

Great Clearing Sale —OF— FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Denton & Deeks,

Merchant Tailors and Importers,
have decided to clear out their
superior stock of Fall and Winter
Scotch Goods at cost to make
room for their spring and summer
importations.

DENTON & DEEKS
384 Richmond Street.

Her Life's Love

Very soon "young Mrs. Jardine," as he
was fond of calling her, put on her wife face
again, and both it and her words often had
a curious wisdom—not worldly wisdom,
but that wisdom which has been character-
ized as coming from God—first pure, and
then peaceable.

"There is a saying, Roderick—you read
it out of the Bible this very morning at
prayers—'Whosoever thy hand findeth to
do, do it with thy might.' That means, as
it seems to me at least, do not go 'feeling
about' a hundred things that you cannot
do, I have been thinking of you a great
deal, my husband, and one thing has
occurred to me. You are very clever; you
know you gave me a whole heap of MSS.—
poetry and prose—which you wrote at the
college."

"When I was so foolish as to think I
should be an author some day."

"Well, why not? All other professions
cost oceans of money, and years of labor.
Authorship costs nothing but pen, ink, and
paper."

"And a few brains which you think I
have, my wife, but—quarry?"

"I would give my life to see my husband
a great man, and to help him to become
one!" said she, with a suppressed passion
which quite startled Roderick.

"Then, laughing again, as if half ashamed of her
own earnestness, 'Suppose since we cannot
buy books, you were to set to work and
write one?'"

"You little Solomon!" cried Roderick, and
said no more. But there was a gleam in his
eye, a hope in his heart. Something in his
wife's words had stirred in him that ambi-
tion which every man has, or ought to have,
to do something; to be something; to cease
drifting aimlessly down the stream of life,
in the passing pleasures of the day, but to
take firm root somewhere, and root down-
ward, and bear fruit upward. And the
woman that hindered him from doing this is
no true wife, but a mere parasite that
smothers and impedes the growth of him
tree. Ay, even though she may garden and
as gorgeously as the daisies do the trees in
Western forests, with what she calls love,
but which is in truth the merest selfishness.

She was a born mistress of a household,
this young Mrs. Jardine; none the less so
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daily labors to look at the blue hills far
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perhaps carol a ditty herself there, when
she was gathering flowers, or pulling fruit
out in the open air, for they had no piano
and she would not hear of buying one till
the book was done and they had plenty of
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"My darling, you are in one thing unlike
all women—at least, all that I ever knew.
You invariably prefer what you have over
instead of what you have not. Suppose, now
just for a change, you were to begin worry-
ing my life out because I cannot give you half
a dozen servants and a carriage and pair, or
take you out into society? My wife, do you
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"Do you? When you are a Jardine—we
are both Jardines, for that matter—and you
are to be a great author, or a great man,
some day?"

"Evidently my wife does not believe the
two synonymous," said Roderick, laughing
and coloring.

"Not quite, because the author may fail;
whereas the man who does his work—any
work—as conscientiously as you are doing
it, must always be, in one sense, a great
man. Also the one is the world's property,
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She put her arms round his neck; he
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good deal tired. His book had been both
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bothered, not accustomed to the endless
labor, the perpetual struggle between im-
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fact toil, which all professional authors
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the scent of daisies and jasmine coming
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writing, in his best and neatest hand, "The
End" on the final page. "And yet I am half
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them—made them quite comfortable, any-
how—and now I rather miss them. They
had grown such companions; had they not
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Silence smiled; but yet, as she tenderly
died up the MSS., she thoughtfully
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Hard Times in Canada.

The Cry Upon Which the High Tax
Leaders Gained Power—They Have
Failed Utterly to Keep Their Promises
—Where Are the Good Prices for
Produce and the Steady Work and
Good Wages?

(Hon. David Mills at Bothwell.)

I am sure in coming before you to
discuss questions of great public mo-
ment, and to consider the state of the
country, you will expect me to have
reference to the speeches of Ministers and
recently made by me accompanied them.

In this, I am sure you will agree with
me, that they were to the last degree
disappointing—not less so, however, than
the promises which they had made. There
has prevailed a period of very great
distress both in Canada and the United
States. Now, the leaders of the Con-
servative party did not hesitate to de-
clare to the country in 1873 that that
man was unworthy the name of states-
man who could not secure the national
prosperity at such a period.

Charles Tupper declared that no credit
was due to a public man for prosperity
in his own country when other states
were prosperous. The public man who
could not secure prosperity for his own
country was as helpless as a fly on a wheel
and these gentlemen said: "Give us the
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in their first year of married life, and full
so many associations. "She was sure, even
if it came to the twentieth edition, she
should never cease to remember and cherish
it, every line."

"Twentieth editions do not come every
day, even to celebrated authors," said Rod-
erick, sapiently. "I should be glad to sell
even the first five, and get the money."

"Money—I am afraid I had forgotten the
money," said Silence—as, indeed, he had.
But for a good many days after when, the
excitement of work over, a reaction came,
and Roderick looked more pale and ill than
she had ever seen him, she began to count
over her little store, as if by counting she
could double it, and to long, day by day, for
the letter which was to bring the hope of
that despised necessity—pounds, shillings
and pence.

The last and hardest came one day when
they had been rather brighter than usual.
Silence had persuaded her husband to walk
down with her to the obnoxious cotton
mill, in which she had much become in-
terested—having instituted, or rather

carried on anew, a school for the mill girls
which had been the favorite work of Miss
Jardine. "You will let me do it, just be-
cause she did it?" was the entreaty which
Roderick could not resist. So every Sunday
while he took the long stretch across the
country, which she had insisted upon after
the labors of the week, she had gone down
to an empty room at the mill and kept
school there for two hours.