I hear a faint, low singing.
Like the sound of distant choirs;
'I is a message gleefully winging
Over the telegraph wires,
And what are the glad wires shumming,
As they stretch in the sunlight away?
"I am coming, coming, coming, oming home to-day."

And now I hear a sobbing, Like some soul sitting alone,
With a heart that is wearily throbbing
And lips that can only moan,
Oh! what are the sad wires singing,
As they reach through the darkness of
night?

"He is dying, dying, dying— Come on the wings of light!"

The tintillation of laughter
Next falls upon my ear,
And a burst of mad mirth after,
Like the sound of a distant cheer.
And what is the cleeful story
That the round fire spreads afar?
"Our mine is crowned with glory—
"Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Oh! what are the wires relating. Oh! what are the wires relating,
Morning, neon, and night?

"The market is fluctating!"

"Report of the Senate fight!"

"Cahaer S — a delaulter!"

"Arrest a man named Brown!"

"Jones died to-day by the balter!"

"Wheat went sendenly down!"

"Deluge!" and "Drought!" and Fires!"

Singing, and sobbing, and humming,
Over the telegraph wires.

Tiferature.

WIFE.

PART THIRD.

GORDON CARYLL'S

CHAPTER IX (CONTINUED.)

Her words, her tone, touch him strangely and tenderly. the tierce temptation, each dies out never to return. There is even the shadow of a smile on his lips as he

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more."

he murmurs. 'Forgive me, France you are right, as you always are; you are all that is brave, and noble, and womanly. Only—that does not make

womanly. Only—that does not many the easier.'

And then there is silence, and both And then there is silence, and both And then he was gone. And France, breathless and white, had fallen upon the sofa, feeling as though the world had come to an end. below, while he heavy minutes pass. So long the silence last that France grows frightened, and breaks it with

an effort.

'You knew her last night?' she asks.
'At once,' he answers, in a dail, slow way; 'the very moment she appeared. France, do you recollect the night of Lady Dynely's ball last autumn? I saw her portrait that night—the vignette, you remember, on Di Ventunin's waltzes—and I recognized the face. But I would not 'You knew her last night?' she asks.

know no man that I would trust as I Beyond that she does not look—'un'o can say, in his blank amaze. You will not mind my the day, the day.

'Must 1 really go, France—really and truly—and leave you and my mother alone?' 'Gordon, you hnow you must.'
'I don't know it, ne said, recklessly;

if you cannot be my wife, at least we can be friends, and together-'

can do as you please, her head dropping, her voice faltering; it is your place to stay with your mother, of course. I will ask Lady Dynely to take me back to England at once.'
'Stay, France!' he said, rising

hastily. 'Forgive me once more. No. I will go -it will be best so; and immediately-to-morrow.'

Then again silence fell, and both stood apart, neither able to speak the

In five words that must come next. minutes they must say good-bye for

A carriage whirled up before the hotel. The door opened, and Eric, looking unutterably bored by his day's "on duty," got out and assisted his wife and mother to alight.

'Here they are,' Caryll exclaimed, what thin how he is a most meet, then, what they have the second meet they are the they are the they are the they are they are they are they

starting back. 'I cannot meet them, any of them. Make my adieux to Lucia to morow; tell her, if you like, I shall not see her again, France—'

hands hard, and looking in her face with that straining gaze we look on the face we love best the instant before the coffin-lid is shut down. 'Oh, Gordon!' she cried out, 'where

will you go?' 'I don't know, I don't care-what loes it matter?'

does it matter?

'You will write to—your mother?'
'Yes, I will write. I will see her now and say good bye. I will septennison, too, before I leave Paris.
Oh, my France! my France! how can be give you my? can I give you up!'

There were footsteps and voices in the hall—on the stairs. One moment

CHAPTER X.

recognized the face. But I would not tace the wax-lights would show them. believe it, it seemed too horrible to be Oh, to be alone -- to be alone!

you should sufferer for my sins at this strange, and gropes her way out late day.'

We all suffer for the sins of others,'
France says, and somehow says is bravely. 'We might all take the battle-cry of the strong old Crusadert for our staff of strength—'God Wills one more, even to bid him stay, lt.' It is inevitable. Don't let us talk of it, since it is no longer a question of talking, but endurance. What right has that wicked, danning without intoxicating.

Strange, and gropes her way out through the darkness, and up to her own goodehild—trotting out the madre and Crystal, and making a martyr of himself, I know. But I say, old boy, anything wrong, you know? On my life, now I look again, you seem awfully seedy.'

