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BY M. J. M'COLL. two have no hesitation in placing the fa-wing, by Miss McColl, of Kingston, amore genus of Canadian literature

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The gents of Canadian interactive, j Sweetly sleeping is our darling, Free for sive from pain and woe— 'Neath the pines that crown the hillside, Where spring flowers sconest blow; Where the wild birds sing most sweetly Through the long, bright summer day; Where the sunlight seems to linger, And the moonbeams love to play.

UNIE'S GRAVE

Tis a fair, bright spoi, but fairer Was the little form we laid Underneath the turf unfeeling, In her cold and narrow bed,— Yet we knew 'twas but the casket We had hidden from our sight; In the father's crown our jewel Gleams forever pure and bright

So we try to bow in silence Neath the blow that ou us fell, Knowing He whose hand hath dealt it Knowing He whose hand hain de Ever "doeth all things well," But we miss her—sadly usiss her, And we list, alas ! in vain, For the sound of coming footsteps We shall never hear again.

By the tiny vacant chair, ice-cold now the rosy fingers Clasped so off and raised to Heaven, Pale the sweet red lips that murmured "May my sins be all forgiven."

Oh ! the loneliness and sorrow In our hearts and in our home When we know on no to-morrow Vill the absent darling come But not "without hope" we mourn her, God, who took our idol, knew If our treasure were in Heaven We would long to follow too.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Love thy neighbor as thyself. -When at dawn I meet her, As by the garden wall she stands, Aud gives me flowers across the wa My heart goes out to hiss her hands-Are hands or flowers the sweeter ?-Tm ready at her feet to fall, Or like a clown to labor !--Better than I love myself, Do I love my neighbor Love thy neighbor as thyself-When at dawn I meet him, As by the garden wall he stands, And takes my flowers across the wall, My soul's already in his hands— It flew so fast to greet him ! And oh, I grow so proud and tail, And my heart bents like a tabor !--Better than I love myself, Do I love my neighbor."

EDDY'S SEARCH A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE. "HOGABT'S."

keep up a fair outside. I took pains to jail. Of course they got out of it. They scem all right, and people at Riverton fied across the country, the Mexicans and think me all that is good; but if this me after them. And they fell in with scheme of mine miscarries-but it can't a rich Mexican ranchero that knew the -1 shall become a vagabond and a boy's father, and he protected them and wanderer upon the earth. Mrs. Burns" exposed me. And them Mexicans took —in his earnestness. Burgoyne forgot me back to Santa Magdalena, and there to call her by the name to which she had 1 got a flogging the scars of which last to call her by the name to which she had no right—'is costing me a mint of money It's fees—fees! But I shan't mind all this expense, if I win the game. I should like to feel that my life is not a wretched failure. I should like to have Juliá Burns for my wife in good truth; and go willingly where I go." eisco; how he had entrapped him into

"I don't know. She has a remarkable spirit. She hopes in spite of everything. Starvation does not affect her will. 1 must find some means to erush her." I meant to give the hore.

Starvation does not affect her will. I "I mean to give the boy a bogging and the sounds of the never penetrated stretched out its stretche heart. Is Burns married ?"

CARLETON PLACE,

Happy to meet you, Mr. Burgoy

aid Hogart, extending his hand. Have came with us ?" Burgovae shook the Hand offered him

and Vellis answered for him : "No, Hogart, we haven't come for : We want to see the boy. Is he

alive vet?" "Yes. I'll take you to him.

He led the way from the room by

death

ers should have so adjusted themselves private door near the desk, Vellis and s to render such a proceeding practic-Burgoyne following him. EDDY HOPEFUL AND DEFIANT

"You are looking at your work, Jacob In the dim, dark, under ground vault, Vellis," said the boy bitterly, as he looked down at his shranken legs and stretched out his slender arm. "I supbeneath the basement of Hogart's saloons, into which the free air, the sunlight. and the sounds of life never penetrated

1872.

udden rage convulsed his soul. He get their eyes fixed on me in connection

a udden rage convulsed his soul. He could have torn the noble young face, so color and defiant, with his hands. He lenged to assault the lad with the violence he had himself experienced upon two sparate occasions. But Burgoyne was les master, and had ordered that the boy pould not be harmed for the present, and therefore revenge had to give place be greed. But in his soul, Vellis swore microty oath to be revenged upon the sparate occasions. The place has been aboard, take Vellis and a select few, and put for Ballyhack, or Guinea? Ther you're safe, and we're mighty oath to be revenged upon the or Guinea? Then you're safe, and we're ad in the near future, when other mat- safe."

