

SONG OF THE SWORD.

BY LADY WILDE.

Sword in my right hand gleaming... Where the blood-red rain is falling... Ha! Sword in thy scabbard clashing...

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Next day Fred is faithfully at his post, and the first bit of 'La Ci Dama la Mano' reaches Cyrilla's ears at a quarter past three...

tears, and the bells of Mrs. Fogarty's bell... 'Really, Cyrilla, my love, she said, laughingly, more than once, 'I think we will have fellow-passengers by the Atlantic, in April. I am as sure as that I stand here Nelly Fogarty will be our travelling companion.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

FAIRY GOLD. He raises his eyebrows and looks at her, placid surprise only in his face. 'How is this to end?' she repeats, in that passionately angry whisper.

But to give him to another woman; that woman a widow, and such a widow—no, that way madness lay. 'Rilla, he says, and he leans forward and takes both her hands in his, 'you know you can never marry any man in the world but me—I who was in love with you in pinafores! Make an end of this nonsense, and marry me at once. We won't starve; there's a special providence that watches over—'

'And now you want to be off to New York, the wickedest city in the world, and god about there. What do you suppose Mr. McKelvin will say when he returns in June?' 'There was a dangerous answer on the tip of Cyrilla's tongue, a dangerous flash in her eye at the question, but there was too much at stake to let temper get the better of her now.'

ple, thought Cyrilla, running her eyes critically over the costly furnishings and ornaments of the room; 'people of refinement and thorough good taste as well. Ah! Sydney's lines seem to fall in pleasant places.'

FOUR RICH MEN. The Liverpool Courier gives some rather interesting particulars as to the four men who are supposed to be the most wealthy living. Of these the poorest is his Grace the Duke of Westminster, whose income is set down at £200,000 a year. Taking it at that sum, the amount which the Duke can spend without trenching on his capital is £2,000 a day, £90 per hour, and £1 10s per minute.

INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

No person, be he ever so sordid, but is in some way sensible to the charms of nature, and among the charms of country life the presence of birds, and the delights derived from their cheerful song, are among the most popular. Hardy any one would care to be without them, and yet the damage they sometimes do is so provoking that it is no wonder at times people grow out of patience with them.

THE BUTCHER AND THE DOG.

We cannot vouch for the veracity of the following story, neither can we reject it as quite unworthy of credit. We have heard so many instances of a dog's sagacity that we do not know where to draw a line of distinction between what a brute can do by mere instinct, and what is beyond the power of instinct. We heard the story told, and we give it as we heard it. A dog was trained by its master to go every morning to the butcher for meat for the family dinner. He bore in his mouth a basket with the money. One day they resolved on putting the dog's wit to the test. The butcher took the money, but gave him no meat. The dog, seeing the butcher attend to other customers and neglect him, tried to attract his attention by whining, but all in vain. He had to go home. The master pretended to scold him; and the poor dog, mortified and humiliated, was quite ashamed of himself. The next day he went as usual, but this time he dropped the money from his teeth on a bench and put his paw on it to prevent his being cheated as on the former occasion. The butcher was highly amused, and hastened to place the meat in the basket. He was going to take the price as usual, when the dog swept the money from the bench into the basket, and ran away home with it.

DOCTORS GAVE HIM UP.

'Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?' 'I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die.'

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