POETRY.

WHEN JIMMY COMES FROM SCHOOL.

When Jimmy comes from school at four,
J-e-r-u-s-a-l-e-m! how things begin
To whirl and buzz and bang and spin,
And brighten up from roof to floor!
The dog that all day long has lain
Upon the back porch wags his tail,
And leaps and barks and begs again
The last scrap in the dinner pail,
When Jimmy comes from school.

The cupboard latches clink a tune,
And mother from her knitting stirs
To tell that hungry boy of hers
That supper will be ready soon,
And then a slab of pie he takes,
A cooky and a quince or two,
And for the breezy barnyard breaks,
Where everything cries "How d'ye do?"
When Jimmy comes from school.

The rooster on the garden fence
Stirs up and down and crows and crows,
As if he knows, or thinks he knows,
He, too, is of some consequence.
The guineas join the chorus, too,
And just beside the window sill
The red bird, swinging out of view,
On his high perch, begins to trill,
When Jimmy comes from school.

When Jimmy comes from school, take care!
Our hearts begin to throb and quake
With life and joy, and every ache
Is gone before we are aware.
The earth takes on a richer hue.
A softer light falls on the flowers,
And overhead a brighter blue
Seems bent above this world of ours
When Jimmy comes from school.

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

—OR—

A CASTAWAY.

PART III.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEXT DAY.

The housekeeping duties which had formed Madge's excuse for quitting the general, did not immediately engross her attention. She went straight to her sitting room in anything but a peaceful frame of mind, and threw herself into a chair to cogitate over the announcement which had just been made to her. From what Sir Geoffry had said, there was a chance that on any day, without any warning, Philip might come down to Wheatcroft to pass another twenty-four hours as a guest beneath its roof. In that case she would have no opportunity of taking the precaution to absent herself, or to secure herself against all chances of being accidentally brought into his presence. And there was every probability of their meeting face to face, under circumstances which would preclude any explanation on her part of how she happened to be there.

She had noticed that Sir Geoffry had been scanning her curiously during the whole of their recent conversation, and she feared that if she were again to request permission to remain in seclusion during the visitor's stay, his evident suspicion might take some definite shape. She must for the present, she thought, leave her actions to be decided by the circumstances as they arose. Her tact, her luck, let it be called what it might, had never deserted her yet, and she would trust to its promptings on the emergency.

As she arose from her seat she was surprised at the sight of a letter lying on the table. She had been away from the house at the time of the postman's arrival, and on her first return to her room her mind had been too much occupied to allow her to think of anything but the subject which immediately engrossed her attention.

The letter was from Rose. Madge recognized that at once by its shape and size, though on taking it up she noticed that the hand writing, usually so round and clerkly, was tremulous and hurried. The word "Immediate" twice underscord, was also on the superscription, so that Madge alarmed, quickly broke open the envelope, and fearing that her sister was ill or unhappy, hurried through the contents. They were as follows:

"DEAREST MADGE,

"I don't mind telling you that I was a good deal annoyed when I received your answer to my last, saying that you could not either meet me at some nice seaside place as I proposed, where we might spend my holiday together, or that you would not allow me to come down to Springside and see as much of you as you could manage. I was annoyed, dear, because I have been for ever such a time longing to be with you, and to talk to you, and because it seemed so hard that you should merely tell me 'you could not,' without going into any explanation.

"However, I know that everything you do always somehow turns out for the best, and so it happened in this instance. If I had come away from London, as I proposed to do, I might not have heard something—two things really—which may be of the greatest importance to us. When I say 'us,' of course you will understand, from what I wrote to you in my last letter, that I mean to Gerald and myself! Oh, Madge! I can scarcely tell you the extraordinary things that have happened, the wonderful discovery that I have made. I don't know exactly how to begin to tell; I know that properly I ought to keep my great secret for the last, but but then, perhaps, you wouldn't have patience to read so far, so that I had better blurt it out at once.

