

# The Mirror

## A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. &amp; J. ANSLAW.

VOL. XL.—No. 29.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, May 9, 1883.

C. E. MCKEEN,

NEWCASTLE,

MIRAMICHI, N. B.

PREPARING FOR THE SPRING &amp; SUMMER TRADE.

IMMENSE IMPORTATIONS

ARE BEING RECEIVED FROM ALL POINTS, OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,

ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND QUALITIES, (CANADIAN AND AMERICAN). A FULL SHOW OF

HATS AND CAPS—NEW GOODS, LATEST STYLES,

AND A FULL STOCK OF

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

HAVE NOW IN STOCK, A FULL LINE OF

WALTHAM WATCHES.

In all the different grades, which I am prepared to sell at lower rates than any other dealer in the County. Also, a great variety of SWISS WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, SPECTACLES, CUTLERY, REVOLVERS (from \$1.25 up), CARTRIDGES, etc.

ALL GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Newcastle, April 9, 1883.

WAVERLEY HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

This House has been recently

and every possible arrangement made to ensure

the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD

OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,

Late of Waverley House, St. John's.

Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated,

has recently been fitted up in first

class style, is in close proximity to the

C. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers

will be attended to promptly.

Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters

served up in every style

at short notice.

JOHN PATT, PROPRIETOR.

Newcastle, Oct. 8, 1877.

CANADA HOUSE,

CHATHAM, N. B.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this

house to make it a first class Hotel, and

travellers will find it a most comfortable

and convenient place to stop. The

house is situated within three minutes

walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine

view of the Bay. A large Sample

Room has been placed at the disposal of

Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 18th, 1878.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

CARAQUET, N. B.

George Young, Proprietor.

Having at considerable expense furnished

the House of the late James Young, I am

now prepared to accommodate both travellers

and permanent boarders.

The house is situated within three minutes

walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine

view of the Bay. A large Sample

Room has been placed at the disposal of

Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 18th, 1878.

SEELY &amp; McMillan,

BARRISTERS, AT LAW,

7 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

St. John, N. B.

J. J. FORREST,

BARRISTER,

Attorney-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &amp;c.

Collecting promptly attended to.

Office—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

April 2, 1878.

HAND WRITTEN CARDS.

VISTING CARDS in all styles, neatly

and artistically written and fur-

nished by W. C. BURNHAM, late Professor

of Penmanship at Rockland College, N. Y., at

the following rates per dozen:—Plain

10 cents; Gold Edged, 20 cents; Plain

Engraved, 25 cents.

Orders received by mail. Address

W. C. BURNHAM,

Bathurst-Village, N. B.

Jan 10-17.

SAMUEL THOMSON,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &amp;c.

LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Col-

lected, and Professional Business in all its

branches, executed with accuracy and des-

patch.

FICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND

CASTLE STREET.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

July 17, 1878.

LAW and Collection Offices

—OFF—

ADAMS &amp; LAWLOR,

Barristers and Attorneys at

Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy

Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &amp;c.

Real Estate, &amp; Fire Insurance Agents.

ALSO—CLAIMS Collected in all parts of

the Dominion.

OFFICES:

NEWCASTLE, CHATHAM AND

BATHURST.

M. ADAMS, R. A. LAWLOR.

July 18th, 1878.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY &amp; BARRISTER

AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &amp;c.

CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal.

A. H. JOHNSON,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

Solicitor, Notary Public,

&amp;c., &amp;c.

CHATHAM, N. B.

July 10, 1877.

R. B. ADAMS,

Attorney at Law

Notary Public, &amp;c.

OFFICE OF STAIRS, NOBMAN'S BUILDING,

Water Street, Chatham, July 21-17.

DESBRISSAY &amp; DESBRISSAY,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,

Conveyancers, etc.

OFFICE—

ST. PATRICK STREET, BATHURST, N. B.

Thompson Desbrisay, Q. C. T. Wayne Desbrisay

JOHN McALISTER,

Barrister &amp; Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &amp;c.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 6, 1879.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister &amp; Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

RICHARDSON &amp; McINERNEY,

BARRISTERS,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &amp;c.

OFFICES AT RICHMOND AND NEW

CASTLE.

C. RICHARDSON, GEO. V. McINERNEY, LL.B.

Sept. 13, 1882.

EDWARD B. ROWE,

BOSTON, MASS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE FORWARDING.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

FORWARDING FRESH FISH.

RE-ICEING, &amp;c.,

at low rates. Address

E. B. ROWE,

Boston.

May 16, 1883.

DR McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE

IN DESMOND'S BUILDING

LOWER WATER STREET.

CHATHAM, N. B.

Chatham, June 22, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.

PHYSICIAN &amp; SURGEON.

Graduate of University Medical Col-

lege, New York.

OFFICE—In Dr. Freeman's Building,

Newcastle, July 12, 1880.

DR. H. A. FISH,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office—Residence of James Fish, Esq.

Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 4, 6 to 9.

Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

ENGINEERS &amp; STEAM FITTERS

GOODS.

Wrote Iron Pipes and Fittings:

Globe Valves, Steam Cocks,

Gauge Cocks, Steam Whistles,

Steam Gauges,

Steam Pumps,

Check Valves,

Emery and Emery Cloth.

For sale by

WISDOM &amp; FISH,

41 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

Price lists on Application. Jan. 9.

WILLIAM WYSE,

AUCTIONEER &amp; COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CHATHAM MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received

on Commission.