"There's comething in that idea," said Burgoyne.

"If Hogart's going to turn coward, there's lots of places to hide mother and sou in without going to sea !" muttered Vellis,

"I'm not turning coward." asserted

<page-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> and was then conveyed home, where,

A certain doctor, struck with the large expired about nine, o'clock. number of boys under fifteen years of conscious up to the hour of his death. age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had and related circumstantially to his wife the facts above stated. - Pittsburgh upon the general health. He took for Commercial.

his purpose thirty eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty seven of them he dis-THE GOSPEL OF THE SWORD FOR AFRICA covered injurious traces of the habit .--

The London Spectator in an article In twenty two there were various disorentitled "The political economy of ders of the circulation and digestion. African discovery" asks cui bono, with palpitation of the heart and a more of reference to the expenditure of some of ess marked taste for strong drink. In the noblest qualities of man.

twelve there was frequent bleeding of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries do not the nose, ten had disturbed s'eep, twelv open" Africa. Mr. Stanley's enterhad slight ulceration of the mucus memprise does not bring those great lake brane of the mouth which disappeared regions, those numerous tribes, all that on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days, The doctor treated all for on ceasing from the use of toba wealth of land and men. one whit nearer to the world which alone could use them s, but with little effect until the

The two men. Burgoya walked on together in almost equal. amazement at their singular encounter. The surprise of Vellis was perhaps the gaze, in which was an expression of in-

credulity. "It is Hart Burgoyne, sure enough," he ejaculated. "And yet-and yet-" "I look different, ch? You would

not have known me but for my voice? said Burgoyne. "I am glad to hear it. It shows that I am safely hidden from my prying enemy !" "And here at San Francisco?" mut-

tered Vellis. "I can't understand it. I left you at Riverton, where you intended to stay. It can't be you distrusted me, and came on to do the business your self? I was never more dumbfounded in my life than to see you here. I should as soon have expected to see Mrs. Burns. I should indeed!"

Burgoyne linked his arm in that of e pretended Mexican, and they both

door, giving admittance into the house to his companion and himself. Then he conducted Vellis to the second floor, entering the front chamber. A lamp was burning here dimly. Burgoyne turned on the light, locked the door, and

bade Vellis be seated. We shall be quite alone here." observed, throwing himself heavily upon a sofa. "I have hired this floor. There are three rooms in it, of which Gazzam has the rear one.'

'Gazzam !" "Yes, a keeper in Bullet's asylum, whom I brought out with me and whom

I shall send around to keep watch over my wife. He's a regular bull dog is Gazzam. He is in his room now. I had dismissed him at present. You said you had been to the diggings ?"

"Yes. I've been there for the last three weeks. Fact is, I had just entered this city to night when I met you — Hada't even been to see any of the fellows that I know. Was on my way to

cluded Vellis : "but I left the eity "No. He has never wife's death, they say." "Hum !" Faithful to her memory The surprise of Vellis was perhaps the greater, he having no suspicion that his employer had left Riverton. When they came to a second illuminated space, in front of a lighted dwelling, he peused and tooked up again into Burgoyne's face, with another keen and searching face, in this base and searching a question that has been a gozen times in the new internet internet in the new internet in

they had given up the search, and I have ventured back in disguise." Burgoyne drew his chair closer to that of Vellis. His smooth face changed, as he whispered: Mrs. Burns Panama Friend C exchanged to the frightened rate had by the nour for help, the burgoyne area were deafened, and the steps of the central police station; had just come out from the superintendent's office. They were plotting mischief. I

"The boy, Vellis—the boy! Is he knew it at the time." "Got the police after you then ?" said "No, not dead." Vellis, "you'd better be eareful. P'raps

"No, not dead." "No, not dead." Burgoye recoiled sharply, breathing a curse. "Not dead!" he whispered.— "Not dead! Have you played the traitor to me? Has he found his father? Have they started for River-Vellis, "you d better be careful. If raps Gorse has been stirring up a detective after me again. What was the name of Mrs. Burns Panama friend?" "Perry—so Gazzam says!" Vellis blew a low whistle. after me again. What was the name

ton to ruin my good name, so that cannot go back if I wish to? "Perry, eh !" he muttered. "So that name sticks itself in your business too? The gal the boy brought on from l'anama "None of them things," said Vellis. was pamed Perry-Tina Perry !"

unmoved my his employer's agitation. "The boy's not dead, but he's bottled up, I cale late to finish him to night..."

