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old friends. She began, however, to build an elegant house that was the talk of the town.
One day she stopped at the old Dale farm, and Robert Dale was in a flatter of excitement, which he could hardly conceal.
" I want you two to come up and see my new house to-morrow. "The Glend's as very pretty place, you will find."
Mabel Wynne stayed and spent the evening at the Dale farm house. She and Florrie sang sweet duets to the accompaniments of Robert's violin. They talked of dl times and new. And when at last Robert returned from seeing Mabel home Florrie clapped her hands gleefully.
" Oh Bob," she cried, "in it is nice to have Mabel here once more i!" And Bob's smile did her heart good. The next day, however, things assumed a new aspect. Robert tailed, wood to the beautiful new house whose stained glass casement commanded so rare a view of hillide, wood lands, and distant widening river. Mabel was the optic.
" Now, come in," she oried, radiatily.
" Now, come in," she oried, radiatily.
" Now, come in," and here are the drawing come. Florrie and I must dedide about fitting that up—and here are the drawing come. Florrie and here set the library—I want Robert's idea about fitting that up—and here are the drawing come. Florrie and I must dedide about theose; for, to tell you the truth—I'' and she colored pinker than the heart of and the core set with and she colored pinker than the heart of a set of the set

A Year's Wo The second secon

"Twas winter when next they met on the bridge A was writer which next taby has that to be the The pear trees were brown, and white was the The swallows were feethering their nexts in Algiers. Be looked in his face, and she barst into tears His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were Said abe, "I can't love you !" said he, "Nor I you !"

Twas spring-time when next they stood on the bridge, And white was the pear-tree and green, was the ridge; The systems had thoughts of a speedy return, And the midgers were dancing adown the brown burn. He said, "Pretty maiden, let bygones go by---Can you love me again ?" she said, ".I can try Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge : There were pears on the pear tree, tall corn of the ridge : eled round them, far up in th

blue, blue, Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet Said he, "Lest some triffe should come in the And part us spain, will you moniton the day ?" She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing still, Then aniswared, demurely, "As soon as you will!"

My Fiddle.

My fiddle. My fiddle ?-Well, i kind o' keep her handy, don't you know? Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the arriage and witch the ow An iny before the timbers in my elbows got so drug ingers was more limber like and capse-ish and spry. Yet i can plonk and plung and plink, And tune her up and play, And ise i lean back and laugh and wink At every rainy day.

My playin's only middlin'-tunes I ploked u when a boy-The kind o' sort of fiddlin' that the folks ca oordaroi. 'The Old Fat Gal,' and "Ryestraw," and "My Sallor's On the Sea," is the cowtillions that I saw when the ch'ice is the cowillions that I saw when the cate left to me. And so I plunk and plonk and plink, And rosum up my bow, And play the tunes that make you think The devil's in your toe.

That's how this here old fiddle's won my heart's indurin' love ! om the strings across her middle to the screechin' keys above— om her spern, over bridge, and to the ribbon round her threat, e's a wooin', cooin' pigeon, singin' " Love Me,"

very note ! And so I pat her neck, and plink Her strings with lovin' hands, An' list'nin' clost, I sometimes thin She kind o' understands.

-James Whitcomb Rilm The Lost Child.

The Lost Child. I've lost a child-O, tall me, did you meet My little darling in the sunny street. With wind-blown hair, bright eyee and flying the sunny street. With wind-blown hair, bright eyee and flying the sunner the sunny street. "How large was she?" Why, just a tiny thing. This supra farrit time since 1 us do to sing Low artery muss and feel her soft arms elling Low artery muss and feel her soft arms elling Low artery muss and feel her soft arms elling Low artery arms and feel her soft arms elling Low artery arms and feel her soft arms elling Low artery arms and feel her soft arms elling Low artery arms and feel her soft arms elling Low artery arms and and yet Oaly a merry little maid and yet Oaly a merry little maid and yet Low and us yestew for quite a child. Leeding her playmates in a laughing row. Her amiling face. You thought her older, more than treave, you say? That cannot be until another May Open the buds and bring she happy day Open the buds and bring she happy day. "I sheat the child" The soft arms of the soft arms of

may?
 That cannot be until another May
 That cannot be until another May
 The the buds and Dings the happy day
 The the the ohld? A lines the work are strong and the ohld?
 The the ohld? A lines the work are strong and some one will find her through a he goes alone. You need not fear."
 I know she's tail and cares on more for toysather the go and pay wild other boys
 Tis five, years and all the months between they shoped away till he is average.
 With the discrept and all he is a sevence.
 The ohld is lost!
 HER LOV

"I shall never dare say a word to ber now," said Robert Dale to his sister. "I should have offered myself before she had all the money left to her. How can I do it

all the money left to her. How can I do it now ?" " Well, you were going to propose," said Florrie, " so I don't see why you should have such foolish pride just because she has had a little money left to her." Mabel Wynne was the village school-teacher, and Robert Dale and she had been intimate friends for years. The sud-den accession of riches, however, did not turn her head or cause her to desert her old friends. She began, however, to build an elegant house that was the talk of the town.

