POETRY.

THE OLD KITCHEN FIRE. BY THOS. DONOHO.

Once more at the homestead, but I find not Of the old kitchen fire or the old fire place. They were here when I left, but now they

are gone, With the crane and the hooks that the kettle

hung on; With the baker and spider and the pot that hung higher, They were here when I left round the old kitchen fire.

Did they leave me a glimpse or sign of a

Or snap of the fire, I can hear when I hark? Which way have they gone I am here to

Were they compelled to retreat, like the est of their race, Being forced by the stove to give up their

Or did they go out like a match on a strike, On account of wet wood they didn't quite

Whatever the facts, they are what I require To clear up the mist round the old kitchen fire. But memory still clings to my old kitchen

friends. Who were warm to my feet and my cold finger ends; While young I felt large, though really quite

I kept growing larger while I kept growing If wet by the storm I always grew dryer While I kept growing warm round the old

kitchen fire. How well I remember my short-legged days, And how cold I would get at my out-door

And in company with playmates in cold, frosty weather Would meet in the kitchen and there play No matter how many, none need retire. There was plenty of room round the old kitchen fire.

My trundle-bed naps were here with me They were here day and night to the year I

was ten. And the trundle-bed tells, with its short, narrow ends. We were all very short, but the warmest of

And mother was near so I wasn't afraid. The thunder might clap, the rain it might To me in my bed it didn't much matter

Whether the moon showed her face for the sun to admire, Or the spark made a snap round the old

I soon went to sleep, to wake in the morn, To find it all bustle and the old fire hot. With the kettle a-boiling beside the old pot,

The baker a-baking with the spider close by In haste to get done round the old kitchen

Where are they all now? they left not a Or any guarantee they will ever come back, To show their location-there is nothing in

If yet on their journey they will some of

They tell me the mason has closed out the Having put out the fire and bricked up the

And the stove moved in, and claimed as its To furnish the heat both day and by night, Saying the day of the fireplace was about to No more kettles and pots round the old

kitchen fire.

Bidding adieu to old scenes we may never But should it ever happen that we all meet

May it be with a record with never a stain-Bring in all the kettles, the spider, the The baker and pot round the old kitchen

SELECT STORY.

BONNY ADAIR

By the Author of 'Mrs. Delamotte's Lover' Black Pool Grange, Etc.

He came at last, walking with his sisters and two other men; he passed arm and laughingly said something. At of sight. once he glanced in her direction and raised his hat; but just then Lenore said it was time to go home, so home they went, and Bonny did not see Alec Doyle again that day.

so far away, it was like a beautiful dream. and she wanted-oh! so much!-to see morning at least. Martha, the servant, awoke with a bad headache. Breakfast was late and afterwards Bonny found her spread out on the kitchen floor in a dead faint, and when she had been dosed with spread tears of pity, Lenore helped her up to her room, and told her to lie down for an hour. The work of the house had to be done, and the girls bustled to do it. while Mrs. Adair seized the opportunity moment to alight on some instance of Bonny joined in on Ted's side.

"Don't be silly, Lenore. Of course you must go; Martha will be all right Bonny, said enthusiasticallydirectly.'

And Lenore had said: "Are you sure

away, and went on cheerfully with her we should get on well together." work, thinking she could get out for certain by twelve, and have an hour and a Bonny was not responsive just then; she hard pain that was always there, hurting half on the sands. At a quarter to twelve did smile, it is true, but such a poor, stiff, her cruelly always, wearing her life away ing and an excellent housekeeper. Should Martha appeared, looking very much piteous smile, as she thanked Mrs. Grabetter; Bonny flew upstairs to tidy her- ham. That little woman did not notice self and to get her hat, and came tripping it. She was particularly nice and friendly ing Lenore for awhile disconsolate, but the following address," etc.

The time was so short she could not get she was sincere. her face. She was about to hold out her hostess good-bye.

