POETRY.

THE FARMER'S BOW OF PROMISE.

Most of the farmers toiled onward,
In the old ruts day by day,
Never thinking, never dreaming,
There was another way.

In oblivion were they shrouded,
Dark the clouds above them hung,
Till a few more brave than others
Off their iron fetters flung.

"We have made a stand for freedom,
Will you join us," was their cry,
"Or will you linger back in serfdom
Till the very day you die?"

Then there was a slow uprising,
From the east and from the west,
Each one doubting in his weakness
That 'twould all be for the best.

But to-day there is no doubting
Of the farmers in the fight,
They say the Grange is their bow of promise,
And that "right will win, not might."

Brightly doth this bow of promise,
O'er the homes of farmers bend,
Tinging all their clouds with brightness,
Bringing beauty without end.

SELECT STORY.

SEVILLE TOWERS TRAGEDY.

By the author of 'The Gypsy's Revenge,' 'A Woman Scorned,' etc.

CHAPTER I.

PATTY CURTIS was an attractive-looking girl. Not, strictly speaking, pretty; far from that, according to beauty's standard, but honest and straightforward-looking A girl, whom, from her very expression, you could trust; healthy-shinned, amiable, with a medium-sized figure, trim and neat. She had soft, grey eyes, and her smile was very prepossessing; yet at twenty-two, Patty had never received one offer.

The Curtis' resided in Holgate Road, a little beyond North street, Pimlico. It was not a fashionable terrace by any means, but it was away from the shops by about a five minutes' walk, and so Mrs. Curtis chose to call it aristocratic. Mr. Curtis was a third-rate clerk in a wholesale firm, and Mrs. Curtis, to 'eke out a little,' carried on, much against her husband's desire, dressmaking for such classes as did not require the top of fashion. With her earnings she first educated her two girls, and afterwards, when they had learnt as much as there was to be picked up at Miss Grindstone's, which was little enough, she dressed them and herself in cheap, stylish attire, that is, as far as the funds would allow, and to be strictly veracious, she and Patty, who worked for the money, came in for a less share than did Edna, the younger Miss Curtis, who was the beauty of the family.

It must not be supposed that because Patty had never had an offer, it necessarily followed that she had never loved any man. On the contrary, she had felt various penchants at different periods of her life; but latterly they had merged into one over-whelming love for a handsome young artist, who, lodging some doors off, had managed through mutual understanding, to get an introduction. As she stood before her glass, surveying her tidy costume of neat brown merino, set off with its snowy white collar and cuffs—her own getting up, and a pretty bow of bright blue at her throat, a smile overspread her features, She was thinking of Jim Hare, and her thoughts were pleasant ones; moreover, she was satisfied with her own appearance.

"Patty, Patty, where are you?"

"I am coming mother," answered the girl brightly, and suiting the action to her words, she ran downstairs quickly, and almost into the arms of a young man, who was waiting for her in the narrow hall.

"Oh Jim," she exclaimed, remonstratingly, her face all blushes.

He was a tall, dark young fellow, with olive complexion and jetty hair and eyelashes. His face was a perfect oval, almost too good looking for a man. But Patty did not think so. In her eyes Jim Hare was perfection.

"Are not you glad to see me, Patty?"

"Very; but surprised too——"

"Did not Edna tell you she had asked me to call on my way to my skylight studio?"

"Edna! No, what did she want you for?"

Mr. Hare turned towards the window. "I cannot tell," he answered slowly, "and she has gone out." There was silence for a moment—Patty was deliberating. It was so strange of Edna to ask Jim to call, and then to forget it! How could she forget Jim? Ah! Patty thought she had solved the enigma. Edna had guessed her secret, and, anxious to do her a kindness, had asked Jim to call.

"I am coming to-night, Patty," the young fellow went on, after a brief silence. "You are not angry."

"Angry—indeed, no!"

