Increased Staff of Teachers.

## Adam Graeme, of Mossgray.

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rest were not very tempting edifying cheap travesties of the Copperfields miemises of the time; the adventures don "gents," who had not any comise full life which they recorded; villewish which, because they are cheap there of country towns infest the bries of country towns infest the bries of country towns infest the of the young, and impress the "gent" et upon the young men who patronem. Helen did not look at the books, as clumsy feint of the pawkie Maxhetuought she would forzive him the he his promise to keep the one is Blackwood for her when she heard spiven to the minister; he had left her as the coud left. In her happy tremor goot the Reverend Robert. She in only of this in her haud, this mesof the true heart which she had so doubted.

of the crue near which she had so y doubted.

y doubted.

y acid the librarian, "that's a new y, said the librarian, "that's in the control of the control o

as a Fendie young gentieman; but he natell us wha."
and you do not know?" said Helen, with reing blush and smile.

'ta," said the stolid Maxwell, "except it maybe. Mr. Elliot's son, that's at the regelearning to be a doctor, or Maister ol Shaw, the writer, or the minister, or m surel dinna ken. It's no in the libration, and it's no may ain ler, or you micht get a reading o't, if yo it promise no' cut up the leaves and to pit out o'the gate o'the bairns; but it's my ain. I durstna even sell't if I had a tomer."

Helen durst not buy it, even if it had and Heien durst not buy it, even if it had and Heien durst not buy it, even if it had seen Maxwell's own; but she stood and socked att with longing eyes. She remembered her own words so well; she remembered the winter night when William in his cener by the fireside announced to her his cone by the fireside announced to her his cone by the fireside announced to her his some work, of which so often in her eager, militions mind she had freamed; and he ore membered it. The romance of the old mes will never die. She had belted on his purs and his sword in yonder quiet evenge, and now the lady's color was on the lance of the true knight!

And Helen returned along the main street, her within her singing like a bird, and he heavens and the earth bright with a sun is well as well and that her smiles of May. It was a wise man, that grave resolute William; if his blow were long of coming, it

she moved and than the smiles of Mayshe more radiant than the smiles of Maylle was a wise man, that grave resolute
William; if his blow were long of coming, it
was a mighty blow when it came, and cast
down all defenses. The hopes of the Revsered Robert perished as incautious buds
perish in a night's frost. He was forgotten.
Mrs. Buchanan in the little parlor heard
the light, quick step without, and knew by
its pace that the gloom was gone; but
she also was ooccupied within, and somewhat puzzled, was turning over the damp,
ment pages of a new book too.
"Id on ot know what this is, Helen," said
Mrs. Buchanan, as her daughter entered the
room, "but I suppose William thought it
would please you. It came by the coach,
my dear, and it is directed in William's
hand."

Helen sat down by the table to look at that especial passage again. Her heart was that especial passage again. Her heart was full; she wanted to say something, but could not say it, her shyness veiling the new joy, say wall as the emotions of so frank a face could be veiled; but that was not saying much. At last she rose and laid the book pefore her mother, and stood half behind her leaning upon her shoulder.

"Mother, William would be right if he hought this would please me almost better than anything else in the world—it is William's own."

Mrs. Buchapan took her daughter's hands

immer complaints, res sickness, etc. It hought this would please me almost better than anything olse in the world—it is Will have been almost better than anything olse in the world—it is possibly the property of the proper

could look up to see who the intruder was, Hope Oswald plunged down upon her, out of breath. Hope had arrived in Fendis only that morning, and had been seeking Helen at home. She was overjoyed to find her here.

Heien as about her here.

"I saw you reading a book," exclaimed Hope, when the first greeting was over. "I am quite sure you are reading a book—Helen, may I not see it! Why did you put

Jourse, "Helen, William is perhaps coming home—only for awhile; you don't know how much William has to do now; and. Helen, people say he is clever. Do you think he is?"

is?"
There was some pleasant moisture aubduling the unusual brightness of Helen's eyes. Her voice was lower than usual too, and the sensible Hope observed keenly.
"No, Hope," said Helen, with some tremor. "I think he is not clever. I

"No, Hope, said Hope, the is not clever. I think—"
"I don't care for that," said Hope, bravely. "Are you going home, Helen? Will you let rego too? It is only other people who call him clever, you know, Helen: but he is our William."

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VII.

Werena my heart licht, I wad dec.
—Grizzel Baille.