Alec; I am positively stiff," and the next golden hair, like his sisters', and a mar- Miss Bonnie Adair to you."

him by the same tie. Bonny's thoughts were not of that Have they left any shadow or footprints be- he had seemed, she thought, angry, and till I found out my mistake." had given such a stiff, unfriendly smile

The way to my friends, round the old kitchen

Bonny to go with her; and the girl, feel- the child has fainted." fond of a chat and a cup of tea.

is it, Bonny?

them all out," Bonny said, secretly hoping free for a ramble; she stood in the road | vive you." carefully shading herself with the black lace parasol and playing with her turtoise-

"I believe Monday is Mrs. Quentin Graham's day," she said, then brightened up. "Yes, of course it is: I remember now. Come, Bonny, it is this way." "Must I go?" Bonny inquired, without

"Of course you must. I declare you with that I know of," and Bonny, with a poor, frightened Mrs. Adair's arm. suppressed groan resigned herself to her

Mrs. Graham was the widow of an old sea-captain, who had been more noted for sure if she knew that he was there. his infirmity of temper than anything else; but he was rich, and when he proposed to pretty Miss Pitman, the young-We were all snug and warm round the old had ill-treated her; but after ten years with hard tearing sobs that came from a had passed away, Captain Graham also bursting heart, a heart wrung with bitter-When tired at night and in bed I was laid, passed away, and Mrs. Graham took a est anguish and immeasurable woe.

hat hanging up in her hall.

open window, was Alec Doyle. He had not seen her, and was apparent- and gave way to her despair. ly engrossed with a pretty little brunette.

Someone handed her tea and cake; she heaven he had been different! took it and said "Thank you," but was

ing; she was leaning forward chatting to | pleading-self-reproach. two young men. Just at that moment Mrs. Graham came up and addressed her. "Now, Lydia, do sing," she said with an imploring gesture and tragic wrinkling of the eyebrows. I have been talking all

the afternoon and want a rest." "My dear Rose, after tea and plum cake ask for something more rational," "We join our prayers with Mrs. Graham's for a song and nothing but a song," away!"

one of the men said; adding: "Your voice, under any circumstances, can be nothing but beautiful." "After that," she laughed, "I can but

She rose as she spoke, a tall, showy Bonny twice without seeing her, and the suddenly felt small, insignificant and Mrs. Graham laid her hand on her

> friend's arm and drew her attention to en as he said-"Do you allow that?" she said, look-

been flirting outrageously." Then they moved away to the piano, him, and to know that it was all real and a good deal of laughing and talking en- thing I could do to make you smile again, true. But it ended in wanting-for that | sued, as Mrs. Graham's songs were looked

"Rosie, there is really not one to suit me," Lydia exclaimed, and Mrs. Graham waved her fan at her.

"You have never sung any, have you?" brandy and water, into which she had she said. Then, with her assistance, a song was discovered, and Mrs. Graham, turning to her guests, said in a clear voice: "Mrs. Doyle will favor us with

Good-bye. Sweetheart." Even then Bonny did not understand of peeping and prying into all the cup- she only felt surprised at hearing her so boards and odd corners, expecting every addressed. Alec Doyle had turned his head, had looked towards the piano, and lygross carelessness or deep deception, and then straight at Bonny. Their eyes met grumbling incessantly about nothing. At | for one brief second, and then he had half-past ten Ted Charteris drove up in a folded his arms and was standing staring bravely, though she felt giddy and sick voice of the show-woman dog-cart; he had come to take Lenore for at the floor as if he were intently listen- with pain; then she turned away and a drive, and though Lenore declared she ing to the words that were being sung. left him standing alone in the fading dred years, and it was built in the time ham, who had seated herself beside mists of evening.

