"Come into the garden Maude, For the black bat, night, hath flown; Come into the garden, Maude."

The young fellow who was merrily whistling this well-known air broke off suddenly just as he came near a high wall bounding some inclosure. It was night (10 o'clock had just struck from a steeple near); moreover, it was monlight, the cold, clear moonlight of a class evening in early spring. No violet had yet opened its sweet leaves to perfume the air—the year was still too young for that; but one or two primroses had unfolded their pale yellow heads in sheltered nooks, and sanguine folks were beginning to hope that warmer days were at hand. Was it the presage of spring or the light-hearted joy of youth which made our hero, Frank Conyer, whistle so cheerily as he paced along the high road between the village of Dornton (where he had been dining with an old bore the name of Forest Grove, and to which he had returned after a long absence. Perhaps the influence of both youth and coming spring impelled him to enliven the still air as he stepped along quickly, free of heart, unburdened by are.

He had turned out of the high road now, and got on to the turf—soft, springy turf, which ran under the wall aforesaid. And as he ceased his whistling he was passing a door in the wall.

What was it made him pause so sud-

as he ceased his whistling he was passing a door in the wall.

What was it made him pause so suddenly and look round? His action was involuntary, unpremeditated, as a grating of a key in the lock of this door, and next, the opening of the door itself, naturally caused him to turn round. In so doing he came face to face with a girl, a very young girl, who could hardly be termed "grown up." What followed happened so quickly that Frank was fairly bewildered, and was left standing in amazement under the garden wall.

"I have been listening for you ever so long!" said the girl, "oh, so long! and I have been so frightened! But you promised to come for the letter, and here it is!

And in agitated haste she finished by thrusting a note into the astonished Frank's hand, and then vanished behind the garden wall, turned the key in the lock, leaving Frank more puzzled and be-

old woman. "Will you please to And then Frank read by the glare of a tallow candle the address :

"MISS MARGARET HOOD,

"Thornby."

"I know where that is," thought Frank.

"And this letter was to have been given to her by somebody or other for whom I was mistaken. Well, then, I must deliver it myself—that is plain enough. 'The Silver Birches,' at Thornby; and Thornby is a couple of miles off."

Putting the recovery of the couple of miles off."

"I am at your disposal now and hence-forward," replied he, with warmth.

Margery blushed, and all at once it rushed upon her that here she was, at 11 o'clock in the evening, exchanging confidences with a handsome young man till this hour unknown to her

he should deliver it.
"I ought to have had my wits about me. I ought to have had my wits about me. I ought to have detained that girl and questioned her. But it all happened in a moment. Well, let me see the end of it."

On he strode, and in something more than half an hour (for he was fleet of foot, and possessed of all youth's energy) he reached some park gates, and a belt of trees, through whose bare branches loomed dim and fair under the moonshine a manygabled domicile.

him.

"Till to-night I did not know what a resure this earth contained!" mused he, as he retook his road towards Forest Grove.

When Frank presented himself next day at the Silver Birches (not this time at the back entrance), and asked for Miss Hood, he was somewhat taken aback by being ushered into the presence of a stately elderly lady.

"Yes, rir, to be sure. Mrs. Hood and Miss Margery have lived here all their lives. But you've mistaken the entrance, sir; this is the back door." "Yes, yes!" replied Frank, delighted that he had reached his goal; "but it is so late, I came round to the back. Can I speak to Miss Margery for a moment? Give her this letter; I will wait hepe."

"I'll take the letter, sir," said the maid, smiling. "But Miss Margery may be gone to bed. Won't you step inside, sir," And with that she tripped away, Frank mating in the wide passage, out of which

waiting in the wide passage, out of which the offices opened.

With eager eyes he watched for the re-

With eager eyes he watched for the return of his messenger. Would she return alone, or accommended by "Miss Margery?"

There was a swing door at the end of this passage, and in a very few moments Frank saw it move, to let pass two figures—the maid, and a slim, fair girl in a dainty, cream colored dinner dress, ornamented with knots of the palest blue ribbon.

thrusting a note into the astonished Frank's hand, and then vanished behind the yarden wall, turned the key in the lock, leaving Frank more puzzled and bewildered than he had ever been during the three-and-twenty years of his life.

"Good heavens! what am I to do with this?" said he to himself, as he stood in the shadow of the wall, grasping tight the missive which had been thrust between his fingers. "What can I do? Who is 'Margery?' What am I to do?" Who is 'Margery?' What am I to do?" "Read the address!" shot the following instant through his brain.

But this was not immediately possible, for the shadow where he stood was deep, so he struck across the path into the moonlight; but, clearly as the cold rays flooded the open space, the address on the envelope was written in so faint and running a character that it was not easy to decipher it.

"Miss Margery Hood!" So much he could make out, but the two or three words beneath he could not read.

"By Jove, this is an adventure!" broke from Frank's lips. "I must make for the

"She has not confided to me anything," said Margery, "but she has given me hints of the truth, and I fear everything from her folly, her inexperience. I believe she has promised her hand to her old music master, who has flattered egregiously. Away he went through brakes and briar and fern, over the cold, damp grass, till he struck into the high road again, when, turning down a lane, he saw a light glimmering at a short distance.