At the same bright hour of noon as that on which Helen set out so sadly, commissioned with her mother's domestic errands, Lilias Maxwell sat in the sunshine upon the mossy steps of the old sundial in the garden of Mosagray. She had her work in her hand as usuual, and was sewing listlessly with long intervals of idleness. It was an occupation very ill-suited for her at that time, for there was nothing in it to deliver her from the sway of her own thoughts; and so she pursued the quiet work and the long trains of musing together, looking, as she always did, very pale and very sad. To morrow—to-morrow was the day.

The "soul of happy sound" surrounded her on every side, and she was faintly conscious of it; the drowsy stir of summer life, the hum of passing bees, the ripple of the water as it went on its way, plaintively, beyond the willows, softened by the warm medium of that sunny air through which they came, fell gently on her ear—perhaps they soothed her unawares; but we feel the solemn weight of our humanity more heavily when the heart of Nature throbs beside us in its spring joy, conscious of an inner are of greater import to ourselves than all the happy changes of the earth.

(To be Continued.)

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THE HORN-FLY PEST.

Various Suggested Remedies Discussed in a Practical Way. The following letter has been handed to the Globe by Mr. William Brodie of this

Helen at home. She was overjoyed to find her here.
"I saw you reading a book," exclaimed Hope, when the first greeting was over. "I am quite sure you are reading a book—Helen, may I not see it? Why did you put it away?"

"It is a grave book, Hope, not such as you would like," said Helen, looking as she felt, embarrassed and conscious.
"But I like grave books—sometimes," said Hope. "I am fitteen—I am not a girl now, Helen; but do you mind what Tibbie said, last Hallowe'en? You were to get your fortune out of a book. On, Helen, will you tell me? Have you ever got your fortune yet?"

Helen fairly turned her burning check away, with a nervous start. So it was fulfilled, the simble prophecy of Tibbie; the hour and the book had oome, and this was "the fertune" of Helen. She did not make any answer. She held her procious volume under her shawl and looked over the wan warer, away into the vacant air, with her changful smile.

"U think I know," said the sagacious Hope.
"What do you know, Hope?" said Helen.
But Hope was perverse.
"What do you know, Hope?" said Helen. Miss Swinton is coming, but only for a day, and little Mary Wood is to stay all the vacation. Miss Swinton wants to see you, Helen, and she said she would afte you to Edinburgh; but I think you should not go, Helen.
"Hope paused, and as she could think of no satisfactory answer, went on, on another ourse.
"Why?"

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"Holen, William is perhaps coming home—only for awhile; you don't know how much william has to

lard alone would soon amount to a larg item in the profit of the cow. Moreover the trouble and labor of application ever two or three days would render the cur though effective theoretically, with the present order of things, practically impossible.

As to the killing of the larvæ in the dun

sible.

As to the killing of the larvæ in the dung by applying lime to it, or collecting it and burying a foot deep in the ground, both appear to me to be just as impracticable as the lard mixtures. Cows at the present time, now when the hervest is done, have access to all the fields on the farm except one or two. The dung would have to be collected from a large area. In many cases the cows are brought home to be milked from distant fields, from the woods, often by the public road, and the dung is so thin when voided that it would be impossible to collect it with any degree of success towards the amelioration of present troubles.

The soiling of the cows in the stable during the night, is just as utopian as the previous remedies. The flies do not leave the cows at night. I have found them as numerous upon them at daybreak as at noonday. I have killed hundreds of them in the morning before sunrise, lodged about the tail. Neither is the stable a sure quarantine for the troubled animals, for large numbers follow them into the stable and cause great annoyance to cows and milkers. I have not heard of anything yet that appears to me as a feasible ren.edy, of course, judging from my experience and observation.

I think that we might have heard some

appears to me as a reason refriction, of course, judging from my experience and observation.

I think that we might have heard something about this peat through either Mr. Saunders or Mr. Drydon before it arrived at its present state. But, supposing some one had warned the farmers, and pointed out a sure antidote, it would not have availed much. You cannot get farmers to benefit themselves by applications to their land, to their crops, to their houses, barns, and live stock, even when the fact of profit has been demonstrated before their very eyes. It is a trulem that paris green applied to potatoes will kill the larve of the beetle, and every year, for many years, this remedy has been applied—with what success? The beetle is just as numerous here this year as it ever was. Now, if every farmer, or grower of potatoes, would use the green thoroughly, as I do, there would not be a bug in this Province next year.