"Does she not sing superbly? Come, I must introduce you; she is an old friend you don't mind?" adding, with a little, and you are my new little friend, or at trembling sigh, "there are only two days | least I hope you will be, for I have taken | bravely and well, keeping it all to her- | chased at a grocery whose proprietor does a fancy to you, Bonny. I wish you would Bonny waved a farewell as they drove run in sometimes and see me—I think ever knew how she suffered, never knew tin box, which contained a piece of paper

She was very kind and sweet, but down again, going straight to the sea- to everyone; each in turn was quite her the future was so brilliant she could not dearest friend, and for the time at least | feel sad for long. Every day, aye, and unravel the affair, and succeeded only to

far, and as she was retracing her steps she | She forgot all about Bonny now, as | Miss Adair, and she would fly to her room | written the note had died many years suddenly came face to face with Alec people began to take their departure; Mrs. with the precious missive, locking her- ago, leaving an aged husband and a grown Doyle. He had risen from behind an old Adair, on seeing a general move, rose self in, so that no one might intrude. family. sailing boat just as she had reached it; also; but the room was almost empty by Lenore and her mother sat hour after both started, and Bonny blushed all over the time she got a chance of wishing her hour, stitch, stitch, stitching, whilst Bon- Cure that Cough, with Hawker's Tolu LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers

"Cannot you stay a little longer?" Mrs. Graham said, with pretty effusion. "I along the cliff.

vellous, pink and white complexion, and, the girl concluded, evidently related to photograph she had been examining, had been confined to the house with a the Gums and reduces Infla smiled, and shook hands, saying -"Another friend, Rosie! You must and never seemed quite to leave her. woman as she went on her way; she was not believe all her protestations, Miss In the first week of November, Ted and is the prescription of one of the wondering why Alec bad looked at her as Adair; she is so terribly fickle. I used to Charteris came down for a few days, oldest and best female physicians and

Dinner that day was a very quiet meal. | lin's your friend, not Short.' Where is | fell to Bonny's share. Lenore was lunching with Mrs. Charteris, that husband of yours, Lydia? I believe He was a little man, short and spare, his hands may profit by the following and Bonny appeared to have lost her he is seeing Miss Jackson home. Really! with a plain but clever face, sharp brown suggestion: An old lady who had several

to house, and leaving cards, till Mrs. closed eyes. Doyle's face was almost as but very soon two would be in front and its exceeding promptness in relieving pain Adair began to lose her temper. She was ghastly as 1 rs, as he took her gently in two behind. his arms and laid her on a sofa by the

"Why, mother, it is so nice finding the anxious faces bending above her. very nice and charming, but still a fellow your remedy. For sale by W. Carten her mother would go home and leave her ly. "Try to drink this dear; it will re- he was doing just now."

> then put the glass down. "I can go home now; really I feel quite well," she said, standing up and passing her hand across her forehead as if

feeling still dizzy. "Wont you rest a little longer?" Mrs. Graham questioned. "I really think you had better, dear." But Bonny seemed so anxious to go home, that they did not are about the most awkward girl to deal | worry her to stay; so she left, leaning on Doyle had kept in the background as much as possible; she had not once

glanced in his direction, and he was not A purple sky and a red, red sun, sinking fast behind the distant hills; a moaned him right willingly, and linked her now swept across the wide, solitary heath, Let it rain, let it snow, blow low or blow twenty years with his sixty-three. Of rose and fell, and died away, and ever course she had not cared for him, and he rose again, blending its shrill, sad sighing

> When the Adairs were ushered into her to be so brave, and had set forth from her to?" drawing-room, she was entertaining quite | home, with her under-lip drawn in, her warmly, carried Mrs. Adair off to a par- used to be so fearless, wide open with an ticularly comfortable seat, and Bonny almost stony stare. On-on she had gone, sank on to an ottoman with a sudden over the wild, lonely common under the catch of her breath, for there at the other tender, evening sky, and the pain seemed end of the room, standing by the wide- to grow and grow till it became unendurable, and she just flung herself down

