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door. The sun was sinking beyond the horizon, and the light was dim in the village street. He put his hand up to his eyes and peered down in the direction of the school.

"What in a' the world's airth's keepin' him," he muttered, and then turning round he stumbled through the darkness of his workshop to the little room behind. He filled an antiquated kettle and set it on the fire. Then he went to the cupboard and brought out a half a loaf, some cheese, a brown teapot, and a mysterious parcel. He placed these on the table, and then gravely and carefully unrolled the little parcel, which turned out to be tea.

"Presarve us, I can niver min' whaur ye put the tea or hoo muckle. It's an awfu' waicht on the min' to make tea." His wife had died two years before, and his little son, with the assistance of a kindly neighbor, had managed to cook their humble meals. Porridge was their chief fare, but a cup of tea was taken as a luxury every evening.

"I'm list some fear't aboot it. I'll waicht till Tammy comes in," and he went out again to the door to see what news there was of his son.

The shoemaker leant against his cottage and tried to see if any one was in sight, but not a soul seemed about, although now and then a sound of laughter was borne up the street.

The door of his next neighbor's house was wide open. He looked in and saw a woman standing at the fire superintending some cooking operation, with her back to him.

"Is yer Jim in, Mistress?" "Na," she said, without turning her head. "He'll be doon at some o' his plays. He's nae been in fra the schule yet."

"It's the same wi' Tam. Losh! I'm wunnerin' what's keepin' him." "Keepin' him, say ye, what wad keep a laddie?"

Half satisfied the shoemaker went back to his house, and found the kettle singing merrily on the fire. He felt a little anxious. The boy was always home in good time. He crept round again to his neighbor's.

"I'm gettin' fear't aboot him," he said, "he's never been sae late's this." "Hoot, awa' wi' ye, he'll be doon, maybe, at the bathin' wi' the lave, but I'll gang down the village wi' ye, an' we'll soon fin' the laddie."

She hastily put her bonnet on her head, for the night air was cold, and they both stood together outside the cottage.

He clutched her arm. What was that? Through the still night air, along the dark street, came the sound of muffled feet and hushed voices as of those who bore a burden. With blanched face the old man tried to speak, but he could not. A fearful thought came upon him.

They are coming nearer. They are stopping and crowding together and whispering low. The two listeners crept up to them, and there in the middle of the group lay Tammy dead—drowned.

With a loud shriek, "Tammy, my Tammy," the old man fell down beside the body of his son.

They carried both in together into the little room behind the shop, and went out quietly, leaving one of their number, who volunteered to stay all night.

The shoemaker soon revived. He sat down on one side of the fire, and the man who watched with him on the other. The kettle was soon on the fire, and he watched its steam rising with a half interested indifference. Then, at times, he would seem to remember that something had happened, and he would creep to the side of the bed where the body lay, and gaze on the straight, handsome features and the bloodless cheeks, quiet and cold in death. "Tammy, my man; my an Tammy, speak to me ance—just ance—I'm awfu' lonesome-like." Then the watcher would lead him quietly to his seat by the fire, and there they sat the whole night long till the stir of the outer world roused them.

The school is filled with happy, pleasant faces. The prize day has come. There stands the minister, looking very important, and the schoolmaster very excited. The prizes are all arranged on a table before the minister, and the forms for the prize winners are before

the table. And now everything is ready. The minister begins by telling the parents present how he has examined the school and found the children quite up to the mark, and then he addresses a few words to the children, winding up his remarks by telling them how at school he had thought that "multiplication is a vexation," etc., but that now he had found the use of it. And then the children laughed, for they heard the same speech every year, but it made the excitement greater when they had the prizes to look at, as they shone on the table in their gorgeous gilding, during the speech. And now the schoolmaster is going to read out the prize winners, and the children are almost breathless with excitement—you might have heard a pin drop—when from the end of the room a figure totters forward, the figure of an old man, white-headed and with a strange, glassy look in his eye. He advances to where the children are sitting, and takes his place amongst them. Every one looks compassionately towards him, and the women are drying their eyes with their aprons. The schoolmaster hesitates a moment, and looks at the minister. The minister nods to him and he begins the list. It is almost with a saddened look that the children come to take their prizes, for they think of the sharp, bright, active playmate who was so lately with them, and they gaze timidly towards his father who sits in their midst.

"Thomas Rutherford," reads out the master, "gained the prize for arithmetic."

"I'll tak' Tam's prize for him. The laddie's nae weel. He's awa'. I'll take it," and the shoemaker moved hastily up to the table.

The minister handed him the book, and silently taking it, he made his way to the door.

A quiet old man moves listlessly about the village. He does nothing, but every one has a kind word for him. He never walks towards the river, but shudders when its name is mentioned. He sits in his workshop often, and looks up expectantly when he hears the joyous shouts of the boys as they come out of school, and then a look of pain flits across his face. He has one treasure—a book, which he keeps along with his family Bible, and he is never tired of reading through his blurred spectacles the words on the first page—

BARNES SCHOOL.  
First Class.  
PRIZE FOR ARITHMETIC  
Awarded to  
THOMAS RUTHERFORD.  
—London Christian World.

An oriental traveller describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transfer the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.' showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."

—Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.

It is a happily established fact that Fello's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will retard vital consumption, increase involuntary muscular power and thereby harden the organs, promote vitality and facilitate restoration. It consequently possesses the wonderful property of PROLONGING HUMAN LIFE.

REV. A. WEBSTER, editor of the Christian Era, writes: "I have used Davis' Pain-Killer for many years in my family with much satisfaction."

AMERICAN APPRECIATION OF CANADIAN REMEDIES.—A wholesale iron merchant of Boston, Mr. Wm. P. Tyler, of the firm of Arthur G. Tompkins & Co., lately got his ankle sprained and knowing the value of GRAMM'S PAIN ERADICATOR in such cases sent for a supply, which he writes soon cured him. He gave a bottle to a friend suffering from the same complaint who found similar results from its use.

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**Intercolonial Railway.**  
1878.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 29th April, 1878,  
**TRAINS**

Will leave Halifax as follows:—

At 8.50 a.m. (Express) for St. John, Pictou and Intermediate Points.  
At 6.10 p.m. (Express) for Riviere du Loup, St. John and Points West.  
At 4.40 p.m. for Pictou and Intermediate Stations.

**WILL ARRIVE:**  
At 10.40 a.m. (Express) from Riviere du Loup, St. John and Intermediate Stations.  
At 8.00 p.m. (Express) from St. John and Intermediate Stations.

At 9.15 a.m. (Accommodation) from Truro and Way Stations.  
At 3.00 p.m. (Express) from Pictou and Way Stations.

Moncton, 25th April, 1878.

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OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

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J. JOHNSON,  
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