"Then do you care for me, dearest," he whispered, with his lips close to her ear, for he was at her side again, and she trembled more than before as she felt his arm stealing round her waist; "You are not angry, Patty—will you be my——"

"Mother wants you in the sewing-room," broke in Edna's voice at that important juncture. "Ah!—I hope I have not intruded," she added, smiling at Jim, a little mockingly, as she paused in the doorway.

Edna was a slim young woman, with very blue eyes, bronze-brown hair, and delicate, wild-rose cheeks, quite a beauty in her way. Though an artist, Jim had hardly ever noticed the fact, but in his gratitude at her diplomacy, and pleasure at being set at his ease again, he began to see that Miss Edna was really a most charming young lady; and after an hour's conversation, which slipped away like five minutes, and an afternoon which followed, spent in shopping (quite Edna's suggestion), it dawned upon him that he had been premature in his offer to Patty, and that it would be well to 'look before he leaped,' and from that day, the Curtis domicile saw less and less of Jim Hare, though Edna managed to meet him frequently—only by accident, of course.

A week passed thus, till Patty began to wonder if anything had happened to Jim. It never struck her that her sister would behave so treacherously, and having but little time at her leisure, she was not out to see. But suspense at Jim's delayed proposal, at last got the better of her. She recalled his looks of love—his words that had nearly made her sure of becoming his happy wife, and feeling convinced that nothing but the most disastrous illness could have kept him away from her, she donned her hat and ran down the road to his lodgings.

"Mr. Hare! He is well enough miss," answered the landlady. "What name shall I say, please?"

"Patty Curtis."

"Curtis! Any relation to the young lady who comes here to see him sometimes? But no; you are not alike. She has got just the sort of a face that artists rave about. Selina—she's my daughter, came across a little painting of her, roughly done, but there's no mistaking it. Are you ill miss?" the woman added for poor Patty had gone white to the lips, and was trembling in every limb.

"Thanks, thanks," she answered hastily; I need not keep you standing here any longer."

She never knew how she got home. She went into the house, going straight to her sister.

"Edna," she exclaimed chokingly, "can this be true that I have heard? While I was trying to account for Jim's absence, wondering this thing, fearing that—and you knew it—you have been with him daily—you——"

Edna laughed.

"What harm is there if I have met Jim when I've gone out?" she said carelessly. "It is not my fault if he does wait for me, is it?"

"Jim never does wait for you," retorted Patty, her face deathly white. "I know how it has been, but I could have borne it if you had told me he was well, and—and——"

"Patty, if I were you," broke in Edna complacently, "I'd not throw myself at Jim's head. He does not care for it; he——"

"Oh come, Edna!" broke in Mrs. Curtis, a short stout woman, with a homely countenance, "that's not Patty's way, at any rate. I do hope you'll be kind, and not coax him away from her, because he was fond of her—I could see it."

"He is not fond now," said Edna.

Patty, beside herself with contending emotions, burst out of the house to try and walk off some of the mists that seemed to obscure her brain, and tried to think of some plan by which she might set things straight again with Jim. For she would not give him up to Edna so tamely.

Alas for poor Patty! She had not gone far, when she saw Jim Hare approaching. She hastened her steps, eager to reach his side, but saw that he intended to avoid and ignore her.

Sobs rushed into her throat. Jim running away!—Jim who had always before hurried to meet her!

He turned the corner of North street, and she lost sight of him. Her heart was as heavy as lead, but worse trouble was coming. She went on some way without looking up, for she did not care for persons whom she met to see tears in her eyes; but happening to raise them, she thought she saw her father coming towards her in the distance.

"Tears not only blind people," she commented, lifting her hand and dashing them aside, "but they distort objects. It is not likely that father would be out of Maylands at this hour of the day. He, but surely it is father."