So Alec Doyle found her, and stood, unto whom he was talking; and Bonny, for noticed, listening to those fearful sobsthe first time, experienced the horrible, stood looking down upon her with keen-Not a track of a step, not a flash of a light gnawing, restless pangs of jealousy as she est remorse. He thought of how he had saw how he looked into the girl's eyes, as first seen her, how blithe, how heartshe noticed the impressive way he was whole and happy she had been, and now talking. She felt it would be unendurable | -now she was lying there stricken by to sit there much longer; she longed to his hand. He had never been a good spring up and fly from the buzzing voices, man—he had committed many sins, but the scent of the flowers, and, above all, he felt that the worst and cruellest thing from the sight of those two standing in he had done was when he played with

Bonny Adair's heart and love. Would to For the first time in his life he regretted hardly aware that she did so, and after- that dark, blotted past of his; he would wards sat holding it in silent misery. She have given half his life to have wiped out tried to keep her eyes away from the those stained and hateful pages, and window. She fixed them on a palm | would have laid down his life there and standing beside her, and tried to feel in- then to have restored to Bonny what he two very insignificant hotels, and that is terested in what was going on. Then had stolen from her; but regret was useshe became aware that one of Doyle's less, and as he realized the utter helpless-If so my old friends were forced to retreat, own sisters was sitting beside her, the ness of it all, he flung himself beside her cried; she was going to add, "and the writes: "For Wasting Diseases and one she had seen on the sands that morn- and poured forth a torrent of passionate

purity and goodness; I, with my miser- down among the trees." able heart as black as hades! Bonny, I but, oh, child! I did love you so; I had sort of thing; it is the very commonest

finger on her gown, and she never spoke, or Eastbourne. never raised her head-was silent, save for a long-drawn, trembling breath, that Bonny asked, rather huffishly, as they now and then made her quiver from head woman, perfectly dressed, and Bonny to foot. After a time she sat up, brushing her tumbled hair from her heated, tearthird time one of the girls touched his dowdy, and wished she could creep out stained face, and Doyle's own eyes were what sort of a place, the paradise he was tears, and his voice was hoarse and brok-

"When I hurt you, little girl, I wounded myself-I had no idea how deeply, ing very much amused. "They have till I found you here. Is it any consolat- the church-yard, where Ted and Lenore ion to you, to know that I am suffering were making love over the low, broken topics of the day and season. too? And yet, oh, my love! I would where a little group of men collected and | that I could endure it all! Is there any-

> to make you what you were?" Perhaps Bonny had had some idea of treating him with scorn, of letting him think she did not care—for she was not spoke like that, and she saw those sleepy, blue eves dim with tears, she forgot her self and her sorrow in pity for him. and then she shook out her damp, crumpled gown and shivered as the wind blew said, in that soft, voice, "Good-bye,"

He took it in both his, and cried bitter-"It is better so," she said, steadily and When the rich voice ceased, there was | light, watching her as she passed from | of Stephen. quite a burst of applause, and Mis. Gra- him and was hidden from sight by the

DARK indeed, were the days that followed, but Bonny bore her trouble self, locking it in her heart; and no one | not advertise, and found therin a small | that those wild spirits were forced and | bearing the following, written in a neat unreal, never guessed at the horrible, feminine hand:

with its persistent ache. Ted Charteris went back to town, leav- tian gentleman, will he please write to often twice a day, a letter would come for destroy the romance. The girl who had Ten Subscriptions do. ny, who did not excel with her needle, and Wild Cherry balsam.

would wander off down by the sea or

second a woman was standing beside him, have not been able to exchange six words | So the summer faded, faded slowly; used by millions of mothers for their chil not looking at him nor at Bonny, but with you. Well then, come in some after leaves began to fall in showers from the dren while teething. If disturbed at busily engaged in brushing the sand from noon when I am alone; I shall be so trees; the early morning air was sharp the sand from noon when I am alone; I shall be so trees; the early morning air was sharp child suffering and crying with pain of her dress. Dovle just raised his hat to pleased to see you. I have been begging with frost, and the hedgerows looked cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle Bonny, and she passed on, but not before Miss Bonny to be more friendly." She bare and brown. Long ago the visitors of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for she had noticed that his companion was turned as she spoke, and took the girls had left South Bay, and the little place remarkably handsome, with a wealth of hand in hers. "Lydia, I must introduce had settled down to its normal, sleepy Miss Bonnie Adair to you."

