## J. J. CALLANAN,

Peet &c., died 19.h September.

He was calm, he was kind, he was gentle in manner, No form more slight, no cheek e'er was wanner No heart was more true, and no spirit was prouder, He could speak to a child and his voice was not louder.

His soul was so pure—no dangers eler fearing—

"God's rest." cried the world, "to the Minstrel of Erin.

As yet in his childhood, so bright was each token,
That often and often again was it spoken,
"His thoughts for this cold earth he never is framing,
He chides all our errings—he never is blaming—A priest, to the alter some day he'll be nearing,"
The kind and the good—the true Minstrel of Print'

To Heaven and God his fond hopes were as piring.
To worship and love was his constant desiring,
To stand on the altar he ever was praying—
"He loves to adore" still the people were saying, He cared not for mocking, he cared not for A priest in his soul was this Minstrel of Erin.

But God, in his bounty and wisdom disposing, To a life so devout had ordained no such closing, Thy cold hand, consumption, had touched on his beauty. his beauty.
And changed for the bard the bright path of his

He bowed to the will that his life course was This poet at heart, this good Minstrel of Erin! His heart was too large for a hating, reproving, He sought, as all bards, for an object of loving— He gazed all around, and no object more splen-

did Than the isle of his birth, which his fathers defended,
"He woke his wild harp," his country thus cheering—
By the scenes of his youth—the true Minstrel of Erin.

Thy echoes, great Mullagh, as the eagle is screaming, Retain its last call, and when morning is beam-The hills of Joarsh are bright in the glowing
That lights all their summits, on the beautiful flowing, They still are recalling, and still are they wear-The song and the stamp of the Minstrel of Erin!

From where in the North all the mad waves are splashing.
On Antrim's wild rocks as their fury is dashing.
To where, through each valley, by brake and by highland.

The Lee flows along, fairest stream of the island, The peasant, the poet, with many a tear in His dim eye, recalls the poor Minstrel of Erin! Green, green be the sod where this true one is sleeping, When the muses of Erin in angulsh are weep-

ing,
ing,
This destined of Heaven, whose spirit is roving
To day in God's mansions, the dwellings of
loving,
Long, long may his memory, wherever appear-Find a shrine in each heart—fondest Minstrel of

JOSEPH K. FORAN. Green Park, Aylmer. September, 19th, 1880.

## One Night's Mystery

By May Agnes F.cmirg.

## PART II.

CHAPTER XIX.

" IT IS GOOD TO BE LOYAL AND TRUE."

Early in the December of that year, some who read this may recall a fashionable wedding, with which the papers of that day rang. bridegroom, combined to make it an event of happy pair-might sneer about May and De- days, drag her old millionaire? cember, make cynical allusions to selling and buying-but these sarcastic people were most- lonely life. An inexpressibly lonely life; ly people who knew nothing at all about it. days that are one long heart-ache, and "tears To the initiated it was the bridegroom who of nights instead of slumber.' All the first was sold, not the bride. Poor old Vander- passion of anguish and despair has passed, donck-in snowy front waistcoat, a small and a hopeless night of sorrow seems closing koh-i-noor ablaze on his aged breast, with his in. In her heart there is no anger against long white hair and wrinkled face-looked him, no touch of blame; it is simply that a beautifully clean and idiotically happy. A smile chuckle was on that old face, as he forever hold them apart. If his sin had waited for his bride at the chancel-rail; and been the same, and the victim any other Katic, tall and magnificent, in one of Worth's among all the men of the earth, it would not chefe-d'auvres, swept superbly up the broad have parted them for a moment. She would nave, with Mendelssohn's Wedding March ' have grieved, and pitied, and prayed, and thundering from the organ-lost, and the peals loved him with a deeper tenderness. If the of the bridal balls outside.

the matrimonial shore. Perhaps these pious thoughts were Katherine's own, as-a soft murmur, and felt she was repaid for the toil of many a weary year.