We can talk in secret, I suppose? Caryll answers, abruptly, and taking his arm. 'I have something to the bowels or urmary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild taking his arm. 'I have something to being highly curative, tenic and stimulant, thop Butters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new lite and possibly long exist where town room. She has to pass Mrs.

They give new lite and possibly long exist where town room. She has to pass Mrs.

They give new lite and possibly long exist where town room and crystal, and making a marry of himself, I know. But I say, old boy, anything wrong, you know? On my life, now I look again, wow seem awfully seedy.'

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when the control of talking, but endurance. You saw but this movering?

I did, I which to move any control of talking, but endurance. You saw but this movering?

I did, I which to move any control of the control of t

do him. You will not onind my telling him all, France? All?

Dinner ends, and they go to the opera. Patti sings, and the grand opera house is brilliant with ladies in marvellous toilettes. It France were only here, Eric thinks, as he struggles mother must know.

Your mother, of course. Ah, poor grandmamma! it will be a blow to her.

He caught at her words.

Must I really go, France—really and truly—and leave you and my mother alone?

About the time the Dynely party mother alone?

France! he asks, after a pause.

All is at an end there. In France's creed there is no such thing as divorce. I am as much the hus band of Felicia as though that divorce and never been.

There is another uncomfortable silence. What is Terry to say? Henony and tact are at no time his silence. What is Terry to say? Henony and tact are at no time his litence is better than speech now compassion to gods and men.

About the time the Dynely party mother alone?

About the time the Dynely party mother alone?

About the time the Cynely party and leave you and my mother alone?

The Alleged Copy of the most memorable pudicial sentence ever pronounced.

The fallowing is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence ever pronounced in the annals of the salrone. The fallowing is a copy of the most memorable pudicial sentence ever pronounced.

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So I am going away,' Cary

take their places in their private box on the grand tier, Gordon Caryli opens the door of his mother's room,

and passes out.

He goes up to his room, where his valet awaits him, and gives his orders.

A portmanteau is to be packed at once—he (the vr et) is to follow with of the week. That is all, and the man listens with an immovable, wooden face, outwardly, in the direst, blackest wonder within.

'Blessed', he says, as his master de parts, 'if this here ain't a rum go! I thought he was going to be married at the Hembassy; and now we're up and hoff' ot foot, with all our luggage, nover to Liverpool. I wender where we go haiter that?

"We' were going to America one

"We were going to America one again—to California, Nevada, Oregon, all the wild, new lands, whither "we" had never set foot yet. Not to forgu-—that could never be! But life, it seemed, amid wild regions and wilder men would be more easily dragged

out without hope than elsewhere.

He had told his mother; and she had listened in such wonder, such pain, such pity, as words cannot tell. She had set her heart on this match and it was never to be. Her whole happiness in lite was wrapped up per son, and he was to be taken from her. He must go-since this woman stood between him and France to ever, better, far better, they should

'I would rather go,' he had said not to forget, not to suffer less-I do not hope that, I do not even wish it but I cannot stay and face the wonder, the scandal that will ensue l am a coward, if you like, but nderwent the ordeal once, and -' he

set his teeth hard and stopped.

'Yet, I will stay if you wish,' he mother, and as such has a right said, after a moment's pause. 'I will I suppose she is fond of her?' She is not. Felicia never 'She is not. Felicia never because the form of the state of the state

believe it, it seemed too horrible to be Ob, to be alone—to be alone! and hot rebellion had died out, and true. It was some one who resembled her, I said to myselt, a relation, a flutter of perfume, the saloon door lett the hotel, very pale, very grave, a perhaps; but she was dead—dead flung wide, and Lady Dynely's voice great saduess on his face, but other and hot rebellion had died out, and

beyond doubt. It is easy to believe what we wish to believe. I never thought of her again until she stood before me on the stage.'

what we wish to believe. I never thought of her again until she stood is France?'

All darkness, and coldness, and the best of the must see Dennison before her again until she stood is France?'

is France?' of the on the stage. Is France? Is France? With Mrs. Caryll, mamma, Crys. amplesty about, and looking bored. 'I knew by your tace something had happened, 'France says softly, 'but I hal's soft voice suggests. 'It looks' 'Do, do, Caryll,' Terry began, ab dreary—that great, gilded saloon; let breviating the formula, and swallow

never dreamed of that.'

'How could you? Oh, my poor child, it is not alone that she spoils my life, but to think that she has power to spoil yours! To think that you should sufferer for my sins at this change. She rises, teeling stiff and strange, and gropes her way out the darkness and my to her. Tommy Goodchild trotting out the darkness and my to her.

France?' he asks, after a pause.

