

Fulfillment.
Fulfillment mocks at Hope's foreshadowing.
On ruined fruits her sullen lips are fed:
Althwart the last-blurred dream the song last
said.
She sweeps the leaden shadow of her wing,
A bitter burden of bare blight to bring.
In sudden disenchantment, dull and dead,
And so we waken—in our scraph's stead
To find a gaping gulf—changeling.
Sweet Hope is slain: come, let us hazy her:
The dream is done, the labor lost, we say:
But oftentimes, gazing on the lifeless clay,
The old fire fills our veins, our longings stir,
And still, to strive anew, we turn away
From yet another dead Hope's sepulchre.
—The June Scriber.

MR. CARTON'S WILL.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

PART I.

I was breakfasting one morning in the beginning of April 1877, at my lodgings in 54 Doughty street, when the door of my sitting-room opened suddenly, and a beautiful fair-haired girl of about twenty-two, who was the only child of the landlady, rushed into the room, crying:—
"Oh, Arthur, for mercy's sake come downstairs—something dreadful has happened!"
Louis Grahame and I were secretly engaged to be married as soon as I should have passed my final examination at the College of Surgeons, a fact which, together with her excitement, will account for the abrupt manner in which she entered my room.
"What is it?" I said, getting up from the table.
"Oh, Jane could not get any answer at Mr. Carton's door, so she told me, and I have been knocking at his door for the last five minutes, and there's not a sound in the room. I'm so terrified. Do for goodness sake come down; I'm afraid of my life to tell mamma."
"Are you sure he was at home last night?" I asked.
"Certain," replied Miss Grahame; "he sent Jane out to post a letter at ten o'clock, and told her to bring up his hot water at nine o'clock this morning."
Mr. Carton, who was the only other lodger in the house at the time except myself, was a retired official of the Bank of England, who had been lodging with Mrs. Grahame, the widow of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for nearly seventeen years—in fact, ever since she had come to the house after her husband's death. He was an extremely reserved man, nearly seventy years of age, and had the reputation of having made a large fortune during the railway mania. I followed Miss Grahame down to the door of his bedroom, which was on the first floor. After I had knocked several times without getting any answer, I looked through the key-hole, and saw that the room inside was in total darkness.
"He is either in a fit or dead," I said to myself, so I put my shoulder to the door, and with one strong effort sent it flying in on its hinges. Having drawn the curtains aside, and opened the shutters, I looked at the bed. A glance told me that Mr. Carton had been dead for several hours. When I had drawn the sheet over the face of the corpse, I came out of the room and broke the news as gently as I could to Miss Grahame, who was waiting for me on the landing. She was naturally very much shocked, and, at her earnest request I went downstairs with her to tell her mother what had happened. Mrs. Grahame was a very delicate nervous woman, and for some time she seemed perfectly stunned with the intelligence. As soon, however, as she had recovered herself a little, I ventured to tell her that she ought to communicate at once with the relatives of the deceased man.
"But I don't know who they are, or whether he had any," she answered.
"He has had very few people to visit him, and I never heard him speak of any relative."
"Then you ought to communicate with the Bank of England. They are sure to know something about him there," I replied. "In the meantime, I must get in Dr. Power to see if he can certify as to the cause of death; I shall go to Russell Square and see if he is at home."
I went upstairs to get my hat, and when I came down, Miss Grahame came with me to the hall-door. After saying a few words to comfort her, for she was very much grieved, I opened the door and found myself face to face with a tall grey-haired man, who was in the act of stretching out his hand to reach the knocker. He looked askant at me as I stepped out of the house, and, knowing that poor Miss Grahame, who was standing behind me, was not in a fit state to hold parley with strangers, I at once asked him if he wished to see anyone.
"Yes," he replied in a very polite tone, "I would like to see Mr. Carton."
"Mr. Carton!" I could not help exclaiming, while Miss Grahame hid her face in her handkerchief, and began to sob afresh. "Will you walk in, sir, I continued, after a moment's pause. We went into the hall, and, when the door was closed, I told him in as few words as possible what had occurred.
"Charles gone! Charles gone!" he repeated, as if dazed with horror at the intelligence. Then he added, speaking in a dreamy, absent manner: "he was my brother—my half brother. Our