And then, before she could run forward to meet him, a ghastly thing happened, something that held her rooted to the spot, with terror in her face. Her father, in his meek, quiet way, with head bent down, was walking leisurely along the pavement. As he passed a shop, a man rushed out and nearly knocked against him. He was pursued by another man, who carried a heavy hatchet in his. This was raised and cleft down on to the brain of the man who had rushed out. A second time the iron implement was lifted, but ere it could descend, Mr. Curtis, with raised hand, turned to remonstrate. His remonstrance, if uttered, was ineffectual, for he but received on his own head, the fell blow that was intended for the other, and slipped to the ground.

At that instant Patty's tongue was loosed. An awful cry from her rent the air. She flew forward, and before the hastily collected crowd could close round her father's prostate body, she was kneeling beside him.

He was dead—dead in that second of time. She could not realise it.

"Father—dear father, speak!" she cried.

But Mr. Curtis would never speak again. The crowd knew it, and she would have to be told. Patty Curtis discovered, in one and the same hour, that she had lost both her father and her lover, the one by a strange and assassin hand, the other by subtle and strategic deceit, planned and carried out by the sister whom she had loved and trusted.

CHAPTER II.

"I trust Ernest Plaitt will positively take 'no' for an answer this time, at any rate," observed Edna Curtis, discontentedly. "How tiresome people can make themselves. He will persist in haunting me still."

She sank wearily into a chair, and with a peevish, impatient look, picked up the skirt upon which her unwilling attention had to be given. Great changes had come over the Curtis family with Mr. Curtis' sudden death, and, if they wished to keep a roof over their head, they would all have to work. Patty was the most altered. People said she had felt her father's death most. In one way, perhaps she had; she had witnessed it, and the shock had told greatly on her. Yet it was not altogether her father's death that had brought so sad an expression to her youthful face. She was secretly grieving over Jim's faithlessness and Edna's treachery to herself.

"You might do worse than accept Ernest," said Mrs. Curtis with a sigh. "Few girls would have refused him in your position, and there is Jim Hare. Can you not be satisfied with him?"

"Has Jim pro—posed to—to Edna?" Patty asked tremulously.

"He has Patty; I don't see why you should not know it. I told Edna she should tell you."

"Jim—pro—posed, and—you refused—him?"

"Such a thing is possible, you see," Edna responded, looking up with an unpleasant smile, "we are not all in love with Jim Hare if you are."

"There is no reading Edna," said Mrs. Curtis tearfully. "What an unfortunate day it was for us when your father died. Just his luck to be killed by mistake for some one else. What we are going to do, year after year, I cannot think. Our only prospect of improvement is through Edna."

"I may as well tell you mother, that I am going to see Mr. Seville," Edna said with slow distinctiveness. "Don't look surprised," she added. "It is nothing extraordinary, I have been several times. He is pleased to see me. He talks as though father's sacrifice had been premeditated. He is going to do something for us, I don't know what yet. Perhaps let me live at his pretty place, Seville Towers."

"He quite understands that with your father's death, we have lost over a hundred a year?"

"Trust me, I pictured our misery in dismal colors, and the fearful straits we are put to. Oh, I can forestall your question Patty. The reason I never told you about my interviews with Mr. Seville before, was to save you all suspense, but now that I have made a favorable impression——"

"Is he smitten already?" asked foolish Mrs. Curtis.

"Mr. Seville is married," interposed Patty with a sigh.

"Mr. Seville married!" reiterated Edna sharply, "and pray who told you so? I don't beleve it for a minute."

"But I feel sure it is true. I heard Mr. Bibby telling someone that Mrs. Seville was too ill to come to him at the time of the accident."

"Oh, I don't want to hear the domestic almanack of the Seville family gone through. He asked me to go to-day, and if he had not, I am going. He is our gold fish, and we must get as much out of him as we can."

"I hope Edna may be successful," observed Mrs. Curtis to Patty, when they were alone. "It is very good of her putting herself out for the family."

Mr. Bibby did not intend to let Edna have access to Mr. Seville, it being contrary both to the invalid's wishes and also to the doctor's commands. Edna was even more determined to have her way.

"What do you mean?" she demanded angrily. "I have come specially by Mr. Seville's request. He knows what gratitude is, if you don't."