Liberal Advances made on Consignments.

NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.

AUCTION SALES, and all Business in con-

nection with the same, attended to promptly.

VIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.

WATER ST. - CHATHAM.

Importer of MARBLE &amp; Manufacturer o

MONUMENTS,

TABLETS,

HEADSTONES,

MANTELS,

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

GRANITE MONUMENTS MADE

TO ORDER; CAPS and SILLIS for windows sup-

plied at short notice. Estimates given and

work done to order, and satisfaction

guaranteed.

January 24, 1878.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Provident Mutual (Life) Association of

Canada.

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. of

Liverpool England.

Risks effected in town and country at

lowest possible rates.

ROOMS IN MITCHELL BUILDING OPPOSITE

MASONIC HALL.

J. FRED. HARLEY.

Newcastle, April 10, 1883.

ALEX. L. WRIGHT &amp; CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LUMBER,

BERRY'S MILLS, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber constantly

on hand.

PINE, SPRUCE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD,

LATHS, PALINGS, SHINGLES—PINE,

SPRUCE AND CEDAR, PINE

CLAPBOARDS.

Lumber Planed &amp; Matched.

ORDERS SAWN TO DIMENSIONS.

March 10, 1883.

14-17

THIRTY YEARS.

Important trial of THIRTY YEARS

decided, and a jury of half a million people

have given their verdict that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

is the best liniment for all kinds of

Pain, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises,

Burns, Toothache, Headache, Stomach

Pain, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore

Throat, and all other ailments. It is

the only liniment that has been used for

thirty years, and its efficacy is

proved by the fact that it has been

used by the military and naval

authorities, and by the most

distinguished physicians of the

world. It is a most valuable

remedy, and one that should be

in every household. It is sold

by all druggists, and its price is

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# HIS OWN AT LAST.

## CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.)

"Have a pull at my flask, suggests Bobby, seriously; 'there is some cognac left in it since the day we fished at the pool. It would do you all the good in the world, and if you took enough, you would feel able to give him ten bags, or indeed, throw them at his head at a pinch."

"Have you got it?" say I, faintly, to the general, who at this moment joins us.

"Yes, here it is."

"But what will you do with it *mean-while*?" cry I, anxiously; "he must not see it first."

"Sit upon it," suggests Algy, flippantly.

"Hang it round his neck while he is at prayers," bursts out Bobby, with the air of a person who has had an inspiration; "you know he always pretends to have his eyes shut."

"And at 'Amen' he would awake to find himself famous," says Algy, pseudo-pompously.

But this suggestion, although I cannot help looking upon it as ingenious, I do not adopt.

Prayers on Sunday are a much finer and larger ceremonial than they are on week-days. In the first place, instead of a few of the church prayers quickly pattered, which are ended in five minutes, we have a whole long sermon, which lasts twenty. In the second place the congregation is so much greater. On week-days it is only the indoor servants; on Sundays it is the whole staff—coachman, grooms, stablemen. I think myself that it is more in the nature of a *parade* to insure that none of the establishment are out *unheeding*, than of a religious exercise. Usually I am delighted when the sermon is ended. Even Barrow or Jeremy Taylor would sound dull and stale if fired off in a flat, fierce monotone, without emphasis or modulation. To-night at every page that turns, my heart declines lower and lower down. It is ended now; so is the short prayer that follows it. We all rise and father stands with his hawk-eyes fixed on the servants, as they march out, *counting* them. The upper servants are all right; so are the housemaids, cook-maids, and lesser scullions. Alas! alas! there is a helper wanting.

Having listened to, and disbelieved the explanation of his absence, father leads the way into supper, but the little incident has taken the bloom off his saucy.

Sir Roger has deposited the bag, still wrapped in its paper coverings, on a chair, in a modest and unobtrusive corner of the dining-room, ready for presentation. He did this just before prayers. As we enter the room, father's eyes fall on it.

"What is that?" he cries, pointing with his forefinger, and turning severely to the boys. "How many times have I told you that I will not have p<sup>re</sup>cious left about littering the whole place? Off with it."

"If you please, father," say I, in a very small and starved voice, "it is not the boys' it is *mine*."

"Yours, is it?" with a sudden change of tone, and return to amenity. "Oh, all right." (Then, with a little accent of sudden jocosity)—"One of your foreign purchases, eh?"

We sit round the snowy table, in the pleasant light of the shaded lamps, eating chicken salad, and abasing and rifling the great red pyramids of strawberries and raspberries, but talking not much. We young ones never can talk out loud before father. He has never heard our voices raised much above a whisper. I do not think he has an idea what fine, loud Billingsgate voices his children really have. He has said grace—we always have a longer, *gratuler* grace than usual on Sundays—and has risen to go.

"Now for it!" cries Bobby, wildly excited, and giving me an awful dig in the ribs with his elbow.

"Shall I get it?" asks the general, in an encouraging whisper. "Cheer up, Nancy, do not look so *white*; it is all right."

He rises and fetches it, slips it quickly out of its coverings, and puts it into my hand. Father has reached the door; I run after him.

"Father!" cry I, in a choked and trembling voice. "Stop!"

He turns with the handle in his grasp, and looks at me in some surprise.

"Father!" cry I, beginning again, and holding my gift nervously out toward him, "here's—here's—here's a bag!"