There were present a great throng of the friends and relatives of the bride. Her mam- he man. ma among them, with her expensive wedding handkerchief to her hard old eyes, not used to moisture. If they were wet now, the tears were crystal drops of purest gratitude and

What mother would not have went to see her darling, her one ewe lamb, safely spoken-held asunder their lives long. from the storms of life in manly and martial arms, and with five thousand a year pin-money settled on her for life? Uncle Grif gave the bride away, and trembled more than she did when doing it, and wiped the drops of moisture from his poor bald brow. Captain Dick had been bidded, but Captain Dick had sent back a grumbling, misanthrop, and altogether his mother brought to her at once. The wife unfeeling refusal. He had never had any taste for farces or foolery; poor old Vanderdonek wasn't a bad sort of old duffer, as old | was only urgent for news of them all-all, dusters went. He didn't care about taking a journey of so many miles to witness his mi- | ter answered, and complied; Sydney was the sery. Dick was in the reprobate state of mind concerning these delicate matters of is to say, not ailing—and bore up better than sentiment and settlements rude young men do at times get into. His mother's training had been thrown away upon him; he had refused point blank to make up to Emmy Vinton, who was an heiress too, just before his departure; he even went so far, in coarse camp language, as to designate the whole affair as

a beastly sell.' It was a painful letter, very painful, and was rendered none the less so to Mrs Macgregor by Katherine informing her coolly there was nothing to be angry at, Dick was perfect-

ly right. So Dick was not there; but everybody else was—among them Mrs. Lewis Nolan, cousin to the bride, whose own marriage in a differ-

whose beauty and wealth had been so much talked of. People looked at her eagerly on this occasion, and those who saw her for the first time were apt to be disappointed.

That the beautiful Mrs. Nolan—that pale, no more a beauty than-tran I am.' Young ladies said this, and scoffed forever

after at the legend of her refusing the peerless Van Cuyler. Matrons shook their heads, and whispered ominously: 'Consumption, or per hans heart disease; these transparent com plexions always foretell speedy death.' Bu men looked at, and admired that trail, spirituelle loveliness, that soft cut youtuful mouth around which lines of pain were drawn, a mouth that seemed to have forgotten how to smile, at those deep blue eyes, from whose depths some abiding serrow looked out.

'I never saw any one so changed,' many people said. I attended a hall she gave, shortly after her marriage, and you would scarcely know her for the same creature. That was a face of radiant beauty and happiness: why this is the face af a corpse almost, tricked out in jewels, and laces, and a silk shroud.'

'My dear sir, you have heard of the youth who loved and who rode away? Well, that is precisely the case here. Her knight has gone to the wars, gayly says the bride, at the breakfast table half an hour later to one of those wondering inquiriers; and the old sarcastic shrug of the bare plump shoulders accents the words.

But surely that is not the reason of so great a change, says the gentleman incredudiminutive nose to the glass, while aunty lously, looking across and through a stack of got out and went into the big stores on Broadcut flowers that stands between him and that fair, pale face.

'The only reason,' answers Mrs. Vanderdonck, with her most caustic laugh. 'Oh, you may wear that unbelieving face if you ral, a New York idvll, a bit of Arcadia, a love I remember long ago,' runs on the bride, who is in high spirits, 'reading the story of a certain French Chevalier and his lady, who were so devoted to one another that when monsieur went out a hunting early in the morning, ma- stant. dame fell into a swoon, and stayed in a swoon -from pure agony at his absence, mind-uutil he came back. And the best of the story is, that it is no legend, but it is related as a grave historical fast. Take it as an illustration of the present wilted look of Mrs. Lewis Nolan.'

Her listener joins in her satirical laugh, but there is no satire in his.

'Mr. Nolan is a fortunate man,' he says, a certain earnestness underlying his laugh. It is only the second time I have seen this lady, but it is the sort of face one does not see often nor easily forget. once seen.'

Katherine lifts her eyebrows sceptically, and turns away. He is rather a distinguished personage this, who holds a place of honor at her right hand, but these talented people, who make a stir in the world, are sadly lacking in tact too. Think of his moaning aloud over another woman, to the Lady Fair of the feast, the bride who deigns to flirt with him in her bridal hour.

