POETRY.

MY MOTHER'S SONG.

When the thrushes cease their singing, and the wild bees leave the clover; When the glory of the sunset fades and leaves the heavens pale;

When above the hills and mountains misty shades of twilight hover.

And the discords of the daytime, far away in distance fail : When the rath wheat gently rustles, and the timid aspens shiver,

And the west winds singing softly, scent from sleeping flowers bring; When the peewits cry together plaintively

by brook and river-Then it is I hear the old song that my mother used to sing.

fingers warm and slender. As in sleeping dreams and waking, I have

felt it many times. Just as when of old I liste quaint and tender Till the bows that waved above us, caught

the cadence of the rhymes And my heart throbs loud and quickly as I hear it rising clearer;

dreams and plans are mine again; Earth is fairer, life is sweeter-aye, and heaven itself seems nearer To me, as I list in fancy to that ne'er for-

SELECT STORY.

A CRUEL WRONG.

By the author of 'That Fair Face,' 'She Knew

ty thing; what's to be done to the owner | truly this was the girl's transformation | to Kingscote has been my wish for years, | to school an' study nights. of this very pretty thing?" half sang, night—her gaucherie had all departed though I would have kept it to myself, half chanted Noreen Ardleigh, her hands since she had unwittingly delivered Sir had I not seen how prepossessed you containing a light packet, held mischiev- Giles' gift, the lovely flowers, Denize held iously behind her back, while she stood so carelessly in her hand. before her cousin, Denize, the beauty.

"Give it to me," she said impatiently, lifting her golden head. "I know what it is; it is a bouquet from Sir Giles Massinger, he promised to send it last night." er in the background, if you mean to Noreen started, almost throwing her marry Denize advantageously." parcel into the other's lap, while a wave of color swept over her young face.

happy you must be! Denize you will be careful will you not?" "Careful, what about? Here the

beauty laughed merrily, Phoebe, the maid joining in—she was coiling up the lovely Denize pressed her small white teeth ingolden tresses, making the rose more to her scarlet lip; Noreen paled; a look said, caressingly. His grey eyes looked beautiful still. Denize, in a lace-trimmed passed between the cousins, vindictive up into hers, he raised her white dressing-gown, sat before a long mirror, and cruel from the blue eyes, Noreen's fingers to his lips, but he sighed wearily. contemplating her own loveliness.

Noreen's outbursts amused both misone of the chief reasons why Denize want- sighed the other. "Oh let it come quick- a chance of choosing for himself. Ever amusing; she was but a child, yet took him to me. What is he to Denize?" do not admire her nearly so much as I such strange fancies. She had raved It was a sultry evening in July; many did at first." about Giles Massinger's eyes, though she of the guests turned out on to the Italian tention towards him, the silent master of ger as escort.

"Suppose not! What do you mean by then one must think of one's establish nobody, I suppose you mean she has no that? My dear child, you are positively ment in the future." ugly. It would do no earthly good to in-

small, dark face looking over her should- moonlight." er, the pale, olive cheeks flushed to crim-! son, the dense eyes blazing; it was witchlike, enchanting. That could not be Noreen, nor the mocking laugh surely young people to accompany you." never broke from the lips of the meek

like that," she exclaimed hastily, "you Italian gondola song. look like an imp of darkness."

and laughed again. "I shall have beauty enough, cousin," being. she said, "never fear. Take care yours is it was so unlike Noreen, her surprise gave | tell you." the latter time to escape. The fresh, rich tones of her superb young voice floated he remarked, musingly. "I have heard back to her cousin as she sped along the her there, but I took her for a child. I

"Saucy young monkey," remarked Phoebe, the maid, currying favor with down to-day to fill a vacant chair." her mistress."

"Yes," answered Denize, slowly; there was an uneasiness in her voice; she could in now; I am cold and tired." not forget the reflected gipsy face beside hers. Was it possible the girl she had selfishness." But he spoke no word of good deal of quiet wonder among the

her daughter's beauty superlative. with us to-day," she said, "we are an odd anyhow, she would take revenge on anynumber, Winifred Berkely is taken ill."

"Nonsense, mamma; Noreen is a child!" "Nearly seventeen, my dear girl, you were out before that; there is scarcely four years between your ages."

who has not a farthing for her fortune?" in, redolent with odoriferous perfumes; church, Quebec. It was to have been a Country ey, we never know what may happen to | tall tree-tops.

into her own little room would have returned home with a crammed sketch- and Jean Ramsay Brown, of Ottawa. The Farm Crops and Processes, shown her under a very different aspect. book; almost satiated with loveliness, to bride was escorted to the altar by Lord She paced the carpeted floor, her white find there was nowhere aught so beauti- Aberdeen, who also gave her away. Capt. teeth clenched, her eyes shining, her ful as home after all. cheeks aflame.

