

As We Want 'em, You Know.
If we only had things as we want 'em, you know
The world wouldn't go so contentedly slow;
For there's many a ship,
And there's many a ship,
And there's many a ship,
And a dip,
And a dip,
That makes us quite weary and heavy and blue,
Because we can't do sawd'all like to do.
If we had preachers that wouldn't get prosy,
If we only had deacons who wouldn't get dory,
If lawyers weren't fly,
If drinkers weren't dry,
If folks wouldn't die—
By and by,
We'd all try
To see how unblushingly good we could grow,
Because we'd have things as we want 'em, you know.
If only the world was built square 'stead of round,
If only hard sense could be made of mere sound,
If we had lots of cash,
And without being rash—
We could mash,
Like a fish,
Any daughter of Eve when we cared to do so,
Then we'd sorter have things as we want 'em, you know.
But when we down to a mere business base,
We find that we seem to have missed a fat place,
The outlook is merr,
And we sigh like a Turk,
And there's no chance to shirk,
Or to lurk,
While we work
For our grub by the sweat of our brow here below,
'Cause things isn't just as we want 'em, you know.
—Yankee Blade.

UNCLE PAT.

CHAPTER XIV.
MR. MONSELL ON GUARD.

Miss Hanover resolved to push matters as quickly as possible to an extremity, found Fanny up and dressed. Mr. Monzell had intrenched her in the cosiest arm chair he could find, had wheeled up a table for her embroidery work, books and papers, and had sat himself down as if to withstand a siege.

Everything had played into her hands so quickly during the last two days, that she had been driven to act without her usual deliberation. She was flushed with success; she was feverish; she was eager—to eager—she felt, to bring matters to a crisis. But then she had so little time; in a few hours both Harry and Fanny would have left her.

If she could only persevere till she had persuaded Fanny to take the initiative and break with Harry, it would be all right. But here Monzell was in the way. To her annoyance his burly figure interposed itself in every endeavor she made to effect this important tete-a-tete. He would not try the near hills for black game; he would not try the river for one of those big yellow trout; he would not even ride up to Camghouran to look at the estate for Mr. Hanover.

He would do nothing but sit there—a log of intentional obstruction. Intentional—of course; and after what she had learned directly from Mrs. Baldew and indirectly from Fanny, she could quite understand it. Now that she was a slight likeness; the mouths were distinctly similar! Why, just then when she spoke so peremptorily about taking her back to Dalchoon tomorrow, there was the very same pursing p of the lips!

"That will make a very shabby visit of it," she said, quietly.
"Ah! you'll see plenty of her by-and-by, Miss Hanover. Our time is shortened a little, you know; we think of going back to the south rather sooner than we intended."
"Really?"
"Yes, I have some matters to look after in London, and Fanny is not quite the thing. We have some thoughts of wintering abroad; it will be a change for her."
"Not inquiries abroad?" thought Joanna.
"Rather sudden, isn't it?" she asked.
"You never told me a word about it Fanny!"
"It is only thought of, not settled," said Fanny.

"I was thinking of the south of France," said Monzell, carelessly.
"For my part I think that is a mistake," she rejoined quietly. "The south of England would do every bit as well; besides, Fanny would be among her own people there."
"She has no relations there."
"You don't say so! I understood from Harry she had. He always makes a bundle of these things. I thought he knew all her sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts, as a matter of course."
"She has none," he said quickly.
"Fanny has no relations."
Miss Hanover did not answer, but calmly turned her black eyes on him. It was an uncomfortable state, and the smile that gradually gathered and grew with it made it more uncomfortable still. It was with difficulty he suppressed an unpolite exclamation, as he felt himself getting red under it.

Joanna had scored a point and she knew it.
"What an interesting little mystery you are!" she exclaimed, turning to Fanny. But Miss Fanny had slipped away the moment she detected what turn the conversation was taking.
"She is a dear little thing, Mr. Monzell. You must be very proud of her."
"I have reason to be!" he replied warmly.
"Of course you have!" she rejoined pointedly. "Is it really a fact she has no relatives?"
"No relatives," Monzell repeated.
"How very odd! Depend upon it, some distant cousin will crop up somewhere; they always do. Naturally, we should like to know, Mr. Monzell, Mr. Carstairs says he knew a Pentland at Cambridge."
"No relation, I assure you!"
"You must know, of course. Fanny herself is utterly oblivious about it, and singularly wanting in woman's curiosity. Fanny is not quite certain where she was born; she believes—believes—that she was born at Beckenham. Isn't she a gem of a woman?"