" Oan there be anything more than her busband's going away, the matter?' Katherine thinks curiously. 'She is greatly changed, half her good looks are gone. But no -such a pattern pair couldn't quarrel. It is a case of 'two hearts that beat as one,' and all that. How does it feel, I wonder, to love any human being to the verge of lunacy like that? If Lewis gets a bullet through his

'And out of her bosom there grew a red rose, And out of Lord Lovell's a brier!'"

enough for both---

heart out there, they may order the coffin big

It was a magnificent affair, quite regal really. hums Mrs. Vanderdonck under her breath as For once in his life, old Vanderdonck did she goes up to her maiden bower to change the handsome thing, came down regardless of her dress. But there is a touch of envy in expense, and awoke to find himself famous her mockery too. After all, it must be plea-

Mrs. Vanderdonck, accompanied of course profound interest in certain circles. Outsiders by Mr. Vanderdonck, takes the steamer at might note the trifling disparity of years, some | noon and starts on her bridal tour to Europe. half a century, more or less, between the Where can she not, in these first demented

For Mrs. Nolan, she goes back to her gulf has opened between them, which must sin itself had been any other-ay, any-she The church was a fact; and as the bride | could have forgiven almost without an effort, floated in 'gleam of satin and glimmer of though the sin itself broke her heart. Let pearls,' an audible murmur of 'How lovely!' his guilt have been what it might, she would ran through the house. These are the hours | have clung to him through reproach and disin which we are made indeed to feel that vir- grace; though all the world stood up and rethe is its own reward, and that Patient wait- | viled him, she would have stood proudly by ers are no losers.' Long and unweariedly had | bis side, more happy to share shame with | this wise virgin augled for her prize; long him than glory with another. But this was bad ithung tantalizingly just within and just | different. It was her 'brother' he had without her grasp; but the fish was booked | killed, her father whose death he had hasat last, and brought safe and gasping upon | tened; to that dead father she stood pledged to see justice done for the deed. It seemed to her that her father must rise up and deflash of exultation in her eyes, a glow of tri- | nounce her, if she took him back. And his umph on her cheeks-she heard that swelling crime had been terrible; a crime not to go unpunished either by heaven or earth. Whose sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in God's image made

The sentence stood clear. Murder had not been intended, but murder had been committed, and the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Could she ever bear to be caressed by the hand that had flong Bertle Vaughan to his death? No-their sentence

Seven weeks had elapsed since his departure, and no letters had passed between them. What was there for either to say? She carried the solemn farewell letter close to her or do. heart; she read it again and again, with eyes blinded in tears; but she never answered. He wrote to his mother, and those brief notes kept them all, as we keep relies of the dead. Her name was not mentioned in them-he even the most minute. His mother and sisburden of their replies. She was well-that they had at first expected. But the mother's heart ached as she wrote, and the image of her son's wife arose before her, pallid, wasted, smileless, the shadow of her former self. A widow without the weeds; the deeper mourning of the heart stamped on the face for all who ran to read. But she was very quiet, no duty was left undone, no daily task neglected. She read to Lucy, played with Teddy, and was bountiful to the poor at her gates, giving to all who asked with both

night, and the solitude of her own room. It was close upon Christmas. The days were short, cold, and dark, as Sydney Nolan's own life. Teddy was clamoring about ent way, had been equally sensational, and propounding unanswerable her note it.

hands, and keeping her heart-break for the

conundrums as to what that mythical Santa Claus-no myth, but a jovial reality to Master Ted-might bring. The child was the one bright spot in Sydney's life, it is impossible to stagnate, even in the profoundest almost sickly looking girl? Absurd! She is grief, with a jolly, romping, shouting, noisy, no more a beauty than—toan I am.' bouncing thuman boy,' as Mr. Chadband hath it, in the house, whose lusty yells ring

from mansard to cellar. Mrs. Nolan was very busy; there was no end of surprises to buy for him, a package to send to mamma out in her Chicago School, mamma who had promised to come and spend New Year's week with her boy. There were mother's presents, and Lucy's, there were hosts of poor people to supply with turkeys, and coals, and blankets, and beef; and last, but oh! not least, there was a box to go to Virginia, to one whose Christmas it wrung the young wife's heart to think of-something to let him know that, although separation was written between them, love would last the same to the end.

The day before Christmas eve Mrs. Noian, with Teddy as attendant cavalier, drove down Broadway, shopping. Master Frederick. Carew delighted in this sort of thing; the shops and the people were never-ending sources of jubilee. He had but one unsatisfied ambition, and that was to mount the perch beside coachman Thompson, in top boots and gilt hat band, and sit with his small arms folded across his small chest, a la footman William. But this Aunt Sydney would in no wise allow, and Teddy glued his diminutive nose to the glass, while aunty

war. Un one of those occasions the carriage wa standing in front of a milliner's establishment; Mrs. Nolan, who had been for half an hour in the place, was crossing the pavement please, but it is perfectly true! Quite a pasto | to re-enter, when one of two gentlemen, sauntering up arm-in-arm, stopped suddenly with sonnet, this marriage of my cousin Sydney's. | a look of startled recognition. Instantly an eye-glass went up to two handsome, shortsighted blue eyes, in a long surprising stare. 'Home, Thompson,' said the lady's clear voice; and the carriage flashed past in an in-

> The lady had not seen him and the hero of the eye-glass was left blankly staring.