"Anyone would think I was as hideous as a gorgon. It is not true—I will not believe it. Aunt and uncle are kind enough; it is all selfish Denize. Why is enough; it is all selfish Denize. Why is previous night, had remarked him disveil and orange blossoms and carried a the not satisfied with her shoals of lovers | appearing with Denize from the terraced | bouquet of white roses. The groom wore and her marvellous beauty? It is hard walk, and made her own conjectures. the uniform of the Coldstream guards. enough for me to be poor and dependant. The girl was beautiful and well-dowered; Rev. Mr. Gardner of Halifax, officiated They think I never feel it; perhaps I she was elated at the prospect of such an assisted by the Rector of St. Matthews never did till I had to carry his flowers to | alliance. her. Oh, it was cruel, too cruel! Yes- Sir Giles played with his chocolate deen and all the Vice Regal party in

gypsy face, how radiant it had become. | pression.

The girl clasped her hands and stood ae she added in a low voice: "You will reverie, which was becoming tedious to not be ashamed of me?"

Mrs. Ardleigh laughed musically. be sentimental; be quick—dress yourself and join me in the drawing-room; probize makes her appearance. It will amuse you to see the guests arrive."

Noreen's toilette was very simple; a plain white dress, made Empire style, bound about the waist with a broad, were combed out round her head, just | ing!" curled at the ends on her fair neck and smooth, broad brow. Mrs. Ardleigh so quaint and picturesque was her ap-

awakened the latent spirit of vanity, or fond of playing with men's hearts, I hear. what was it? Certainly there was a self- Your gift was hardly fair to myself or her. possession about her never there before; Were those the flowers she carried?" one must have been fastidious indeed to see aught to find fault with.

"You'll do, Noreen," he said. Denize, after awhile, sailing in, arrayed shapely head. For awhile Noreen was "Here's a pretty thing, and a very pret- admiring gazes pass from one to the other; Giles, this joining of the Ardleigh estates but saw wood an' tend the cattle an' go

Old Lady Decimer raised her goldible whisper, to her hostess-"You should keep the little niece long-

"Not much chance of clashing there. Denize is the daughter of a millionaire, "Is it so?" she murmured. "Oh, how the little one has no fortune whatever." "True, but then look at those eyes; her position is romantic; some men despise marrying money."

She passed on with a mocking laugh. lips touched his short, brown hair. soft ones filled with wonder.

her praise alone had diverted Denize's at- daughter amongst them, Sir Giles Massin- have never seen a more perfectly beauti-Kingscote, would have remained unnot- He had wrapped a fleecy white mantle

natural than that the heiress of one of dewy roses perfumed the balmy air; his young mistress. should mate with the owner of the ad- the nightingale's song flooded with liquid melody, the enchanting, moonlit scene. "Ah? she must be glad," thought the "He will speak now," thought Denize. girl; then said aloud: "It is nice to be "I do not love him in the least, but if you, Denize. I wish I could change just Noreen is going to turn out a beauty, I her name and condition?" may as well have him. I am hardly "It was unnecessary. She is a nobody, "I have no doubt you would. Probablikely to meet with a better chance. What a waif and stray; besides, she is ugly ly you would like to be a belle, and go to a pity Stanley Greatorex is so poor, the and a child."

troduce you into society; I will do my | "Miss Noreen, I am sure you are a best to prevent my mother thinking of skilful oarswoman," said Leslie Crockford, took me by surprise — that queer dress a young subaltern, who had gazed en- of hers was becoming, too; girls in our But Denize was frightened when, retranced into the girl's dark eyes. "We days, as a rule, are so overdressed. My

may I go?"

"Absurd," Denize said, petulantly; "it deadly disease somewhere the other side not on the wane when mine is in its is only my younger cousin singing one of of the globe — they consigned their only zenith; fair beauties soon fade, you know." her nursery ditties. We have a great child to its uncle's care." This speech took Denize's breath away; deal too much of her noise at times, I can

"She sings in the woods, sometimes," did not know she was 'out.'"

