Mosaic Compilation.

FROM POEMS WRITTEN TO THE MEMORY OF Immortal bard, immortal Burns-Bennoch. Whose lines are mottoes of the heart-Camp-bell.

Affection loves and memory learns-Imlah. Thy songs "untaught by rules of art."-Gray.

For dear as life-as heaven-will be-Glen As years on years successive roll-Paul, Fair types of thy rich harmony-M'Laggan Who wrote to humanize the soul.-Tann

His lyre was sweet, majestic, grand-Glen The pride and honor of the north-Alla His song was of bold freedom's land-Gil Brave Scotland-freedom's throne on 4

Oft by the winding banks of Ayr-Walla With sinewy arm he turned the soil-Rescoe. He painted Scotland's daughters fair-Vedder. Through twilight shades of good and ill.

His native wild enchanting strains--*Reid*. Like dear memories round the hearth--*Glass*. Immortalize the poet's name--*Paul*. And few have won a greener wreath.--*Halleck*.

From John O'Groat's to 'cross the Tweed-Mac-

What heart hath ever match'd his flame Though rough and dark the path he trod-Hal

Long shall old Scotland keep his name.-Kelly

Great master of our Doric rhymo-Gray, Though here thy course was but a span-

The pealing rapturous notes sublime-Vedder. Binds man with fellowman.-Imlah.

Peace to the dead-in Scotia's choir-Montgom

Yes, future bards shall pour the lay-Gray. Warm'd with a "spark o' nature's fire"-Rushton. While years insiduous steal away.-Gilfillan.

R. FLEMING

LOVERS YET.

(By the author of "Madoline's Lover.")

Lillian Earle did. He watched her keenly; she was truthful and open as the day. He never heard a false word from her-not even one of the trifling excuses that pass current in society for truth. He said to himself, if any one was all but perfect, surely she was. To use his own expression, he let his heart's desire rest in her; all he had ever hoped for or dreamed of was centered in her. He set to work deliberately and with all the ardor of his

At first she did not understand him; then by degrees he watched the pure young heart awaken to consciousness. It was as pretty a development of love as ever was witnessed. At the sound of his footstep or his voice the faint color flushed into her face, light came into her eyes; and, when he stood by her side, bending his handsome head to read her secret, she would speak a word or two, and then hurry away from him. If he wished to join her in her walks or rides, she begged to be excused with trembling lips and drooping eyes.

She hardly knew herself what had come to her-why the world seemed suddenly to grown so fair-what made fresh luster in the sky above. A vague, delicious happiness stirred in the gentle heart. She longed for,' yet half dreaded, Lionel's presence. When he was near her, the little hands trembled, and the sweet face grew warm and flushed. Yet the measure of her

content and happiness seemed full. Lionel saw it all, and he wondered why such a precious treasure as the love of this pure innocent girl should be his. What had he ever done to deserve it? Through her cent girl should be his. What had began to respect all other women, through her he began to value the high and holy teachings he had hitherto overlocked. She was his ideal realized. If ever the time should come for him to be disappointed in her, then he would believe all things false-but it never could be.

How should he tell her of his love? It would be like trying to cage a startled, bird. He stood abashed before her sweet But the time came when he resolved to

woo and win her-when he felt that his life would be unbearable without her; and he said to himself that sweet Lillian Earle

it well spent. Will it be possible for you ever to like me?" "I like you now," she said, simply.

"Then promise to endeavor to love me," he persisted—" will you Lilly? I will do anything you wish me; I will try my hest to be half as good as you are. Promise me, darling—my life hangs on your answer." "I promise," she said; and he knew how

"I promise," she said; and he knew how much the words meant. On the little white hand that rested in his own he saw a pretty ring; it was a large pearl ring set in pale gold. Lionel words is the part of the part is the dark head that call him to head done. I tried to forget all about him;

drew it from her finger. "I shall take this, Lilly," he said ; " and, beyond the reach of all haman help. when Beatrice is married and gone. I shall

go to Lord Earle and ask him to give you to me. I will not go now; we will keep our secret for a short time. Two love affairs at once would be too much. You will learn to love me, and when the spring time comes perhaps you will make me as favor from a servant, she would part with as Beatrice will by then have Lord Airlie. I shall keep the her secret to one who might hold it as a happy as rod of iron over her. She was too proud for that. There was only one in the world who could help her, and that was her sisring, Lillian; you are my pearl, and this will remind me of you. Just to make me

ter Lillian. very happy, say you are pleased." 'I will say more than that," she replied happy smile rippling over her face-ave more than half learned my lesson."