names are different—mine is Beach—but we had the same mother. He was my only relative except my wife."
I left him with Miss Grahame, and hurried on to Russell Square, as I knew that every minute was important if I wanted to catch Dr. Power before he started on his morning rounds. When I got to his house, I found his brougham standing at the door, and in a few minutes we drove back to Doughty street.
"Where is Mr. Beach?" I asked Miss Grahame, who was in the hall when we returned.
"Oh, he is gone; he is to come tomorrow to make arrangements about the funeral," she replied; and then she whispered to me, "I want to see you presently; Mr. Beach has told me such an extraordinary thing."
"What is it?" I asked.
"Not now, not now," she whispered hurriedly, and I started with Dr. Power for the room where the dead man was lying.
Mr. Carton had been an occasional patient of Dr. Power's, and that was the reason why I was anxious to let Dr. Power see the body, so as to avoid an inquest if possible. The appearances, together with what Dr. Power knew of the deceased man, pointed to aneurism of the heart as the cause of death, and he left after he had arranged to make a post-mortem examination of the body that evening.
When he had gone, Miss Grahame came upstairs with me to my sitting-room. She sat down when she got into the room, and began to cry again.
"Come Loo," I said, "I am very sorry for poor Mr. Carton, and I know that you must miss him very much after all these years, but crying won't bring him back."
"No," she replied, "I know it won't—wish it would."
"What was the strange thing Mr. Beach told you?" I asked, trying to divert her thoughts.
"I'm almost afraid to speak about it—it seems heartless whilst he is lying in the house," she said, in a low, nervous voice.
"I am afraid Mr. Beach has told you something that has frightened you," I said, after a pause.
"I think it did frighten me—at least, I hardly seem to understand it," she said in a simple and absent manner.
"There is no doubt but that I shall never understand it if you go on in this way. What is it, you little goose, that this mysterious man has been telling you?"
"He told me that Mr. Carton has—has—"
"Has what, you little mule?"
"Has made a will leaving nearly all his money to mamma and me!" and here she got up and threw her arms round my neck.
"One would think he had done something to injure you," I said laughing. But, though I laughed, I felt somehow an inward feeling of regret. I was young—just three-and-twenty—and like most young men, who are not pigs or knaves, enthusiastic. My ambition for months past had been to make a home for my darling. Here it was ready made. But it was not of my making, and it did not seem like what I had been dreaming about. For the cottage that my imagination had pictured as the abode of our love there seemed to be substituted a gaudy mansion, where love evanesced in the presence of opulence and conventionality. Her thoughts must have been similar to mine, for, after a pause, she said timidly:
"We won't love each other the less, will we, Arthur dear?"
"Because—oh, I don't know why. But we'll live just as we intended to live. We don't want any grandeur, do we?"
"No, dear. That is just what I hoped you would say. But are we not getting on a little too fast? We do not know anything about this Mr. Beach. Did you ever see him before?"
"Yes, he has called to see Mr. Carton—not very often, and it was generally in the evening."
"Well, that's well so far. But I mean we don't know much about him, and then people sometimes alter their wills after they have made them."
"That's just what I was thinking, and that's why I did not tell mamma anything about it until after I had spoken to you. But what Mr. Beach—and he is a solicitor—says is this—that his brother made his will last September and left it with Mr. Moffatt of 39 Bedford Row; that he was worth about ninety thousand pounds; and that he left twenty thousand pounds to Mr. Beach, and ten thousand pounds to mamma, and all the rest of his property to me."
"Well, that's definite at all events. Suppose we go and see Mr. Moffatt. I had better go out first. If Mrs. Grahame sees us going out together, she will wonder what we are about, and it is as well not to tell her anything about the matter at present. You can slip on your jacket and meet me in John street, and then we shall see what Mr. Moffatt has to say on the subject. I don't think it will disappoint either of us much if the story is a myth, or if the money has been left to somebody else."
"I don't know; I'd like to be able to bring you some money," said Miss Grahame innocently.
"Well, then, go and put your things on, and we'll see about it," I replied.