This is my address of presentation. I hear the boys tittering at the table behind me—a sound which, telling me how ill I am speeding, makes my confusion tenfold worse. I murmur helplessly and indistinctly, something about his never travelling, and my knowing that fact—and having been always sure that he would hate it—and then I glance helplessly round with a wild idea of flight. But the same moment an arm of friendly strength comes round my shoulders—a friendly voice sounds in my buzzing ears.

"James," it says, simply and directly, "she has brought you a present, and she is afraid that you will not care about it."

"A present!" echoes my father, the meaning of the inexplicable object which has suddenly been thrust into his grasp beginning to dawn upon him. "Oh, I see! I am sure, my dear Nancy—with a sort of embarrassed stiffness that yet means to be gracious—"that I am extremely obliged to you, extremely; and though I regret that you should have wasted your money on me, yet—yet—I assure you, I shall always prize it very highly."

Then he goes out rather hastily. I return to the supper table.

"Shake hands!" cries Algy, pouring me out a glass of claret. "Now, perhaps, you have some faint idea of what I felt when I had to return thanks for the bridesmaids."

"Nancy!" cries Bobby, holding out the fruit to which he alludes, and speaking in a wobbly, quivering voice, with a painfully *literal* imitation of my late address, "here's—here's—here's a peach!"

But I am burying my face in Sir Roger's shoulder, like a shy child.

"I like you!" say I, creeping up quite close to him. "You were the only one that came to help. If it had not been for you, I should be there still!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

The bag affair is quite an old one now—a

fortnight old. The bag itself has, I believe, retired into the decent privacy of a cupboard, nor is it much more likely to reissue thence than was one of the frail nuns built into the wall in the old times likely to come stepping out again. Bobby has at length ceased to offer me every object which it devolves upon him to hand me, with a quivering voice and a prolonged stammer, since, though I was at first excellently vulnerable by this weapon of offence, I am now becoming *hornily* hard and indifferent to it. We have stepped over the boundaries of June into July.

Yes, June has gone to look for all its dead brothers, wherever—since they say nothing is ever really lost—they lie with their stored sweets. To me this has been as merry and good a June as any one of my nineteen.

Sir Roger is beginning to talk of going home—his home, that is—but rather diffidently and tentatively, as if not quite sure whether the proposal will meet with favor in my eyes. He need not be nervous on this point. I, too, am rather anxious and eager to see my house—my house, if you please! I, who have never hitherto possessed any larger residence than a doll's house, whose whole front wall opened at once, giving one an improbably simultaneous view of kitchen range, best four poster, and drawing-room chairs. I have, it is true, seen photographs of my new house; photographs of its east front, of its west front—photographs, in its park, of the great old cedar in its gardens, of its woody plot—but to tell you the truth I want to see it. I have already planned a house warming, and invited them all to it; a house-warming in which, oh, absurd!—I shall sit at the head of the table, and father and mother only at the sides—I shall tell the people who they are to take in to dinner, and nod my head from the top when dessert is ended.

To-day I am going to write and secure the Brat's company—that is, later in the day—but now it is quite early; even the letters have not come in. We have all—viz., the boys, the girls, and I—risen (in pursuance of a plan made overnight) pretentiously early, almost as early as I did on my wedding morning, and are going out to gather mushrooms in the meadow by the river. Indignation against the inhabitants of the neighboring town is what has torn us from our morning dreams, the greedy townsfolk, by whom, on every previous occasion, we have found our meadow rifled before we could reach it. To-day we shall, at least, meet them on equal terms. We are all rather giddy at first, more especially Algy, who has deferred the making of the greater part of his toilet till his return, and looks disheveled, and sounds grumbling. But before long both gapes and crumbles disappear.

Who would see the day when he is old, and stale, and shabby; when, like us, they could come out to meet him as he walks across the meadow with a mantle of dew wrapped round him, and a garland of paling rose-clouds, that an hour ago were crimson about his head?

The place towards which we tend is at some little distance, and our road thither leads through all manner of comely rustic places; flowered fields, where the buttercups crowd their little varnished cups, and the vigilant ox-eyes are already wakefully staring up from among the grass-spears; a little wood; a deep and rudely-colored lane, among whose unpurged hedges straggle the riches of the wild-rose, most delicately flushed, as if God in passing had called her very good, and she had reddened at his praise; where the honeysuckle, too, if holding stilly aloft the open cream-colored trumpets in closed red trumpet-buds of her heaven sweet-crown.

In an instant Tou Tou is scrambling and scrambling like a great spider up the steep bank; in an instant more she is tagging, tearing, devastating—while the faint petals that no mightiest king can restore, but that any infant with a touch can destroy, are showering in scented ruin around her. It gives me a pain to see it, as if I saw some sentient thing in agony. I think I feel, with Walter Savage Landor:

I never plucked the rose; the violet's head Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank And not reproached me: the ever sacred cup Of the pure lily hath not lost one grain of gold. Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

"You will have your basket filled before we get there," I say, remonstrating, but she does not heed me.

Hot and scratched—at least I am glad that in their death-pain they were able to scratch her—she still tugs and mauls. I walk on. We reach the meadow. Well, at least to-day we are in time. It has the silence and solitude of the dawn of Creation's first still day, broken only by the sheep that are cropping.