He kissed the pretty hand and looked at the fair, flushed face he dared not touch

'I cannot thank you," he said, his voic full of emothion. "I will live for you, Lilly, and my life shall prove my gratitude. I begin to wish the spring were nearer. I wonder if you will have learned your lesson

CHAPTER XXXIV. Lord Airlie's return to Earlescourt had

been delayed. The changes to take place hought. at Lynnton involved more than he thought. It was quite three weeks before he could search of Beatrice-it was high time, she said, that orders should be sent to London eave the Hall and seek again the presence

e loved best on earth. Three weeks, yet nothing had happened out at once. Beatrice had watched each day begin and nd, until her heart grew faint with fear she was as far as ever from a solution her difficulties—as far as ever from finding herself free from Hugh Fernely. Lord Airlie, or his arrival, was startled t the change in her brilliant face. Yet he

as flattered by it. He thought how inensely she must love him, if his absen ould affect her so strongly. He kissed er pale face over and over again, declaring that he would not leave her any more-no

one else knew how to take care of her. They were all pleased to welcome him; or every one liked Lord Airlie, and the

mily circle did not seem complete with That very night he had an interout him. iew with Lord Earle, and besought him to thing else as you are now." allow the marriage to take place as soon as possible. He had been miserable away from Beatrice, he declared, and he the she looked pale and grave. Would Lord Earle be willing to say November, or

perhaps the latter end of October? "My daughter must arrange the time OUT erself." said Lord Earle : "whatever day he chooses will meet with my approval. Lord Airlie went back to the drawing oom where he had left Beatrice, and told her Lord Earle's answer; she smiled but he saw the proud lips quiver as she did so o force a smile.

month since his passionate Only one oving words would have made sweetest music to her; now she listened and tried to look like herself, but her heart was

old with vague unutterable dread. "The 14th of October"-clever Lord Airlie, by come system of calculation known only to himself, persuaded Beatrice that that was the "latter end of the month. he said, gayly. "I "Not another word !" will go and tell Lord Earle. Do not say afterward that you have changed your mind, as many ladies do. Beatrice say to me. 'Hubert, I promise to marry you on

the 14th of October.'" She repeated the words after him "It will be almost winter," he added; the flowers will have faded, the leaves

will have fallen from the trees; yet no summer day will ever be so bright to me as that."

She watched him quit the room and a should be his wife, or he would never look upon a woman's face again. long low cry came from her lips. Would it ever be? She went to the window, and looked Lionel felt some slight jealousy of Bea- at the trees. When the green leaves lay dead, would she be Lord Airlie's wife, or would the dark cloud of shame and sorrow have fallen, hiding her forever from his sight Ah, if she had been more prudent! How tame and foolish, how distasteful the romance she had once thought delightful eemed now! If she had but told all to Lord Earle! It was too late now. Yet, despite the

"Do not pain me !" begged Beatrice. "I longer. Despite his firm words, she knew Again came the old hope something might happen in a few days. If not, she must

run away; if everything failed and she could not free herself from him then she would leave home; in any case she would not fall into his hands—rather death than that.

her aid! In this the dark hour of her life, every time the remembrance of him came by her own deed she had placed herself to my mind, I drove it from me. I did

eyond the reach of all haman help. She would write-upon that she was It was but a summer's pastime. That determined; but who would take the letter? Whom could she ask to stand at the shrub-bery-gate and give to the stranger a mis-sive from herself? If she asked such a favor from a servent che would she the shrub-it was but a summer has darkened my life. Looking back, I own I did very wrong. There is a great blame attaching to me; but surely they who shut me out from the living world

were blameworthy also. "Remember all through my story, darproud world er sis-tent. I was vain, foolish and wilful; but She shrank with unutterable shame from looking back at the impetuous, imperious child, full of romance, untrained, longing for the strife of life, longing for change, telling her. She remembered long ago at Knutsford that she had said something r- excitement, for gayety, chafing under which had shocked her sister, and the scared, startled expression of her face was estraint. I think there was some little cuse for me. There was no excuse for with her still. It was a humiliation beyond all words. Yet, if she could what followed. When papa spoke to usyou remember it, Lilly-and asked so gently if we had either of us a secret in our indergo it, there would be comfort in Lillian's sympathy. Lillian would take es-when he promised to pardon any her letter, she would see Hugh, and tell him she was ill. Ill she felt in very truth. hing, provided we kept nothing from hin I ought to have told him then. There is

Hugh would be pacified for a time if he saw Lillian. She could think of no other excuse for that error. I was ashamed Looking around upon the noble faces hang-ing on the walls, looking at him, so proud arrangement. That evening she would tell her sister-there was rest even in the so dignified, I could not tell him what his child had done. Oh, Lilly, if I had told Long before dinner Lady Helena came i him, I should not be kneeling here at your

feet now !' Lillian made no reply, but pressed the or her trousseau, and the list must be made oud, drooping figure more closely to her

She sat calmly in Lady Helena's room "I can hardly tell the rest," said Bea writing in obedience to her words, thinking all the time how she should tell Lillian "the words frighten me as I utter This man who has been the bane how best make her understand the deadly my life, was going away for two years. was to claim me when he returned. I error committed, yet save herself as much as she could. Lady Earle talked of laces He was to claim the which he recurried. I never thought he would return; I was so happy, I could not believe it." Her sobs choked her utterance. Presently she continued—"Lilly, he is and embroidery, of morning dresses and jewels, while Beatrice went over in her nind every word of her confession.