There are many instances of plants, animals and insects being imported into foreign countries, and becoming such a pest as to baffle all man's powers to counteract. Witness the thistle, and rabbit in Australia, and it appears to me the horn fly has come to stay.

Gladstone, Aug. 26.

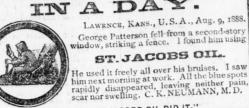


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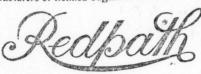
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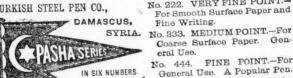
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### RAILWAY TIME TABLES

Corrected to June 12, 1892.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Canada Southern Divisi	on-Going East.
	Leave Leave St.
Porth Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m. 11:50 p.m
Niagara Falls and Buffalo	8:30 p.m. 4:30 a.m
American Express texcept	9:50 a.m. 10:55 a.m. 9:50 a.m. 1:50 p.m
Atlantic Express (daily) New York and Boston Ex- press (daily)	2:25 p.m. 4:30 p.m.
Mail (except Sundays) Limited Express (daily)	8:30 p.m. 3:00 a.m 8:50 p.m. 7:00 a.m
Canada Southern Divis	ion-Going West
North Shore I imited (daily) Chicago Fxyrees (daily) Chicago special (daily) Chicago L'i'd Exp. (daily)	8:30 p.m. 4:46 a.n 8:30 p.m. 12:05 a.n 8:50 a.m. 10:55 a.n
American Express (except Mondays). Mail (except Sundays). Pacific Express (daily). Accomd in (except Sunday	2:25 p.m. 3:15 p.m 2:25 p.m. 6:00 p.m

Trains arrive in 1 chdon at each distance, m, and 6:30 r,m, [Nork. No trains to or from London on JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 526 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK-Southern Division CCRRECTED JUNE 27, 1892, MAIN LINE-Going East

1	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Limited Express (A)	3:35 a.m. 12:05 p.m. 10:50 a.m. 4:20 r.m. 5:45 p.m. 11:20 p.m.	3:45 a.m 6:00 a.m 12:10 p.m 1:20 p.m 1:25 p.m 6:50 p.m 11:40 p.m
MAIN LINE-GO	ARRIVE.	DEPART
tUnicago Express (A) West End Mixed 'Frie Limited 'St. Louis Express (A) Accommodation 'Pacific Express (A) Mail Accommodation	6:50 p.m. 9:55 p.m.	7:15 p.m 7:10 p.m
Sarnia Br		
	ARRIVE.	DEPART

ARRIVE, DEPART

10:15 a.m. 8:05 a.m 6:55 p.m. 4:80 p.m

London and Port Stanley. 7:20 a.m. 9:30 a.m 2:10 p.m. 2:50 p.m 5:35 p.m. 7:00 p.m 6:65 p.m. 11:15 p.m. modation modation.....

| ARRIVE | DEPART. | Mail | 11:20 a.m. | 7:86 a.m | Press | 2:26 p.m. | | press | 5:40 p.m. | 7:40 p.m | press | 4:00 p.m. | 5:55 p.m Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—
a.m., a.m., a.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., p.m., 7:00 9:15 11:05 12:30 4:10 5:40 8-6:55 9:20 a.m. a.m. s.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. 12:30 19:00 110:25 B12:25 4:00 6:25 8:15

\* These trains for Montreal,
i These trains from Montreal,
i These trains from Montreal,
ii) Runs daily, Eunday included,
iii) Runs daily, sunday included, butmakes
no intermediate sters on Sundays,
iii) A.o.; carries passengers between London
iii) This train connects at Toronto for all
coints in Manitobs, the Northwest and British
Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.				
DEPART— Yondon. Woodstock. Galt. Guleph. Joronto. Peterboro. Kingston. Ottawa. Wontreal. Quebec. Portland, Mo. Boston. Haffax, N. B.	8:15 a.m. 11:45 a.m. 4:05 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 6:30 a.m. 8:20 a.m. 8:05 a.m. 11:10 p.m.		5:20 p. 6:10 p. 7:18 p. 8:30 p. 9:40 p. 12:02 a. 6:20 a. 6:00 a. 8:05 p. 8:00 p.	
p.m., 10:00 p.m.			, M, III., 1	
	Geing We	st.		
DEPART-	7:00 a.m	11:35 e. m.	7:05 p	

ARRITE— 9:25 a.m. 1:05 p.m. Detroit. 2340 p.m. 10440 p.m. 10145 p.m. 101 Trains arrive from the west at 3.66 a.m., 6:10 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

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