"No more she is. Mamma had her "She will make a charming woman." "Ah! yes I daresay. Please take me

looked on as a foil, would prove her rival love; the song and Denize's pettish jeal- ladies especially, as to whether the tall, Then, as if in league against her, her owed her cousin a grudge because, for the not; if the former, what might be the Mrs. Ardleigh was a fine, buxom, frustrated; she almost began to fancy lady snaring him in the matrimonial net; middle-aged matron; she had forgotten she loved this man, who a few moments if married, was Mrs. Kindersley tall or all about girlish jealousies, and thought before had not the least interest for short, thin or fat, plain or pretty. The "Your father thinks Noreen might dine if he did not reciprocate her affection; one who came between them.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Giles Massinger sat at breakfast the an Ottawa girl and the details of the wednext morning with his lady mother; the ding are told as follows: "She is gauche, and ugly, and will dislong windows at Kingscote were open to

terday I was a child, to-day I am a woman. Why has he met me in the woods—why spoken to me words of kindness? I have a heart as well as Denize. Who cares, who knows?"

"Noreen, you may come down to din—"Noreen, you may come down to din—"Spoon, his large, grey eyes gazing thought—fully towards the window, far away to the Kingscote mighty woods; their waving trees, in all their varied shades of summer garments, were a sight for 'sair een.'

He smiled to himself. Lady Massinger to know. The event has been hinted at "Noreen, you may come down to dinner to-night."

The bridal couple immediately left on their wedding tour, where, no one seems to know. The event has been hinted at several times in the Ottawa papers, but no one seemed to be posted as to the time or place."

The bridal couple immediately left on their wedding tour, where, no one seems to know. The event has been hinted at several times in the Ottawa papers, but no one seemed to be posted as to the time or place."

LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers,

"Well, what did Denize say last night?" taansfixed, then drooped her head, paling she asked, suddenly, breaking in on his

He started perceptibly, like one awaken-"What ails the child?" she said. "Don't | ed from a dream, then stroked his moustache languidly. "I cannot remember either of us said

"I sent no flowers." "But I did, believing you wished it; fairly started as the girl silently glided up you are so forgetful. I supposed I was the luxurious drawing-room towards her; doing the right thing, to send them in one could have fancied she had just de- your name, especially as you told me you scended from an ancient portrait frame, half promised them the night before." "I never promised; Miss Ardleigh expressed a wish for some, but I was not Also there was a subtle something about | quite certain whether I should gratify her different to heretofore. Had Denize her vanity or no. That young lady is too better an orange is than an apple."

"Yes, and I flatter myself there was Denize's father took stock of his nieces room. Mrs. Ardleigh is highly delighted from the little, satin-slippered feet, to with the progress of affairs. We two had its exceeding promptness in relieving pain

neck and arms, her golden hair a diadem pleasant position, mother, if this pet and Alonzo Staples. of lustrous light wreathed about her scheme of yours should come to grief?" "Denize will not refuse you, of that I

were in Denize's favour when you returned from abroad."

"I found her very beautiful and all rimmed glasses, and remarked in an aud- that, but surely that is not everything? In disposition we may be the very antipodes; some people can never pull together—that is not my idea of matrimony. I should not care to marry a pretty doll; my wife must be my loving companion, a sharer of my joys or sorrows."

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The mother rose from her seat and stood beside his chair; she placed one arm round his shoulder, stooping till her lips touched his short, brown hair.

"De not discovered by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." "Do not disappoint me, my boy," she

"Mother, mother," he answered, in a "I will kill her rather than she shall vexed voice," it is so like you women to tress and maid; this one more than ever, for Sir Giles was one of the girl's heroes, deprive me of one lover," thought Denize. interfere in these affairs. You should et things take their course, give a fellow ed to get him into her toils. This cousin ly, she has so many lovers; while I-oh, if Denize Ardleigh would marry me, I of hers, half Irish, half Italian, was too no one in the whole world can be like am not so certain of my love for her. I

had hardly ever opened her lips to him, terrace in front of the mansion, the host's enthusiastic then. Yet I feel certain you

about her shoulders, and gradually led baronet, and turning it over hastily, he Noreen's red lips were parted. Her her down towards the river's bank, which came upon a portrait of a young girl great, dark eyes gazed dreamily at the flanked along one side of the extensive asleep under a tree in a woodland dell glorious landscape mapped out below her grounds. The silver moon sailed in all Her hat had been carelessly thrown on cousin's windows. There were moun- her glory along the blue heavens, the one side, a book just slipped from one tains, vale and river, undulating park and stars hanging in dazling spangles. It was small hand, the other arm encircled the flowery grounds; above all, there was indeed a night for love to whisper in neck of a handsome collie dog, who with owner of a cattle ranch: Kingscote in the distance. What more adoring language; the sweet fragrance blinking eyes watched over the safety of