"You ought to know your own business best, miss, of course," retorted Mr. Bibby nonchalantly, "but if I were you, I'd—there she's gone. Tom," to his man, show her in a room. She's old Curtis' daughter, and won't go till she's seen the master, that's clear."

Meanwhile, Edna Curtis, with cool audacity, was surveying her surroundings, prying and peeping about over everything, but keeping her face towards the door, lest she might be discovered in her dishonorable occupation.

"Another letter from his dear wife," she said, with a sneer, folding up one sheet and replacing it in its cover, and drawing out another; "and what have we here? A photo—goodness, what a fright! Is it—can it be Mrs. Seville? Great heavens! what fools men make of themselves. Fancy any man marrying an ugly woman of that sort. To transplant her might be easy if——"

She thought she heard a footstep, and dropped letter and photo on to a card-tray. It was only a false alarm, so Edna quickly returned to her scrutiny.

"So it's true he's married. Ugly thing, I hate you," she said, thrusting the photo back into the envelope, and proceeding to read the letter, which certainly had been written for her eyes.

"Own darling Lennox." So his name is Lennox, is it?—not bad. But her Lennox, indeed. Wish I had been there before he became hers, she should never have had him. Six thousand a year if he has a penny, and a woman with a face like a baboon has the handling of it. Iniquitous! "Wants to see his dear smile at home." Indeed, does she? "Sorry the baby," which he never saw, "is dead." Simpleton; why, she ought to be glad. "Alec grows prettier and more winning every day—such a darling, though I think he is puzzled about 'papa.' Gwenny and Nora are getting old enough for a governess, and, when you return, I think we must search out a school for Cardwell. I count the hours to seeing you, my loved Lennox, and if——"

Edna's smile, from being supercilious, passed into a most malignant one. She dropped the letter, and mused.

"She wants a governess, does she? I have it then. Edna, my dear, if you work your cards with tact, you can yet get a footing into Seville Towers. A comfortable home over your head and——"

A slow, heavy footstep was head outside. In an instant, as if the work was not new to her, Edna replaced letter and its contents into their proper place, and was sitting, in a nun-like attitude of patient waiting, on a chair near the fireplace, when the door opened, and Mr. Seville entered.

CHAPTER III.

Seated in the wide embrasure of a window in one of the drawingrooms of Seville Towers were the master and the mistress of the house.

"I am so glad to have you with me again, Lennox," his wife was saying, her hand in his; "it has worried me dreadfully, this catastrophe of yours, and you know, dearest, what grief I felt because I could not come to you. Baby's birth and death were but the outward signs of my anxiety. You think it wonderful, my husband, that you recovered, but you have a more patient spirit than I possess, and bear separation better. However, it is all past now, and you have only to take time to recover. I shall soon nurse you back to health."

"And business," he added, quietly. "You must not forget, Lottie, that Danby, though an excellent substitute, pro tem., is not the master."

Mrs. Seville laid her hand on her husband's mouth, kissing him.

"You shall not think about business till you are better," she said.

She was a square-faced, broad-browed woman, of some forty years. Her features were all good, especially her eyes, yet somehow she left the impression of being plain. Perhaps this was owing to the fact that she not only dressed quietly, not to say unfashionably, but that she wore her hair drawn straight from the forehead, and plaited neatly at the back of her well-shaped head. Then Mrs. Seville was a most unselfish woman, and the time that many devote on themselves and their toilet she gave to those around. Self was never her first consideration. If plain, she had a very pleasing manner. Her husband, though in reality seven years her senior, appeared fully ten her junior. He was tall and sparely built, a great contrast to her figure; his face was pale, and he would have been handsome, only that his chin receded to such an extent that there seemed positively nothing of it. A dark moustache covered a weak, indecisive mouth, but beyond that, taking his face altogether, it was good. He was selfish and exacting, but not unkindly, so long as all went well with him. If he had been the noblest of created beings he could hardly have been more worshipped and looked up to by his wife, and consequently through her by all the household.