'Well!' his companion laughed, 'this is something new for you, isn't it? I thought you belonged to the nil admirari class, my dear fellow, and did not lose your head ut sight. A very pretty woman, no doubt, but a trifle too pale and fragile for my English taste. Do you know her.

Do I know her?' repeats the knight of the eye-glass blankly. Then a sudden inspiration seemed to seize him. Wait here one moment, my dear Somerset,' he exclaims, 'I must go into the shop and ask.'
'By Jove!' says his companion, and laughs

again; this is something new.

The other enters the great millinery emporium, advances to a shop girl—I beg her pardon—sa!es-lady, and removes his hat. 'Will you have the great kindness, madam,' he says, with that rising inflection, that flattering of vowels, that instantly bespeaks the Englishman to American ears, to

tell me the name of the lady who has just

left-the lady in black and sealskins. The sales lady, a pretty, piquant girl, as most New York sales-ladies are, looks at him, a certain mischievous sparkle in her bright black eyes. But the gentleman is perfectly serious and respectful. He is a slender man of medium height, an unmistakeable military air, with a handsome, light-complexioned face, slightly bronzed, and a beautiful blonde beard and moustache of most silken soft-

'That lady is Mrs. Nolan, sir,' responded the girl, her sharp, quick accent contrasting with his slow, gentle manner of speech. Her address is No 126 West --- th street.

'Ah, thank you very much,' says the gontleman. replacing his hat with a slight bow, -for one day at least. The beauty of the sant to love and look up to cne's husband, if and the sharp young Yankee Sales-lady sees one ported from Parls, the greath wealth of the of all the rest of life's golden gifts. lishman's face as he leaves the store. His friend is waiting, and resumes his arm

and their walk.

'Well,' he says, 'I hope your curiosity has been gratified. Who is she?' 'She is Mrs. Nolan; but before she was Mrs. Nolan, I am almost positive she was Miss Owenson. She has changed considerably; it is five or six years since I saw her last, but surely it is the same.'

He says this musingly, more to himself than to his companion. 'I have her address,' he goes on, producing

his tablets. 'I think I will call upon her at once. The matter which has brought me to New York is one in which I think she may help me. If you will excuse me, I will take an omnibus and try my luck.'

'Certainly, my dear fellow,' responds his friend, politely, but with a puzzled look; and the owner of the eye-glass hails an uptown stage, gets in, and is jolted toward 126 West——th street. He finds the number and rings the bell. Jim-shiny and black-an eruption of buttons all over his sable breast, a beaming smile on his ebony face—admits him, and takes his card. His mistress has just returned, has removed her bonnet and sacket, and is sitting, tired and listless before the fire. She takes the proffered card, with a half weary, half-impatient sigh, but the moment she looks at it all listlessness vanishes. She sits upright and stares at it as blankly as half an hour before its owner had stared at herself; for the name she reads is 'Frederick Dunraith Carew.'

She sits stunned. Mr. Carew here! She has never thought of that. Has he discovered that Teddy—but, no! he is not aware of Teddy's existence. Rare chance has driven him to her. No doubt he is in search of his wife, and what is she to say to him? Tell the truth she cannot, tell an untruth she will not. She stands pledged to Cyrilla to keep the secret of her hiding-place a secret from all; and yet if Cyrilla's husband has forgiven her and has come back in search of her, how is she to send him away disappointed?