Mr. Monzell felt this was getting a little too warm for him. He began to wish that he had not mounted guard; that he had gone to Camghouran, or away to the grey yonder hills with Harry—anywhere out of this hot fire of cross-questioning.

"Was she born at Beckenham, Mr. Monzell?"
"Yes!" said he, shortly. She was born at Beckenham."
"What an abominable old story teller," thought she. Then systematically—"What a tragic end that was of her parents! How you must have felt it!"
"We never speak of it," he replied, in a tone that was meant to stop any further questions.
"Of course not! but Fanny is one of us now."
"I am glad she has found a friend in you," he said, warmly.

"Yes, we are such fast friends, Mr. Monzell, that I am not afraid to speak to you about her. Do you know she shows such an extraordinary reserve in speaking of herself that sometimes I think she is just—well—just a little bit afraid of you."
"Nonsense! Depend upon it, Fanny will never be afraid of Uncle Pat."
"Courtesy title, Mr. Monzell! Why, she must always look upon you as her father. Her father must have been your most particular friend?"
"No! No! Nothing of the sort!"
"But the catastrophe, Mr. Monzell! That dreadful business—it happened from your yacht, didn't it?"

"You can understand, Miss Hanover, why we never, never speak of it. The subject is altogether too painful to be alluded to. We let the past sleep."
"Quite so. But, dear Mr. Monzell, you must not forget we have an interest in Fanny now. My uncle was only wondering the other day how the turtle doves would live."
"He may put himself quite at ease on that point," said Mr. Monzell, sharply. "I shall provide for Fanny; I look upon her as my ward."
"A sweet little ward she is, too. I don't think you should be allowed to drag her away in this summary fashion though. Here comes Mr. Carstairs. How early he is—you must take care of him till luncheon-time. You must let me see easily amused if you let him talk about himself. I am going to have a long confab with Fanny. And before Mr. Monzell could quite realize how badly he had been mauled in this short encounter, Mr. Carstairs presented himself.

He was on good terms with himself because he had heard that morning that he had scored a signal success in the village. The world was so unpractical. While others had been talking and pitying, and propounding this and that, he had acted. By his advice, Maggie had gone off to the care of his sister in Edinburgh, where she would be safe from the persecution of Hugh and her father.

It was just an evidence of his genius for administration. A pet plan propounded by himself, and carried out so beautifully that the girl had slipped away without a single soul being one bit the wiser. He chuckled when he thought how he had set the whole world agape with astonishment.
It never rains but it pours, and rarely did luck pour on him that day. In had walked Mr. Boothby that morning, and, in despairing tones, signified his intention of not going to the Hanovers' lunch. No, he could not stand it! In fact, he had packed his portmanteau and his cornet-case, and, like a wounded animal, was going to some distant corner to hide the smart.

An auspicious day. Why not take the ball on the hop? Why not go early to the Barracks and find out the exact truth about Miss Fanny and Wynter? Fanny had bewitched him, she had encouraged him; but—he would take precious good care not to make a fool of himself!
"You will find a little surprise for you at Rannoch when you get back," he said to Mr. Monzell, with a complacent smile. "We have been all talking and talking too long, and nothing has come of it. Action for me, sir, action! Now I came here this morning," he went on, toying with the embroidery reels, "to tell our friend Hanover about Camghouran. He won't get two per cent. for his money, not one and a-half. By the way, I'm rather lucky to find you alone, so that I can tell you I gave that hint to him about Miss Pentland. Oh, you have really nothing to thank me for! Don't mention it. It was just a trifle awkward—just a little bit like sailing under false colors—because, you see, I was assuming a knowledge I did not possess."
Mr. Monzell only grunted an answer.