Frank quickened his steps, soon coming to an humble tenement, whose thatched roof and latticed window looked picturesque enough in the moonlight.

"Who be there?" said a quavering voice in reply to Frank's summons.

"Let me have a light please, and here is sixpence for you," rejoined the young man.

"A light? Your welcome, young sir," said the old woman. "Will you please to which was promised her hand to her old music master, who has flattered egregiously. Who knows but that she intends to arrange for her secret marriage! For more than once she has told me lately that before the violets are in bloom she shall be a bride."

"Do not send her the money!" cried Frank, his eyes furtively glancing with admiration on the enchanting girl before him. "Say that it is impossible to do so at once—and then, could you not go and see her and discover the actual state of the case? You must forgive the interest I betray, Miss Hood; let me beg of you to make me of use to you."

"Will you carry my answer to my

"Will you carry my answer to my cousin, May?" asked she, "for I cannot send it in the ordinary way. She is so great an heiress, Mr. Conyer, that she is very unhappy. Every movement is watched, and she is forbidden to write to

Birches, at Thornby; and Thornby is a couple of miles off."

Putting the promised sixpence into the old woman's hand, Frank started off with a quick step for the place designated "The Silver Birches."

In the evening, exchanging confidences with a handsome young man till this hour unknown to her.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed she, in distress, "I cannot detain you to-night. How can I send you my answer to my cousin?"

"May I see you again to-morrow? May I Silver Birches."

All the way he went he ruminated on the strange adventure which had befallen him. He was involved in some secret—some love affair, doubtless—without any volition of his own; but since the letter put out her hand in token of adieu, and thad fallen into his hands, needs must that the half addition it.

clasp, felt a new heaven opening before him.
"Till to-night I did not know what a

elderly lady.

Twice had he asked his way in passing through the village of Thernby, and he was sure, by the indications he had received, that here were the Silver Birches.

"Going to the front door is out of the question under the circumstances; I should be required to answer too many interrogations. Let me try the back door," thought he.

And now behold our hero—a handsome, well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow—in the back court yard of the Silver Birches, asking of the smart housemaid who answered his knock, "whether Miss Margery Hood lived here?"

"My daughter has told me all, Mr. Conyer," said she, "and it is well that she did so. Without hinting at my real motive, I shall persuade my young niece's father to me, on the plea that the doctors recommend care and change, for she has looked sadly pale and miserable lately. As for the music master, I will quietly get him replaced, and at the month's end I hope to have persuaded my niece's father to permit her to accompany us abroad; that will create a new interest is her life and she will forget the music master; and now let me persuade you to remain with us for luncheon, Twice had he asked his way in passing "My daughter has told me all, Mr. Con suade you to remain with us for luncheon, and I will drive you back to Forest Grove."

What a bewildering hour of joy was that What a bewildering hour of joy was that which the happy Frank passed at the Birches! Margery was tenfold more bewitching this morning than she had seemed the previous evening. Could he ever forget the charm in her blue eyes when she raised them to his, or the wonderful beauty of the long lashes which rested on her rose-tinted cheek when she vailed those eyes in withdrawing her gaze?

are small things, pleasant to take, and they cure sick-headaches, relieve torpid livers and do wonders. Being purely veg-etable they cannot harm any one. All

Cheaper than Poems. From the New York Sun. "Do you ever purchase articles?" he asked timidly, as he entered the editorial

asked timidly, as he entered the editor aroom.

"Occasionally," said the editor kindly,
"when they suit our columns. What have
you got, a poem?"

"No, sir, parlor matches, a cent a box,
or six boxes for a nickel."

-Avoid by all means the use of calome —Avoid by all means the use of calomei for bilious complaints. Ayer's Cathartic Pills, compounded entirely of vegetable ingredients, have been tested for forty years, and are acknowledged to be the best remedy ever devised for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all derangements

of the digestive apparatus. The selvation army hold forth every night in the Oddfellow's hall, Streetsville. The other night a number of roughs showed their contempt for the proceedings by raising a general disturbance. Two of them have been summoned to annear before the have been summoned to appear before the magistrate to-night.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable, and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints, and disorders due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Grand Trunk Railway. Trains Leave Toronto as Under : EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

MAIN LINE EAST.

7.15 a.m.—Local for points east to Montreal.
8.30 a.m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa,
Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.
1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.
5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.
7.40 p.m.—Express for main points—Ottawa,
Montreal, etc., runs daily.

MAIN LINE WEST.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit. 1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit. Chicago and all western points 4.49 p.m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local points. Through car to Palmerston via Guelph. 6.25 p.m.—Mixed, for Stratford and intermediate points. 11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

1 p.m.—Local, from Cobourg. 9.15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points. 11.30 a.m.—Fast Express from Mentreal, etc. 6.55 p.m.—Mixed, from Kingston and intermediate stations. 10.30 p.m.—Express

and intermediate stations. 10.30 p.u. - Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ot-

tawa, etc.