She sits still, blankly looking at the card, not in the least knowing what she shall say

Gen'elman's in the drawing room, missis, hints black Jim, thinking his mistress has studied that card long enough. She rises, with a bewildered feeling, and

goes down. Mr. Carew, hat in hand, stands up and bows, and in spite of the golden tan, in spite of the profuse blonde beard, she recognizes him instantly. Dr. Carew, she says, and comes forward,

holding out her hand. I have not been mistaken,' he rejoins, smiling; 'I thought I was not, although your new name puzzled me for a moment. That you are married was news to me; and late in the day although it may be, permit me to offer my felicitati ns.' She bows, and the faint flush that his com-

ing had brought into her face fades into sad paleness. 'I saw you, not an hour ago, on Broadway, continues Mr. Carew, and took the liberty of enquiring your address, and of following you at once. Need I say, my dear Mrs. Nolan,

that my errand to New York is to find my She plays nervously with her watch-chain and again a faint color flickers and fades in her face. The serious blue eyes fixed upon rilla! but she loved and trusted you. It any one could help me in my search, I knew you were that one; and I am sure, if you have

the power, you also have the will.' But Mrs. Nolan, looping and unlooping that slender cable of duli gold, does not reply. 'During the past four years,' pursues Mr. Carew, with a grave earnestness of manner that becomes him, 'I have been in India. I do not deny that I left Canada in a very reck-

less and desperate frame of mind-A faint smile flickers, in splte of herself, over Sydney's lips, at the thought of placid Freddy Carew, 'reckless and desperate.'

'I exchanged and went to India,' goes on the gentleman, who does not notice the snile and who is in profound earnest himself. 'I had made up my mind to forget my wife, to banish her from my heart, to see her no more, come what might. In the first heat of anger this seemed easy; when anger cooled, and I found myself fairly in tor it, I discovered that forgetfulness was impossible. I saw my folly, my wrong, even, when it was too late, in deserting her, in throwing her on the world, a forsaken wife, and I would have given worlds to undo it. But it could not be undone-all I could do I did. I wrote to Montreal, and found out she had been disinherited by her aunt, and quitted Canada, had been sick in Boston hospital, had been provided with funds by the kindness of Mr. McKelpin, and had then disappeared. All my efforts to learn further have been useless. I would have written to you, but your address I did not know, I will not try to tell you what I have suffered in those years, thinking of my poor gitl, deserted, friendless, alone. It half maddened me at times. Then a sudden change in my fortunes came. My uncle, the late Lord Dunraith, died, and remembered me in the most handsome manner in his will. I immediately sold cut, returned to England, and from thence here. I only landed two days ago, and it seems as if Providence had interposed in my behalf, in our signal recontre on Broadway. If Cyrilla would go to any one in her loneliness, it would be to you. Tell me where to find her; I have long ago forgiven all, and I will owe you a debt I can never repay.'
What shall she say? His earnestness, his

loyalty, his unchanged love have touched her to the heart; she can gauge the measure of his feelings and his longings by her own. Will it indeed be a breach of fuith if she tells? Will Cyrilla be angry? In any case she has promised, and cannot break her word. She sat silent, distressed. She knows he can read in her face her reluctance to speak, and a great and sudden fear blanches his.

You do not answer,' he says. 'You look troubled. Mrs. Nolan, my wife is not dead?" 'Oh, no, no!' she cries out. 'Heaven forbid! She is alive, and safe, and well---

She does not finish. Fate is coming to the front, and taking the matter in her own hands. There is a shout outside, the door flies open, and there bounces in briskly Master Teddy, all azure velvet, white ruffle, and gold curls, calling as he comes: 'Auntie Sydney!'

Auntie Sydney sits with clasped hands, her breath taken away by this dramatic denouement. Teddy espies the stranger, and comes to a stand still, and surveys him with dauntless black eyes.

Mr. Carew smiles in a friendly way, but something in the lustrous black eyes seems to disconcert him too.

'Come here,' he says, and extends the hand f acquaintanceship.

Teddy, never averse to adding to his list of friends, comes promptly, and permits himself to be lifted upon the gentleman's knee. Sydney sits motionless, perfectly pale.
'What is your name?' asks Mr. Carew, the

inevitable first question always, to a child. The dark, bright eyes look up at him with an answering smile, and the prompt response

comes. 'Teddy Carew!

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW YEAR GIFT.

No need of one word further-no need of more than one startled glance at Mrs. Nolan's agitated face. Frederick Carew comprehends that it is his son he holds on his knee. He grows white for a moment; then he stoops and kisses the bright, pretty face. It is a moment before he speaks, and then with a tremer of the voice that Sydney detects. Her own eyes are full of tears. 'How old are you, Telldy,' he asks.

'Five years,' promptly responds Teddy Ain't I, Auntie Syd?