"All I have to say to you now," Mr. Carstairs went on hurriedly, "is of course confidential—strictly so—and I must rush through it a little for fear we may be disturbed. For goodness' sake don't think me rude. It is not idle curiosity, but I should like to know a little about Miss Pentland. What you say to me will be held sacred. I never should have dared approach the subject had not a thousand little things told me that this engagement with Mr. Wynter would not be likely to last."
"You know more than I do," said the old man, drily.
"Perhaps I do, but remember I look upon it from a different standpoint. I am deeply interested in Miss Pentland—you must have seen it; she, herself, I am sure, must have seen it. I ask you dispassionately, is it likely she would have accepted my attentions at all if she had been irrevocably engaged to Wynter? My question is a very, very simple one, Mr. Monzell—is she or is she not irrevocably engaged to Henry Wynter?"
"You had better ask Henry Wynter himself about that. He is good-tempered, but he is very strong."
"Surely I don't deserve that snub, Mr. Monzell! Remember I am speaking to you in confidence."
"In that case," cried the old man, jumping up and digging his hands into the very bottom of his knickerbocker pockets, "I must decline to hear any more. To tell you the honest truth, Carstairs, I have neither time nor inclination to talk about this, and you are showing a little want of consideration in broaching it."
Mr. Carstairs did not think the man lived who dared give him such an answer, but Mr. Monzell was mistaken if he thought he would show it. He arranged the reels of cotton very leisurely and very systematically, but his foot was itching all the while to kick Ginger off the hearthrug.

"After this," he said, grandly, "I shall not approach the subject again. I am sorry—sincerely sorry—you have misapprehended me, but since you have unfortunately done so, it will be scarcely becoming of me to stop to lunch. Perhaps you will kindly make my excuses."

The situation was all the more trying to our friends inasmuch as he knew Fanny had been touched by Mr. Hanover's quiet affection for her. She was fond of him, and Mr. Monzell himself had lately been sensible of a growing respect for him. He felt that this man had suffered, and, thought he, "Am I right in persisting in the deception? How much of it is selfishness?"
Then his love for Fanny bounded up so overpoweringly that he scorned to question the integrity of his motives.

Presently Fanny returned, looking scared. Mr. Hanover had had one of his fainting fits in the greenhouse. Nothing was ever made of these attacks; Hanover himself made over and over again that there was nothing wrong with his heart, and that if he had been a poor man he would not have thought of it.
Knowing all this, no wonder Miss Joanna was surprised when she took out the usual dose of sal volatile, to hear him signify his intention of starting to Edinburgh to consult Dr. Keith. Jenner might be wrong. His heart might be a little touched. At all events he might as well have another opinion. The sooner the better, too, so as to put his mind at rest. If he drove to Rannoch at once he could stop from there and catch the evening train at Braun; by this he could see Keith in the morning, and save a whole day.

"Quite right," cried Mr. Monzell; "I'll drive to Rannoch with you."
What a tremendous relief this was to Mr. Monzell! What a deep breath of thanksgiving he drew at the prospect of thus getting rid of his chief danger! Had he heard the conversation between Fanny and her unconscious father in the greenhouse, however, he would not have been quite so jubilant. There, for the first time, Mr. Hanover told her how much she resembled some one who had once been very dear to him.
"Tell me your little history, dear," he said to her. "You are not happy. Let me be your friend."
Was it insinuation, or was it pity for his pale, shrunken face that made Fanny more willing to confide in him than in Joanna? Alas! she could tell him but little; but that little she told frankly.

It was at the fateful word Beckenham that he staggered and almost fell. He would not let her run at once for help, though, as she wished, but clung to her hand, and a new light seemed to come to his eyes as he again stared so curiously at her. He could not speak, but before he released her had drawn her to him and kissed her.
Behold Joanna and Mr. Monzell came to him, and settled what to do.
He was not going to Edinburgh to consult Dr. Keith. He was going to Beckenham to consult the registrar.

