

After The Battle.

The Great Guns' throats are silent at last, The culture gloats o'er his hateful past...

That cry of thousands of a-rising men Breaks on the horrified ear— Moan of anguish, Shriek of pain...

England. Well, I must send it to her through the post now; but mean-while I know how sorry she will be thinking also has lost it.

When he was introduced to Margaret. "Well, this is an unexpected pleasure," said Mrs. Lamoureux.

out upon his brow. "My poor Pierre," he murmured. "What can I do for you?"

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ALWAYS ON HAND—Mr. Thomas H. Porter. Lower Ireland, P.Q. writes, "My son, 18 months old had croup so badly that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Stanmore Grange

"Thus, M. Le Cure, must be my farewell visit, I fear, for I am seriously thinking of turning my face towards England's shores once more." The good Cure tapped his snuff-box preparatory to opening it, and before replying helped himself to a liberal pinch of its content.

Cecil Stanmore made his devotions before the blessed sacrament and then turned to the newly-erected statue of St. Anthony, the aspect of which pleased his artistic eye and devotional mind intensely. It represented the saint in his usual posture, holding in one hand the white lily of purity and in the other a book on which stood the infant Jesus.

"After an absence of several years Cecil Stanmore stood once more beneath the portal of his ancestral home, unexpected and unannounced. All nature was adorned in her most festive adornment at this long-coming of the young squire, as he was whimsically called.

Mrs. Lamoureux, who was not of a robust constitution, contracted a severe cold, which terminated in an attack of pneumonia, and although there was no immediate danger, it was sufficiently serious to cause grave anxiety to those about her.

Cecil and Margaret now rose to depart. "What stay do you make in Brussels?" queried the cure. "We make no stay," answered Cecil as he took up his hat.