"That will do," said Lady Earle, with ere ; he claims me, and also the fulfilment mile; "I have been very explicit, but I ear it has been in vain. Have you heard of my promise to be his wife. lock of unutterable dread came over the listener's fair, pitying face.

She blushed, and looked so confused that Lady Helena said, laughingly : "He wrote to me three weeks since; I tried to put him off. He wrote again this "You may go-do not be ashamed. Many years ago I was just as much in love morning, and swears he will see me. He will be here to night at 9 o'clock. Oh, myself, and just as unable to think of any illy, save, save me, or I shall die!" Bitter sobs broke from the proud lips. There was some difficulty in finding Lil-"I never knelt to any one before," Bea ice said: "I kneel to you, my sister. No an : she was discovered at last in the library oking over some fine old engravings with

e else can help me. You must see hin Mr. Dacre. He looked up hastily as Beafor me, give him a letter from me, and rice asked her sister to spare her half an tell him I am very ill. It is no untruth, Lilly—I am ill, my brain burns, and my "Do not go, Lilly," he said, jestingly heart is cold with fear. Will you do thi

it is some nonsense about wedding resses. Let us finish this folio." or me But Beatrice had no gay repartee for im. She looked grave, although she tried " I would rather almost give you my life,

aid Lillian, gently. "Oh, do not say that, Lilly! Do you 'I cannot understand that girl," he said know what there is at stake? Do you

emember papa's words-that, if ever he ound one of us guilty of any deceit, or ehind the two sisters. "I could almost involved in any clandestine love-affair, even if it broke his heart he would send the fancy that something was distressing her.' ancy that something was distressing her. "Lilly," said Beatrice, "I want you ery much. I am sorry to take you from think. I think." even if it broke his heart he would sold the guilty one from him, and never see her again? Think, darling, what it would be for me to leave Earlescourt, to leave all the magnificence I love so dearly, and drag out The fair face of her sister flushed

"But I want you, dear," said Beatrice. Oh, Lilly, I am in bitter trouble! No one I could brook Lord Earle's angry scorn an help me but you." Than they went together into the little boudoir Beatrice called her own. She hered her sister in the easy lounging chair "I do not," replied Lilly, sadly. "I do not," replied Lilly, sadly. and Lady Helena's pained wonder's

placed her sister in the easy lounging chair drawn near the window, and then half "That is not all," continued Beatrice helt, half sat at her feet. "I am in such trouble, Lilly!" she cried. I might bear anger, scorn, and privation,

anything I have said, Beatrice

armly.

ut, Lilly, if this miserable secret is dis-overed, Lord Airlie will cease to love me. The sweet, gentle eyes looked wonder-ingly into her own. Beatrice clasped her sister's hands.

"You must not judge me harshly," she aid. "I am not good like you, Lilly; I

But she remembered the dreaded hour as drawing near.

"Pray excuse me," she begged : "I will ing for you presently." He looked surprised; it was the first

me she had ever refused him a favor. "Shall we finish the folio of engravings?" added. Knowing that, when once she was seated by his side, it would be impossible to get away, she again declined; but this time the fair face flushed and the sweet eyes

there any mystery on hand? Are you important consultation over the another the function over the said. "Is there any mystery on hand? Are you important consultation over the said. "Is there any mystery on hand? Are you important consultation over the said. "Is ses ?

'I have something to attend to," she eplied, evasively. "Get the folio ready-shall not be long." Beatrice, who had listened to the brief

lialogue in feverish suspense, now came to the rescue, asking Lionel to give them the benefit of his clear, ringing tenor in a trio of Mendelssohn's.

'My 'clear, ringing tenor' is quite our service," he said, with a smile. " Lilly very unkind to me to-night." They went to the piano, where Lord

at her small jewelled watch-Lord Earle's present-saw that it wanted three minute

She at once guitted the room, unobserved as she thought, but Lionel saw her go.

No words can tell how distasteful and repugnant was the task she had undertaken. She would have suffered anything almost to have evaded it. She who had never had secret, she whose every word and action were open as the day, she who shrank from all deceit and untruth as from a deadly plague, to be mixed up in a wretched clandestine-love-affair like this!. She to teal out of her father's house at night meet a stranger, and plead her sister's cause with him! The thought horrified ar but the beautiful face in its wild sorrow, the sad voice in its passionate anguis urged her on.

She took a large black shawl and drew it closely around her, hiding the pretty evening dress and the rich pearls. Then, with the letter in her hand, she went down the taircase that led from her room to the Well, old fellow, what would you say your

"It is not Beatrice," she said, shrinking rom the outstretched arms. "I am

Lillian Earle. My sister is ill, and has sent you this.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Hugh Fernely took the letter from Lilan's hands, and read it with a muttered mprecation of disappointment. The moon, which had been struggling for the last half our with a mass of clouds, shone out faintly: by its light Lillian saw a tall man, with a dark handsome face, browned with the sun of warm climes, dark eyes that had them a wistful sadness, and firm lips. He did not look like the gentleman was accustomed to. He was polite and respectful. When he heard her name, he took of his hat, and stood uncovered dur-

ing the interview. "Wait!" he cried. "Ah, must I wait yet longer? Tell your sister I have waited until my yearning wish to see her s wearing my life away.'

istic hedonism. This gratifying statement is made on the authority of a professor of philosophy at Concord. It is too, too-"She is really ill," returned Lillian. "I am alarmed for her. Do not be angry with me if I say she is ill through anxiety

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

Hotel Keepers.