| condition. For weeks after that last, it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Storm ach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens cold, that had turned to a racking cough, and never seemed quite to leave how

he did. After that first surprised start, believe I was her one and only friend, bringing with him a friend. His people had gone to the south of France so he was at liberty to spend the entire day ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing "Bonny, don't let her poison your was at liberty to spend the entire day To show the direction their dwelling to find, that the girl felt almost as if he had mind against me," Mrs. Graham implored with Lenore, which he did; and the Syrup.' laughing. "You must remember, 'Cod- friend, who was a stranger to South Bay,

> tongue and appetite. Mrs. Adair, who Ah! there you are, sir; I was just asking eyes, and hair growing grey about the unmarried daughters fed them largely on was in an amiable frame of mind, did all your wife what had become of you." temples. He suited Bonny just at that a fish diet, because, as she ingeniously obthe talking. She was going to pay calls Then her bantering tone turned to one of time, be was so essentially matter of-fact served, "fish is rich in phosphorus, and that afternoon, she said, and wanted alarm. "Good heavens! Quick, Alec, —hard, shrewd, and self-opiniated. It phosphorus is useful in making matches." seemed to the girl he was the sort of a ing that everything was going against Poor Bonny! That awful shock! That person she wanted to help her in that her, gave way without a murmur. At cruel crushing of all her happiness, light-weary struggle to forget and cease rehalf-past three they set forth, but it was heartedness and hopes, had been too pining; she strove to imbibe his ideas, to hours by the "Great South American such a lovely afternoon most people were much for her, and she had staggered back look at the world with his eyes. Every Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a out-it was simply walking from house against her mother, deathly white, with afternoon the four would set out together, great surprise and delight on account of

> "I never thought Charteris would make part of the urinary passages in male or "I declare it is most annoying," she | window. It was over in a minute, that sud- such a fool of himself," Dixon remarked female. It relieves retention of water cried, fretfully. "Whose 'At-home' day den, blessed deadness to misery; she sat one day, after watching the couple walk- and pain in passing it almost immediately. up, looking with wide, dazed eyes upon ing on ahead. Of course, your sister is If you want quick relief and cure this is "Poor girl!" Mrs. Graham said tender- needn't walk hand in hand with a girl, as and Alonzo Staples.

> > "I don't see why he should'nt," Bonny She took a sip of the brandy and water, said. "He is dreadfully in love with Lenore."

"You, of course, believe in the tender passion." he said, with a flash of his hard bright eyes, as if he read her answer before she gave it. "You are young and inexperienced; wait till you come to my age, and you will find that love is a myth -there is no such thing." "I don't believe that," Bonny said with

"I don't expect you to; knowledge is only gained by experience." "Then you mean to say that those two

do not love each other." est of seven unmarried sisters, she accepting wind had risen with the tide, and no such thing as love, I refer to the able virtues of this remedy." Friends, lifetime, and all that twaddle, broken that cold or nasty cough?

"But you are only one person," Bonny argued. "You can't speak for everyone." got something to tell you that will astor charming house in South Bay and set to Poor Bonny Adair had crept away like mitted, smiling placidly, "but then I last evening. Edith — You don't mean work to make up for those past years of a wounded animal, to hide herself and study every character I come across. I it! Poor Harry! When I refused him misery. She was still pretty, still fresh, her grief; she lay stretched on the damp have lived thirty-three years in this world last autumn, he swore he'd do something still full of life and vigor. Lovers were dew-laden grass, with her face hidden in and have seen a good many marriages; plentiful, but once bit, twice shy; and her hands, trembling, quivering with those that seemed the most promising Mrs. Graham refused to have any special agony. She had not come there with the generally turned out the greatest failures. intention of giving way; she had meant | Where are those good people leading us

"Only across that field. We are going The same I have done since the day I was a throng of visitors. She welcomed them teeth firmly clenched, and the eyes, that to show you such a queer little old church. It is a long way round by the road; this "But you think it's rather foolish, after all the rain we've been having?" Mr.