Bedford Row is not many yards from Doughty street, and in a few minutes we were ushered into the presence of Mr. Moffatt—a stout, cheery-looking old gentleman, with a rufous face, and an old-fashioned stand-up collar and black satin cravat.
When I told him who we were, and why we called on him, he looked positively alarmed.
"It is most unusual—most unusual," he said. "You are asking me to do a thing that is, I may say, absolutely unprofessional. Mr. Beach has been very injudicious. At present it would be most improper for me to answer such a question—most improper," he added emphatically, as if we had asked him to do something that was very wrong indeed.
"But the mischief, if there be any, has been done already," I ventured to remark.
"No blacks don't make no white," said Mr. Moffatt, "and Mr. Beach's acting so foolishly would not justify me in doing likewise."
"At all events, the late Mr. Carton has made a will?" I said.
"Yes, I am at liberty to tell you so much."
"Well, if the will were not something like what Mr. Beach has told us, I am sure you would not leave us under such a wrong impression."
"You would make a very good cross-examiner," Mr. Penberton, said Mr. Moffatt, laughing; "but really you cannot expect me to put anything more in evidence at present. A solicitor has no business to make mistakes, and I should make a great mistake if I said anything more at present than that the late Mr. Carton has made a will, which I shall produce at the proper time."
This was all the information we could extract from Mr. Moffatt, who was a gentleman of the old school, and a thorough stickler for precedent and routine.
"I think it is all right," I said to Miss Grahame when we got into Bedford Row again.
"I hope you are as much ashamed of yourself as I am," she replied indignantly. "I think we have been acting like a pair of harpies. And from that time until the will was proved she refused to speak a word about it."
The post-mortem examination showed that Mr. Carton had died from aneurism of the heart, and Dr. Power was fortunately able to save Mrs. Grahame the annoyance of an inquest.
When the will was proved in due course, its contents agreed substantially with what Mr. Beach had told Miss Grahame—Mr. Beach was appointed executor; twenty thousand pounds was to be paid to her, and ten thousand pounds to Mrs. Grahame, both bequests being free of legacy duty; the residue of the property was left to Miss Grahame absolutely. The property, which was entirely personal, was even greater than had been supposed, and amounted to nearly £110,000, which was invested chiefly in Three Per Cent. Consols, English Railway Debenture Stock, and French and American Government Bonds. Mrs. Grahame took her share of the property in Consols, and it was settled that the banking account was to be kept in the name of Miss Grahame, who took the bonds as part of her share. While the estate was being administered, Mrs. and Miss Grahame and I used frequently to go to Mr. Beach's offices in Bedford Street, Strand. He was a wealthy man who had of late years confined himself to a small and select practice, and his offices consisted of a spacious, well-furnished room on the first floor, and separated from it by a wooden partition, a small room where a sandy-haired, and rather unwholesome looking, young man, who acted as his clerk, was generally seated at a desk.
Mrs. Grahame gave a cordial assent to my union with her daughter, and it was arranged that we were to be married when I passed my examination in the autumn, and also that we were to spend the honeymoon in the South of France during the following winter. In the meantime, we were to stay in Doughty Street until December, when the house would be surrendered to the landlord.
"Man proposes, God disposes," as the proverb has it. How our expectations were fulfilled the reader will learn in the next part of this narrative.
(To be continued.)

BRIDES AND BRIDEGROOMS.

Carrying the Creel—Eride Race in a Canoe in Singapore.
(All the Year Round.)
The mode of procedure in "carrying the creel" in the village of Galashiels was as follows: Early in the day after the marriage those interested in the proceedings assembled at the house of the newly wedded couple, bringing with them a "creel" or basket, which they filled with stones. The young husband, on being brought to the door, had the creel firmly fixed to his back, and with it in this position had to run the round of the town, or at least the chief portion of it, followed by a number of men to see that he did not drop his burden; the only condition on which he was allowed to do so being that his wife should come after him and kiss him. As relief depended altogether upon the wife, it would sometimes happen that the husband did not need to run more than a few yards, but when she was more than ordinarily bashful, or wished to have a little sport at the expense of her lord and master—which it may be supposed would not infrequently be the case—he had to carry his load a considerable distance. This custom was very strictly enforced, and the person who was last creel had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that no one should escape. The practice, as far as Galashiels was concerned, came to an end about 100 years ago, with the person of one Robert Young, who, on the ostensible plea of a "sore back," lay abed all the day after his marriage, and obstinately refused to get up and be creel. He had, it may be added in extenuation, been twice married before, and had on each occasion gone through the ceremony of being creel, and no doubt felt that he had quite enough of creeling.
FEW OUTSTRIP THEIR LOVES.
[F. McLennan's "Primitive Marriage."] The damsel in Singapore is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle and allowed a start of some distance. The suitor, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off. . . . It is seldom that objection is offered at the last moment and the race is generally a short one. The maiden's arms are strong, but her heart is soft and her nature is warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If the marriage takes place where no stream is near, a round circle of a certain size is formed, the damsel is stripped of all but a waistband and given half the circle's start, and if she succeeds in running three times round before her suitor comes up with her she is entitled to remain a virgin; if not, she must consent to the bonds of matrimony. As in the other cases, but few outstrip their loves.

Some Medical Hints.