CHAPTER XV.
A SURPRISE IN THE VILLAGE.
Mr. Monzell had been so engrossed in his own troubles that he had paid but little attention to the remarks of Mr. Carstairs, but now when arriving at Rannoch he heard that Maggie had unaccountably disappeared, and that the cobbler was boycotted on suspicion of having been at the bottom of the mystery, the surprise hinted at by Mr. Carstairs at once recurred to him.
If this were Mr. Carstairs' work it was as like as not to prove dangerous. No one could tell how Robson's friends would take this sort of meddling, or what ugly motives they might ascribe to the meddling.
Robson might be controlled, but Hugh might not. Nothing in the world would so likely to drive Maggie's jealous lover to desperation as her abrupt disappearance. The more Monzell thought of it the blacker it looked.
The news, too, was supplemented and intensified with such dark hints as to her probable fate, and such gloomy accounts of her father's state, Mr. Monzell suddenly saw that he had tumbled into some work that must be taken in hand at once.
Monzell found Robson in an embarrassing state of sobriety. He welcomed him quietly, but looked terribly ill and dirty. Ever since his quarrel with Maggie he had gone back in the way of appearance. His coat was whiter, his shirt was blacker. He was unshaven, and had scarcely ate or slept since the girl ran off.
So weak and shaky, too, was he from the combined effects of the shock and his unusual abstinence, that our practical old Samaritan trotted back to the inn and provided himself with a pint of hot soup, which he insisted on being swallowed before a single word was said about the trouble.
When a woman goes out of a house King Dirt steps in, and the untended hearth, the dust on the books and insect-cases, and the general untidiness spoke so strongly of Maggie's absence, that Monzell clapped a cap on her father's head and led him on to the bridge, across which the nor'wester from distant Pharlagain was blowing vigorously.
It blew no courage into poor Robson, though. The horrors seized him directly he looked down on the swirling river. To him it seemed to be hurrying away in terror of the awful secret it held. The slow, stealthy movements of the distant groups of men, too—peering into the pools in search of Maggie—were horribly suggestive. Then when he remembered that the few people they had passed had palpably shirked him, he covered his face with his hands and shivered.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.
The Adopted Daughter of a Methodist Minister Ruined for Life
A HAPPY HOME BLIGHTED.

Disowned, Disgraced and a Mother at Seventeen—An English Waif Blossoms into an Accomplished Young Lady and Falls from Grace—Taken from the Home in Hamilton Many Years Ago—She Returns to Give Birth to a Child and is Then Shipped Back to England—A Minister's Son said to be the Villain in the Story.

The records of the criminal courts in Toronto do not contain a more deplorable case of social depravity than a scandal that has been agitating prominent church and social circles in the northern and north-western portion of the city for some time, says the Toronto Mail of Friday morning, and although strenuous efforts have been made to keep the affair from becoming public it is now being freely discussed, not only at the clubs and in domestic circles, but among the police authorities, and but for the disappearance of one of the principals in the case it is probable that ere this the Charlton Act would have been invoked towards meeting out a just punishment to the author of a most shocking offence. The parties all occupy prominent positions, and but for this fact the case would in all probability have reached the courts and the public before this. It is the old, old story of woman's trust and man's duplicity, with the exception that in this case the victim was a mere child, who had been tenderly cared for—so tenderly and carefully that her innocence and ignorance she fell an easy prey to the wiles of a young and accomplished but unprincipled scoundrel, who added to the crime of seduction the degrading offence of humiliating the girl whom he had ruined by boasting of his arts, and inducing her to accept the addresses of another when he became tired of his amusement.

THE HOMELESS WAIF.
About ten years ago there was sent out from England by Dr. Stephenson's mission a number of homeless children, in the hope that they might be adopted into respectable families, or be trained to honest work. These children were sent from London, Eng., to Hamilton, Ont., the distributing point, and were provided with food and lodgings in the Girls' Home in that city. Shortly after their arrival a well-known and clever minister of the Methodist Church, who had a wife but was childless, called at the home, and was attracted by the appearance of a girl 6 years of age named Edith Miller, a little fair-haired fairy with winsome ways and loving manner. He spoke to his wife, and they finally decided to adopt the baby, and in due course the necessary papers were made out, the child being transferred from the hands of the professional nurse to the tender care of a loving, affectionate and Christian mother. After some years old age and continued illness forced the minister to relinquish his religious work, and he was finally superannuated, his worldly possessions at the time being greater than those that usually fall to the lot of the preacher. Old age enfeebled him and illness brought much suffering, but the man who had devoted over half a century to the service of his Church never regretted that one act of adoption until the wolf entered the fold and wrecked what little happiness he might expect on this side of the grave.