(Johnny Bouquet in N. Y. Tribune.) " Mine host " was once a term of mean-

ing when tavern keepers were not above

most of their time travelling between them, instead of looking after the personal comfort

of the bird they have caught. The word table

d'hote they are now affecting means the table of the host's family, at which he pre-

sides and carves, but the average host now-a-days is so ashamed of his guests that he

ian grandee from the sight of travellers.

Women have an opening in the hotel business here as in England. They are not

bushess here as in Lighthat, they are not hotel speculators, and are willing to undergo a host's responsibilities. At Brighton, England, which is the largest watering place on the globe, with above 100,000 permanent residents, the chief

duties of hotels are performed by women

mainly, the porter's work excepted. The hotels frequently send the guest out to one of the thousands of clean private dwellings, where for from 15 to 30 shillings

a week room and attendance are furnished. British extortion, so celebrated among

landlords as a means of greater revenue; in general the same cooking is served as at

the public table, but with higher tariffs on

the various dishes. Wine, which is the matter of greatest profit to the foreign andlord, is of small relative consumption

here : a profit of about \$10 a case is made

upon champagne. Claret, which costs 40 cents a quart bottle from the grocer, is

charged \$1 and upward at the hotel table.

The Queen's Doctor.

It was announced the other day that the

ueen had appointed "Dr. Reed, of Ellon.

o be physician to the royal household, in lace of Dr. Marshall, which means that

Dr. Reed will have to be in constant resi-

Her Majesty should pick out a medical man from an obscure town in Aberdeen-

hire, but the post is a somewhat arduo

Marshall was granted a month's holidays (his first for several years), Her Majesty being accompanied by Sir William Jenner, but within a week a telegram summoned

Dr. Marshall to Baveno. It turned out that a faithful retainer of Her Majesty, of

the name of Brown, was suffering from some slight temporary indisposition, and as he scouts any professional man raised

nothing to say to Sir William Jenner, but clamored for Dr. Marshall, who came at

French Scotchmen.

The Montreal Star gives a curious

lustration of how the races are being lended in this Canada of ours, and how

ifficult it is to infer a man's creed or

asked what countryman James D. McIntosh, of Montreal, is, the unhesitating

eply would be Scotch, or Scotch-Canadian. But James D. McIntosh writes in *Le Monde*

n advocacy of the cultivation and spread of his mother tongue—French. There are

not a few English, Irish and Scotch patronymics to be found in Quebec, the

earers of which are French-Canadians in verything but their names. But the

odern American affair. It dates back to

very early days in the annals of both races. The bluest blood of Scotland has often been

The mother-in-law seems to be the same

to-day and foreve

cotch alliance with the French

rossed by that of France.

ngue from his name. If a person were

the Queen's expense.-London Truth.

nce wherever the Court may happen to

It naturally causes some surprise that

When the Queen went to Italy Dr.

an or Brazil-

6

hides his family like a Mexi-

their trade, and the guest found at the

-Green corn and green apples are akin. Exchange. And the small boy is akin to tackle them. their trade, and the guest found at the door a plain, well-fed man, with honest eyes, who took his baggage or his hand and said, "Now, come to me if anything goes wrong." In these days some bar keeper turned great man has replaced the host, whose ambition it is to appear to do nothing and to look haughty and intellec-tual, as if a glorious ancestry kept his impulsiveness in check. Some of these parvenus run four or five hotels and spend most of their time travelling between them. -Eight hundred cigar makers are on

strike in Detroit for higher wages, and that they be paid in cash. -A west end young man calls his sweetheart "Silencs," because when he wants

to kiss her she "gives consent." -Says G. A. Sala: "The object of all

seen in the fact that when the irate father

akes down his trunk strap there is liable

-The giraffe is a very timid animal. His neck is so long that when his heart

comes up to his mouth it takes him half a

-Sounds near the pyramids: "Mydonk

-This is the latest Western form of

saying a man was hanged : "He was ananimously chosen by a convention of six

property-holders to jump from a new pine platform into the sweet subsequently."

-We shall have a new comet on exhibit

ion in about ten days, when the fiery

mers will be visible to the naked eye in the

-It is said the children are "dying like

ies" in Brooklyn, and the cause is a mys-

tery. It is suggested that bad milk may be

They die from similar causes in this neigh-

ile cause, or too much ice water.

visitor now being examined by the astrono

lay to get it back where it belongs.

temperance paper published in Toronto. It is edited by Mr. William Burgess.

-Recent tests show no perceptible change in the strength and elasticity of iron after fifty years of bridge service.