ARRIVE FROM THE WEST

7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate points. 8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all wester points. 11.30 a.m.—Local from London, God erich, etc. 7.10 p.m.—Express from all point west, Chicago, Detroit etc. 11.15 p.m.—Local from London. Stratford, etc.

Great Western Division.

LEAVE TORONTO.

7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor. 9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points in the South-West. 12.20 p.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the West and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily. 3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantferd, St. Thomas, etc. 6.30 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls. 10.45 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, and all points East and West of Hamilton.

8.40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc. 10.15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines Hamilton etc. 12.55 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points East. 4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, London, etc.; runs daily, 7.95 p.m.—Mall from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations. 7.25 p.m.—Express from Detroit St. Louis, etc. 10.55 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

SUBURBAN TRAINS leave Toronto at 7.40, SUBURBAN TRAINS leave Toronto at 7.40.

St. Louis, etc. 10.55 p.m.—Local from Bohadn and intermediate stations.

SUBURBAN TRAINS leave Toronto at 7.40, 10.55 a.m., and 2.25 and 4.20, and 6.05 p.m. Returning—Leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 3.00, 4.55 and 7.25 p.m., calling at Queen's Wharf, Parkdale, High Park and the Humber, both going and returning. Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., will run on Sundays, but will not stop at intermed 22 stations.

The Midland Division.

7.35 a.m.—Mixed—Blackwater and intermediate stations. 7 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Urillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations. 4.10 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro. Port Hope and intermediate stations. 4.55 p.m.—Mixed—Uxbridge and intermediate stations. Trains arrive at Toronto: 11.45 a.m.—Mail. 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Uxbridge and intermediate stations therefore uxbridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed. The Midland Division.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Canadian Pacific Railway.
(Ontario division)

CREDIT VALLEY SECTION.

Trains Leave Toronto, Union Depot, as follows:
7.10 a.m.—St. Louis Express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo. St. Louis and Kanasa City 1.05 p.m.—Pacific Express, for Galt. Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and northwest. 4.60 p.m.—Logal Express. for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elors branches.

ARRIVE.

9:30 a.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches 3.45 p.m.—Atlantic Express from Chicago and all points west and stations on main line. 7.00 p.m.—Montreal Express—All stations on main line and branches.

the previous evening. Could he ever forget the charm in her blue eyes when she raised them to his, or the wonderful beauty of the long lashes which rested on her rose-tinted cheek when she vailed those eyes in withdrawing her gaze?

Reader, he never did forget them; and a month later, when cousin May was in safety beneath her aunt's roof, and the designing old music master had been dismissed, on pretence of his services being no longer needed, since his pupil was to make a lengthy stay abroad, Frank seized a propitious moment to ask Margery passionately: "If she knew of what he should be thinking every moment of every day whilst she was away?"

"Of you, you only!" concluded he folding her to his he was a contracting with the C. P. R. Owen Sound. Express connecting with the C. P. R. Owen Sound. Express connecting with the C. P. R. Owen Sound Express connecting with the C. P. R. Owen Sound and intermediate train leaves Parkdale for Owen Sound direct.

ARRIVE AS FOLLOWS:

10.45 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations. 10 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound a

Frank saw it move, to let pass two figures—the maid, and a slim, fair girl in a dainty, cream colored dinner dress, ornamented with knots of the palest blue ribbon.

How sweet a vision she apppeared to the young man! How lovely an embodiment of loveliest girlhood!

Frank felt his heart stirred with a flutter of emotion.

Her graceful figure moved toward him; her beautiful face had on it a faint flush of furnities and embarrassment.

To brought me this letter?" said the

### AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safe t, most reliable, and most economical blood purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofuls and all Scrofulose Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumers, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders exact by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Genera Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

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PHOTOGRAPHY. Mr. J. Mason wishes to inform the public generally that he has opened the gallery re-cently occupied by Mr. Dufresne, 31 King west, where he intends turning out work un-equalled in the city for high tone and low rice. Cabinets 35 force dozen. Ambrotypes

four for 50c.

N. B.—Mr. Mason wishes it to be disting understood that he has no connections in a way with the late proprietor.

NOTICE. Having leased the shop lately occupied by Mr. James Thomas Teevin on Magill street, am prepared to carry on as usual

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WEST TORONTO JUNCTION

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property, and at low rates. Parties desiring to purchase for the purpose of holding o speculation will be liberally dealt with.

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Company offer lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in South-re Manitoba, at prices ranging from \$2.50 PHR AORH wards, with conditions requiring cultivation. A rebate for cultivation of from \$1.25 to \$3.50 per acre, according to price paid for and, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offer lands without condition ettlement or Cultivation.

The Reserved Sections along the Main Line, t, e., the odd number mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale on advantageous terms undertake their immediate cultivation. undertake their immediate cultivation.

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By order of the Board. CHARLES DRINKWATER.



Montreal. December 1884.

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Otical Service Gazette.

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