"Well, then, you must know that the old gentleman in whose house you are living—Sir Geoffry Heriot, is Gerald's father. Fancy that, Madge; fancy your living in the same house with that old man, seeing him every day, ordering his dinner and that sort of thing, and not having the slightest idea that he was Gerald's father. He seems to be a very horrid old person, with a most abominable temper. Not that Gerald will allow this for a moment, but I am sure it must be so from what he tells me about him. You know, Madge, we always fancied at Wexeter that Gerald was gentleman's son, and that he had run away from home, and this appears to be the case. When he was quite a lad, just before he came to old Dobson's theatre, he had a terrible quarrel with his father, who treated him most shamefully, and turned him out of the house. I do not quite understand what the quarrel was about, but I am certain Gerald was in the right.

The one thing which I remember in this story is, that Sir Geoffry had quarrelled with his wife as well as his son, and was infuriated against Gerald because he took his mother's part. It seems that Sir Geoffry, in early life, brought some terrible accusation against his wife, an accusation which Gerald, when he heard of it, imagined to be false, and was determined to disprove. He intended to devote all his time to solving the mystery, but he had his living to get, poor fellow! He had scarcely any leisure when at Wexeter, and what he had, he said he employed in a different way. Why did Gerald blush when he said that, Madge? I don't think he was in love with me when we were in Miss Cave's lodgings; but he did blush and look quite strange when he mentioned it.

"However, he did find it out; and now comes the extraordinary part of the story. He discovered that his father had been deceived, and had acted with the greatert injustice towards his mother; and in his old impulsive way, which I daresay you will recollect, Madge, he determined on starting off at once to see Sir Geoffry, and to lay before him the facts which he had learned. And he went! Without saying a word to me he hurried off to Springside and actually made his way to Wheatcroft. Fancy that, Madge! Fancy Gerald being in the same house with you, and neither of you knowing anything about it. Of course I didn't know who his father was; he only took me into his confidence on his return, or I should have told him about your being there.

"It seems to have been a dreadful business, Madge. Sir Geoffry flew into a towering passion directly he saw him. Would not listen to a word he had to say, and actually ordered the servant to turn him out of the house. It seems too dreadful to think of, after all Gerald's patience and suffering, to receive such cruel treatment from his own father! It was an awful shock to him. Since his return he seems quite a changed man. He has lost all that fire and energy which I daresay you will remember as characteristic of him, and does nothing but brood over the wrongs he has received. More keenly than anything he seems to feel the injustice which Sir Geoffry does him in suspecting that he had merely invented the discovery of his mother's innocence as a means to restore himself to his old position and his father's favor. If Sir Geoffry could only be brought to acknowledge how wrong that suspicion is, I am sure that half Gerald's misery would disappear.

"And Sir Geoffry must be brought to acknowledge it, and a reconciliation must be affected between father and son, and what is more, all this must be done by you, Madge! Yes, by you! I have not told Gerald one word about your being at Wheatcroft; I thought it better not. So that whatever is done will come upon him as a surprise. I will not attempt for an instant to suggest what you should do. Your clear head and common sense are sure to prompt the proper course; but the result must be Sir Geoffry's acceptance of his wife's innocence, and Gerald's restoration to his home.

"You can do this, Madge, and I know you will! You would have exerted yourself in any case, but you will exert yourself more than ever now, for one reason which I have kept till the last. I told you that I was madly in love with Gerald, but that he did not make love to me. Now, Madge, he has asked me to be his wife. He first spoke to me before that dreadful visit to Wheatcroft. Since his return he has asked me again. He wishes us to be married, he said, and to commence our new life in some foreign country. But I would not have him go away while matters remain as they are between him and his father. Now you see the importance of the task I have intrusted to you, and you will throw your whole heart in to it, I know.

"Your loving

"ROSE."

A pang shot through Madge's heart as she reading lines of this letter.

"Gerald about to be married—and to Rose," she said dreamily, letting the letter drop her hand. Then rose up before her mental vision the old cresent at Wexeter, round which she and Gerald had walked on that well-remembered night. His words rang again in her ears. "You know how I love and worship you, my darling! How since the first hour I saw you, I have been your slave, never happy but when near you, and having no other thought but of you and for you."

And now he was going to be married to Rose! Madge bent her head upon her breast, and her muttered words, "I suppose it is all for the best," sounded very hopelessly.

CHAPTER IV.

DELABOLE SHOWS HIS HAND.