LOST LETTERS. Over 200 Registered Lefters Go Astray in the Canadian Mails. An Ottawa correspondent telegraphs : It is learned that last year no less than 204 registered letters committed to the care of the Post-office Department were either loss or tampered with while on their way to the distance that a consequence of the Resisting State of the correst the distance that a consequence of the set of the post-office of missing letters. One official, the postmasters have thad to make good the contents of missing letters. One official, the postmasters have the orroumstance that a registered letters was traced to his office and there mislaid or there of the Board the contents of missing letters. One official, the postmasters have through the burning of the postal cars on which they were carried. In one instance a car caught fire on the prisition and \$164 in bills contained in registered letters woonsumed. Barglafs went through three the resting of the postal cars on the letters, and in one case-this was in the Territories- the mail coach was held up and the registered letters or stolen from him. Soviers letters were lost the other, letters containing \$37. The ters were pounced upon. A Winnipeg the mails is now experienced by two men tormerly engaged in the Government ser-tive. The new rest to tell you se scret. "Won can," he answered, quiety. "You can," he answered, quiety. "Won can," he answered, quiety. "Won can," he answered, quiety. "Won can," he answered, melly. "Won can, "he answered, melly. "Won can, he answered, melly. "Won can, he answered, melly. "Won can, he answered, melly. "Won can,

CANDA HAD THE LEGAL MORE THE CONCERNMENT OF THE PROFESSION AND THE LEGAL MORE THE STATE OF THE PROFESSION AND THE PROFESSION AN

treaty—the Convention of 1818. That we have gone back to a treaty that was made years ago is not the fault of Ganada, it is not the fault of Great Britain, it is the act of the United States of America, the Government of which country denonneed successively the substitutes for the Conven-tion of 1818, which had been arranged, in the shape of the treaty of 1864 and the subsequent treaty of 1871. By the action of the United States of America the con-dition of affairs was relegated back to the

markets. These facilities are offered freely in return for an equivalent, and as long as the equivalent is denied Canada feels justi-fied in declining to share these facilities which are essential, to the conduct of the fishery operations. Everything, as I have said, which the comity of nations, or the courtesy of nations, or the convenience of fishermen can require has been and will be freely accorded by the Canadian Govern-ment under the treaty which we have just orade.

made. We have settled another matter which

ONE OF CONSTANT CONTROVERSY

since this Convention of 1818. We have delimited the exclusive fabery waters of Canada. You are aware that it has been the contention of the Dominion supporters

f the Dominion supporters authority that under that men of the United States the contention of an

back.

either country that to have constroated in the alightest degree to draw oldeer and tighter the bonds of comity which should always units all the branches of the Eng-lish speaking peoples. The conclusion of Mr. Chamberlain's speech was greeted by a most enthusiastic burst of applause and long and vociferous cheering.

A FEMALE SWINDLER.

There are no services in the set of the context and the set of the conte

Their Third Set of Triplets.

Their Third Set of Triplets. A Texarkana, Tex., despatch says: The wife of James McElmore, living at this place, has given birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. The couple have been married only three years and this is the third set of triplets that has been born during that time and all alive. The McElmore neighborhood is indifferent to an immigra-tion movement.

Uh is the name of a Philadelphia grocer, and Von Meyemppensteinmetz, of Stuttgart, sinces maker.

Intretory layer been induced to be to the construction of looks, by means of which vessels of the largest tonnage may traverse the canal in 1890, before the work is abso-lutely completed. The financial statement shows that 110,000,000f. were on hand on Jannary 1st, 1888. Pending the decision of the Government regarding the lottery loan, it has been decided to proceed with a third issue of bonds of h,000f. to the value of 6,000,000f., the repayment of which will be provided for by the creation of a guar-anter fund invested in rentes. In conclu-sion M. de Lesseps expresses his absolute condidence in the completion of the capal. The meeting unanimously adopted M. de Lesseps' report.

RAPE OF THE LOCK. Man Chloroforms a Servant Girl in Daylight, Cuts off Her Hair, and Carries

bicked and choked, and finally west off in kicked and choked, and finally west off in convulsions. Upon regaining consciousness her assail-ant was not to be seen, and Mrs. Miller then discovered that she had been divested of her magnificent brown hair, the tresses having been cut off close to the scalp. A sharp pair of shears had evidently been used, as the work was very skillfully done. The lady has been in delicate health for several months and could only offer very feeble resistance. She immediately alarmed the neighbors, and a search was made without success. The Chief of Police and several detectives are engaged to night in gathering in all guspicions characters, in the hope that they may be able to find the secondrels. The stolen treases measured twenty-three inches in length, and Mrs... Miller's beautiful hair had been the pride of her neighbors. of her neighbors.

