### The Press.

the author at the annual dinner Boston Press Club, Jan. 25, 1837.

Truth left the starlight for the m Man overmore to bless;
And Liberty and Law were born
When came to earth the Press.

The ridge from out the shadow grow, And all the world was bright, When dreaming Franklin found the

Increase of living light.

As armies marching to the noon
The moving types rolled on;
And left behind one common boo nd left behind one c The light of ages go

Thrones reared in darkness, crime and guilt.
Where'er this engine swayed I ell in their weakness, and the hilt Of swords bright ploughshares made

The mind stood out! as stars that ring

In cycles down the blue; his cracle for right dared fling The words that voiced the true. Pulsations of a breathing world,

It counted day by day.

As Iteason, with her gems impearled
The milestones on the way.

All that high thought its own might To him who delves the clod.

That so, the printed page might teach, And turn the soul to God.

Move on, O Press! your mission yet A higher place for man, Fair in Truth's realm, no bound is see To Wisdom's flual plan. —James Riley.

## THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

Towards the close of a sultry summer day, a young man alighted from a travelling-carriage at a small inn in the village of Monterosa, in Italy. In reply to the obsequious landlord, with whom guests of the milord class were "like angels' visits, few and far between," he announced his intention of remaining for a couple of days, desired to be shown to his room, and ordered coffee to be served in the parlor. In a few minutes he descended to the public-room of the inn, and with much relish sipped the oup of refreshing coffice which the landlord had brought in; and deeling the cigar prontered by the latter, proceeded to fill and light a favorite meerschaum, and blowing clouds of fragrant smoke towards the low ceiling, was soon immersed in a brownstudy.

meersolatin, and blowing studies of regrant smoke towards the low ceiling, was soon immersed in a brownstudy.

The traveller, whose name was Frank Melville, was about twenty-eight years of age, and a good specimen of manly beauty. Exactly six feet "in his stockings," his figure was so well proportioned that you did not give him credit for more than the average height. His short, light-brown hair filty framed a countenance ruddy with health and sparkling with good-humor; while the deep blue eyes shone with intelligence. He was an artist, and had seized the first opportunity to put into execution a long-oherished intention of making a tour in Italy; and the desire of beholding freels scenes had induced him to turn aside considerably from the well beaten route pursued by the ordinary tourist.

Ha had hitherto experienced great

beaten route pursued by the ordinary tourist.

He had hitherto experienced great pleasure in his tour. But, novertheless, when the slades of evening began to fall, he generally felt somewhat solitary, and longed for some companion with whom to compare notes and exchange ideas. On the particular evening on which our story opens, he felt more than usually low-spirited. A craving for some excitement took possession of him. But in the quiet, secluded village of Monteross, what excitement, mental or physical, could be found?

There being no other way open to

secladed village of Monterose, what excitement, mental or physical, could be found?

There being no other way open to him of passing the time, he decided to try a stroll. The narrow, irregular street of the village was almost deserted; nothing was to be seen except some children playing in the sand, and geese walking in long procession, cacking as they went. Striding rapidly onward, Melville soon came to the outskirte of the village, and plunged into the adjoining forest. The luxuriant lesfage of the stately trees, which were in the full vigor of their growth, naturally obtained his child admiration. The air was ecented with the oder of fresh resin and mosses; while a perfect stillness as of a sanctuary, prevailed more fitted, however, to increase his depression, than to afford him the mental stimulus for which he craved. He had walked at a smart pees for some thirty mintens, when the sudden sinking of the sun and the deepening twilight warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. Turning back, he was soon conscious that he had lost his way, and began to lament his imprudence in venturing so far into an unknown and apparently trackless forest without having taken some bearings by which to chape his course.

Just then he was beginning to resign himself to a night under the trees, he discerned the smoke of a fire at no great distance, and heard in the still excening air the notes of a violin. A walk of a few minutes

brought him to the scone. In the shelter of the walls of an old ruined castle wore seated some twenty or thirty giples, grouped in every variety of pictureague stitude round the cus tomary triangle, from which lung a large pot over a wood fire. The men were red westcoats, ornamented with large silver buttons, which glittered in the firelight; the women—at least the younger once—searle bodices and chemisettes trimmed with gold em broidery, and cound their necks rows of glass beads. A few withcred old crones, yellow and toothless, who served as folls to their younger companions, completed the band. As the fire gleamed and flashed on the picturesque group so bright with color, Melvulle longed for the penell of a Salvator Rosa, that he might preserve the scene for ever on canvas.