EVERY two or three years, at greater or less intervals, there comes upon the city of London a something which may or may not the precursor of a panic, but which, in itself, is a species of blight with very gloomy influences. It spreads from the highest to the lowest, from the magnates who meet in the bank parlor to settle the rate of discount, down to the copying clerks and office lads. The brokers and jobbers come on 'Change earlier, and remain considerably later than usual; anxious telegrams, couched in mysterious language, flash to and fro between the metropolis and the great centres of commerce, the city editors of newspapers—mysterious men, whose ordinary communications to the journal by which they are employed are only made through their clerks—then appear in person in the dingy penetralia of Fleet street, and the intelligence which they convey is as carefully weighed and as jealously printed as the leakage of the deliberations of a cabinet.

But there were other signs of coming squalls which the respectable clerks did not notice, but to which the initiated might well pay attention. Little Mr. Nasby—for the first time in his life—drove down to the city offices of the company, in which he held so large a stake. He asked for Mr. Delabole; but in that gentleman's absence was ushered in to Philip Vane. His manner was wearied and languid, soft and sybaritic as usual; but the questions he put to the general manager were keen and probing. Mr. Vane had seen Mr. Naseby before, knew that he enjoyed Delabole's confidence, knew also that he was a perfumer in Bond street. Dissatisfied with Delabole for the moment, and with Mrs. Bendixen's immediately-to-be-touched sixty thousand pounds before his eyes, Philip Vane thought fit to snub Mr. Naseby, and to reply first vaguely, and then insolently, to the queries put to him. He bowed himself out politely, and on his way to the west end he stopped his brougham in Throgmorton street and instructed his brokers to sell out every share he possessed in the Terra del Fugeos silver mining company.

All this time Philip Vane was to be found at his post, attending to business with the greatest regularity, seeing everybody who desired admittance to him, and saying to each and all of them as little as possible.

"Good morning," he echoed, on the tenth day of the pressure, after a fussy old retired admiral, who had just taken his leave, "and be hanged to you," he added, as he saw the door safely close. "That's the fifth man I have seen during the quarter of an hour I have been here, and no time to look at my letters yet." He sat down at his desk and began rapidly sorting a large mass of letters and selected therefrom one letter for immediate perusal. It was very short, but its contents seemed very satisfactory. "At last," he muttered, as he placed the letter carefully in the breast pocket of his coat, "at last I am to obtain a little relief from this perpetual wear and tear of body and soul. He is coming back tomorrow, he says, and I shall put it plainly to him at once that my marriage must be no longer postponed, no matter what might be the consequence. He will oppose it, I know that, urging as his reason the panic and the dubious information last received from the mines, but I am determined not to put off any longer. In—I was going to say in gratitude to him, but I do not think there is much of that in my composition—in deference to his wishes, that's a better phrase, I have postponed it two or three times, partly because he has undoubtedly done me many good turns, and may have the opportunity of doing me many more, and partly because he has, or had, strong influence with Mrs. Bendixen, which he might have used against me. If, however, I judge woman rightly—and I ought to be able to, if experience is of any use in such matters—from what I have noticed of the widow during the last few days, I may safely pit myself against that or any other influence. There is no question of giving me up, the boot is on the other leg, by George; all she seems afraid of is of losing me. Wonderful how extraordinarily attentive, and all that kind of thing, she has been since she came back from the Isle of Wight; never seems to like to let me out of her sight, and remains in London during all this beastly muggy weather for the mere sake of seeing me every day. Odd, but gratifying—uncommonly gratifying." And, from the mere force of habit, Mr. Vane opened a drawer in his desk, and took from it a hand-mirror, into which he looked for some moments at the bright black eyes, and the sound pearly teeth, and the close cut beard. which had worked so potent a charm.