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As little Edith grew up she entwined herself round the hearts of the aged couple (who had built for her a mansion in Northern Toronto) until they lived but to make her happy. The public school was not considered good enough for her and private tutors were engaged, and afterwards when she was blossoming from girlhood to womanhood she was sent to the Conservatory, on Yonge street, to complete her musical education. She was possessed of a voice of great sweetness, a lithic and graceful figure, and a face of unusual brightness and intelligence, and to this she added a charming disposition and a devoutness in religious matters unusual in one so young. Last April, when she had hardly reached the age of 16 years, she was a constant attendant at a church north of Bloor street, and it was after one of the services that she afterwards confessed she met the author of her ruin.

HER SAD FALL.
During the warm summer months her more than a mother noticed that she was not in her usual spirits, and, thinking that a change of air might benefit her, sent her into the country to the house of her former tutor to recuperate. Early in September she returned home, and a few days afterwards she was found lying on the floor of her room suffering greatly. At first she refused to say what was wrong, but finally she told the story that has sent a young and hapless mother into exile with her baby, and has wrecked the happiness of an aged couple who spent their lives in the service of God and in tending a bud that was on the eve of blossoming into a beautiful flower. She told the heart-stricken mother of her betrayal, and gave the name of Toronto's most prominent ministers, adding to this statement a most shocking story to the effect that her betrayer had deserted her and had induced her to accept the addresses of another admirer. She gave the name of the druggist from whom she had purchased the drug she had taken for the purpose of putting an end to her life, and Dr. Clapp, who had been called in, proceeded to the store on Yonge street to make enquiries. He learned that the girl had called at the store and asked and paid for a bottle of laudanum, but her appearance was such as to create suspicions in the mind of the clerk. Instead of giving laudanum he gave her a strong but harmless toothache solution, and the whole of the stuff she took at a single dose.

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Engagements in France.
Engagements in France do not generally last very long, three or four months being often the limit, and this time is hardly sufficient to prepare the extensive trousseau required. The corbelle de marriage is an unheard of thing in our country, but it is essential in France. It is the gift of the future husband and his family, and must be furnished with all that is beautiful and costly. The cashmere shawls, the velvet dresses, diamonds and pearls are the first gifts, and then come the priceless loaves, sets of precious stones and the family jewels.—The Argonaut.

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Nobility—Why?
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Knowing that there were others in the secret, feeling that the scandal would spread, he felt forced to make a change, and, after making a vain appeal to the man charged with the girl's ruin, his wife took her back to the Home in Hamilton. From this place she was removed to the house of Thomas G. Priestland, 203 Park street north, where the child was born on or about the 13th of December. A firm of lawyers were consulted, and it was several times intimated that a settlement had been arrived at. Before the child was born, and while the girl was suffering from the consequences of her foolish trust, she made an affidavit before Mr. Dobson, J. P., swearing that the young man already referred to was the father of her unborn baby, and afterwards when Rev. Mr. Salmon, of Toronto, visited her at Hamilton she reiterated her former statement. Three weeks ago the poor unfortunate girl, with her fatherless baby, was shipped back to England, but some of those interested feel that she should be brought back to prosecute those who are responsible for her present degraded condition.

THE BLIGHTED HOME.
A Mail reporter yesterday afternoon called on the aged couple who have been bereaved of a daughter, and found them, as they have been for many days, in tears. They were averse to saying anything about the case, but expressed the hope that they might yet be able to see the erring girl again.
"We were childless," said the minister, "and when we adopted little Edith we were somewhat fearful of the experiment, but as she grew up she grew into our hearts until we loved her for her. We gave her everything she asked for, and educated her so that when she reached the age of womanhood she might properly occupy her position in society, but it was all in vain. The tempter came and our poor child succumbed to his blandishments, leaving us broken-hearted on the brink of the grave. I look for no justice in this world, but surely in the next our little Edith will be avenged."
There are interviews that should not be fully reported and cannot be fully described, and the reporter's talk with the superannuated minister and his sorrowing wife is one of these.

