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and the second	and the second	- 2
and the state of the second state of the secon		1
E 381/2 Splas I - AF RIL. I have a lithe troubing light, which still All toadsrij I koop, and ever will. I chank it ever whichly dies away. Hut of: it seems as if it could not stay. And as I strive to keep it if I may.	Perhaps the gent has a card-case about him." No sooper said than done.	for th
But of: it seems as if it could not stay, And so I strive to keep it if I may.	"Here's a card," said one, diving into Evan's waistcoat pocket. "Mr. Owen Jones, 99 Winslow-square."	44 23
Sometimes the what gusts push it sove add Tao to ey to my breast my light I hide, And for it make a leat of my two hands : And the it is career might on the lamp able It soon recovers and uprightly shards.	te: "That's him right enough ; he said his name was Jones. He don't look much like a Winslow-square sort, does he ? Batthere's no accounting for these Welsh gents. Just	said I tell w "C "We
Bometimes it seems there is no fiame at all ; I love gale closs, becaue it is so small ; Then all for sorrow do I weep and such. But so as one seems to listen when I cry, And then the ig ht burns up, I know not wh	as well he had his pasteboard about him, though, wasn't it ? or he wouldn't have got home to-night."	night, A mind. "I
Sometimes I think, How could I live, what a Withow my dear light? Then, Does each of yo Dear /ient/si (I think). a little i light have too Ba's soal I tremble for my words and sigh ; A uil is will be my words till I die.	Je, four wheel cab drove up to the door of No. 99 Winslow-square. "This is Mr. Jones', aint it?" said the cabman to the smart parlour-maid who.	and I wishe to fin
JABSEE1 WOCK.	answered his knock at the door. "Yes, this is Mr. Jones'," answered the maid.	would The i
(From Alice theo' the Looking-glass) Baware of Jabber wock, my son, The jawa the' blee, the class we that catch ; Baware the Junjub bir A and shun The from you Banderspace.	"Thet's the name right enough. Here's the card they gave me: 'Mr. Ower Jones, No. 99 'Well, look here, Miss, I've brought your master from the Welsh dinner. He've	mista was ""] said can't
He took his vorpal sword, Long time the manxom toe he sought; Then rested he by the turntum tree, And stood awhile in thought;	been enjoying of his wine a goodish bit, I should say, and I can't wake him up nohow." "You don't mean to say he's taken too much ?"	self ; pinch yeste break
And while in ufflah though the stood, The Jabberwock with eyes of flame Came whiffing through the tuggy wood, And bu bled as he came.	"Well, Miss, that depends. I don't think myself, in a general way, a gen'leman can take too much; the more the merrier, / says. But he's pretty far gone, anyhow." The maid rushed in to her mistress, who	was t glass like. it wa for th
One. two. one. two. and through and through The vorpal blade went antickernanck : He left it deag, and with its head He went gluthphing back. And hast thou slain the Jabberwock ?	"O ma'am, here's master come back in a	kindi I don grate An
Come to my arms, my beamish boy. O frabjous day -Calleo ! Callay ! He chortled in his joy.	"Nonsense, Mary !" said her mistress angrily, and advancing into the hall ; "there must be some mistake." "No mistake.me'm." said the cahman	humi "] musi
THE TWO JONESES.	touching his hat respectfully; "I've brought the gent from the Weish dinner, and here's his card." "Good heavens!" said Mr. Jones. re-	fast. Wels St. I lowa have
A STORY OF ST. DAVID'S DAY.	disgrace? Mary, go down stairs : I know I	Jone Lo Evas
CHAPTER L	dreadful misfortune to the other servants." Mary retired accordingly, and Mrs. Jones	brea had gave
It was the 1st of March, in the year of grace 18—. In a merchant's office, not far from Chaspeide, a little man sat at a high desk,	oontinued : "Cabman, I must ask you to assist Mr. Jones up to his bed-room ; it is the front	seat his pler
trying hard, apparently, to keep one eye on the rows of figures before him and the other	ready lighted, I can give you no help : for I	spe life
of the office clock. Failing in this his glances travelled from the one to the other with gendalum-like regularity. At last the clock struck the wished for hour of six; and the little man shut the big ledger with	condition." "I or, don't take on so, ms'am," said the cabman good-naturedly; "it sint nothing	fro
clock struck the wished for hour of six ; and the little man shut the big ledger with a bang, and after locking it up carefully in	o' them nobs does it every night. My old	the the