Burgoyne started. "This Perry was sick on the Isthmus,"

town for the last three days, and have looked high and low for you without getting a trace of you. I cooledued you ind gone to the diggings." "If have been there," said Velia briefy. "What are you doing here, Mr. Burgoyne?" "My wife set fire to her asylum, and field bo fallows. Then, Gorse being making in the street. We had to be conserved to real being a revengeful, bank the tears ehre event. She arrived to-night in the falde. I have i tear the banks of an able doctor." "And she is again in your pow?" "And she is again in your pow?" "Certainly. Who is to take easr of ""Strange you let him get to San Franciso!" muttered Burgoyne diver reach ""Strange you let him get to San Franciso!" muttered Burgoyne diver reach ""Strange you let him get to San "You do have the dowl's own luck!" "You do have the dowl's wer underly " "You do have the dowl's wer underly." "And she is again in your pow?" "Certainly. Who is to take easr of "You do have the dowl's wer underly." "You do have the dowl's wer underly." "You do have the dowl's wer underly "?" "And she is again in your pow?" "Certainly. Who is to take easr of "You do have the dowl's wer underly"." "And she is again is your pow?" "Certainly. Who is to take easr of "You do have the dowl's wer underly"." "And she is again in your pow?" "Certainly. Who is to take easr of "You do have the dowl's wer underly"." "And she is again is your pow?" "Strange you let him get to San Franciso!" muttered Burgoyne discon!" "Bargoyne here?" "Strange you let him get to San Franciso!" muttered Burgoyne discon!" "Bargoyne here?" "Strange you let him get to San Franciso!" muttered Burgoyne discon!" "Bargoyne here?" "Strange you let him get to san "Har Burgoyne here?" "Strange you let him get to San Franciso!" muttered Burgoyne discon!" "Bargoyne here?" "Strange you let him get to san "Har was terming him an lever to head the were undowly in man lever to he

her if her husband does not ?" "You do have the devil's own luck!" "You do have the devil's own luck!" "Soi I supposed ; but things turn out dreamed of your coming out here." At this moment Burgoyne slackened his pace, coming to a halt before a wooden dwelling set back at a little distance from the street. "I lodge here," he said, "under the name of Mr. Hart. I have agreat deal to say to you. Come up to my rooms." He entered the yard, took out the He entered the yard, took out the latch-key, and gently unlocked the front door, giving admittance into the house Atlantic took fire, and when the boy went arm in arm strolled along the deserted Atlantic took fire, and when the boy went below the last thing to get something Gorse had forgotten, I crept after him, and left him there to die. But Gorse would not desert him, and went below after him. In his absence, the last boat, with me in it, pushed off, leaving them to perish on the burning steamer. —" And the boy survived that peril"
Burvived it?" He and Gorse fell to and medea argft, and launched it.

to and made a raft, and launched it.-- place that Vellis conducted Burgoyne. They rode a gale on that raft that upset Passing under the red lantern that They rode a gale on that raft that upset our boat. I cluog to a spar, and was tossed to and fro, up and down, and was hurried on a sandy shore of an island where I lay like a log. And if you'll filty, the air was heavy and foul with tossed to and fro, up and up with hurried on a sandy shore of an island where I lay like a log. And if you'll believe me, when I opened my eyes hours later, if the boy and Gorse wasn't standing on shore a litle way off, a tooking at me." "It seems incredible !" "It seems incredible !" "It should think so. That night I ind to steal their raft and get off, leav-tried to steal their raft and get off, leav-

desperate hurry, and dared not return and but a single door. That was bound till to-night. I will have that satisfaction with iron hoops, and barred, bolted and quickly." "I would like to kill you," hissed Vellis, all his hatred of the lad rising

"What kind of a looking man is this chained upon the outside, as if it were the door to the den of some ravening wild up with renewed strength within him. Gorse?" inquired Burgoyne. "A long, lank, lean fellow, seedy in his face and his clothes, with a pair of fierce, restless eyes—a regular bandit-night, until his hands were battered