"Yes," he added, as he replaced the glass and closed the drawer, "I think I could defy my friend Delabole, if there were to come any split between us. He might counsel the widow, but I should carry her off. She would thank him; she would cling to me. With the chances before me, I will defy any one in the world, except——" and a cold shiver ran through him as the thought passed across his brain—"except that parson at Springside. I have contrived to keep the thought of that cursed fellow, and all he said, well under, but it will surge up from time to time. Yes, if he were quieted, I should be perfectly safe; for Madge, beyond confessing it to him, has evidently neither the application nor the inclination to take any further steps. Perhaps she does not even know anything about my intended marriage. This man Drage learned it doubtless from that infernal paragraph in the paper; but Madge never used to read any papers except the Haresfoot, and it would scarcely be in that. I wonder," he thought to himself, leaning back in his chair dreamily, and plunging his hands into his pockets, "where Madge is and what she is doing! I never could see her name in any London playbill, or hear of any one at all resembling her. How did this parson come to know her? How did he become so intimate with her that she should confide to him that great secret? He may be the chaplain of some hospital, and she may have told him when she was very ill! Perhaps she's dead! I never thought of that." And for the first time since his separation from her, Pnilip Vane had a kindly recollection of the young wife whom he had deserted

He was roused from his reverie by a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Doctor Asprey, dressed, as usual, with scrupulous care, soft, bland and placid.

"And what brings you into the city today, Doctor Asprey," asked Philip Vane when they had exchanged salutations, "after being so recently here? You are not one of those gobemouches who come down to pick up rumors that they may repeat at evening-paper time in their clubs, nor are you 'our own artist,' commissioned to sketch the scene of the panic for one of the illustrated journals."

"No," said the doctor with a quiet smile, "I do not aspire to any such high position. I simply looked in to know if you had heard anything of Delabole; if you had any precise information as to the date of his return."

"I had a letter from him this morning," replied Vane, "in which he says he shall be back without fait tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, good," said the doctor, with the slightest manifestation of relief at the intelligence. "I am glad to hear it, but I should not have come into the city on purpose, even to make this enquiry. The fact is, I was summoned down to a very special meeting of the board of the insurance office opposite the Friendly Grasp, to which I am consulting physician. An awkward business; a widow has made claim for seven thousand pounds, the sum for which her husband was insured."

"There is nothing strange in that surely, my dear Doctor," said Philip Vane, smiling.

"Nothing at all, said the doctor. "One noticeable feature in the case is, that the directors know that the man was poisoned, but there is nothing particularly strange in that."

"Know he was poisoned! They suspect so, you mean."

"They know it, my dear sir. I know it. I am as morally certain of it as I am that you are talking to me now."

"And whom do they imagine to be the murderer?"

"The widow," said the doctor, quietly, "and an accomplice, a young man, a general practitioner, whom, it is said, she is about to marry."

"The insurance office will fight the case, of course?" asked Vane.

"I think not. I strongly counselled them not, as it is comparatively a young office; and I strongly advised them to wait for some future case before coming before the public with a prosecution."

"Some future case! Do you mean to say these things are of common occurrence?"

"My good sir, there are hundreds of cases every year in which men and women are murdered, and of which nothing is known. I would undertake to kill you with a poison of which no trace should ever be discovered, to stab you in a vital part, so that you should die instantly, and there should scarcely be a drop of blood to tell where you had been hit. My dear Mr. Vane, I am horrifying you with my professional talk. You look positively unnerved."

"Not at all," stammered Philip Vane. I am intensely interested. Pray continue. You were saying that——"

"Not another word today," said the doctor, rising. "I must run off; I must indeed. I shall see you tomorrow, when I look in to talk to Delabole. Now, adieu." He shook hands politely, but formally, with the general manager, and took his departure.

And Mr. Philip Vane remained motionless for an hour, passive, and chewing the cud of the reflections which Doctor Asprey's words had aroused in his mind.

The next day Mr. Delabole arrived at the office. The very sight of him inspired the clerks, and such of the public as were doing business in the outer office, with hope and comfort. His eyes were bright, his cheeks flushed with health, his manner jaunty. His diamond ringe blazed as he waved his fat, white little hand in courteous acknowledgment of his subordinates' greeting. The hall-porter essayed to precede him, but Mr. Delabole was much too quick for the plethoric functionary, and made his own way into the general manager's room, into which he passed, after a sharp decisive rap.

Philip Vane was seated at his desk, up to his elbows in an accumulated mass of paper. The sight seemed to afford Mr. Delabole some amusement, as he burst into a low but very hearty laugh at once.

