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for three weeks, both of us sending lingering glances around as we quitted the dreary dream-like haunt, and accompanied by the negro walked to the boat.

"Our sail will make a brilliant signal," exclaimed Miss Grant, "if a ship should come within view of it."

"Yes," said I, "that was the thought in me when I hoisted it."

I was startled by a sudden exclamation from Miss Grant, who sat near me bending over the side. She pointed down into the water, shrinking a little as she did so, with an expression of consternation glittering in her glance and dilating her eyes as she looked round at me. I peered over and saw immediately below, scarce six feet deep in the clear, blue, glass-like profound the long dark form of a great shovel-nosed shark, with the upper barb of his tail rounding out like a sythe, the whole outline absolutely motionless, without a tremor in its fins that I could witness, though we were sliding along at some two or three miles in the hour, and the thing kept its position as though it were our shadow. For the life of me I could not help a sudden recoil. It was as big and ugly a monster of the kind as I had ever seen, and by simulating as it were, the reflection of our boat, furnished an appalling mockery to our imagination—to mine at least, which instantly went to work to construe the grim and foul adumbration to a foreshadowing of our fate.

But I pulled myself together quickly, and said, "One cannot sail these waters without sights of this kind happening. Stop! he must be routed out of this."

I took an oar and plunged it harpoon-wise at the brute, and struck him fair on the back. Ugh! the touch, the feel of it threw me into a cold sweat.

"If you are in the least degree timid—it is not too late. We can be ashore in an hour," I exclaimed.

"I am not timid," she replied; "the sight of that great fish frightened me. Why should we return? Here is our chance for escaping; why should we neglect it?"

"True; but often bitter perils and privations attend attempts of this kind," I rejoined. "Your life is dear to me, Miss Grant; her lips stirred, but I could not catch what she said. 'Is it right,' I continued, 'that I should subject you to the risks and exposure of such a venture as this? I may have acted in too great a hurry, scarcely shown any prudence in my hot desire to break from that jail there. This proposal now occurs to me. Let us return to the island. The negro will help me in my new plan. Here is a boat in which he or I may every day row or sail into the southward, which is apparently the navigated tract of these waters, and it will be strange indeed if we do not meet with some vessel before long to which we can make our condition known.'

"You would take me with you on such excursions?"

"No need. I should leave you on the island until we could obtain help."

She shook her head. "No," she exclaimed, slowly, with great emphasis; and then she added, "Imagine the evening to come one day and no sign of your boat. The night passes, and the next day and then weeks pass, and I am still alone. Oh, Mr. Musgrave, how can you suggest such a thing?"

"Be it so," I said; "we are together, and together we will remain—at least for the present." I added, cooling down my voice suddenly to check the ardency of it. She made no answer.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DAY OF PERIL.

By four o'clock in the afternoon I reckoned the island to be about two leagues distant, scarcely visible, so low it lay save when the slide of the boat to the brow of the swell showed it "dipping," as they say at sea—just a blot of indigo blue upon the gleam running to it, and against the whitish azure behind. At about this hour the small scorching breeze, which had held fairly steady from the north-west since early morning, died away.

I had put the boat's head round for the southward a little time before the stark calm fell, but without her measuring a quarter of a mile of water in the time, I should say, so faint grew the breeze while slowly slackening into breathlessness. I said to Miss Grant that I could not imagine it hotter in the most scorching circle of Dante's Inferno.

Miss Grant made no complaint. It was seldom that I met her eye, but that she had a smile.

I lowered the sail to save the chafe of it and carrying a bunch of plantains into the stern sheets, made with Miss Grant, a little supper of them, helped with a bit of cold turtle.

Hark! what was that? We both started. A strange sound came sweeping over the polished brows of the undulating water, as though some steamer at the distance of a mile or so were letting off steam at irregular respiratory intervals. It was a long, seething, blowing noise, followed by the sharp, showering sound of water foaming into water from the height of a cataract. It was right astern of us. I turned and peered into the dinness there but could see nothing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

French joke—"How was it that the Judge granted your divorce before ever reading your petition?" "He was my wife's first husband."

Mr Editor:

I see by THE REVIEW dated Feb. 5 that our little raving maniac has assumed two different titles in his writings. One is the letter T. (very small letter for such a large minded man.) The other is Jean or John. Does he wish to name himself after the Hon. Sir John A. Mc. Well, I cannot blame him, he has been trying so long to get on the list with the nobility. Who knows but that our little man may yet come to be something higher than a hemlock bark piller. Peace and harmony had reigned supreme here until this little destroyer of peace arrived. Now he fills the newspapers with nonsensical things about Rogersville; predicting it will become famous. No doubt it will, if he is allowed to remain in it much longer. His relatives, I presume, have given him up long ago, therefore we cannot reproach them for his doings. ULTIMUS.