"And what do you suggest about Miss Curtis, Lottie?" inquired Mr. Seville, anxiously, after a short silence. "We must not forget, after all, that we owe them a deep debt of gratitude. The attack that proved so disastrous to me, must have ended fatally but for Mr. Curtis', to me, providential intervention. His life was taken for mine; unfortunately for him, he received the blow intended for me. The man owed me the grudge. I almost wish that he had not been too hopelessly insane to have the punishment he deserved," he added, frowning darkly.

Mrs. Seville's face grew grave. She knew well now, by frequent repetitions, the ins and outs of the savage attack that had nearly killed her husband, and which had brought about, in his unknown mediator's case, instantaneous death. Well aware that Mr. Seville leant thoroughly on her wise judgment for advice and counsel, at any rate in domestic affairs, yet unwilling to yield to his suggestion to bring another into the happy home circle to mar its privacy, she scarcely knew how to reply.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sunday Morning.—Wife—Come Robert, Why don't you get up? Your breakfast was ready an hour ago, and its spoiled by this time. Husband—It is? Very well then I don't want it. Call me in season for dinner.

HOW KAFFIRS CROSS STREAMS.

The Kaffirs are great swimmers. They can do things in the water which other boys would look upon with astonishment. For example, a Kaffir boy can ford a stream, shoulder high, running as swiftly as if shot from a torrent. The way they accomplish the feat is this: Just before entering the water they get a huge stone, sometimes as heavy as themselves, and with help of a companion place it upon the head. A weight like this gives the boy balance, and he can keep his footing against the heaviest stream. If he were to drop the stone he would be so light the water would sweep him off his feet. And this is just one of the Kaffir tricks to accomplish things against tide and flood.

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Next Sunday, brethern, said the pastor, I shall preach on the subject: "What Your Neighbors Are Saying About You."

It is recorded that the Rev. Dr. Goodman preached the following Sunday to the largest audience that ever assembled in the church, and hundreds were turned away.

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IT HAD STRUCK IN.

I don't see how in the world you ever got engaged to a red-headed man, Nellie.

I didn't. His hair isn't red, it's golden, and—and his pocket lining's the same color, too.

Really? Oh, isn't that just splendid! What a lucky thing you are!

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Bert—I don't see any use in this geography lesson. Mattie—Why, you goosey, it's of the greatest use. It tells you where to go when you can't get there and describes the country and all that. If we had no geography we'd get lost all over the world.

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Is this the proprietor?

Yes, sir.

Your men did a job of plumbing at my house last week.

Yes?

And there was a mistake in the bill.

I hope not, sir. I——

There was a mistake, sir, of $1 in adding up the figures. Here's the dollar. I always—good heavens! What's the matter? Boy, come here, quick! He's in a fit.

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He—I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss, when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine. She—And was there no bridge or no boat.

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Packed securely in handsome case and expressed to any address, on receipt of price, $8.00, in registered letter, money order or certified check. We guarantee every machine and are glad to answer all enquiries for further information.
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A CAR LOAD
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WALL PAPERS,
And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in
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Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods.
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IT WILL
COME
—AND—
EVERYBODY
—WILL—
Enjoy it!
But you will
Have to ANNOUNCE
The date.
Then when you do, have
IT DONE NICELY.

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We are prepared to do fine printing of every description from a
CALLING CARD
to a
THREE SHEET POSTER
in several colors, and prompt in delivery of the same.
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When you can get one neat and attractive for the
SAME PRICE
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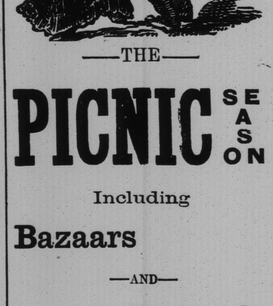

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Including
Bazaars
—AND—
Festivals,
Will soon be here and it will be necessary to have your bills printed cheaply yet in good order.
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