Girls, says one writer, want a good deal more out-of-door exercise than they usually get, and a young lady who frequently is better employed, would stand a much better chance of keeping her brain and temper, her health and skin in good trim, if she were engaged in this way, than she does when over-taxing her constitution in trying to learn some accomplishment, which is most likely utterly useless or else calculated to unfit her for the duties and pleasures of life. She need not be afraid of damaging her skin by tanning and freckling; the one is a good sign, and freckles never yet spoiled beauty.
"At lunch and dinner drink filtered water or good, sound claret, but not more than three wineglasses full a day of the latter. Refuse ether, perry, and all beer and malt liquors. If claret be not liked, then take, instead, some light Rhine wine of good quality. Eat fish preferably to meat, mutton rather than beef, and poultry rather than game. Never take veal, ham or pork, nor any dish containing tripe, liver, brains or kidneys. Partake plentifully of green vegetables, such as spinach, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, sea-kale, etc., but be sure they are thoroughly well cooked, and are not served with much butter or salt. Remember that all greasy and salted foods are highly injurious to the complexion. Eschew pastry, and prefer blancmange, jellies, custards and light puddings. Good cheese is not to be avoided, but do not eat rich or moldy cheeses. All fruit is beneficial, and nuts will do no harm after a light meal. Supper may be regulated on similar principles. Be extremely careful to keep the bodily functions in perfect order, and never permit the slightest irregularity to pass unattended to."
Prince Bismarck's Two Sons.
(London Life.)
I understand that Count Herbert Bismarck will accept Lord Rosebery's invitation to come to London during the present season, if his father will grant him leave. It may not be generally known that there are few more hardworking and laborious men in Germany than the two sons of the Imperial Chancellor, who are often at their posts at 8 in the morning and remain at work, with little intermission, until far into the night. Prince Bismarck's private secretary, who is an intimate friend of Count Herbert's and has married an accomplished English lady, one of the leaders of Berlin society, will probably be in London about the same time.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER!
Absolutely Pure.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES.
AT
SPENCER'S
Standard Dancing Academy,
New Classes for Beginners meet every Tuesday and Friday evening. Afternoon Class meets Tuesday and Saturday. Call at the Academy for information and terms.
Private Lessons given day and evening to suit pupils. Violin Lessons given on reasonable terms—a capital opportunity for beginners.
COSTUMES TO LET.
or made to order. Also, will let to responsible parties out of town.
Violins and Strings for sale. Best quality always on hand.
NEW ROOMS to let for Balls, Assemblies, Parties, Tea Meetings, Bazaars, and all respectable gatherings.
Chairs, Tables, Dishes, Knives and Forks, Spoons, &c., all at low prices, to let.
A Good Supper Room in connection with the Academy for those wishing the same.
Flanos to Let by the night, or moved at low rates, as I have on hand the Slings and competent men to discharge this duty.
COME AND SEE ME.
A. L. SPENCER,
Next door to Turner & Finlay's Dry Goods Store.
P. S.—Violins and other Musical Instruments selected for those wishing to purchase.
No pains will be spared to have the rooms in good order at all times.

Campbell & DeForest,
Have now on hand a large and well assorted line of
OVERCOATINGS,
Scotch and English Suitings,
AND
TROUSERINGS.
Also a New and Select Stock of
Gents' Furnishings!
Foster's Corner, 42 King St.

Myers' Machine Shop,
ESTABLISHED 1854.
Hydraulic Hand and Steam Power
ELEVATORS.
ESTIMATES furnished for Hotels, Factories and Warehouses.
Manufacturers of Russell's Frictionless Ship Pumps and Richardson's Challenge Steerers, Steam Engines, Judson Governors, Struck and Blowers, Shuttling, Hoists and Pulleys.
Special machinery made to order. Repairs promptly attended to.
34 to 36 Waterloo St. W. F. & J. W. MYERS.

IMPORTANT!
Very little can be done to improve the surroundings of a woman who has not sense enough to use
MAGNET SOAP.
Its washing qualities are unsurpassed. Perhaps you have heard of it a thousand times, without using it once. If you will reverse the position and use it once, you will praise it to others a thousand times. We have spent hundreds of dollars in convincing women that their washing can be made easier by using MAGNET SOAP, but we have fallen short of our ambition if we have failed to convince you.



As this Institution is supported largely by voluntary contributions, all are invited to subscribe, each according to his means.
EDWARD SEARS, Jr., Secretary,
JOHN E. IRVINE, Treasurer.

THE IDEAL MAGAZINE

For young people is what the people call St. Nicholas. Do you know about it—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house, will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The London Times has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of
ST. NICHOLAS
For 1886-87.
Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by each author.
A short Serial Story by Mrs. Barnett, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas.
War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Bullen, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of General Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style some of the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single combats or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl took part.
The Serial Stories include "Juan and Junita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Taylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also, "Jenny's Boarding House," by Jas. Otis, a story of life in a great city.
Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore E. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victor Hugo's Tales to His Grandchildren," recounted by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. W. Doyen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. Trowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Schuyler, N. J. Brooks, Grace Denio Littlefield, Rose Hawthorn Lathrop, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Mary Moses Lodge, and many others, etc.
The subscription price of St. NICHOLAS is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. Subscriptions are received by booksellers and newsdealers everywhere, or by the publishers. New volume begins with the November number. Send for our beautifully illustrated catalogue (free), containing full particulars, etc.
THE CENTURY CO., New York.

BROADCLOTHS
AND
DOESKINS
—FOR—
DRESS SUITS,
WORSTED CLOTHS,
SILK MIXTURES.
A. CILMOUR
TAILOR,
72 Germain Street, St. John.