Rogersville Feb. 6, 1891.

What Boston Would Gain.

Boston Transcript: "What Boston would gain by reciprocity with Canada was told by Sir Richard Cartwright in the following sentence: 'In one word give free trade with Canada, and you are at one stride, from the position in some respects of a frontier city, with no great extent of trade territory secured to you, to that of a central entrepot, with the practical monopoly of a great region behind you, whose commerce no man can take away from you.'

A Particularly Hard Case.

Some time ago two children of William Cyphus were taken ill with diphtheria, one of whom died. The mother nursed the children through their illness and finally became ill herself from over exertion. She was subsequently removed to the Victoria hospital. A short time ago her husband strained himself while working at his trade boiler making. The strain caused a tumor to grow in his side near one of his lungs. He was taken to the hospital on the 2nd inst. and died on Saturday. A short time previous to his death his wife, who was in another ward ill, was wheeled to where her husband lay to bid him a last good-bye.—Hx. Mail.

Don't Hear Everything.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should set our ears, and hear no more. If, in a quiet voyage of life, we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor should furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were brought to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.

A despatch to Sackville announces that two young men of that place, one a son of J. T. Carter, the other a son of Captain Reuben Purdy, were drowned in the Pacific at Vancouver, by being washed overboard from a steamer during the night. The young men left Sackville about a year ago. Captain Purdy is in Vancouver at present.

A horrible story comes from the woods near Poplar Point, 50 miles west of Winnipeg and is brought in by Harry Robinson, son of the owner of a wood camp. A young Englishman and a companion were chopping wood a few miles from the camp, and in felling a tree the former's leg was badly injured. His companion started to carry him to camp on his back, but becoming tired after going a mile, he left the injured man while he hastened to camp for assistance. He returned with others in about an hour, and they were horrified to find only a few of the unfortunate man's bones in the place where he had been left. He had been devoured by wolves, which invest the district. Young Robinson didn't learn the man's name.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain even a briar or thorn which nature could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyment are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no idleness can taste them. They flow only from exertions which repay the labourer.

November 28, The British steamer Thanemore, Capt. Batcher, left Baltimore for London. She has not arrived and is supposed to have been lost. She carried a crew of 34 persons, and had also 12 catmen on board.

The Many

Remarkable cures of Catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are conclusive proofs that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, needing only this searching and powerful alternative to thoroughly eradicate it.

"I have suffered for years from catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. None of the remedies I took afforded me any relief, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I began to take this medicine last spring, and am now entirely free from that disgusting disease. My appetite has returned, and I am once more strong and healthy."—Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany street, Boston Highlands, Boston, Mass.

"My son—now fifteen years of age—was troubled for a long time with catarrh, in its worst form, through the effects of which his blood became poisoned. About a year ago he began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, has taken seven bottles of it, and is now entirely well."—D. P. Kerr, Big Spring, Ohio.

"I was cured of a long-standing catarrh by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—James J. Dougherty, Company G., 13th Infantry, Fort Wingate, N. M.

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LOW PRICES.

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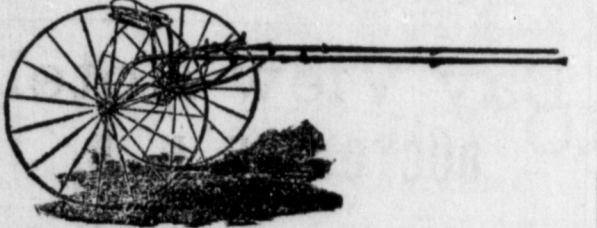
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Why?

Because of its strength, loss-paying power, and record for fair and honorable dealing.

Statement January 1st, 1890—

Cash Capital, \$2,000,000 00

Reserve for Unadjusted Losses, 254,323 43

Reserve for Red-Insurance, 1,749,243 41

NET SURPLUS, 1,201,233 39

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Daily Mail

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Good Livery Stable in connection.

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I use the best of Stock.

My work has been tested and not found

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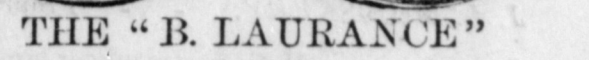
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Pebble, or optical glass especially manu-

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