The gipsy who had been performing on the violin ceased playing at the approach of Melville, and speaking in excellent Tuscan, invited him to be seated and join their primitive repart. Melville longer for their complete the sent of the scene for ever on conves.

The gipsy who had been performing on the violin ceased playing at the approach of Melville, and speaking in excellent Tuscan, invited him to be seated and join their primitive repart. Melville accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given. From boyhood, the Zingari, their origin, strange customs, and wanderings, had been a favorite subject of study with him. He had read many of the books describing those wonderful people, Borrow's Zancali among the rest and was familiar with a considerable portion of the vocabulary of the Italian gyp seesed for him a peculiar and fascinat ing interest.

sessed for him a pounts and resemble ing interest.

In a few minutes Frank was discussing a portion of a hedgehog, which, rubbed with garlic and stuffed with walnuts, had been roasted on a spit

sing a portion of a hedgenog, which, rubbed with garlic and stuffed with walnuts, had been roasted on a spit over the fire.

"Where is Melta?" exclaimed the violin player, whose name was Orlando. "What has become of her?"

Our tourist was in the act of raising a cup of some very good Sloilian wine to his lips, when his look fell upon a vision of feminine beauty such as he had never before seen in his travels. Through the opening of a tent came a young girl, apparently not more than eighteen years of age. Slightly above the middle height, her seinder, supple figure moved across the grassy expet with bewitching grace. Large oriental eyes, full of liquid lustre, softly gleam of from beneath eyebrows black as night. The features were perfect in the contour. The finely chesled nose, the lips "like Oupids bow," the softly rounded chin, might have served as models to a modern Phidias. The abundant hair was of a lighter tint than the eyebrows, and of a rich, warm brown. The complexion was also somewhat lighter in color than the ordinary gipsy type, but still suffliciently dark to show that she came of Bohemian stock.

Gallantly springing to his feet and extending his hand, Melville offered to conduct her to a place at the evening meal, with an air as respectful as if he had been accosting an English uchess. But the gipse girl refused the profiered hand, and seating herself by the side of her brother, gazed with some little curiosity at the stranger guest, and declined to partake of the rostenis of his leave rough with his

Supper over the artist chared the contents of his large pouch with his hosts—there is no surer passport to the heart of a gipsy than to make him a present of tobacco—and then listen ed with unalloyed pleasure to the musical efforts of Orlando on the violin; at the same time he observed the effect of the weird instrumentation on the eloquent features of the Bohemian girl, which seemed to reflect all the varying emotions of the player. Suddenly, it occurred to him that

hemian girl, which seemed to reflect all the varying emotions of the player. Suddenly, it occurred to him that the lovely Melita in her national costume would form an admirable subject for a water-color eketch. Turning to Orlando, he inquired if he might come on the following morning to the camp and take a sketch of his sister. Me lits overheard the whispered request, and her dusky cheek for a moment deepened with gratified vanity as she smilingly assented to the inquiring glance of her brother. When about to depart, Frank heard with some surprise that he was only a couple of miles from Monterosa, so confused had been his attempts to find his way through the labyrinth of trees. Orlando volunteered to conduct him to the outskirts of the wood; and, accepting the offer, he bade adieu to the lovely Melita. During Orlando's brief escort, Melville spoke little, for before his mind's eye was the eloquent glance of the gipsy girl. Even during the fittle watches of the night and in his disturbed dreams, Melita's face appeared again and again; and it was with unrefreshed sensations that the artist beheld the morning sun shining through the windows of the inn.

II.

## II.

"This is your last sitting, Melita."
It was on the morning of the seventh day after Frant. Melville had first met Zingari that these words were spoken. The young Scotchman was putting the finishing touches to a large water-color drawing representing Melita as as a gipsy queen. The progress of the work had been watched by the tribe with mingled feelings of wouder and delight; and the girl's dark eyes had showe with pleasure and pride as sinclocked upon the life-like portrayal of her wondrous beauty.

The knowledge which the young artist possessed of gipsy manners and customs had placed him on a special footing with Melita and the other mediately for Loiqua. In this way he hoped to avoid the swkwardness of a personal farewell.

members of the band, so that they almost regarded thin as one of themselves, and referred to matters in his presence which they would have care fully shunned in the case any other house-dweller. Melita would sometimes speak of the pleasures of her normadic life; its liberty and freedom from care, its health-giving character, its opportunity for the studying of the changing seasons, the animals and birds abounding in the fields and woods; on which occasion Frank would feel his pulse beat faster until he almost yearned to resign the feverish and tumultuous life of cities, and, easting in his lot with those who dwelt in tents, never more return to the walks of ordinary life.