Was She Miraculously Healed ?

Was She Miraculously Healed ? A St. Louis despatch says : Next Tues-day Vicar-General Brady and Fathers Ziegler, Vandorsand, May and Coffey will sit as a commission, by authority of the Pope, to inquire into the authenticity of a supposed miracle with a view to the canon-ization of Mme. Baret, of Paris, as a saint in the Catholic Church. In 1868 Bissy Bakewell, the 11-year-old daughter of Judge Bakewell, of the Court of Appeals, was miraculously cured, it is claimed, of a chronic case of hip disease by laying a piece of a dress worn by Mme. Baret in her if a on the diseased limb and offering praysrs for the recovery of the child. The child swoke next morning wholly restored, although two of the best doctors of St. Louis had pronounced her incurable. The child is now Mrs. O. M. Munroe, of De Boto, Mo., and has been in perfect health since. Mme. Baret was the founder of the Bacred Heart in Paris and died about twenty years ago.

A Tarantula's Savage Attack,

 Alter the speeches the debate becamp in the power in this power is the head and the speeches in the power is the object of the more of mining speech in the speeches the object of the protective speeches in the power is the protective speeches in the power is the protective speeches in the speeches in the power is the protective speeches in the speeches in the speeches is the protective speeches in the speeches is the to the spread of the disease. Preparing to Excape. One of the prisoners named Davis, aged 24, in the Portsmouth convict prison, who had just commenced his second term of five years' penal servitude, was having his cell searched, when it was found that he had only one sheet in his bed. He was exam-ined, and it was succrtained that he had onverted one sheet into a perfectly fitting suit of clothes, a cap being made of the some material, and he was wearing this under his ordinary prisongarb. A letter was found on him, addressed to a resident in Portamouth, appealing fir money.—Pal Mall Gazette. Under His Wife's Hoops. Under His Wife's Hoops.

Under His Wife's Moops. Henry IV., at that time Ling of Navarre, heard that the assassine were in search of him. With his admirable presence of mind he told his wife, Queen Margaret, to ait down and concealed himself under her thoops, so that when the cu-throats burst into the apartment she could tell them with the most natural air in the world : "The bird that you are trying to catch has just flown out of the window." Whereupon they slunk away, whilst their intended victim laughed in his wife's petticoats. Chance for a Story Writer. Mrs. Amanda Heffron left England and her husband eight years ago. Two years afterward abe heard on good authority that he was dead, so ahe became Andrew Gorman's wife. Seven months ago abe learned that Heffron was alive and abe separated from Gorman. Heffron met her a weak ago on the street and choked her. Tustice Miner satisfied himself yesterday that Heffron was in the wrong and fined him §3.-Detroit News. A listle 4-year-old, just learning to spell

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lars and fity cents as in in Monther was stated. Mr. Davin said he knew the Regina agent, and believed the charge was entirely without foundation. Mr. Watson exonerated the regular Gov. Horace Murray, a young man, charged with oriminal assault on a little 9-year-old cousin in Brady township, was convicted to day. He was sentenced to 50 years in Jackson prison.

his teeth. But he does not dare to tell me so. He Well, so I am : but I am an heiress Well, so I am : but I am a woman, never theless, and I love him ! Is my wretche money to part us ? If so, I will fling it al theless, and I love him ! Is my wretched money to part'ns ? If so, I will fing it all into the ocean, and begin life anew as a beggar.girl. Now, Bob, what shall I do ? It is for this that I have sent for you to come here. Answer me, quickly ?" "Tell him all," said Robert, huskily. "For God's make do not break his heart for so trifing a cause as this !" Mabel's checks crimsoned, her eyes fell to the grund

no triling a canse as this " Mabel's checks or finsoned, her eyes fell to the ground.
"I have told him." she murmured.
"within this hour. Oh. Robert. Robert ! have I said too much?"
"My May, my own darling !" oried Dale.
"And to think that this miserable false pride of mime failed to measure the nobility of your nature!"
When Florrie came down from the obser-vatory to the marble sundial, where the minutes were measured off by sunshine— ah, how appropriate it seems just now, this division of time!-Bob and Mabel were sitting side by side on a rustic bench, and there was something in their faces that betrayed the truth at once.
"You have discovered our secret, little sister," said he.
Florrie uttered a cry of joy.
"Oh, May!" she said, "is it Bob ?"
"Could it be any one else than Bob ??
Mabel whispered, her sweet eyes full of loving light.
And then Florrie, the mendacious listle gypey, declared that she hak known it all along. It wasn't a bit of a surprise to her.
Everybody had seen, but Bob and Love was proverbially blind.
Bobby (thoughtfully)-Fa. Father

Bobby (thoughtfully)—Pa. Father (irasoibly)—Ya'as, ya'as, what is is? Bobby—Do you think I'll be as cross as you when I grow up?