The slant grass, and daisies pale. The slow, smooth river washes by, showing in among the rushes. Our footsteps sink painfully shaped as we step along through the hoary dew. We separate—going one this way, one that—and, in silence and gravity, pace with bent heads, and down-turned eyes through the short, fine grass. Excitement and emulation keep us dumb, for let who will—*blase* and used up—deny it, but there is an excitement, wholesome and hearty in *seeking*, and a joy pure and unadulterated in finding, mushrooms in a probable field in the hopeful morning; whether the mushroom be a patriarch whose gills are browned with age, and who is big enough to be an umbrella for the fairy people, or a little milk-white button, half hidden in daisies and trefoil. Sometimes a cry of rage and anguish burst from one or other of us who has been the dupe of a puff-ball family, and who is satiating his or her revenge by stamping on the deceiver's head, and reducing its round proportions to a flat and fleshy pulp. We search long and diligently, and our efforts are blessed with an unwonted success. By the time the sun has attained height enough in the heavens to make his power tyrannically felt, our baskets are filled, Tou Tou has to throw away her wild-roses, limp and flaccid, into the dust of the lane. We walk home, singing and making poor jokes, as is our wont. As we draw near the house with joyful forerastes of breakfast in our minds, with redly flushed cheeks and merry eyes, I see Sir Roger leaning on the stone balustrade of the terrace, looking as if he were watching for us, and, indeed, no sooner does he catch sight of us, than he comes toward us.

"Do you like mushrooms?" cry I, at the top of my voice, long before I have reached him, holding up my basket triumphantly.

"See, I have got the most of anybody except Tou Tou?"

I have met him by the end of this sentence.

"Do you like mushrooms?" I repeat, lifting the lid, and giving him a peep into the creamy and pink-colored treasures inside, "oh, you must! if you do not, I shall have a divorce! I could not bear a difference of opinion upon such a subject."

I have never given him time to speak, and now I look with appealing laughter into his silent face.

"Why, what is the matter?" I cry with an abrupt change of tone. "What has happened? How odd you look!"

"Nothing has happened," he is quivering, trying to smile, but I see that it is quite against the grain, "only that I have had some not very pleasant news."

"It is not anything about—about the Brat?" cry I, stopping suddenly, seizing his arm with both hands, and turning, as I feel, extremely pale, while my thoughts fly to the only one of my beloveds that is out of my sight.

"About the Brat?" he echoes in surprise, "oh, dear no! nothing!"

"Then I do not care who is dead!" I answer unfeelingly, drawing a long breath; "he is the only person out of this house whose death would afflict me much, and I do not think there is any one beside us that you are very devoted to, is there?"

"Why are you so determined that some one is dead?" he asks, smiling again, but this time more naturally: "Is there nothing vexatious in this world but death?"

"Yes," said I, laughing, despite myself, as my thoughts revert to my late employment, "there are *puff-balls*!"—then, assuming of having been flippant, and afraid of having been unsympathetic, I add, hastily, "I wish you would tell me what it is; I am sure, when I hear, I shall be vexed, too; but you see, as long as I do not know what it is, I cannot, can I?"

"There is no time now," he says, glancing toward father, whose head appears through the dining-room windows. "See! they are going to breakfast!—afterward I will tell you—afterward—and child!" (putting his hand on my shoulder, and essaying to look at me with an altogether cheered and careless face), "do not you worry your head about it!—eat your breakfast with an easy mind; after all, it is nothing very bad—it could not be anything very bad, as long as—"

He stops abruptly, and adds, hastily, "let us have a look at your mushrooms! well, you have a quantity!"

"Yes, have not I?" say I triumphantly, "more than any one except Tou Tou—"

Then, not quite satisfied with the impression our late talk has left upon me; "General!" say I, lowering my face and reddening, "I hope you do not think that I am quite a baby because I like childish things—gathering mushrooms—running about with the boys—talking to Jacky. I can understand serious things too, I assure you. I think I could enter into your trouble—I think, if you gave me the chance, that you would find that I could!"

Then a sort of idiotic false sham overtakes me, and without waiting for his answer I disappear.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

I meet Bobby retiring to the kitchen to cook his mushrooms himself. He invites me to join him, but I refuse. It is the first time in the annals of history that I was ever known to say no to such an offer. Bobby regards me with reproachful anger, and makes a muffled remark, the drift of which I understand to be that, though I may pretend not to be, I am grown fine, as he always said I should. To-day it seems to me as if breakfast would never end. It is one of our fixed laws that no one shall leave the table until father gives the signal by saying grace. Sometimes when he is in one of his unfortunate moods, he keeps us all staring at our empty cups and platters for half an hour. To-day I watch with arm anxiety the progress downward of the tea in his cup. At last he has come to the grounds. He lays down the *Times*. We all joyfully half bow our heads, in expectation for the wanted "For what we have received," etc., but speedily and disappointed raise them again.

"Jane, can you spare me another cup?" and reburies himself in a long ledger. Behind the shelter of the great sheet, I make a hideous contortion across the table at Sir Roger, who has fallen with great docility into our ways, and is looking back at me now with that gentle, steady serenity, which is the leading characteristic of his face, but which this morning is, I cannot help thinking, a good deal disturbed, hard as he is trying to hide it. There are, thank Heaven, no more false starts. Next time that he lays down the paper, we are all afraid to bend our heads, for fear that the movement shall break the charm, and induce him to send for a fourth cup—he has already had three—but no! release has come at last.

"For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful!"