'In a fortnight.'
There will be ample time, then.
My mother purposes returning to
Caryllynne; you will escort her
thither. For the rest, Lady Dynely will be told the truth, but no one also—least of all, Eric. There will be no end of conjecture, and gossip, and mystification, no doubt, but since none of us will be here to hear it, it

But, Terry hazards, will she keep the secret They say women never can, you know?

A cold smile lights Gordon Caryll's

Trust them when it is to their own venture to the when it is to their own interest. Felicia has fooled M. D. Venturni into offering to make her his wife. The welding, I am told, is to take place soon. He has no idea that she has ever been married—she has lied to him from first to last. It s her interest to hold her tongae, and ow that her revenge is satisfied, she

It's a denced had husiness. Carvl 'It's a denced bad business, Caryii.

Id fellow,' Terry says, gloomily. I am awfully sorry. Confound the woman! she seems born to work mischief and deviltry to every man

'Another thing, Dennison,' Caryl oursues, taking no heed; 'what is incipally wished to speak to you hout, my daughter. By fair means or foul, she must be taken from he mother and given to me. And, Terry, for this I look to you.'

'To me?' Terry repeats, blankly but how? I can't go to Feiicia and demand her. I can't watch my chance and steal her away. Hang it, no! She's a female fiend, and I owe her no good turn, but still she is the child's mother, and as such has a right to her

she can return to England with Lucia of any human being but herselt. She But the mother, whose life was only it adds to her revenge to retain But the mother, whose life was bound up in him, clasped her arms her. She will not treat her kindly, about his neck, answered:

'You must go, Gordon. France is week ends the poor child will need but the while that woman lives, and so parting the treatment of the control of th you must see her for me. Let her know the truth. You have been of service to her and she will trust you Explain everything; tell her a better home and kinder relatives than she has ever known await her. She wil go with you of her own free will take my word for that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hop Bitters are the Purest and Best Bitters Ever Made.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt. Buchu. Mandrake and Dand. able medicines in the world and con tain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring gent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and

CHRIST'S SENTENCE.

The Alleged Copy of the Most Memorable

Pilate, intendant of the Lower Proof Galilee, that Jesus Nazereth shall suffer death by the

In the seventh year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 24th day of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Annas and Cipnas.
Pontius Pilate, intendant of the

Province of Lower Galiler, sitting in judgment of the presidential seat of the Practors, sentences Jesus of Nazereth to death on a cross between nontals of the people prove:

 Jesus is a misleader.
 He has excited the people to sedition

He is an enemy to the law. 4. He called himself the Son

5. He calls himself, falsely, the King of Israel.

6. He went into the temple fol-

wed by a multitude, carrying palms their hands.

in their hands.
Orders from the First Centurion
Quirilis Cornelius to bring him to
he place of execution, forbid all perons, rich or poor, to prevent the
xecution of Jesus.

The witnesses who have signed the kercution of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee.
2. John Zorababel.
LISTOWEL.ONT.

Raphael Robani.

4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem

SAFINGS DEPARTED Money received on deposit, many interest anowed at the number of branching words:

A similar plate has been sent to 280, in the city of Aquilla, in the for Roman antiquities, and it remained there until it was found by the Commission of Arts in the French OFFICE HOURS-9 a.m. to 4 army in Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Casert. The Carthusians LISTOWEL, obtained the privilege, by their petitions, that the plate might be kept ent of the sacrifice which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by the members of the Commission on Arts.
Denon had a fac similie of the plate engraved, which was cought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2.890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this plate. The reasons of the S sentence correspond exactly with those

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with Indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some te years, and the results are certainly be youd my expectations. It assists digrestion wonderfulle I assists di gestion wonderfully. I digest my the great tood with no apparent effort, and am CERMAN INVICORIO now entirely free from that sensation which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after each meal."

NEWSPAPER DECR

Monthly Cattle Fair

BANKING HOUSE

ESTABLISHED I

PALMERSTO CLIE

MONEY TO LOAN

THOAKE AT M ILLOP, THE BLI

And let reporters lay a Their shocks and she

Miscell Written Remains

Most of the w in war. These has pretentions than a logue or an inver They give us, how Egyption belonging productions and Egypt are nowher detail than what detail than wha "Great Harris P tains divers of the found in a tomb feet long by 163 we read of the t

with door nded by g and fish. les prese et of mi ts, emb leather sa fumes, images, bed-clothes, etc

ventory was ms and in every cs the articles in For it find a record o by itself. Bes ducks, and ge ss like old Egyptian

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a certain p nothing is handfuls.of ount of

chronicle