'And where is mamma all this time?' Oh! mamma's away-ever so far away, replies Teddy, with a vague wave of his arm out there, where the cars come from. M and mamma came to New York in the cars. Master Teddy's powers of speech, as you may perceive, have improved. And I have got a wockin-hoss, and a goat-carriage, and a gun; and Santa Claus is going to bring me heaps of things on Christmas Eve-ain't he, Auntie Sydney I To-morrow's Christmas Eve,' runs on Teddy, imparting all this information without once drawing his breath, and I'se goln' to hang up my stockin' and Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill it. Ain't it hunky?'

Santa Claus has brought you something already, Teddy, that you didn't expect.' What?' demands Teddy, opening his

ebony eyes. 'Your father. I think you must be my little boy, Teddy. Hasn't mamma told you you had a papa somewhere?'

'Yes,' says Teddy, with an intelligent nod papa's away in England-ain't it England Auntie Syd? and mamma don't know he's comin' back. I say, 'Bless papa, and mamma and Auntie Sydney, and Uncle Lewis, every night, don't I, Auntie Syd? Is you my papa asked Ted, calmly, looking up in his new friend's face.

'I am your papa, Teddy. Won't you give me a kiss for the news?'

Teddy gives the kiss, and receives the information without any undue excitement. He accepts his long-lost parent with composure, and as a matter of course; and proceeds to inform him that Uncle Lewis has gone to the war, and how greatly that untoward event has put him (the informant) out. This, and a great deal more varied and miscellaneous information, Fred Carew, junior, pours into the listening ear of Fred Carew, senior, until Sydney finds that the first shock, half painful. half-pleased, is over, and that there is nothing for it but a frank confession of the whole. 'That will do, Teddy,' she interposes.

Kiss papa again and run away. Auntie Sydney wants to talk to him, and it is time for Teddy's supper.' The last clause of this address is effective.

Teddy is a frank gourmond—is he not a manchild?—any one might win his heart through his stomach. He slips like an eel off papa's knee, and darts away in search of the commissariat. Mr. Carew and Mrs. Nolan are left alone,

says; that much I know you will confess.

the lady visibly embarassed, the gentleman with a smile on his lips and a look in his eves that makes Sydney's whole sympathetic heart go out to him. 'There is not much for you to confess,' he

You were always her, best friend. She | Need I tell you that if I had known this, nonever cared to make many friends, poor Cy- thing would have held me away. I owe you more than I can say; thanks I will not attempt. My wife has, indeed, found that rare

treasure, a true friend, in you." Oh, hush! Sydney exclaims; 'I have done nothing nothing. The favor has been perfect picture of health and happinese. done me in giving me Teddy. Yes, Mr. Carew, I will tell you what I may, not where Cyrilla is at present, for that I have promised not to tell, but everything else as she has told it to me.'

Then Sydney, in an agitated voice, begins and relates the episode of Cyrilla's unexpected coming with Teddy, and repeats the story Cyrilla has told. Of her intense longing for the stage, and of her conquering that longing because he had once said it was no fitting life for her, or rather, that she was not fitted for the life.

'I will not betray trust,' she says; 'you shall not go to her, but she shall come to you. As you have waited so long, Mr. Carew, you shall wait one week more. rilla has promised to come and spend New Year with me and see Teddy, whom she has not seen for three months. You shall wait, Mr. Carew. Meantime, I shall expect you to come and see Teddy very constantly, and if by chance you should happen in some day when Mrs. Carew is here-why I shall not be to blame-you understand?

She give; him her hand, with a reflection of Sydney's own bright, saucy smile, and Fred Carew lists that little hand, and kisses

'I cannot thank you,' he says, his low voice husky, his honest, blue eyes dim; 'you are, indeed, a friend. I will do whatever you say, but it will be the longest week of my life.

So Mr. Carew departs, and Mrs. Nolan goes up stairs, and surprises Master Ted by suddenly catching him in her arms, and kissing and crying over him.

'Oh! my Teddy-my Teddy,' she says, 'am I to lose you too?'

This performance on the part of Auntie Syd does not surprise Teddy-indeed nothing ever does surprise that youthful philosopher very greatly-but it discomposes his feelings and dampens his ruffle, and he cavalierly cuts it short.

'I isn't goin' to get lost,' says Teddy, eyeing Auntie Sydney's tears with extreme disfavor; · what's you cryin' bout now. 'Cause my para's gone?'

