said the detective, that you had a clew to the whereabouts of Crockles, the famous criminal?

Yes, replied the brother officer.

A man came to me and said he was Crockles and wanted to give himself up because he was tired of eluding justice. What did you do? Nothing. He couldn't prove his iden-

A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as | Two Subscriptions in one remittance \$4 it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calentified by somebody known to us before loused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains.

GEORGE ROBB, Farmer Markham, Ont. Sold by W. Carten and Alonzo Staples.

Borax - My wife makes a little money go a long way these times. Samjones-So does mine, unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.

THINGS TO REMEMBER. A cold in the head is the first cause of

Catarrh is an unhealthy disease and is often followed by consumption. Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, cold in the head and all catarr-

Caller - Your master's not at home, eh, Pat-No, sir. He do be in th' ould

country these t'ree wakes, sor. Caller - Excuse me, Pat, but how is it that when your mistress is on this side of the water your master's on the other, and vice versa? Is there any trouble between Pat - None at all, sir; only they have

agrade bechune 'em that they can live togither better whin they're apart. "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. What do you think of my new ball

It seems to me more like a hunting cos I'd like to know why? It is dear, and you are bare.

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and Alonzo Staples. His Wife - John, I hear that while was away this summer you were out a good deal. John - Anyone who says that lies. I wasn't out over \$5 a night - er - what kind of a hat were you talking about?

benefits. 75 cents. For sale by W. Carten

A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS: "I have eight children, every one is in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

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daughter? Ethel, I am surprised. Ethel (bravely) - So are we papa, dear; so are Cause and effect; constipation is the cause of a host of diseases. Hawker's

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