the office safe, dashed into a dark cupboard, and began a hasty but careful toilet, involv-	have the gentleman up stairs in a jiffy."	qui and
ing great splashing of water, and much violent exercise with a stumpy nail-brush.	room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes ;	hei Jos
Evans Jone was nominally managing clerk, and really general factotum, to the firm of Borwick & Brown, hard-wood merchanta.	by a sort of scuffing in the passage, accom- plished by exclamations of "Wo-ho," "Hold	full
He was fifty years of age, short, ist, and good-natured, though a little peppery at	nature, that the cabman was assisting Mr	to
times. He had a numerous family, whom he found it anything but easy to feed and	ten minutes, which seemed an age he rean	per For
bring up on his modest salary of fifty shil- lings a week. With strict economy, how-	a confidential manner :	c
ever, he managed just to make both ends meet. Not for him were the breezy sands of	able mpm. He was a little orkand to ma	af
Ramsgate or the chestnut avenues of Hamp- ton Court. Not for him were the mild Ha-	he's sleeping like a babby."	he ip
vanna or the fragrant cigarette. He had no vices and desired no luxuries. One indulgence	Mrs. Jones dismissed the man with a fee in beyond his wildest expectations and re-	n a s
alone, in the course of the year, did he par- mit himself. He was a Welshman to the	sumed her seat, feeling as if her peace of a mind was for ever lost. She felt that she	Le la
agance. Come what might, and however de-	never could have the same respect for her husband again. He, who had always been a	
pressed the condition of the domestic money market, he was always present at the dinner of the "United Welshmen" on St. David's	model of all that was dignified and gentle- manly, a very pattern husband, to come 1 home helplessly drunk from a tavern-dinner !	-
of the "United Weishmen" on St. David's Day. The necessary guines was to Jones as	15 Was incredible : and yet the fact was 1	
much as a hundred to many of the other	beyond question. Surely there must be some	14
question-s sum to be saved and soraped to- gether by infinite sacrifice and self-denial. But	But no; he had never been in better health a than when he left her a few hours previous-	
But "Though back and sides go bare, Though hands and feet go cold,"	ly, and to send to a doctor would only be	
as the old song says, scraped together it	to publish his disgrace. Could his wine r have been drugged ? But surely at a pub- lic dinner, at a first-rate place of entertain-	y.
as the old song says, scraped together it must the, by hook or by crook. For nearly a week prior to the present occasion, Evan's	ment, this was equally out of the question. ( There seemed no alternative but to suppose	
guests who assembled at the banquet in question-as unt to be saved and estraped to gether by infinite scorifice and self-denial. But "Though bands and feet go cold." as the old song asys, acraped together in must@e, by heok or by crook. For nearly a week prior to the present constitued of a asystep and a penny roll ; and on the day of our story had had taken no food whatever since his fragal	that, carried away by the excitement of the a	
had taken no food whatever since his frugal breakfast, intending to compensate himself	those sudden frailties to which poor human p natures, even that of the noblest, is subject.	
had taken no food whatever since his friggal breakfest, initending to compensate himself handsomely for his abstinkens at the expense of the "United Welshmen." He had, in truth, gone so long without food as to feel a	At first the weeping wife falt as if the li	
truth, gone so long without food as to feel a little exhausted ; but he consoled himself	offence was beyond all pardon ; but gradual ly a softer feeling came over her, and she felt that, though the wrong could never be for-	
with the thought of the splendid appetite he should carry to the festive board ; and hav-	give it. And then she mentally rehearsed	
ing at last completed his toilet he shut up I	the painful scene which would take place to between herself and her erring husband on h	
air test high and humming to had a ace	his return to consciousness and self-respect ;	
with patriotic energy.	speeches, to be spoken more in sorrow than t in anger, when suddenly a latch-key was	
Jones started on his journey, a tall, hand-	heard in the door, and in walked Mr. Jones h himself, calm and unruffied, without a hair	
some man, in faultless evening attire, stepped out of a West End mansion, outside of which	out of place, or a crease on his snowy shirt."	

up; and if I came and I came <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>