Almost before we have reached "thankful," there is a noise of several chairs pushed back. Before you could say "knife!" we are all out of the room. All but Sir Roger! In deference, I suppose, to the feelings of the friend of his infancy, and not to appear too anxious to leave him—Sir Roger ought to have married Barbara, they two are always thinking of other people's feelings—he delays a little, and indeed they emerge together and find me sitting on one of the uncomfortable, stiff hall-chairs, on which nobody ever sits. To my dismay, I hear father say something about the chesnut colt's legs, and I know that another delay is in store for me. Sir Roger comes over to me, and takes his wide-awake from the stand beside me.

"We are going to the stables," he says patting my shoulder.

I make a second hideous face. Often have I been complimented by the boys, on the flexibility of my features.

"I shall be back in ten minutes," he says in a low voice, "will you wait for me in the morning-room?"

"I suppose I must," say I, reluctantly, with a disgusted and disappointed drawing down of the corners of my mouth.

Ten minutes pass; twenty, five-and-twenty! Still he has not come back. I walk up and down the room; I look out of window at the gardeners rolling the grass; I read a large and comely rose into tatters, while all manner of unpleasant possibilities stalk along in order before my mind's eye. Perhaps Tempest is burned down. Perhaps

some bank in which he has put all his money has broken. Perhaps he has found out that his brother is not *really* dead after all: I dismiss the last worst suggestion as improbable. The door opens and he enters.

"Here you are!" cry I, making a joyous rush at him. "I thought you were never coming! Please, is that your idea of ten minutes?"

"I could not help it," he answers, "he kept me talking: I could not get away any sooner."

"Why did you go?" say I, dutifully.

"No, I will not?" He would have done it to you as soon as look at you."

"That would have been so polite to one's host and father-in-law, would not it?" he answers, a little ironically. "After all, Nancy, where is the use of vexing people for nothing?"

"Not people generally," reply I, still chafed: "but I should like some one who was not his child, and in whom it would not be disrespectful, to pay him out for keeping us all as he did this morning; he knew as well as possible that we were dying to be off; that was why he had that last cup; he did not drink it; any more than I did. He did not drink it; any more than I did. He left three-quarters of it."

Sir Roger does not answer, unless a slight shrug and passing his hand across his face with a rather dispirited gesture be an answer. I feel ashamed of my petulance.

"Do you feel inclined to tell me about your ill news?" I say, gently, going over to him, and putting my hand on his shoulder.

"I have been making so many guesses, as to what it can be."

"Have you?" he says, looking up. "I dare say. Well, I will tell you. Do you remember—I dare say you do not—my once mentioning to you that I had some property in the West Indies—in Antigua?"

I nod.

"To be sure I do; I recollect I had not an idea where Antigua was, and I looked out for it at once in Tou Tou's atlas."

"Well, a fortnight—three weeks ago—it was when we were in Dresden, I had a letter telling me of the death of my agent out there. I knew nothing about him personally—had never seen him—but he had long been in my poor brother's employment, and was very highly thought of by him."

"Poor brother!" think I; well, thank Heaven! at least he has not revived; he would not be 'poor' if he had, but I say only, "Yes?" with a delicately interrogative accent.

"And to-day comes this letter!"—(pulling one out of his pocket)—"telling me that, how that his affairs have been looked into, they are found to be in the greatest confusion—that he has died bankrupt, in fact; and not only that, but that he has been cheating me right and left for years, and appropriating the money which ought to have been spent on the estate to his own uses; and, as misfortunes never come single, I also hear"—(unfolding the sheet, and glancing rather disconsolately over it)—"that there has been a hurricane, which has destroyed nearly all the sugar-canes."

The thought of *Job* and his successive misfortunes instantly occurs to me—the Sabians, the Chaldeans, the great wind from the wilderness—but, being a little doubtful as to his example having a consoling effect, with some difficulty, and at the cost of a great pressure exercised on myself, I abstain from mentioning him.

"To make a long story short," continues Sir Roger, "and not to bother you with unnecessary details—"

"But indeed they would not bother me," interrupt I, eagerly, putting my hand through his arm, and turning my face anxiously up to him: "I should enjoy hearing them. I wish you would not think that all sensible, sober things bother me."

"My dear," he says, gently pinching my cheek, "I think nothing of the kind, but I know that not all the explanations in the world will alter the result, which is, that I shall not get a farthing from the property this year, and very likely not next either."

"You do not say so!" cry I, trying to impart a tragic tone to my voice, and only hoping that my face looks more distressed and agitated than it feels.

To tell the truth, I am mightily relieved. At this period of my history, money troubles seem to me the lightest and airiest of all afflictions. I have sat down, and Sir Roger is walking up and down, with a restlessness unlike his usual repose; on his face there is a vexed and thwarted look, that is unfamiliar to me. The old parrot sits in the sun, outside the cage, scratching his head, and chuckling to himself. Tou Tou's voice comes ringing from the garden. It has a tone of mingled laughter and pain, which tells me that she is undergoing severe and searching discipline at the hands of Bobby.

"I suppose," say I, presently, speaking diffidently, "that that is all. Of course I do not mean to say that it is not very bad, but is there nothing worse?"

"Is it not bad enough?" he asks, half laughing. "What did you expect?"

"You know," say I, hesitatingly, "I have not an idea how well off you are; I mean, how much a year you have. Merely as I am"—(laughing nervously)—"I never thought of asking you; but I suppose even if the earth were to open and swallow Antigua—even if there were no such things as West Indies—we should still have money enough to buy us bread and cheese, should we not?"