In reply to his observation that this was her last altitug, the Zingari cast down her oyes, and murmured: 'I am very sorry.'

"Sorry, Melita! I can assure you that, ac a general rule, the last sitting is always a day of rejpienng—at least to the sitter."

But you will go away, now that the picture is finished?

to the sitter."

But you will go away, now that the picture is finished?

He was not certain, but he rather fanofed that he saw a pearly tear as she spoke these words. 'Well,' he answered,' my stay here is coming to an end, I must admit; but I can afford a few more days. Ome let us have a stroll.' Slowly the pair walked in the direction of a running stream near the gipsy encampment.

'Melita, I must make you some return for your good nature in sixting to me. What shall I give you?

The girl's dark oyes fashed indignantly as she raised them to those of the speaker, and Melville beheld an expression on those lovely features which he had never seen before—an expression which warned him to be ware of the passionate Italian blood which coursed in the gipsy's veins. He therefore hastened to explain.

'Not money, Millia; I do not mean that—of course not. But what is there that you would like to have for your picture?'

Melita grasped both his hands within her soft warm palms, and looking fixedly at him, whispered: 'Give me your picture, in return for mine. Then, when you are far away beyond the sea in your own country, that will remind me of these happy days and of the stranger who was so kind to me.'

'I am glad that I can comply with your request at once, 'Melville answered;' but I wish that you had chosen omethiat if wish that you had chosen omething else. I am afraid my photograph is a poor recompense for all your patience and kindness in sitting to me. See, I have some with me in my pocket-book.' With these words, Frank took a carte from the book and handed it to hor.

Melita grazed earnestly several moments—it was a capital likeness—and as she did so, her cheek became pale, and the hand which held the picture trembled visibly. Then placing the picture in the surpless and the supplement supplement of the sea maps.' Here, and the hand which held the picture in mean successed his mind. 'Oan it be,' he ask hinself, 'that this young girl has fallen in love with me?' Then, as he remembered her warm ensueues nature and

ninea: 'I lest that I could not remain in safety near the water.'
'In safety near the water! What in the world do you mean?' was her companion's astonished exclamation.
Smuling sadly, Melita answered: 'Have you never felt an almost uncontrollable impulse—an impulse you could not account for—to do some rash act—to throw yourself from some dizzy height, or plunge in some rapid stream, and tune end at once and for ever all the cares and sorrows of life!'
'My youthful Melita,' he said, 'can scarcely have had frouble sufficient to cause her to seek relief from them in a sudden and violent death.'
Again the Zingari shook her head

a sudden and violent death.'

Again the Zingari shook her head saldy. "I know not." she said. "But had I been alone just now, I should have sought death in that running stream." Then, observing her companion's anxious look, a bright smile irradiated her expressive features as she said: "But do not he concerned; that moment is passed."

"For ever, I trust?" Melville gravely asked.

"Yes, for ever!"

They had now arrived at the camp.

Atthough he felt that such conduct might be tormed shabby after the heapitality he had received from the gipties, and Melita's kindness and and good nature in sitting by the hour as the model for his picture, he felt also that anything was better then a cone. It was both an act of kindness and a duty to nip in the bud an attachment he could not return. The first thing to be done, however, was to get possession of the picture. Turning to his companion, he said: "Melita, I am going to remove the picture to the village to-day." A suspicious glance shot from her lustrous cycs. "You are going away—I feel it I shall never see you again!"

The artist laid his hand on hera, and as he did so he felt the hand he held tremble. An irresistible temptation seized him, and he kiesed her. He felt that he was taking a long—an overlasting farowell; and thus they parted, without an 'her word being spoken between them.

After he had proceeded some little distance, he turned and waved his hand to the girl, who still ramained where he had left her, as motionless as a statue.

III.

Frank Melville was a man of prompt action. Within an hour of his return

as a statue.

III.

