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THE CURFEW BELL.

The story that is the basis of the well-known poem "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," told in prose, is as follows: It rained half an hour of curfew toll. The old bell ringer came from under the wattle roof of his cottage stoop and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet, scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had rolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dried had rung out the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned and executed his weak, nervous but his England in Jasper's time, and now he who under the arm of his hand ruled as more than a monarch, and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his main and sacred bell.

The walls of her memory seemed to written over—so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before—there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little reckoned he that Cromwell's spearmen were camped on the moor beyond the village that Cromwell himself rode with his guard a league away, he only knew that the bell had been rung in the tower when William, the conqueror, made curfew a law, and that his arm for sixty long years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with a slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with a face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whiteness of marble, with all its roundness and dimples, her great, solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and her lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak, lass, I am deaf and cannot hear your clatter."
"For heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew bell to-night!"
"What! to ring curfew! You must be daft, lassie!"

"Jasper, for sweet heaven's sake—for my sake—for one night in all your long life forget to ring the bell. For this once and my love shall live, whom Cromwell slew!"

"Die at curfew toll, do you hear?"
"I hear, Richard at Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make curfew a law, and I sold my jewelry that Lady Maud gave me, and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would you bribe me, Lily de Vere? You're a changeling. You've no the blood of the Plantagenets in your veins as you're mother had. What comes of this? The ringer under her majesty good Queen Bess? Not for all the gold Lady Maud could bring me. Bess's hand has been strong among men, and she has died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa! Awa!"

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the lichen lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew toll for his death. He stood handsome, and brave, and tall, with a foot and an inch taller than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it matters in these days, where the sword is wielded by the great Cromwell who no more to fall, what he or others had done. He had been written to the late lord up at the castle, and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking, while the gentle Lily de Vere, distant kin—man and poor companion to him, had, without the seeking, found the treasure of his love plan lately, and had shed them fast. There had joined the army, and made one of the pious soldiers whose well passions were never stirred by his sign or symbol of power. But a second day his master's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conspired him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill, the rocky hill, the distant kin—man and poor companion to him, and those who were to destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily de Vere, whom he loved, she had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for him. She waited heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly she had been his breath and he would be with God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of his lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death-bell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers, with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited.

All nature had sounded her curfew, but old Jasper was silent. The bell-ringer, with his gray head yet bared, had traversed half the distance between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form fitted past him, with pale, shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah! Huliah, Huliah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she flies! It is come, come, dear. My work is almost done."
Huliah was a good wife, who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeing form was not Huliah. It was Lily de Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night!" Cromwell would have listened as his feet and hand.

She entered the ruined archway and wrenched from its fastenings the heavy and worn-wood door that barred the way to the tower. She stepped with living and frenzied feet across the threshold, and lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carving. As the western stars glimmered in the interior of the great building, with its gilded roof, its chevroned and clustered columns; its pictured saints and carved images of the Virgin, which the pilgrims had aspired to be dealt with by time, the most valiant and of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow lights thrown by the stained glass across her death white brow; up—still up—past open arcade and arch, with gables and gables strutting at her from under bracket and corolla, with all the hideousness and

divine carving; the statue, slight by slight, grew taller beneath her young feet; her slender neck worked between her and the outer world, but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh! how far! The seconds were blood-bought commonwealth could not purchase from her. Up!—there, just above her, with its great brass mouth and white hand had clasped itself the clapper; and close prepared at the tremble raised and clasp its make and the feet swung off—and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure and it came at last from their feet, and the young hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing.

There was grunting and creaking of rule heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not been his cunning, nor his arm his strength. The tender, soft form was dashed by the white arms about it so that at every pull of the great rope it crushed into the flesh. It tore, he heard, and he felt, but there was in the solemn twilight the woman swung and fought with curfew, and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself: "Aye, Huliah, my work is done. The palls are getting too heavy for my old arms; my ears, too, have failed me. I dinnah hear one stroke of the curfew bell. Old bell! it is my ears that have gone false, and not the bell. Forgive me, old friend!"

And just before the writhing form a shadowy form again went flitting past him; and there were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who wept. In her sleep, at her hands hung wounded and powerless at her side, Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled maypole before the village green. He saw the man who was at the sunset standing up in the dusty air, tall as a king and handsome as a soldier. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye, but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying toward him. Pikemen and archers stood around to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover, with trembling lips that she would have kissed still lived—why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great porter dismount, lift the fastening from his arms and bar her to her lover. She saw the guards release their prisoner, and she heard the shouts of the soldiers as they shut the scene out from her envious eyes and sculptured her in the gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper died, and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

Tall Oaks From Little Acorns Grow.
—Great and good results often spring from small deeds, and so fatal diseases come of a seemingly trifling neglect. Colds neglected often lead to serious catarrhs of the throat. It is in your case, no time in becoming acquainted with Dr. J. C. Remedy. Its healing virtues will surprise you. It is simple, efficacious, speedy, and safe. Daily, heavy breathing, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharge from the nose into the throat are symptoms of this horrible complaint.