A Puzzle for London.
An extraordinary affair at Tooting, a suburb of London, has caused great excitement. A retired gentleman named Wargrave, aged 51, has been lying in bed since March 4th, being to all appearances dead. The local authorities naturally asked why he had not been interred, to which his relatives said they were afraid to bury him, lest he prove to be in a trance. It appears that a while ago Wargrave expressed the wish that, should he ever be found lying in bed unconscious and apparently lifeless, his burial be delayed as long as possible, as a few years ago he was supposed to be dead and all preparations for his funeral had been made, when he recovered consciousness just in the nick of time. The authorities are puzzled, and may delay interment until the signs of dissolution are apparent. In the meantime the facts have got abroad, and the residence of the unfortunate gentleman is surrounded by curious crowds.

Mrs. JOHN McLEAN writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4th, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

A TRUE.
"Munsey's Weekly" says: "You should not criticize me, George," said the young wife. "Kind words always come back to you. Cast your bread on the waters and it will return to you."
"You are mistaken," returned George, "if you refer to this bread. This would sink at once."

The prize offered by the Inebriates' Home at Fort Hamilton, N.Y., for the best essay on the cure and cure of drunkards has been awarded to Prof. Pierre Francois Spaink, of Baren, Holland, an eminent pathologist and microscopist.
Tell the most humble man in the world that the greatest woman in the world loves him and he will not be surprised.

The Duke of Clarence is in disgrace with his royal mother because he was giddy enough to creep onto the back door of Windsor Castle and go to Lady Hawke's ball when he ought to have been mourning for the death of Prince Badoin.

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Nobility—Why?
"He is beginning to live very extravagantly."

Knowing that there were others in the secret, feeling that the scandal would spread, he felt forced to make a change, and, after making a vain appeal to the man charged with the girl's ruin, his wife took her back to the Home in Hamilton. From this place she was removed to the house of Thomas G. Priestland, 203 Park street north, where the child was born on or about the 13th of December. A firm of lawyers were consulted, and it was several times intimated that a settlement had been arrived at. Before the child was born, and while the girl was suffering from the consequences of her foolish trust, she made an affidavit before Mr. Dobson, J. P., swearing that the young man already referred to was the father of her unborn baby, and afterwards when Rev. Mr. Salmon, of Toronto, visited her at Hamilton she reiterated her former statement. Three weeks ago the poor unfortunate girl, with her fatherless baby, was shipped back to England, but some of those interested feel that she should be brought back to prosecute those who are responsible for her present degraded condition.

THE BLIGHTED HOME.
A Mail reporter yesterday afternoon called on the aged couple who have been bereaved of a daughter, and found them, as they have been for many days, in tears. They were averse to saying anything about the case, but expressed the hope that they might yet be able to see the erring girl again.
"We were childless," said the minister, "and when we adopted little Edith we were somewhat fearful of the experiment, but as she grew up she grew into our hearts until we loved her for her. We gave her everything she asked for, and educated her so that when she reached the age of womanhood she might properly occupy her position in society, but it was all in vain. The tempter came and our poor child succumbed to his blandishments, leaving us broken-hearted on the brink of the grave. I look for no justice in this world, but surely in the next our little Edith will be avenged."
There are interviews that should not be fully reported and cannot be fully described, and the reporter's talk with the superannuated minister and his sorrowing wife is one of these.

A Puzzle for London.
An extraordinary affair at Tooting, a suburb of London, has caused great excitement. A retired gentleman named Wargrave, aged 51, has been lying in bed since March 4th, being to all appearances dead. The local authorities naturally asked why he had not been interred, to which his relatives said they were afraid to bury him, lest he prove to be in a trance. It appears that a while ago Wargrave expressed the wish that, should he ever be found lying in bed unconscious and apparently lifeless, his burial be delayed as long as possible, as a few years ago he was supposed to be dead and all preparations for his funeral had been made, when he recovered consciousness just in the nick of time. The authorities are puzzled, and may delay interment until the signs of dissolution are apparent. In the meantime the facts have got abroad, and the residence of the unfortunate gentleman is surrounded by curious crowds.

Mrs. JOHN McLEAN writes from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4th, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

A TRUE.
"Munsey's Weekly" says: "You should not criticize me, George," said the young wife. "Kind words always come back to you. Cast your bread on the waters and it will return to you."
"You are mistaken," returned George, "if you refer to this bread. This would sink at once."

"German Syrup"

For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.