Frank Melville was a man of prompt action. Within an hour of hie return to the inn, he had left the village on Monterosa, first depatching a brief note to Molita, telling her that urgent business called him away, and regretting the necessity for his suddon depatture. He chen took up his quarters at a small village about twenty miles from his former halting place, and determined to remain there for a day or two, until he had decided on the future plans. He felt more depressed than he had thought possible, in consequence of parting from the charming Zingari. In vain did he endeavour by writing, reading, and sketching to banish her image from his thoughts. Wherever ho went or whatever he did, the gipsy girl's face was always before him.

On the evening of the third day

banish her image from his houghts. Wherever he went or whatever he did, the gipsy girl's face was always before him.

On the evening of the third day after he had left Montarosa, he was seated in the little parlour in the village inn. He had hired two rooms, his bedroom being immediately behind the sitting room, and both on the ground-floor. The landlord entered and said a visitor wished to see him. While Frank was wondering who it could be, a step was heard in the passage, and a young gipsy brushed past the landlord and confronted his guest. It was Orlando! His swarthy countenance wore an expression of bitter vindictiveness.

Melville held out his hand, and ut "ed a welcome in gipsy language. But Orlando took no notice of the outstreetched hand or the young Soothman's salutation. His left hand played nervously with a long bright knife which was stuck loosely is his belt. "Where is Molita?"

The words were uttered in an intense whisper while his cold black eyes, lurid with some hidden emotion, were fixed on Melville as if he would read his immost thoughts.

'Melita! I sake not with you? I have not seen her sance I left the camp.'

The gipsy paused. Then he asked, 'Is that the truth?'

Melville sprang to his feet, his face affarme with anger. 'If you were not Melita's brother, I would throw you out of the window! was his passionate excelamation.

Again the gypsy paused, perfectly ummoved by the angry reply. He had

Melita's brother, I would throw you out of the window! was his passionate exclamation.

Again the gypsy paused, perfectly unmoved by the angry reply. He had never lifted his piercing eyes from Melville's face during the interview. Apparently satisfied, he now extended his hand, and said, 'I believe you.'

But stay, Orlando,' Melville veplied. 'Tell me, what has happened?' Where is Melita?'

'I only know that she left the camp directly she received your letter.'

'And where are you going now?'

'To find her, if I can, sullenty replied Orlando, as he strode rapidly from the room, leaving Frank a prey to the most torturing suspense and anxiety. But this was not of long duration. As he sat by the window musing on the strangeness of the girl's sudden disappearance, the shadow of a human figure was projected upon the newspaper which lay unheeded at his feet. Looking up, he beheld Melita! Hastening to the door he oppined it, and led her into this room.

'Have you seen your brother Orlendo?' he saked.

the room.
'Have you seen your brother Orlando?' he asked.

"Have you seen your brother Orlando?" he saked.

'Orlando Pre seems in accents tremulous with fear from the girl's white lips, as she slowly sank into Melville's arms in a half-fainting condition. Speedily recovering herself, however, she darted an apprehen sive glauce towards the door, and said: 'If he finds me here, he will kill you!'

'Calm yourself—don't be slarmed, Melita; no harm shall happen.'
'Ali, you know not Orlando's nature! Forgive me for coming to you, but I longed so much to see you of the I felt that I must see you, or die! You know you promised to come again to the camp.'

'I know I did, Melita; but I acted as I thought for the best. I wished to spare us both the pain of a parting.'
A faint, gratified smile -hroke over the wan features of the gipsy as Melville utterred the word 'both.''

'But you appear fatigue.', he continued, 'I fear you are ill. You can tell me another time—to-morrow—how you found me. Meantime, I will

# ECZEMA!

# DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT



REV. CHAS. FISH Methodist Minister, Toronto

Few men better known or more highly esteemed in the ministerial ranks in Canada than the gentleman whose portrait accompanies this. Although now retired from the more active work in the ministry, he has held almost all the more important charges throughout Ontario as a past—in the Methodist Church. He is one of the pioneer preachers. A few words of his to fellow-sufferers will be taken in the spirit which he intends them, feeling that in publishing to the world the great benefits he has derived from his great cure he is but doing his first duty to man, and, in a measure, fulfilling the old command, "Do unto others," etc.

command, "Do unto others," etc.

About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczena. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During those ten years I was a great wifferer. I tried many supposed remedies and some of the best physicians—specialists on skin diseases—treated me. Beyond affecting temporary relief, I received no more beneft and all failed to effect a cure. Some time ago I was led from reading and investigating some reliable testimonies I read in the newspapers to try Dr. Chase's celebrated Outment. The first box gave me so much relief that I felt warranted in persevering. As I write this I am just commencing on the fifth box, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected. I am certain that before the box is completed I shall be completely cured. I think my cure almost a marrel, and shall be pleased at any time to answer any inquiry from like cause. Having suffered ac much myself, I give this testimony for the benefit of others.

