

A PYRAMID.

A LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ON THE
EACH YEAR FROM 1880 TO 1881.

\$310,420.04
\$431,336.02
\$881,578.71
\$3,030,828.05
\$4,401,533.86
\$7,538,612.35
\$10,501,122.29
\$13,089,837.30
\$15,061,529.12
\$17,640,786.24
\$20,775,411.66
\$24,204,787.02
\$28,557,603.56
\$33,927,343.32
\$39,557,648.95
\$45,411,257.70
\$51,604,240.84
\$58,195,411.66
\$65,440,681.12

**PERCY'S MISTAKE;
OR, LOVE WINS.**

—Cambridge Tribune.

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dering what her opinion of him would be if
he knew the actual facts of the case.

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wife's wish most heartily," added the col-
onel, shaking Percy's hand warmly, while
there was a general subdued murmur of
"so kind," "so good," "charmed," "in-
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the room.

The gentlemen exchanged cards, and
then Percy made his escape, saying that he
would call the next day and ascertain that
the little fellow had not suffered from his
exposure to the night air.

"He didn't say, but I'll bet," mused
the sleepiest of sleepy voices as the door
closed.

"There can be little doubt," wrote
Percy to Durford that night, "that I am
nearly as desperate a villain as you are, but
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CHAPTER VI.

Percy interested Mrs. Thurman's maternal
heart so deeply in his description of Har-
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tress and subsequent joy of his parents, that
she was ready to be favorably impressed with
Mrs. Levenshulme, and after the call which
was made on the following day, the two
ladies fraternized with equal pleasure on
either side.

Mrs. Thurman was only too pleased to
find a little human fellowship at the bay.
Percy had ample opportunity now to fol-
low Durford's excellent advice, and "in-
genuitely" himself with the old people.

He would much have preferred ingratia-
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With the children Percy was a favorite
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"How very kind your son is to take such
trouble to amuse my little ones," Mrs.
Levenshulme said, as the ladies watched
Percy's staid figure disappear by inches
under a steady pour of shingle from four
spades, wielded by four excited pair of
hands.

Mrs. Thurman smiled; she could not say,
in excuse he was fond of children, for
until now she thought he considered them
little pests, and avoided them whenever
they came in his way.

His behaviour surprised her as much as it
surprised herself.

Still he was contented; he was working
steadily through the parents towards his
daughter; he would meet her in time.

It was amusing that she did not appear
at Harne Bay.

Day after day went by, and there seemed
no sign of her coming.

He had to check many an impulse to
question Mrs. Levenshulme concerning her,
the his knowledge of her should appear
various a previous introduction, and the
Levenshulmes naturally supposed that he
had been as ignorant of their existence be-
fore this fortnight at the Bay, as they had
been of his.

One afternoon chance favoured him with
a long *à la carte* with Mrs. Levenshulme.

The rest of the party had gone on a nut-
ting expedition; the ladies, of course, and
Percy had remained with her.

They had climbed the hill, and upon the
summit had left the beaten track, and had
found a luxurious resting-place in the deep
grass lower down.

Percy was dabbling with colours and
brushes.

Mrs. Levenshulme had begged him to
sketch the grey towers of Reclusers for her,
and he was a very fair artist as amateur
goes.

"Now," he thought, as he sketched
rapidly the outline of the cliffs, "now, if I
cannot contrive to lead the conversation
naturally up to that girl, and get to know
something about her, I must be a weak
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As yet he did not even know her name.

"Well," he had discovered, as the name
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"Evening" was Lady Blue-eyes' pronun-
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Happily for him Mrs. Levenshulme un-
suspectingly began the subject herself.

"You sketch remarkably well," she said,
passing in and out to watch him.

"I often wish I had not given up my paint-
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held a brush. Moral to artists—never
marry."

"If I get married were enforced as law, I
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Mrs. Levenshulme laughed.

"Ah, well, May has taken my place. She
paints better than I ever did."

"Your daughter?" he questioned, with
an interest he strove vainly to conceal.

"Yes, my eldest daughter. You have not
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"So do I," observed Percy mentally.
May, then, was her name. A sweet name,
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pencil for hours, and when she was older
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see, she is eighteen now," continued Mrs.
Levenshulme musingly.

There was a pause.

"I expect your daughter is fond of mu-
sic," he said, making a desperate attempt to
prolong the conversation by means rational
or not.

"Why?"

"Oh—er—because the arts of music and
painting are generally united," he said,
uttering a statement that would have
laughed him into an indecent exposure, had
his companion been argumentatively
inclined. "And you are musical?"

Mrs. Levenshulme shook her head laugh-
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"I am afraid not, and May is not musical,
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THAT GIRL.

The girl stood on the life and floor—
The folks were all in a row—
She sat with her feet on the floor,
And went into the shed.

She found some kerosene in there,
And with a lighted candle—
The smoking wood began to flare,
And then more brightly burned.

The girl in pride looked all around,
And then she smiled in gloe—
Then came a burst of thunder sound:
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Ask of the fragments which you see
Upon the kitchen floor,
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French Pattern Bonnets, New York Pattern Bonnets, New Millinery Materials
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NO OLD GOODS. STOCK ENTIRELY NEW AND FRESH.

Our MR. McCALL has just returned from New York, and has been present at the Openings there—the only Canadian buyer in the market, at the time—thereby enabling him to secure the Latest Novel-
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**FOR FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, GO TO
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EASTERN COAL & WOOD YARD

Hard Coal, all sizes, \$8 00 per ton
Best Soft, do. 7 50 do.
2nd Quality, do. 7 00 do.

Best Beech and Maple Wood, cut
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Best Slabs, - - \$3 75 per cord
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