-A Buffalo girl will not have her wedding dress made in that city, for fear somebody will say she was married in a buffalo robe. -Pineapple shortcake is one of the new

lepartures in cooking. But the old veteran, ackleberry pudding, still holds its own -The polo quadrille, just introduced at

the watering places, is much like the old basket quadrille, and the feature is a very rapid all hands round. Airlie awaited them; and Lillian looked -As a rule girls rather like military

men, but they universally complain of General Indisposition when asked by their nothers to help wash the dishes.

-" Mr. Smith, father would like to bor-row your paper; he only wants to read it." "Well, go back and tell your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to be spots on the son.

Lillian went hastily to her own room good donk!" "My donk he speek Inglees! He very good!" "My donk name Yank He very good !" "My donk he Doodle ! Have my donk?" -A woman may offer in excuse for he red nose that she laces too tightly, but what shall a man say ?-Rochester

The night was dark, heavy clouds sailed swiftly across the sky, the wind moaned fitfully, bending the tall trees as it were in anger, then whispering round them as though suing for pardon. Lillian had never been out at night alone before, and her first sensation was one of fear. She crossed the gardens where the autumn flowers were fading; the lights shone gayly from the Hall windows, the shrubbery ooked dark and mysterious. She was rightened at the silence and darkness, ut went bravely on. He was there. By the gate she saw a tall figure wrapped in a ravelling cloak; as she crossed the path, as stepped hastily forward, crying with a vice she never forgot : "Beatrice, at last you have come!"

-The shower of meteors regularly seen in this month will take place from the 8th to the 12th. Unfortunately the moon will

be very bright about this time, and meteor hunting will therefore not be very interesting, except perhaps on the morning of the

> -A queer story is told from Toronto of man named Loudan selling his wife and children to a man named Haines. The wife had deserted her husband for Haines. Failing to induce her to return, Loudan handed her and his children over to Haines on the receipt of \$5.

orthern sky.

-The mighty have fallen ! Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, has been summoned for selling liquor on Sunday on Toronto Island, and his brother John is also sumnoned on four charges of selling liquor without a license.

-On account of intuitionalism we have relapsed into utilitarianism, or universal-

trice; he paid dearly enough for it in the dark after days. He fancied she eclipsed Lillian. He thought if he spoke to Lord Earle of his love, he would insist upon both marriages taking place on one day; and then his fair gentle love would, as usual, be second to her brilliant sister.

"That shall never he," he said to him. "Lillian shall have a wedding day all her own, the honors unshared. She shall be the one centre of attraction.

He determined to say nothing to Lord Earle until Beatrice was married; surely her wedding must take place soon-Lord Airlie seemed unable to exist out of her presence. When they were married and gone, Lillian should have her turn admiration and love. It was nothing but proud, jealous care for her that made him delay

And Lillian discovered her own secret at last. She knew she cared for Lionel. He was so unlike every one else. Who was so handsome, so brave, so good? She liked to look shyly at the frank, proud face and the careless wave of hair thrown back from his brow; his voice made music in her heart, and she wondered whether he really cared

In her rare sweet humility she never saw how far she was above him ; she never dreamed that he looked up to her as a captain to his queen. He was always by her side, he paid her a thousand graceful attentions, he sought her advice and sympathy some outspoken words seemed ever on hi Lillian Earle asked herself whether he loved her.

She was soon to know. From some care-less words of Lord Earle's, Lionel gathered that Beatrice's marriage would take place in November. Then he decided, if he could win her consent, that Lillian's wedding should be when the spring flowers were

August, with its sunny days, was at an alone on the shore of the deep, clear lake. Lionel saw her there, and hastened to join her, wondering at the grave expression of her face.

"What are you thinking of, Lilly ?" he asked. "You look so sad and serious." "I was thinking of Beatrice," she replied "She seems so changed, so different. cannot understand it."

"I can," said Lionel. "You forget she will soon leave the old life far behind her. She is going to a new world; a change great may well make one thoughtful."

"She loves Lord Airlie," returned Lillian -she could hear even the musical voice saying, "I love him so dearly, Lilly "

"she cannot be unhappy." "I do not mean that," he replied; "thought and silence are not alwayscaused by unhappiness. Ah, Lillý," he cried, "I wonder if you guess ever so faintly at the thoughts that fill my heart! I wonder if you know how dearly I love you. Nay, do not turn from me, do not look frightened To me you are the truest, noblest and fair. an in the world. I love you so dearly, Lilly, that I have not a thought of wish away from you. I am not worthy to win you, I know--you are as far above mo as the sun shining over head -but, if you would try, you might make me what you would. Could you like me ?"

