THE WEEKLY MAIL : TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1877.

The Weckly Mail.

Old Men and Young Men. AMERICAN NOTES.

CANADIAN.

<page-header><section-header> 

"QUID, SI BELALS EVOLVATER ?" Miss Stirling threw off her and grew animated ; shosen and to the pr tonation of a wellcall display or st "Very well thought Earle. her at home, if suc Lo I from the damask loom of France Swiftly evolves the flowery weft : Deem you no hand of artist deft wepared the warp, or come those hues chance I There was a slight and irony underlying Stirling's speech, if s which prevented it hoot towart this vast vibrating frame, at they weave the pattern Wisdom drev Mrs De Lacy Did not you ? Well, now. I though ere an enemy to woman's pr I assure you, you t Really ! Well th

I have an objection-a very dec jection—I own, to women public," said Earle emphatical "Hush, hush !" breathed A THE STRONG-MINDED

CHAPTER L
"Do you mean to go to the Woman's action of a state of the state of "To dare of your points of the second point point point point of the second point point

ther ; she hasn't the stuff in her, that's all ly sister Maude, again--pot remember her, site ?" "Yes. A fine girl; lets of go in har." "I Sather too much, we thought. She was bit of a first-box a clower as she could be all, abe married a quiet, steady-going fei-r we all said the would hampock. I Mande kee, a spleadid wife and it's the al-

yoe, will, they are a model couple? Mande hot apply. I suppose," the added, makes a splendid wife, and if's the pleasantest up at this with an arch appression, house so stay in that I know. The humband durays mays the 'dlever women' are the "laverest all around." "Do you really mean you do not "Well, it's time we were off. Let's post-"Do you really mean you do not st all around." "ell, it's time we were off. Let's post-he discussion sine dis." "I don "I don

pone the discussion size dis." Shortly after the foregoing dialogen, Wil. free Exchange the foregoing dialogen, Wil. in the midst of a pretty considerable number of people entering the doors of a certain likeray Institute in one of the Surrey suburbe of London. The andience was ment by composed of well-dreased people; but there was also a tolerable gathering of trades people and trians in the back of the room. Earle and Roberts took their seast in a cor-ner of case of the windows, inteeding to be unobserved; but they soon preceived a lit-the lady, or alively appearance, with bob-bing gray ourls and very small handa, which make kaps in an erquisite glove—was waving and beckening to them in an agitat-ed manner. Simply bowing in rehum was

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

he minstrel's strain may swell or bend e may not scan like mortal's lay The Epos of the Universe. Rat yet the Great Poietes makes alway Our grandsires sang in pious lands. "G ni moves in a mysterious way;" Yea wondrous, far beyond what they Conceived! Is it to wondrous to be God's? MARCUS PAULUS VENEIUS. -London Spectator. WOMAN.

Prerogation of the Nova Sce

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER L

him. She must have ned a slight arch smile t she had, "Mrs. De Lacy "she said quietly, you ready ? If you use, would you be as to let me go now ? I have such a sabe "

"To be sure, dear one !-Good nigh