Jones always remembers to forget the articles which his wife tells him to buy. His memory is excellent for that. He has tried a new plan lately, and it works as well as it could be expected. He writes out all the things on paper, and then—forgetting to take the paper to the shop—

—Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says: "I have suffered severely with corns, and was unable to get relief from treatment of any kind until I used the 'Holloway's Corn Cure.' After applying it for a few days I was enabled to remove the corn, and branch-up pain whatever, and no more troubles of any kind. I heartily recommend it to all suffering from corns."

—Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little 4-year-old girl, saying to him: "Be a good boy today." He somewhat surprised us by saying: "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough, we thought, we used the exhortation more than he.

—One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you. A tyrannical old man who had tried in vain to prevent a favorite niece from accepting the attentions of a man he hated, at last blurted out:

"It is a maxim in the schools
That women always dole out coals."
To which the witty girl replied:

"Yes, dear Uncle Jack, your wife
Most love you as she does her life."
—People who wish to note the progress Toronto is making ought to visit West Toronto Junction. It is within a few minutes of the Union station by the trains of the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. The junction station of the C. E. R. is now in full blast and freight and passenger trains are stopping there every short while. Now houses are going up all round while the plans of many handsome ones are still in the hands of the architect. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. A lot of blocks in this locality is the best investment a workman or capitalist can go into. It will double itself in two years just as Parkdale, Brookton and the whole west end has done. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are so had from George Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

"How do you like the pie, Alfred?" asked a young wife of her husband a few weeks after marriage. "Well, it is pretty good, but—" "But what? I suppose you were going to say that it isn't as good as that which your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did intend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, you mother made but very pie and sent it to me."

—For its soothing and grateful influence on the scalp, and for the removal and prevention of dandruff, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It restores faded or gray hair to its original dark color, stimulates the growth of the hair, and gives it a beautiful, soft glossy and silky appearance.

An Englishman meeting an Irishman asked him, saying: "Can you tell me the way to Wigan, Pat?" "How do you know my name is Pat?" answered the Irishman. "I got used it," replied John. "Well, I guess the way to Wigan then," coolly said the Irishman.

—Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with biliousness and dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northey & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure was recommended to me, and I have met

pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my ailment since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."
"Doctor," said the grateful patient, saying the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life."
"You exaggerate," said the doctor mildly; "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the points which I hope you will not fail to remember."

—Young, old, and middle-aged, all experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young children suffering from sore eyes, sore ears, scald heads, or with any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use.

—Mr. G. W. Manly, Pavilion Mountain, B. C. writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, etc."

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from and to Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Departures, Main Line East.
7:15 a.m.—Local for points east to Montreal.
8:15 a.m.—Express for Kingston, Ottawa, Cornwall, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, and other points east to Montreal.
9:15 a.m.—Express for Kingston and intermediate stations.
10:15 a.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.
11:15 a.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, and other points east to Montreal.
12:15 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.
1:15 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

ARRIVALS, MAIN LINE WEST.
7:45 a.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.
8:45 p.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
9:45 p.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
10:45 p.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
11:45 p.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.

ARRIVALS, MAIN LINE WEST.
7:45 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate stations.
8:45 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all western points.
9:45 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
10:45 p.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
11:45 p.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.

ARRIVALS, GREAT WESTERN DIVISION.
8:15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton.
9:15 a.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo, and all western points.
10:15 a.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo, and all western points.
11:15 a.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo, and all western points.

ARRIVALS, MIDLAND DIVISION.
7:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
8:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
9:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
10:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.

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8:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
9:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.
10:35 a.m.—Express from Stratford, Ottawa and all western points.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
7:10 a.m.—Express from Toronto and intermediate stations on main line and branches, and to Detroit, London, St. Louis, and other points west to Montreal.
8:10 a.m.—Express from Toronto and intermediate stations on main line and branches, and to Detroit, London, St. Louis, and other points west to Montreal.
9:10 a.m.—Express from Toronto and intermediate stations on main line and branches, and to Detroit, London, St. Louis, and other points west to Montreal.

ARRIVALS, GREY AND BRUCE SECTIONS.
8:40 a.m.—Mail from Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater, and all intermediate stations.
9:40 a.m.—Mixed from Parkdale.
10:40 a.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater, and all intermediate stations.
11:40 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.

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11:40 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.

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I am now offering for sale in quantity to suit purchasers by far the most desirable property in the vicinity, being the Alkansas property, and at low rates. Parties desiring to purchase for the purpose of holding on speculation will be liberally treated.

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Summer