The sweet, flushed face was raised t

I knew I should frighten you, Lilly, he said, gently. "Forgive me if I spoke too abruptly. I do not wish you to decide Take me on trial-see if you can at once. learn to love me weeks, months, or years hence. I am willing to wait a whole life-

adly fear that lay at her heart, Beatrice still felt something like hope Hope is the last thing to die in the human breast-it

was not yet dead in hers. At least for that one evening-the first after Lord Airlie's return-she would be happy. She would throw the dark shadow away from her, forget it, and enjoy her lover's society. He should see smiles on

her face, and hear bright words such as he Let the morrow bring what it loved. would, she would be happy that night. And he kept her word. Lord Airlie looked back afterward on that ening as one of the pleasantest of his

There was no shade upon the beauti-face he loved so well. Beatrice was all life and animation; her gay sweet words charmed every one who heard them. you shrink away." Even Lionel forgot to be jealous, and

dmired her more than he ever had before. osely Lord Earle smiled as he remarked to Helena that all her fears for her Lillian. grandchild's health were vain-the true do now.

ysician was come at last. When Lord Airlie bade Beatrice good When Lord Airlie bade Beatrice good night, he bent low over the white jeweled one about me. He preised my beauty, and hand.

"I forget all time when with you," he said ; "it does not seem to me an hour since I came to Earlescourt." The morrow brought the letter she had flattery, the admiration that pleased me, not he himself, I believe, Lilly. I rarely

It was not filled with loving, rassionate

words, as was the first Hugh had written. He said the time had come when he must have an answer-when he must know from her own lips at what period he might claim the fulfilment of her promise—when she would be his wife.

blame, Lilly, who shut me up from the living world. Had I been in my proper He would wait no longer. If it was to be war, let the war begin—he should win. place here, at home where I could have If peace, so much the better. In any case seen and judged people rightly, it would ne was tired of suspense, and must know at bance what she intended to do. He would arust to no more promises; that very night words; then I looked for the daily meed of trust to no more promises : that very night flattery and homage. I could not do with would be at Earlescourt, and must see her. Still, though he intended to enforce out it. Lilly, will you hold me to have been his rights, he would not wantonly cause nad when I tell you the time came when I allowed that man to hold my hands as her pain. He would not seek the presence you are doing, to kiss my face, and win from me a promise that I would be his f her father until she had seen him, and

they had settled on some plan of action. "I know the grounds around Earleswife? Beatrice looked up then, and saw the fair, pitying face almost white as snow. "Is it worse than you thought?" she ourt well." he wrote. "I wandered through them for many nights three weeks

ago. A narrow path runs through the gardens to the shubbery-meet me there at asked. ; it will be dark then, and you need not fear being seen. Remember, Beatrice, at 9 to-night. I shall be there; and if you do trievable, I fear!" not come, I must seek you in the house,

for see you I will." The letter fell from her hands; cold drops of fear and shame stood upon her brow; hatred and disgust filled her heart. ister, and said : Oh, that she should ever have placed herself in the power of such a man.

The blow had fallen at last. She stood face to face with her shame and fear. How The sweet, flushed face was raised to bould she say to him? How must such a should she say to him? How must such a Believe me, Lilly, I never thought of mat-bins; he read the happiness shining in the should she say to him? How must such a Believe me, Lilly, I never thought of mat-clear eyes. But she could not speak to meeting end? It would but anger him the more. He should not touch her hand in riage. Brilliant pictures of foreign lands the said to herself; and how filed my mind; I looked upon Hugh Fer-

would he endure her contempt? She would not see him. She dared not. How could she find time? Lord Airlie never left her side. She could not meet Hugh. The web seemed closing round her, but she would break through it. but she would break through it. She would send him a letter saying she

time for you, my darling, and should think was ill, and begging him to wait yet a little do for Lord Airlie?" interposed Lillian.

never could be patient and gentle like vo

'If I do it," said Lillian, "it will give Do you remember, long ago, at Knutsford ou but a few days' reprieve; it will avai ou nothing; he will be here again." how I found you one morning upon the iffs, and told you how I hated my life?

'I shall think of some means of escape I did hate it. Lillian." she continued. a few days," answered Beatrice, wish can never tell how much ; its quiet monofully. "Something must happen, Lilly fortune could not be so cruel to me; i tony was killing me. I have done wrong: at surely they are to blame who made my but surely they are to blame who made my fortune could not not be so that to me, if I cannot from the world, instead of giving me my rightful share of its pleasures. I cannot free myself, I shall run away. I would rather suffer anything than face Lord Airlie or my father. Say you will help me for love's sake! Do not let me lose my

sel you what I did, Lilly." She laid her beautiful, sad face on her sister's hands. Lillian bent over her, and h whispered how dearly she loved her, and how she would do anything to help her. love !' "I will help you," said Lillian ; "It is

whow she would do anything to help her. "That very morning," she said, never raising her eyes to her sister's face—" that will see the man, and give him your letter. morning, Lilly, I met a stranger-a gentle-man he seemed to me-and he watched not free yourself. I see no way-running man he seemed to me—and he watched me with admiring eyes. I met him again, and he spoke to me. He walked by myside through the long meadows, and told me strange stories of foreign lands he had visited—such stories ! I forget that he was

a stranger, and talked to him as I am talking will have peace of mind then. They will s you now. I met him again and again. prevent him from annoying you." "I cannot," she said, and the breath Nay, do not turn from me : I shall die if ou shrink away." The gentle arms clasped her more I could never meet his anger. If ever you

osely. "I am not turning from you," replied illian. "I cannot love you more than I now."