"Well, it is to be hoped so," he answers, a gleam of amusement flashing like a little sunshiny arrow across his vexation; it would be a bad lookout for you and me, would it not, considering the size of our appetites, if we should not?"

A little pause. Tou Tou's voice again. The anguish has conquered the laughter, and is now mixed with a shrill treble wrath. Polly is alternately barking like Vick and laughing with a quiet amusement at his own performance.

"Do you think," say I, still airing my opinions with timidity, as one that has no great opinion of their worth, "that it does one much good to be rich beyond a certain point?—that a large establishment, for instance, gives one much pleasure? I am sure it does not in *our* case; if you were to know the number of nails that the servants and their iniquities have knocked into mother's coffin—yes, and father's too."

"Have they?" (a little absently). He is still pacing up and down restlessly—to and fro—along and across—he that is usually so

innocent of fidget or fuss. "Nancy," he says, half seriously, half in playful jest, "if you want a thing done, do it yourself; mind that all your life. I am a standing instance of the disadvantage of having let other people do it for me. The fact is, I ought to have gone out there long ago to look after things myself."

"If you had been there, you could not have stopped the hurricane coming, any more than Canute could stop the waves," says I, filching a piece of history from "Little Arthur," and pushing it to the front.

He smiles.

"Not the hurricane—no; but the hurricane was the lesser evil. I might have done something to avert, or at least, lessen the greater one. To tell the truth, I meant to have gone out there t is spring—had, indeed, almost fixed upon a day for starting, when—*you* stopped me."

"Yes," he says, pausing in his walk in front of me, and looking at me with a face full of sunshine, content, and laughter; a face whence hurricanes, West Indies, agents have altogether fled; "you called me a 'beast,' and the expression startled me so much—I suppose from not being used to it—that it sent the West Indies, yes, and the East ones too, clean out of my head."

"I hope," say I, anxiously, "that you will never tell any one that I said that. They would think that I was in the habit of calling people 'beasts,' and indeed—indeed, I very seldom use so strong a word, even to Bobby."

"Well," he says, not heeding my request; not, I am sure, hearing it, and resuming his walk, "what is done cannot be undone, so there is no use whining about it, Nancy" (again stopping before me, and this time taking my face in his two hands). "Will you mind much, or will you not? do you ever mind anything much, I wonder" (eagerly and wistfully scanning my face, as if trying to read my character through the mask of my pale skin, and small and unremarkable features). "Well there is no help for it—I did not do then, I must go now."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Morsels for Sunkay Contemplations.**

Show may easily be purchased, but happiness is a home-made article.

The devil always either comes himself or sends some one when you call for him.

A grumbler says there is one thing which can always be found, and that is fault.

Woman is the Sunday of man, not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.

The hardest thing in the world is not to feel that the lie told about your neighbor is the truth.

Choose a high aim, work for it with promptness, persistence, patience and intensity, and believe in it with all your soul.

We count too often only the rosary of our outward prosperities, and measure our gratitude too much by the shining pearls of our successes.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

Lying is like trying to hide in a fog. I-you move about you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth; as soon as the fog blows up you are gone anyhow.

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs:—"Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

The clearness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view; as when a stream shows the dirt at its bottom, it shows also the transparency of the water.

Some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind providence gives to drink, though near the bottom of the cup, may, as is said of the Roman of old, have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, mostly pearls.

I am, and lately I was not. But whence? How? Where? The answer lies round, written in all colors and motions; uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail; in thousand, thousand-voiced, harmonious nature! But where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? Creation lies before us like a glorious rainbow; but the sun that made it lies behind us, is hidden from us.

## The American Dollar Mark.

There are a number of theories for the origin of the American dollar mark. One is that it is a combination of U. S., the initials for the United States; another that it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called "a pie of eight," and designated by the character 88. The third theory is that it is a combination of the P and S, from the Spanish *peso duro*, which signifies "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts *peso* is contracted by writing the S over the P, and placing it over the sum. But the best explanation is that "it is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the sign is to be found, of course, in the associations of the Spanish dollar. On the reverse of the coin is a representation of the pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar is a scroll, with inscription, 'Plus Ultra.' This device in course of time has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for the American as well as Spanish dollars—\$. The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle."

The total eclipse on the 6th of May next will last six minutes, and no longer one will probably occur within the next hundred years. It will be partially visible in many places, but few will see it in its entirety, as its path lies almost entirely through the ocean, touching at nowhere but at a little island in the South Pacific called Caroline Island, which is out of the track of any established commerce or travel. The French Government has determined to send an expedition to that island, and it is probable that a grand international gathering of astronomers will meet there to take part in this scientific quest.



## Facts Worth Remembering.

Sudden deaths do not come from heart disease, one case in twenty, but from congestion of the lungs or brain, or from apoplexy. More die from congestion of the lungs than of the brain, and more of congestion of the brain than from apoplexy.

Sudden death from heart disease is usually caused by rupture of some large artery near the heart; from congestion of the lungs, by instantly stopping the breath; from congestion of the brain, by causing pressure on the brain which paralyzes and instantly destroys life; from apoplexy, by hemorrhage in the brain.

Heart disease most frequently results from neglected or improperly treated rheumatism. It more often follows mild rheumatism than the severe kind, because severe rheumatism receives prompt treatment, while the mild form is often neglected and left to work its way to the heart.