Dixon said, hesitating by the stile, which she had already mounted. "I never thought about it," she said, springing lightly to the ground. "The grass is quite short, it won't hurt."

"Allow me to differ from you, young lady, but still, as I'm here, I mast risk rheumatic fever." He turned his trousers up above his ankles, and walked briskly across the

lengthened pause, and was surprised when Alonzo Staples. he replied, without a moment's hesita-"No; I cannot say I do—at least, I have seen nothing beautiful at present. I have that bashful Oi don't know how to do it! seen a small, badly-built pier, and a Gilligan — Mebbe if yez were to send her

one's boots to pieces, called 'The Parade';

heath," but that was a sacred spot to her; Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion she could not bring herself to speak of it. with the most satisfactory results." "Bonny! Bonny! For Heaven's sake, "And the view from here," she went on, don't cry like that! Why did I ever standing still and looking in the direction come across your path? What evil fate whence they had come. "Look at these tea, and I want you to act like a man.

"Yes, I see it all," he said dryly, as he did mean to go away; I did mean to leave surveyed the rich-tinted scene. "But you before it was too late, but somehow- then anywhere you can see the same not the strength of mind to tear myself | most uninteresting type of English scenery. If you want to see beautiful things He did not attempt to touch her; he | go to London, and if you want a pleasant felt himself to unworthy too lay even a sea-side place, go to Brighton, or Hastings,

"Then why did you come here?" resumed their walk.

"Why? Well, I thought I might as well run down with Charteris and see blinded with a sudden mist of scalding always raving about, really was. I found exactly what I expected." "Did you?" Bonny spoke disdainfully

with her nose in the air, and did not vouchsafe another word till they reached stone wall. "It is open," Bonny said, and straight-

way stepped through the open door-way, and walked slowly up the shadowy aisles. The light came, subdued and mellow, through the mullioned windows; an old woman dusting the pews, curtsied as the wanting in pluck or pride—but when he girl passed by, but Bonny did not see her, there was a far-away, wrapt look in the sweet, bright face. The solemn hush of the quaint little church, seemed to lull "I shall be ail right," she said, softly, for a time, that lasting heart-ache; it seemed to her, that after all, there might be something finer, better than earthly upon her. She held out her hand, and love, and yet it was so far away, she could 1831 not grasp it; only the dim light and the silence seemed to whisper of a 'place which passeth all understanding.' Involuntarily she clasped her hands, then suddenly it was dispelled by the sing-song "Seven 'undred, sir. Just seven 'un-

> TO BE CONTINUED. DID NOT ADVERTISE.

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Mr. Binks - Which other burglar? Mrs. Binks - The one I aimed at.

A POINTER FOR YOU. The following letter from L. E. Rolston of St. John, to The Hawker Medicine Co., explains itself: "A short time ago I was suffering from a very severe cold, hoarseness and cough. I got a bottle of Haw-"Now-yes; but wait until they have ker's Balsam of Tolu and Wild Cherry, been married a year, they won't be walk- and it cured me in two days. I feel that ing hand in hand. When I say there is every person should know of the remarkpassions we read of—the love that lasts a have you tried the remedy referred to for

"I may be only one person," he ad- ish you. Harry Prince proposed to me

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O'Rourke - Teddy, me boy, Oi want to propose to Norah Shaughnessy, but Oi'm straight, loose gravel walk, which cuts an anonymous letther, 't would do.

> "SATISFACTORY RESULTS." So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who Mamma - We are to have company at

brought us together? You, an angel of hills and woods, and that little village Johnny - And must I say, like pa, What founded tough? Itch, Mange and Scratches of every minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion

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