his face turned coldly from me." "I met him," continued Beatrice, " every She loosened her grasp on Lillian's hands and fell upon the floor, weeping bitterly and passionately; her sister, bending over her, heard the pitiful words I was filled with vain joy; and he talked to me of love, and I listened without anger. "My love, my, love! I cannot lose my I swear to you," she cried, "that I did it all without thought; it was the novelty, the The passionate weeping ceased, and the

proud, sal face grew calm and still. "You cannot tell what I have suffered, thought of him. He interested me ; he had Liily," she said, humbly. "See, my pride is all beaten down; only those who have eloquent words at his command, and seeing how I loved romance, he told me stories ad a secret eating heart and life away of adventure that held me enchained and ould tell what I have endured. A few breathless. I lost sight of him in thinking more days of agony like this, and I shall be free for ever from Hugh Fernely." of the wonders he related. They are to

Her sister tried to soothe her with gentle ords, but they brought no comfort. "He will be here at 9," she cried, "and is 6 now. I will write my letter. He ill be at the shrubbery gate. I will mange so that you shall have time. Give him note I will write, speak to him for me ell him I am ill and cannot see him. Shal ou be frightened ?" "Yes," replied Lillian, gently; "but

hat will not matter. I must think of you, ot of myself." 'You need not fear him," said Beatrice

"Poor Hugh, I could pity him if I did not hate him. Lilly, I will thank you when av agonv is over ; I cannot now.

wrote but a few words, saying she was ill, and unable to see him ; he must be "Oh, yes," said Lillian-"terrible, irresatisfied, and willing to wait yet a little longer.

She gave the letter to her sister. Lillian's heart ached as she noted the trem. There was unbroken silence for some bling hands and quivering lips. minutes; and then Lillian bent over her

" I have not asked you to keep my secret, Lilly," said Beatrice, sorrowfully. "There is no need," was the simple "Tell me all, darling; perhaps I can help

sply. Sir Harry and Lady Lawrence dined "I promised to be his wife, Lilly," continued Beatrice. "Iam sure I did not mean it. I was but a child. I did not realize all that day at Earlescourt, and it was nearly before the gentlemen, who did not sit ver their wine, came into the drawingroom. The evening was somewhat chilly ; a bright fire burned in the grate, and the lamps were lighted. Sir Harry sat down to his favorite game of chess with Lady Helena; Lord Earle challenged Lady

himself as of a lover." "You did not care for him, then, as you do for Lord Airlie?" interposed Lillian.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Has she sent you to excuse her?" h asked, gloomily. "It is of no use. Your sister is my promised wife, Miss Lillian nd see her I will."

"You must wait at least until she is villing," said Lillian; and her calm digniied manner influenced him even more han her words, as she looked earnestly nto Hugh Fernely's face.

It was not a bad face, she thought; there was no cruelty or meanness there. She read love so fierce and violent in it that it startled her. He did not look like one who yould wantonly and wilfully make her sister wretched for life. Hope grew in her heart as she gazed. She resolved to plead with him for Beatrice, to ask him to get a childish, foolish promise-a childish

drive her mad."

"My sister is very unhappy," she said, bravely—" so unhappy that I do not think she can bear much more; it will kill her, or

O come out of it, O come out of it, Come out of it, my Soul, thou are not fit or this vile traffic-house, where day by day Wisdom and reverence are sold at mart, And the rude people rage with ignorant cries gainst an heritage of centuries. It mars my calm : wherefore in dreachs of Art And loftiest culture I would stand apart, either for God, nor for his enemies.

"It is killing me," he interrupted. To be continued.

Personal.

The Prince of Wales has sold his yacht Formosa to Mr. Bischoffsheim. Mr. Edwin Arnold, the author of " The

Light of Asia," is very ill in Scotland. The Bishop of Ontario was among thos the roots of apple trees has be present at Rossal School, Fleetwood Dr. Van Tieghem to be often the cause o

Lancashire, on prize day. Sir Ughtred J. Kay-Shuttleworth presided. weather, drainage is the remedy recom-

The Queen has appointed Miss Victoria Baillie, niece to the late Lady Augusta Stanley and god-daughter to the late Duchess of Kent, an extra maid of honor. The widows of two sovereigns are staying n Switzerland. The Empress Eugenie i at Baden in the Canton of Aargan, and the lines: Below the dark waves, where the dead go down, Princess Dolgorouki is at Saint Maurice in the Grisons.

Col. Campbell, of the 27th Battalion Lambton, was in Petrolia last week. Rumor has it that the veteran colonel went for the purpose of getting evidence regard ing the late unpleasantness in camp.

Lord Napier, of Magdala, is in London. His tenure of office as Governor of Gibraltar will expire in October, when, being 71, he will, according to the present regulations, be compelled to retire from the army.

Mr. A. F. Jury, of Toronto, who is no n England, has several engagements to address workingmen during his stay in that country. Each occasion is seized as an opportunity to advance the claims of Canada to English emigration.