CHAS. FISH.

of others.
CHAS. FISH,
Methodist Minister.

wring the bell for the seavant; she will conduct you to a room where you can get some rest. of which you must be in much need. I have no fear of your brother. He is hardly likely to come again to the same place. He is doubtless miles away by this time, searching for you."

The Zingari turned a pleading and timorous look on Melville. Your are not angry with me? I do so wieh to see you! The next instant an almost angry with me? I do so wieh to see you! The next instant an almost angry flush spread over her beautiful face. 'Oh, why did you come to the camp? I was happy till you came! A passionate flood of tears, the violence of which shook her slender figure like a wind-tossed willow, served somewhat to relieve her excited feelings. Then, as a deep flush suffused her face and neck, she exclaimed eagerly: 'Could I go with you as your servant—your slave—anything rather than remain here? I dare not return to the tribe!"

Suddenly, as she spoke, her watchful ear detected the sound of cautious footsteps on the gravel path beneath the window, and in another moment a man has entered the ro m.

It is Orlando! With a look of fiendish hate upon his grim and pallid viasge, he dashes himself upon Melville, and the dagger which glitters in his right hand has come down with deadly effect—and in another moment the assassin is gone. A piereng shriek rang through the house, and as the frightened immates enter the chamber, they behold the lifeless body of the hapless gipey girl in the arms of Melville. She had cest herself between her brother and his victim, and had received the fatal low. Her last dying gaze was fixed on the countenance of the man she had loved, and whom she died to save.

Frank Melville is now a prominent artiet. He has never married, and it likely to remain a backelor to the ed.

loved, and whom she died to save.

Frank Melville is now a prominent artist. He has never married, and is likely to remain a bachelor to the end. His adventure with the gipsice is engraven on his heart and mind. The place of honor in his satudio is occupied by a large picture, painted by himself, of a beautiful brunette of eighteen summers in the costume of a gipsy. When anyone inquires as to the name and origin of the subject, he replies in a tone which discourages further questions: 'She was an Italian gipsy.

gipsy."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known by its works. The experience of half a contury proves that no other preparation of the kind slope coughing and allays irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes so promptly and effectually at this.

OBITUARY.

MES. TIMOTHY O'LEARY.

MRS. TIMOTHY O'LEARY.

Mrs. Timothy O'Leary a native of Ireland who came to Canada in 1887, died at the residence of her daughter Mrs. W. F. McOulfough, near Lonsdale, on Thursday 21st inst. She was in good health up to within two days of her demise. The remains were taken to St. Mary's church, Hastings where high mass was said by the Rev. Father Connelly, thence to the R. C. cemetery, Warkworth and placed beside her husband By her death six children are left to mourn their loss, namely: John snu Daniel, of Ferrey; Mrs. W. F. McOullough, Lonsdale; Mrs. McGüllen, of Chicago.

The Arthur Enterprise announces with regret the death of Mr. James Bolger, Sr., of the 2nd Con. of Proton. On Saturday 16th Inst., about nine o'clock in the evening he had a parative state of the Catholic Church. Deceased was a native of the county Kilkenny, Ireland, and immigrated to this country in 1947 of the county Kilkenny, Ireland, and immigrated to this country in 1947 of age. The funeral, which took place on Friday, the 22nd inst., was the largest ever witnessed in this locality, over one hundred teams following the terminate of the remains to St. Patrick's Church, Proton, where a Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul. He leaves a family of five sons and four daughters to mourn the loss of a loving father. His sons are Patrick, on the homestoad; Mathew, of Dundalk; Michael, of West Luther, and Martin and James of Conn. The daughters are Mrs. P. J. Phelan, of Toronto; Mrs. W. J. Dennis, Mrs. J. P. Hughes and Miss Mary Bolger, of Detroit. The pall bearers were his three brothers, John and Patrick Bolger, of Guelph, and Martin Bolger, of Puslinch, and his three sons, Martin, of Conn; Michael of Luther, and Mathew of Dandalk. His remanns were interred in the R. C. cemetery in Proton. R. I. P.

## If the Buby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and t o that old, and well-tried remedy Max Wisslow's Sourning Stray, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cares wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhosa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.