"You know that face, mother?" he "Certainly, I did from the first." "Why did you not acquaint me with ber me."

balls, but such will never be your fate." | fellow loves me of course, they all do, | "She is neither one nor the other, she and I should infinitely prefer him, but is Miss Arkleigh's cousin. As to being a

money. She certainly looked as much a lady as any in the room last night." "Did she? Ah! yes, I remember she flected in the looking-glass, she saw the might have a row on the river in the dear Giles, I thought you knew me better than to think I should look down (perplexed) - I've got them all in my "Ah! yes, among the lillies. Auntie, upon the poor child for her poverty; dear me, no. It is simply this - no one "If you can find two more demented is quite certain whether she is an Ardleigh at all. I mean in this way; you They started, the boat gliding by with recollect she was brought to the Ardleighs the silver tide past the spot where Denize one day, when almost an infant, in a moved a curb from my horse. I take She gave an impatient jerk to her elbow. stood expectant by Sir Giles' side, and in most mysterious manner, carried by a pleasure in recommending the remedy, as "Noreen don't dance behind my back the silence a voice was heard singing an coloured girl who could or would not it acts with mysterious promptness in the speak a word of intelligible English, with removal from horses of hard, soft or cal-"I never heard such singing," exclaim- just a small bundle of clothes and a let- loused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, Noreen had thrown off her low spirits, ed Sir Giles, all thoughts but for the song- ter. This document put forth she was sweeny, stifles and sprains. stress having forsaken him for the time the daughter of Marchmont Ardleigh and his Italian wife, who were dying of a

CAPT. KINDERSLEY.

The Popular A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen Springs a Surprise on his Friends at Quebec.

When Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited Fredericton a few weeks ago, no member of their staff made more friends among those with whom he was thrown in contact. than Capt. Kindersley, the senior "I am infinitely sorry; forgive me for A. D. C. to His Excellency. There was a ousy had disturbed all that. The heiress good looking Guardsman was a bachelor or first time, a scheme of hers had been chances for some attractive Fredericton her: to think her life must be wrecked | Captain looked old enough to be married, but it seems that he was not marriednot at least until last Saturday, when at Quebec he somewhat surprised his friends by suddenly taking on himself the responsibility of matrimony. His bride is versal pain cure. All druggists sell it.

"A fashionable wedding took place grace us. Of what use introducing a girl the bright sunshine; soft breezes wafted Saturday afternoon in St. Matthews "Not so very ugly, Denize. As to mon- birds' songs echoed melodiously in the very quiet affair, but some how or other the public got wind of it, and the church The young boronet had led a wander- was crowded to the doors with the elite * * * * * er's life for the last five years, since he of Quebec. The contracting parties were It was for bravado Noreen sang when came of age; had been studying art in Capt. Kindersley, A. D. C. to His Excelapartment; a peep Italy and other cultured lands; and had lency the Governor General of Canada, Erskine, A. D. C., acted as best man. Lady Massinger was a handsome, Lady Margorie Gordon was maid in wait-"Anyone would think I was as hideous stately woman; like most mothers, a ing. The Hon. Archie Gordon and his rur and the Rev. Mr. Norrie. Lady Aber-

DYING ON HIS FEET.

"That man is just dying on his feet." How often the phrase is used with regard to persons brought to death's door by overwork and consequent nervous prostration and debility. They cannot afford time to rest (so they will you) and graduably it will be another hour before Den- anything remarkably brilliant," he ans- friends speak of them in the words above wered, with a quiet laugh. "Our con- quoted. For all who have reached such verse was mere society chit-chat, nothing a stage or are in broken health from any cause, there is a sure specific in Hawker's "Surely you proposed, Giles. You nerve and stomach tonic, the great brain must know that it was expected of you and brain invigorator, blood and flesh white sash; her dark locks, not very long, after sending those flowers in the morn-builder, and a perfect stomach tonic and aid to digestion.

The lady had given the small boy an apple, and he had said nothing in recognition. "What does a little boy say when he gets anything?" asked the lady, insinuatingly. He hesitated a moment "Some little boys," he said. "says 'Thank you;' some says, 'Much obliged,' and some just keeps thinkin' how much

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totally eclipsed, but not for long; the am confident; after the marked attention having) - Never mind. Tommy, havin' elder cousin, standing by her side pur- you have paid her, you are in honor don't last forever. Jest remember that posely for contrast, was surprised to see bound to ask her to be your wife. Ah! winter's comin' soon, an' nothin' to do

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