

VOL. 30.

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With the Tide

Yester-even, the hour before he died. He ground, and said: "Dear lass, God so if the tide be like to turn And my poor soul to save, And I want, but I swore to God as I And I would not let him pass.

"I went down to the twilight shore, I watch'd the full tide swell, And I set my heart, as it rose and rose, To hold him, cause it fell. My heart was as deep as heaven with love, And as hot with pain as hell, And being at last in a lone place, 'O God! God! what's come to Your Oh! how do you think to make us as, And hurt us so?" I cried.

"If it was but the tide, to drown one by one, again, Or my little life you made be born For just that week, or main, 'Say nothing my life out drop by drop, I said, 'and I'll not complain—"

"But him, that I've seen to all these 'An' him that's loved me so— 'Godd! there is that awakes us twain, Even you can be the only know' of Oh! how's mine!" I cried, "and I'll keep And I will not let him go!"

"The still sea and sky stood there, Against me, like a wall, Like a straight and seamless sail, Like the dying waves, like breaths that you, 'Liko dying breaths did fall.

"But, quick an' strong above all, I heard my own heart throbs sound, My thought, 'and that dead had, I felt

but, if you mean that I'm counting on Uncle Bill's money, your long way out of it! I've got my life chucked out a good many years ago.

"Indeed," said Joe, superciliously, "that have you planned now? I've heard of many plans from you."

"I'm going to school for the scholarship offered for Princeton," he said. "I'll get that scholarship. I'll take my honors at Princeton. Mother wants me to go into the ministry; but I'm not going to be a poor parson or a preacher."

"Then I'll have a home for mother and Jenny." "Jane is my sister," said Joe sharply. "Of course!—but I thought we'd all stay together. Well, that's what I mean to do."

"Your ideas are big," said Joe, with an unpleasant laugh. "Look there! There's Hales' money at the rate, and Squire Logue's horse at the hitching post. They're gone now."

"I've heard the steps of the men of law, and I've heard the steps of the men of war, which led into the great. In it was a man who had made his name, and he had made his name."

"I don't know, I reckon not. But I don't look like a lawyer, and I don't look like a soldier. I want you to draw up my will."

"There are two inventories. One includes my personal property; stocks, bonds, real estate, everything. Out of this I wish my funeral expenses paid."

"I have said that I would do it," said the squire, "that's enough."

cried, dismayed. "Why, Brother William left this farm and a large sum of money to me, besides."

"Yes, for three years," replied Joe quickly. "Then out we all tumbled, and Squire Logue hands over the farm and the annuity to some person unknown to me, by the name of Hales."

"Who do you think it will be Joe?" asked his sister. "Joe suddenly grew scarier. 'The mischief should I know?' he said loudly. Jane looked at him amazed. Joe wringed uneasily. He hated the honest, reasonable eyes of Jane which always seemed to look him through."

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MOISE DEINCEUR, St. Phillip's, Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.

Be Careful of Turpentine.

A word of warning must always be sounded about the extremely inflammability of turpentine and stains when turpentine is used. Never allow them to come in contact with the fire. When preparing the polish the wax may be melted by setting it in a vessel of hot water on the back of the range, but when the turpentine is to be added, take away from the fire.

AMERICAN AXLE GREASE

Makes short roads. Good for everything that runs on wheels.

Dear Hamilton that is growing weary. Let not thy faith decay. Some days of the year are dreary. But the fog will pass away. Ever the sun shines somewhere. Over the land and sea. Be strong in thy faith and courage. There are summers yet for these. —Selected by Alice S. Ballard.

"A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come. And a little bit of love makes a very happy home. A little bit of hope makes a rainy day. A little bit of charity makes glad the poor man's way. Ask for Minard's and take no other."