The dungeon was literally a tomb Once in twenty four hours, a lit e after midnight. Hogart had made a practice of visiting him, bringing hin practice of visiting him, oringing him a result of this interview of a man meagre supply of food and water. Jo one in the house save Hogart and Barl er knew that he was there. Had anything happened to them, compelling sud en flight, or had they been killed in any of

e, goyne!' "You did hear it, Eddy Burns," said the nightly brawls in the saloons above the boy must inevitably have starved to Burgoyne, stepping forward into the

death. He was lying prostrate upon the drap ground, as we have said, without even a blanket between him and the hard, cell-ing earth, when he heard a faint, mulled sound as of footsteps in the lumber-walt moved slowly on. "We don't want to attract any atten-"We don't want to attract any atten-"We don't want to attract any atten-tiou by halting," he remarked. "And this is really you, Vellis, under that broad brimmed hat and poncho? I took you for a Mexican. I've been in town for the last three days, and have looked high and low for you without getting a trace of you. I concluded you "This Perry was sick on the Isthmus," "This Perry was sick on the Isthmus," and his little girl came on with a party, supposing him dead. Gazzam heard it talked on the steamer. Perry was so polite to Mrs. Burns, that Gazzam took is this. The boy found a friend on the by him through thick and thin. The by was keener than you or I dreamed of, and him and the Ohio chap named fourse jest split all my little games for getting a trace of you. I concluded you

which guarded the approach to his pron. He did not raise his head, nor stir. "It must be midnight," he murmared, his voice sounding strangely in that sepulchral place. "Hogart is co ing with food. This will make twent one times he has come with food. I are are to solve the solution of the solution of

corner!" Burgoyne looked around the vault sharply. There was no bed i it, no out here then to kill me?" "You exaggerate your importance. hair; pot even a pile of stra to lie chair; pot even a pile of strain to lie on. It would have compared a favor-ably with a dangeon of the Inquisition. While he was thus surveying the place, Vellis looked sharply at the boy "He isn't dead, is he?" he explained. "No I see him move! Stir him ap with

destroyed the woman's wing entirely. In the tumult that followed, she fied. She robbed my desk of money, and set out for California. She is at this moment in this city !"

The boy's amazement was stupendous. He retreated to the wall, bracing him-self against it. His big blue eyes stared at Burgoyne, growing larger with ever instant. A glow suddenly diffused itse over the thin, wan features.

"My mother in this city ?" he said at "Ah, God is good ! She has escaped you, Hart Burgoyne ? Perhaps she has found my father ? Perhaps they

and faithful to you and will let the lad stay so long as no violence is done that can fetch me into trouble; but all the same, I'd rather you'd take him away." "I'll think the matter over," said Bur

like claws. "Stop 1" said Burgoyne, In a deep, quick voice, from the shadows near the door. "Lay not a finger on the lad! His future—his life even—are in my hands!" As Burgoyne's voice resounded through that dreary dungeon, Eddy stood for an instant as if paralyzed. An utter amazement and incredulity seemed to possess him. Then he put his hand to his forehead, saying brokenly:

anything further to say to him?" "One word." said Burgoyne. "Eddy, would you not like to write a few lines to your mother, telling her where you some 8 or 9 years of age, the son of Mr.

with a dark smile. Rurgoyne's face flushed angrily.

"I can make your mother believe me without any letter. If not, I may choose to render you insensible and carry you, into her presence," Burgoyne said grimly. "You will get off your stilts before I'm

Souter side were undone; the door of near, and y inducer 1 is the warspect. They warspect and the warspect. They inducer 1 is the warspect. They inducer 1 reveal their dark crimes.

enemics !" "We'll see !" said Burgoyne harshly NITRO-GLYCERINE.-Several tests of "I'll be here to see you again in a day or too. Till then you can think of your nitro-glycerine for blasting purposes have recently taken place at Chaudiere, near Ottawa, with highly successful and satis-factory results, being particularly pleas-ing to contractors who witnessed the He turned to depart. Vellis and Ho-

gart followed him.

gart followed him. Eddy sprang after them with a bound, and caught Vellis by the arm. The ex-river thief turned upon him fiercely, "Tell me," said Eddy, his stern, blaz-ing eyes seeming to read the soul of his cowardly persecutor, "what have you done with Tina? Is she dead?"

"Don't you wish you knew ?" asked Vellis, delighting with his narrow soul to deal this stab to heart-riven. "I've disposed of her. Ha, ha! She's where you will never see her again !"