"Hallo!" said Vane, looking up from his work, "it is you, is it; the prodigal returned? Glad you seem amused. You would have found it anything but a laughing matter if you had been here. It has been all very fine for you, spending your substance in riotous living, but deuced hard lines for us who have had to champ away at these husks," pointing to the papers, "which the swine refuse to swallow."

"How charmingly scriptural and poetic is the dear boy in his illustrations!" murmured Mr. Delabole. "Yes, Philip, I have returned!"

"Not before it was time," growled Mr. Vane.

"Exactly, but not after; in the very nick."

"I am glad you think so," said Vane, gloomily. "But you were not beforehand, you will at least acknowledge, when you have read this." And he handed a note across the table.

"Naseby—resigns directorship, no longer qualified—has sold shares. I was aware of this; I received this news by telegram the night before last. Hence my letter to you of yesterday—my return today."

"Oh, then you do feel it of importance I am glad to think you are impressed with the facts. From the first blush of your manner you appeared to me determined to carry everything off with a high hand."

"My dear friend Vane, I am always impressible by facts, and what you mean by carrying matters off with a high hand, is simply that I keep my wits about me, and am not downcast by trifles."

"The rats are leaving the sinking ship." said Vane, sententiously, pointing to the letter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A BATTLE WITH RATS.

William Carter, of Roberts & Carter, provision dealers, Camden, N. J., had a fierce battle with rats the other morning, and emerged from the fight with 102 dead rats to his credit. His store has been overrun with these pests. He determined to get rid of them if possible. Upon entering the smoke-house in the rear of the store, Mr. Carter found the floor fairly alive with rats. Choking up all the holes and getting a short club, he began the battle. The rats paid but little attention to him, so bold were they, until he had killed several. Then, finding they could not escape, they turned on him. For fifteen or twenty minutes Mr. Carter had a fight for his life. As the rats swarmed about and over him he applied his club vigorously and finally killed the last one. He counted the rats as he put them in a pail, and found that he had killed 102.

Gaspereaux Station.

JULY 8.—Thomas D. Bell and Miss Mary Kirkpatrick were married on July 4th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. John G. Mackenzie. Numerous presents were given to the newly married couple.

The crops are doing well. Haying has commenced. Blueberries are appearing in some quantities.

The following are the new officers in Star of Hope Council, R. T. of T.:

Andrew Turner, S. C.; Allie Eastwood, V. C.; I. N. Thorne, P. C.; William Jones, C.; T. B. Roberts, T.; W. O. Patterson, R. S.; Duncan Parsons, H.; Hedley L. Kirkpatrick, F. S.; Alfred Kirkpatrick, G.; Bert Kirkpatrick, S.

He—You reject me because I am poor. Heiress—Say, rather, that you are poor because I reject you.

FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1895.

The knowing ones are speculating on the football possibilities of the season. Ottawa is not likely to retain the honors of the championship, as Queen's will put in a team sure to smash all records. It is often the case that very slight causes will lose a victory. It is stated that a painful corn made useless one of the best American players. It follows that no team can hope to win this year that neglects to supply its members with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure and painless remedy for corns.

You used to do a little trading on 'change, didn't you, Higgs? Yes. Were you a bull or a bear? Neither, Blobbs. I was a lamb.

New Boarder—What's the row upstairs? Landlady—It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

NOT CRUDE MATERIAL.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

Stern Father of the Girl—I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor a while ago, and I want you to know I don't like it. Young man—You may not, but I do.

Proud Father—This is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting when abroad, you know. Friend—Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflamation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Little Miss Muggs (haughtily)—My sister never goes out without a chaperon. Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment.' No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

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from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

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Suitings,
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Which he is prepared to MAKE UP in the

LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES

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1 CASE Diston's Cross Cut Saws, 1 case Oak Well Buckets, 2 cases Oak Kegs, five and ten gallons each; 3 boxes Boat Nails, 2 boxes Patent Door Hangers, 250 bars Refined Iron, 35 bundles Round Iron, 1 barrel Cast Iron Fittings for steam or hot water, 10 boxes Blenkhorn's Axes: Just received at

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THEY WEAR LIKE IRON.

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Red Clover do.
Long Late Clover do,
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There are two houses, barns and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair.

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