'Not exactly, but because I am airaid your papa will take you. Teddy.' Will he take me to Uncle Lewis?' de-

mands Teddy, brightening up, Cause I want to go to Uncle Lewis. Auntie Syd, why don't Uncle Lewis come back? It is a daily question on the child's lips,

and it wrings the wife's heart to hear it. Teddy's one grand passion, outside of sweetments, is Uncle Lewis; never once has that devotion flinched. He has even howled at times over his prolonged absence, and tears and howling are weaknesses sturdy little Ted, as a rule, disdains. Mr. Carew accepts Mrs. Nolan's invitation, comes every day, and spends many hours with her and bis boy Ted fraternizes with his father in an off-hand indignant sort of way-he is very well, this new papa of his, Teddy seems to consider, his presents are many and handsome, but he is not to be compared to Uncle Lewis. To sit, while Mrs. Nolan's needle flies, and talk to her of the old days, and Beauty,' and their runaway honeymoon, their brief married ite, and the still older vagabond days in London, when Jack Hendrick's dingy lodgings were brightened and glorified by the sunshiny presence of 'Little Beauty Hendrick,' is the delight of Frederick Carew's present life. Of that dreadful day when they parted, he says little-that little to make excuses for Cyrilla, not very logical perhaps, but which do Syd-Beauty,' he goes forth with his little son, rives him through the nark and the city streets, and becomes a frequenter of toy stores and bakeries to the most charming extent; and Teddy is in a fair way of being killed by kindness and confectionery.

A new interest has been added to Sydney's Christmas, fortunately for herself, for the great troubles of life come most keenly home to all of us on this joyful anniversary of Peace on earfh, good-will toward men. All the presents are bought, two packages are sent-one to Virginia, without a word or message, for if she speaks at all she will say too much-the other to Chicago, with a cheerful little letter, which ends thus:

'I send you a little Christmas token which I know you will value for my sake, and I have something here you will value far more, for a New Year's gift. Do not fail to come, let nothing detain you. Ted longs to see mamme '-this last a pure fiction, for Ted has expressed no desire on the subject-' and Sydney longs to kiss Cyrilla.'

This was enigmatical. Mrs. Carew knit her handsome black brows over Mrs. Nolan's

Christmas letter. Something you will value far more for New Year gift'-it was not Sydney's way to allude in that manner to her own generous gilts. She was generous-the little packet contained a cable chain, with a large locket suspended, set with rubies, and within Ted's picture, and a curl of his amber hair. Cyrilla kissed the fair child's face, and the black, brilliant eyes grew soft and dewy. Dear little Syd,' she said, 'it is a heart of gold.'

Her present came on Christmas Day. The school had broken up until the second week of January, and on the third day after, Cyrilla Carew, looking handsome, and stately, and elegant, with much more the air of a grand dame than a poor governess, took the train for New York. Cyrilla's splended vitality was something to marvel at; her health was perfect, her five years of trouble and toil had altered her character but not her beauty. That had but grown ripe and perfect; maturity had but a charm and sweetness of its own. Cyrilla Carew, the teacher, was a far nobler woman tnan Cyrilla Hendrick, Miss Dormer's wayward, wilful heiress and niece.

She tried to read as the train flew along, but in vain. The old, wild love of freedom was strong still, and for a week she was free -free to seek her boy, to be with Sydney, and talk of the dear old days forever gone. Where was he this Christmas? she thought, with a sharp contraction of the heart. Did he ever think of her now? Was she remembered only in cold, slow, pitiless anger? or worse not remembered at all? Slow to wrath, Fred Carew was slow also to forgive, and hers had been an oftence few men would have found easy to pardon. Oh, if the past could but come over again, and she were free once more to choose between Miss Dormer's money and

Fred Carew's love. Men looked at her as she sat there quite alone, her book lying unopened in her lap, her dark, brooding eyes fixed on the flitting wintry landscape, and turned and looked again. She was the sort of woman men always look at, but the coquettish spirit was dead within her, with many other evil things.

The long, dreary, weary railway journey ended at last, and the train rushed thunderously into the New York depot. There on a platform, as she had once before awaited her in the Wycheliffe station, stood Sydney. Then | waiting for the dolorous wretch.

her attendant had been Bertie Vaughan; new she stood alone. Dearest Cv !

Dearest Sydney!' Kisses, smiles, ejacula. tions, etc., etc. 'How well you look, Cyrilla!' Sydney cries out in admiration. 'You are a I am perfectly well in health,' Cyrilla answers, gravely; and yes—in a way—I am happy, two. But you, dear child, how changed you are since last September.'