Persons who suppose themselves suffering from heart disease because they have pain in the region of the heart, or palpitation, seldom have any disease of that organ. In nine cases out of ten, they are sufferers from dyspepsia—nothing more. Congestion of the lungs is most frequently caused by a sudden change from the heat of an ill-ventilated room, or railroad car, or horse car, to a cold air outside, without being protected by sufficient clothing; hence, many persons thus seized drop dead in the streets.

Congestion of the brain most frequently results from trouble and anxiety of mind producing sleeplessness, followed by the engorgement of the small blood vessels of the brain, sudden loss of vital power and almost instant death. Apoplexy may be an inherited disease, or it may be induced by too free living, or its opposite, too great abstinence. Paralysis may affect only a small portion of the body, from a finger or toe to an entire limb or it may disable half the body, or the whole body, when death soon follows. When half the body is affected by paralysis, we may be certain that the seat of the disease is in the opposite side of the brain, because nerve fibres cross. Partial paralysis is often temporary when caused by the rupture of a small blood vessel, if the clot is got rid of by absorption or otherwise.

Although this is a disease that all classes of people are liable to, its most destructive work is done among the depraved and dissipated. There is no doubt that the habitual use of tobacco is one of the most prominent causes of paralysis and other nerve diseases.

A severe cold can be soonest cured by remaining within doors, in a warm room, and near the fire, until all signs of it have disappeared. Then care should be taken to prevent a relapse by having the feet warmly clad, and the whole body, and particularly the chest and the back of the neck, well covered when going out.

A recent cough will almost always yield to the following treatment within two or three days: Mix in a bottle four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water, two grains of morphine. Shake well. Dose for an adult, one to two teaspoonfuls every two or three hours. Half this quantity for children from ten to fifteen years. It is not safe to give it to infants or children under ten years of age.

To stop bleeding, if from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork into the proper form and size to cover the bleeding cavity, and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed. This, we believe, is our own invention, and we have never known it to fail. It has served us in desperate cases.

When an artery is cut, the red blood spurts out at each pulsation. Press the thumb firmly over the artery near the wound, and on the side near the heart. Press hard enough to stop the bleeding, and wait till a physician comes. The wounded person is often able to do this himself if he has the requisite knowledge.

Simple fractures may be adjusted by almost any one. Get the limb as nearly as possible in the natural position, and then send for the doctor. There is no great urgency in such cases.

In fracture of the skull, with compression and loss of consciousness, examine the wound, and, if possible, raise the broken edges of the skull so as to relieve the pressure on the brain. Prompt action will often save life.

In cases of poisoning the simple rule is to get the poison out of the stomach as soon as possible. Mustard and salt act promptly as emetics, and they are always at hand. Stir a tablespoonful in a glass of water, and let the person swallow it quickly. If it does not cause vomiting in five minutes, repeat the dose. After vomiting, give the whites of two or three eggs, and send for the doctor.

Burns and scalds are soonest relieved by an application of cold water. Dry carbonate of soda, or baking soda, sprinkled over the burned spot, is the latest remedy, and is said to be very effective. These means are only temporary. In severe cases a physician should be sent for.—*Half's Journal of Health.*

## Treatment of Ulcers.

Dr. J. Whitson, in "Notes on the Treatment of Ulcers" (Practitioner, January, p. 20), remarks that the application of a specially prepared sand to granulating sores has been tried for some time with success, and that it possesses the advantage, since it absorbs the discharge, of seldom requiring removal, so that healing can proceed without interruption. This sand is prepared as follows: It is first heated to a temperature capable of destroying all organic particles. It is then soaked in a solution of 1 part bichloride of mercury in 1,000 parts of water. After this the mixture is placed in bottles and can be used when required. This mode of treating ulcers is not new, the sandy earth of the termite ants having been long used for this purpose by the natives of the West Coast of Africa. This substance was sometimes imported by Mr. T. Christy, under the name of "termit earth," for trial in this country, but whether it possesses any antiseptic properties derived from the white ants is not known.

The cereal harvest of the United Kingdom last year was grown over an acreage of—wheat, 3,004,000; barley, 2,255,000; oats, 2,833,000. These areas, compared with those of 1881, are about 9 per cent. increase wheat, 7.7 decrease barley, 2.3 decrease oats.

## A Nihilist Manifesto.

The Moscow correspondent of the Vienna *Tagblatt* says that the Nihilists have circulated numerous copies of a pretended imperial manifesto to the Russian people on the occasion of the coming coronation. The document is printed in similar type and on similar paper to that of the genuine manifesto; it also bears the same date, and is an exact copy of it in all respects, except as regards the last paragraph, for which the following words are substituted: "You will at the same time announce to our faithful subjects that we have graciously decided that all the land which is now in the possession of the nobility and the rich shall be divided in equal parts among all our faithful subjects; that all the taxes hitherto levied shall be abolished and replaced by others imposing just and moderate burdens on all classes in proportion to their wealth; that the whole of the standing army shall be disbanded and replaced by a small landwehr; and that all government appointments shall be abolished, and replaced by such appointments as may be created by the committee. We have already issued the necessary orders, and we call upon all our faithful subjects to assist us in carrying them out."

Gen. Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced. Tecumseh always was a reckless cuss, much given to cutting away from his base and depending on the country for his supplies as he went along.

Mr. Tilton of South Norwich writes:—Two years ago I suffered with Rheumatism. I was helpless and so bad that I was not out of my chair for seven days and nights only when helped. I could not lie in bed for pain. I took eight 25-cent bottles of Rheumatic Repellent, and was cured so I had no return of it. I worked hard on farm ever since, and advise all troubled with the horrid disease to use this remedy.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.