He hurried out, with a last gl look at the white, anguished face of the lad. Hogart followed him with the y lad. Hogart followed him with the lantern. The door was drawn shut, locked and chained, and the three men returned by a private way up stairs, leaving Eddy to a renewed desolation and grief.

smoking was discontinued, when health smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored. These enriched by that kind of knowledge. No facts are given on the authority of the British Medical Journal.

living man, unless it be Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley themselves, will be the

"I would like to flog you—" "I would like to flog you—" "He took a step nearer the lad invol-untarily, curving his fingers nervously like claws. "Stop !" said Burgoyne, fin a deep, quick voice, from the shadows near the door. "Lay not a finger on the lad! His future—his life even—are in my "Stop !" said Burgoyne, fin a deep, quick voice, from the shadows near the door. "Lay not a finger on the lad! His future—his life even—are in my "Stop !" said Burgoyne, fin a deep, quick voice, from the shadows near the door. "Lay not a finger on the lad! His future—his life even—are in my His future—his life even—are in my hands!" As Burgoyne's voice resounded through that dreary dungeon, Eddy stood for an instant as if paralyzed. An utter amazement and incredulity seemed to possess him. Then he put his hand to his forehead, saying brokenly : "I thought I heard the voice of a man mbo is thousands of miles from here! It

conquest by bayonets and bullets, directed by a civilised intelligence, an directed by a determination at any cost of immediate =suffering t) get itself obeyed. It would cost money? That we deny.

to your mother, telling her where you are ?" The boy flashed a defiant look at Bur-goyne. "Wou fear she won't believe you when you tell her I'm shut up in a dungeon ?" he asked quickly. "No, sir. I have no word to write to my mother. I can not tell her how I am situated. She has enough to bear already. If I strove to comfort her, she would know that I am in you power. I will write nothing to her." "He's wide awake," said Hogart ad-miringly. "Keen as a steel-trap," said Vellis, with a dark smile. Burgoyne's face flushed angrily. Egypt is richer than Bengal, richer left open either on Government or public land ?—Oswego Advertiser. died, the foundations of a State so strong

that under its protection a Continent might dwell in peace, till its people ac-quired the slow coming capacity for self-rule. The men who now use the The Embro Planet makes the follow ng statement regarding a death bed nfession of a murder committed some electric telegraph were not a whit higher once, How any one who knows either history or geography, who comprchends what the sword in sivilized hands can accomplish, or understands how feeble in comparison every other weapon is, can denounce such an enterprise as immoral or even doubtful, we are at a loss to conceive. What other hope is there for those races ? A thousand Dr. Livingstones, with all his splendid qualities, moral as well as intellectual could do nothing for them in the course of cear turies, compared with what could be accomplished by one Englishman of

the Clive stamp leading a thousand Engish ruffians and tep thousand Arab Engish ruffians and ten thousand Arab savages to a work of civilizing slaughter. We put the sentence purposely into that brutal form, for it expresses precisely what we mean,—that the forgotten art of conquest, of killing a few persons in order that many persons may consent to order that many persons may consent to experiment. It will, as a consequence.

be largely employed in excavations. The Canasota Herald says : "A singu-lar and fatal disease has made its pass under the regime of law is, in cer-tain ages and under certain cocumstan-ces—which ages and which circumstanappearance in this vicinity, which thus far is confined to pigs. The epidemic ces exist together in the African Nile Valley—the best the swiftest, and the most human instrument of civilization. resembles cholera somewhat, and terminates fatally in a few hours. Three farmers in Lebanon lost in the aggregate fifty pigs, by this malady, within a few We know perfectly well that we shall

not get even a momentary hearing— unless, indeed, Baker finds diamonds or gold down there—that we shall only annoy and affront men who, like Mr. Gladstone hold that the moral right to An old Scotch, beggar, removing his bonnet, advanced to a elergyman for a bit of charity. After receiving a bit of silver, he said to the elergyman : "Thank (Hadstone hold that the moral right to reclaim savages can only arise from a savage plebisoite; but we know also that if Englishmen understood their duty, comprehended for one instant their true function among the races of manye, sir; oh, thank ye, I'll gie ye an afternoon's hearing for this, one o' these days."

Vellis looked sharply at the boy "He isn't dead, is he?" he er laimed. "No I see him move! Stir him ap with your cane, Hogart-" our cane, Hogart-" The sound of that hated voice was to The sound of that hated vote was to Eddy like a shock from a electr cal bat-tery. He leaped to his feet, d: hed his hands from his eyes, and, pan ag with a sudden breathlessness, he cycd out: "He here ! Jacob Vellis he e! He

has come bask ?" With dilating eyes, he strove to make out, in the unwonted glare, the igure of