'Changed-yes,' Sydney says, and the anguish of memory is in face and voice.

· Your husband has rejoined the army? says Cyrilla, looking at her with those far-seeing, thoughtful, dark eves. She makes a motion of ascent; not even to Cyrilla can she speak of him.

'I would have brought Ted,' she observes, as they fly along through the twilight streets, but—well, the fact is, the little ingrate was so taken up with a gentleman friend of mine, who has lately won his fickle affections, that be declined to come. Ah! Cy, you don't know what a blessing Teddy has been to me. What shall I do when you take him away?

It may be years before the catastrophe happens,' says Mrs. Carew, with a half smile, half sigh. 'I seem to be as far off a home as ever.' They reach the house; Sydney's heart is

beating fast with excitement. Cyrilla is eager, but calm. She leads her to an upper room. 'Ted is here,' she says, 'go in,' and flits past and away. Cyrilla enters. One pale star of gas alone

lights the apartment, and in the middle of the room, a huge Noah's ark between his sturdy legs, and a million, more or less, it seems to his mamma, sits Master Teddy absorbed. 'My boy! my Teddy!' cries 'Leddy's mamma, and Ted is suddenly caught up and hugged. Oh, my darling, how good it seems

to see you again!' 'There !' exclaims Teddy ; 'you'se upset my fellafant and broke his trunk. Has vou brought me anything in your pocket, mam-

ma? 'Little gourmand! Something in my pocketisall you care for. Are you not glail

to see mamma at all? 'Oh, yes, I's glad,' Teddy responds, in his calmest accents, and all the while with a regreiful eye upon the prostrate elephant. Will you help me put my beastseses in the ark again? I can get 'em out easy, but I can't get

To be continued.

'em in .'

Epps's Cocoa—Grateful and Comfouting.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually bullt up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundrels of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever these is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in racket's abeiled—"James Fyps & Co., Home pathle Chemists, London, England."

A young artist who lives in a boarding house wants to know how he can learn to play the violin without disturbing the other boarders. "Soap your bow, young man, and bathe the strings twice a day in sweet oil. Then you can sit up all night and play overtures, and nobody will mind it."

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyist on Colman's Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best. This is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Condiments." that is mustard mixed with farnia cic, and ney good to hear. In the intervals, for he do not possess the pungent aromatic flavour cannot always sit at Mrs. Nolan's side and of the genuine article—Be sure you get "Celman's" with the Bull's Head on every

> Scene.—Drawing-room. Dramatis personal -Young gentleman and lady, and little miss of three summers. Young gentleman : "Alice, give me at least one kind word. Can you not see that your cruelty is killing me?" Young lady: "Killing you? Ah, no! Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love!" Little miss: If they don't love them what do they eat them for, auntie?

Holloway's Ointment and Pills .- Few persons are so favoured by circumstances, or so fortified by nature as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of an inclement season. With catarrhs, coughs, and influenzas everywhere abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment, diligently rubbed upon the chest, checks the worst assaults of these maladies, and sccurely wards off more grave and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living witnesses, who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this treatment when their present sufferings were appalling, and their future prospects most disheartening. Both remedies act admirably together.

The prison labourer never strikes for higher wages, and consequently there is never need of a lockout.

THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY IN the world for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething, is MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and, by giving quiet sleep to the child, gives rest to the mother.

MORE PEOPLE, ADULTS AND CHILdren, are troubled with worms, than would be supposed by those who are not physicians. A poor appetite to-day, and a ravenous one to-morrow, often result from these pests, whose existence is never dreamed of. Eat BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFIT'S or Worm Lozenges, and if the cause be worms, you will be cured.

Persons suffering from Bile, Indigention and Costiveness are recommended to try Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS, which in hundreds of cases have not only given relief, but have effected a cure. They contain no mercury, and require no restraint in diet or exercise. Prepared only by MILTON H. BRISSETTE, PROPRIETOR, MONTREAL.

COLDS. - A MEDICINAL PREPARAtion in the form of a lozenge is the most convenient. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in Brenchitis, Hoarseness, Influence, Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.

MANY PEOPLE SUFFER TERRIBLY by cramps in the limbs. A plentiful application of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment will give instant relief. Cramps come on suddenly, and it is not well to wait until the attack; go and buy a bottle at once and have it ready,