CATARH—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A young child died in Oregon, recently, from swallowing the leaves of an anemone. We always held that dates should be eaten in small quantities.

## Important.

When you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Hebrews are liberally represented on the Paris Bourse. Among the leading brokers are forty-four German and thirty-five French Jews.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

An old captain on the lakes used to be called "Sinbad, the Sailor," till he lost a vessel; now they name him "Sinbad, the Sinner."

A RUN FOR LIFE—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

"My son," said an American father, "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father, I'm not able to keep two women. If I'd marry a Yankee girl I'd have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the great specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaints.

The curlew is still rung at many towns in England, and at Ripon a horn is blown at 9 p. m., in memory of the presentation to the city of a horn, still extant, by King Alfred.

No. 9.

## SETTLERS

Going to Manitoba, the Great North-West, California, Oregon, British Columbia, Dakota, Minnesota, or Nebraska. Can get a Map, Guide, and Descriptive Pamphlet, and a list of Settlers, at a cost of 10 cents, by applying to the Department of Emigration, 35 York Street, Toronto. W. H. CALLAWAY, Manager.

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VESSELS FOR SALE OR CHARTER—schooners, Craftsmen, Feluccas, Heracles and Erie Ware; all A. vessels and in good condition. Apply to W. Y. EMERY, Port Burwell, Ont.

STOCK BROKER. GEORGE W. HAMILTON, Member Montreal Stock Exchange, 13 Hospital Street, Montreal.

Ontario Agricultural College.

## SPRING TERM

will commence on the 16th April. Examinations for admission on 17th April. For circular giving full information, apply to JAMES MILLIS, President.

Guelph, March 21 '83.

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DEAR DR. NASH,—I thank you for my present excellent health, after your successful treatment. Bronchitis, with a complete loss of voice, so prostrated and annoyed me, until after treatment with some of the most eminent medical talent, and without success, I resolved to avail myself of your services, and can now say that my health was never so well. I attribute my present good health to your system of inhalations, and constitutional remedies.

Sincerely yours, T. M. HENNESSY, Toronto, Dec. 16, 1882. Dep. F. Works, Ont.

Personal examination is preferred after which you can be treated at home. If impossible to call, write for Questions and Circular. Consultation free. Fees Moderate.

S. L. NASH, M.D., M.C.P.S.O. "TORONTO PULMONARIUM," 123 Church-St., Toronto, Ontario

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One of the greatest triumphs of American inventiveness has been the Waterbury Watch.

After seven years of patient study, and not without some failures, the Waterbury Watch Company have produced an article that is absolutely unique for cheapness and practical service. The machinery of the Waterbury Watch has been reduced to a simplicity never before hoped for. By omitting the second-hand—which is of no importance as far as practical time keeping is concerned—the watch is now produced with only 40 pieces in the whole works. Hence its cheapness, strength and durability, and its capacity for standing "hard service" when compared with all lowest retail price of the watch is \$5, and it is often sold by village jewellers as high as \$12, but by a special arrangement with the manufacturers we are prepared to give it as a premium to all new yearly subscribers to TRUTH for \$4.35. We can produce by the thousand testimonials of the most undoubted value as to the unsurpassed time-keeping qualities of the Waterbury Watch. Money refunded if watch is not as represented.

TRUTH is now a 24-page paper, and contains each week one of the newest popular pieces of full-sized music, full illustrations of the current fashions, an amusement column of draughts, &c., with stories and the best current literature; and the subscription price is only \$1.50 per year, as formerly. Such value has never before been given in a watch and newspaper. Send five cents to-day for a sample copy of TRUTH, containing description of the watch. By perusing a sample copy you will admit that TRUTH alone is worth the amount of both the subscription price and premium. Intending subscribers will note that we still hold open our offer of the silver-plated butter-knife free to each new yearly subscriber to TRUTH at \$1.50. For five dollars we will send the Watch, the Butter Knife and Truth for one year, with 6 cents to pay postage on knife. This knife is ordinarily retailed at from \$1 to \$1.50. I give it FREE to each yearly subscriber. Instead of the Butter Knife we have a very handsome Vest Chain which we will send, along with the watch, for the even five dollars.

Address S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, Toronto.

N. B.—Always send six three cent stamps to pay postage and registration on the watch.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the Waterbury Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that beautiful metal Nickel Silver; its works are the best make, and the general style of the case ranks it with the best Silver Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction.

Other watches. Several recent improvements (such as having the movements on a solid plate and placing the regulator entirely inside the face cap) have caused an immense increase in the sale of this wonderful watch. The factory now turns out 1,000 Watches Per Day. The Waterbury Watch is made of a new nickel silver which is warranted to wear white as when new, and each watch is sent out in a neat satin-lined case with pamphlet containing full explanations of its construction. These explanations are themselves a guarantee of the genuineness of the watch, if their immense sale during the past two years were not a sufficient evidence. The lowest retail price of the watch is \$5, and it is often sold by village jewellers as high as \$12, but by a special arrangement with the manufacturers we are prepared to give it as a premium to all new yearly subscribers to TRUTH for \$4.35. We can produce by the thousand testimonials of the most undoubted value as to the unsurpassed time-keeping qualities of the Waterbury Watch. Money refunded if watch is not as represented.

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