

family and friends glared madly at each other. There was one who said-- but, hold, no matter what he said,—a time may come when I— Away, away, not till the season's ripe can I reveal thoughts that lie too deep for common minds,—till then the world shall not pluck out the heart of this my mystery. When I will I will!

The hat was now greasy, and old, and torn; but torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on. A change came o'er the business of this hat—women and men and children scowled on me; my company was shunned. I was alone; none would associate with such a hat. Friendship itself proved faithless for a hat. She that I loved, within whose gentle breast I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death. Love's fires went out, extinguished by a hat. Of those who knew me best, some turned aside, and scooted down dark lanes; one man did place his finger on his nose's side and smiled. Others in horrid mockery laughed outright. Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray, fixing their owlet glare upon my ragged hat, mistook me for a beggar, and they barked. Thus, women, men, friends, strangers, lovers dogs—one thought pervaded all: it was my hat!

A change, it was the last, came o'er this hat, For, lo! at length the circling months went, the period was accomplished; and one day this tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture, (time had endeared its vileness) was transferred to the possession of a wandering son of Israel's fated race, and friends once more greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze. Once more I went my way alone along, and plucked no wondering gaze the hand of scorn with it, annoying finger; men and dogs once more grew pointless jokeless, laughless, growlless, and at last, not least of rescued blessings love—love smiled on me again, when I assumed a bran new beaver of famed Samuel's mould, and then the laugh was mine, for then outcame the secret of this strangeness—'twas a bet.

WILLIAM SAMUEL received the highest awards for *Fine Furs* at the Dominion Exhibition, 1880, and fourteen First Prizes and Gold Medal at the Provincial Exhibition, 1881. His elegant new showroom is open all the year round where a grand display of SEAL SACQUES and DOLMANS, CIRCULARS, DOLMANS, etc., etc., in every variety of material and assorted fur linings are kept always on hand, and made to order. 367 Notre Dame St., Montreal.