Sir Frederick Roberts has been selected o represent the British army at the grand autumn manœuvres this year in Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein. The general's march from Cabul to Candahar was a feat warmly admired in Germany.

Margaret, Queen of Italy, takes an interest in deeds of daring. When she passed through Milan the other day she

received and conversed with the sailor who recently, with two companions, crossed from Monte Video to Leghorn in a small open boat. Rev. J. Young, of the M. E. Church at

Kingston, does not believe in closing up a church during the summer months. told his congregation on Sunday evening that the evil one was continually at work. that Satan never took holidays. Religion, he said, could not melt in summer, nor freeze in winter.

Hon. A. W. McLelan, President of the Privy Council, has been appointed by an Order-in-Council, dated the 2nd instant, acting Minister of Marine and Fisheries during the absence of Hon. J. C. Pope who is at present indisposed and unable t attend to the duties of his office. Since the illness of Mr. Pope his duties have been performed by the Minister of Customs.

-Little Johnny had been caught by his in every clime, among all peoples, and in aunt teasing a fly. "Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand every country on the face of the globe. In France they pursue her even beyond the portals of the cemetery, and make para-graphs about her upon the tomb. As for nes bigger than yourself should tease ou, and perhaps eat you all up?" pe," said Johnny, " he'd feel as bad as 1 lo when I swallow a fly."

POSTLETHWAITE'S SOUL.

-Alcoholic fermentation generated

metimes receive enough of oxygen in wet

-A correspondent of the New York

Evening Post asks if any one can give him the authorship of the following striking

There are gulfs of night more deep. Aut little care they whom the waves once drown How far from the light they sleep.

Fears not a deeper still ? Ah, God ! that sorrow were like the salt sea, Whose topmost waters kill.'

-The coin for soldiers - quarters.-Yawcob Strauss. The coin for musicians-

the lire.-Boston Courier. The coin for Congressmen-the francs.-Wit and Wis.

dom. The coin for telescopists—a far-thing. The coin for authors—a pen-eh?—

New York Evening Post. The coin for the lawyers—most anything that will pass at

the bar.-Rochester Express. The coin for

be ill dressed? When one is so extrava gantly and richly attired that every passer

oticing a passing lady what she had on.

CRUSHED.

-Cannot a lady be so well dressed as to

y, male and female, is irresistibly impelled o turn about and look at her clothes, the

ut who, in sorrow though he be,

everybody-common cents.

an found b

example, in a Parisian grave yard: "Here lies Joseph — . He lived for twenty years after his wife's death in the society of his mother-in-law, and died in the blessed hope -"Hi! Where did you get them rousers ?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a remarkof going to a better world.

where they gree," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Pat, "you've pulled them a year too soon!" -"Tommy, āid you not hear your nother call you?" "Corse I did !" "Then why don't you go to her at once?" "Well, yer see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awful 'fi should go too suddenly.'

> Baldheaded men are informed that there is but one avenue of escape from their affliction, and that is Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great hair renewer, which being recently improved, is more efficacious than ever and is absolutel faultless.

-Oscar Wilde, the æsthetic -There is a war among the weather LARDINE prophets. Vennor predicts one sort of weather for August, De Voe, the Jersey meteorologist, another and the Weather Department a third. And, in the mean THE VERY BES time, the average citizen is made thoroughly aware of the fact that it is hot.

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and ine and take no other. This your intertunition ardine and take no other. This oil under the severest test and most ictive competition was at the Toronto Indus-rial Exhibition awarded the highest prize; also he GOLD MEDAL at the Provincial Exhibi-ion, Hamilton, and the highest award at the Dominion Exhibition, Ottawa, the silver medal. Farmers and all who use Agricultural machin ery, will save money and machinery by using one but

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seeming paradox above presented seems to be supported. The perfection of good dressing would seem to be reached when one cannot tell five minutes after carefully NORTHERN PACIFIC D RAILROAD LANDS. A FORTUNES FOR FARMERS. O 50,000 Farms. 6.000,009 Acres. K Best Wheat Land, Rich Meadow, Choice Timber, Farming, Stock Raising, Dairying, Fuel and Water in Abundance. \$2.50 per acreand upward. One-sixth cash and five annual payments. Reduced Fare and Freight to settlers. Write for "Publications No. 63."
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CRUSHED. We went on board the steamer, Dear Isabel and I, And we watched the clouds like streamers Floating in the azure sky. We wandered through the mazes of Lorne's romantic park, For the sun was hot as-anything, Till the summer day was dark. We sat beneath the birchen tree

Moral.

Be careful when you seek the hand Of her by whom you're smitten, However high with her you stand Just look out where you're sittin'; For, in spite of fine orations, You are sure to have a spat;

And looked out on the lake, I said how dear she was to me, And for her own dear sake; Just when I thought her love I'd won, She screamed, "Get up from that! You stupid fool, see what you've done; You've sat upon my hat."

And she'll crush your aspirations As you crushed her Sunday hat.-Grip.