

ment since. Now a young man advances cautiously yet eagerly to where she stands. But Kitty lost in regretful reflections, sees and hears nothing. Of late she has been singularly distant and silent to Gretchen's deep concern. And that now, as Gretchen's deep concern, she has been singularly distant and silent to Gretchen's deep concern.

"Oh, that I could undo the past!" The effect of this speech is magical. Sir John, who has been drawing nearer with a step half fearful yet full of hope and buoyancy, stops short, all the glad expectancy and joy dying from his face. His whole expression changes. He still comes up to her, but slowly and with evident reluctance. All the lightness has gone from his footsteps; he moves heavily—so heavily, that Kitty, turning, with a start, finds herself once again in the presence of her husband.

"You have come!" she says, faintly, turning very white, and grasping the back of the chair to steady herself.

"Yes."

They gaze at each other silently, steadily, marking with eager anxiety the changes wrought during these past miserable months. Blunden's eyes are full of keenest disappointment. To Kitty he appears worn, tired, unlike the careless Jack of by-gone days, that now, in spite of all the bitterness lurking in the remembrance of them, seem so possessed of happiness. He has been suffering, enduring anguish, perhaps for love of her. This thought is passionately sweet. An intense desire to run to him, to take him in her arms, to assure him of her undying affection for him—and him alone—no matter what truth may be in the evil thing that has separated them, fills her breast. Yet some strange awkward fear restrains her and holds her rooted to the spot.

Ever since that first hour when she had voluntarily sent him from her, in her secret heart she has been pining for his moment, yet now that he is at last before her she can find no words to welcome him.

The silence is becoming unbearable. Sir John removes his eyes from hers, looks moodily upon the ground. She, being the woman is naturally the one to break the uncomfortable stillness.

"What has brought you?" she asks, in a tone the colder in that she is struggling with a quick longing to break into tender words.

"A craving to see you again, I suppose," replies he, bitterly. "Madness, was it not? Yet I confess I was guilty of it. I had made up my mind to return even before I heard of—of the child."

"You know of it, then?" murmurs she, with an almost imperceptible glance at the basket behind her.

"Yes. Was it right I should hear of his birth only through the courtesy and good feeling of a stranger?"

"Kitty is silent. His tone is stern and full of reproach. Yes, she has wronged him in this matter. She acknowledges it now. Her head is lowered, her fingers tightly clasped. Could he but know it, her eyes are wet with tears."

"When I did hear it," goes on Blunden, waxing eloquent over his wrongs, "I could hardly believe you had purposely kept me in ignorance of it. It was a cruel act that I could attribute to you; yet, in spite of all, I came home,—perhaps even more to see the mother than the child. I might, apparently, have saved myself the trouble. There is evidently no welcome for me here. I should have done more wisely had I remained abroad. My return has only caused you pain and discomfort."

"Oh, no, no."

"You say so now, and yet even as I entered the room what words escaped your lips? Oh that I could undo my past! I, who had believed you forgiving, almost as anxious for a reconciliation as I was myself, was greeted with the assurance that you regretted the day we ever met."

"How could you think I meant that?" asks Kitty, faintly, raising her great dark eyes to his,—eyes now drowned in tears.

"Kitty,—Kitty, what am I to understand?" demands he, desperately, in deep agitation, drawing nearer to her.

"Anything you like," cries she, suddenly flinging herself into his arms. "Only this first, that I love you, and that I have not known a happy moment since we parted."

"You haven't seen baby yet?" she says, presently, turning proudly to where the hero of the hour lies sweetly "dreaming the happy hours away."

"No. How could I see anything but you?" This graceful compliment is received as it should be.

"Well you shall see him now," says Kitty. "He is asleep, but I shall wake him up—so you."

"No, don't," says Jack, in—it must be said to his praise—a very fatherly manner. Perhaps a little—a very little—fear of unpleasant consequences runs through the paternal concern. "Don't disturb him. Let me see him as he is."

"But you couldn't know how heavy he is unless you felt him," says baby's mamma, and, stooping, she lifts the little white-robed bundle tenderly,—so tenderly that, beyond a sigh and a wild clutching at the empty air, the lazy, sleepy rogue makes no attempt at waking.

"Now, isn't he a darling?" she asks, with fondest pride.

"He certainly is," says Blunden, after a lengthened survey, stooping to press his lips to the pretty Cupid's forehead. "He is quite white, too, isn't he?"—in a tone of marked surprise. "I never saw a baby before, but I was positively told by some one—I quite forget whom—that all babies were red."

"Nonsense!" says Kitty, scornfully. "You must be very ignorant to think that."

"Well, you needn't give yourself airs," says Jack. "Six weeks ago I dare say you knew as little about them as I did."

"No matter. I know all about this baby, at all events," says Kitty, rapturously. "And I tell you he is the dearest, sweetest, loveliest thing in all the world. I am utterly convinced his equal does not exist on earth."

"So am I," returns Blunden, solemnly. And then they look at each other over baby's head, as their eyes meet, laugh softly, through very gladness, and thankfulness, and heart's content.

Whether the object of their adoration has heard his praises sounded, and is flattered by them, who shall say? But at all events he chooses this moment of all others to stir and smile blandly, in a most enchanting fashion.

"Ah, see how beautiful he is now," whispers Kitty, eagerly. "Like a dream—a vision. Nurse says when he smiles so in his sleep he is talking to the angels. And Gretchen tells me she often heard it was the truth."

"No doubt Nurse is a judge," replies Blunden, amiably.

But here the perverse baby, being either deserted by his "high-born kinsmen" (as poor Edgar Poe has it), or possessed by some demonic influence, entirely changes his tactics and loses sight of his angelic properties. His whole face grows convulsed; the blood rushes to it; his forehead grows into a thousand wrinkles; his lips curve; the feature they are

pleased to call his nose becomes hopelessly indistinct. "My dear Kitty," says Blunden, horrified at this awful transformation,— "what on earth is the matter with him? He—he isn't going to be ill, is he?"

"No; oh, no; he often does that—dreadfully often. But I wish he wouldn't," says Kitty, nervously. "Nurse says it means nothing—that all babies do it; but I really wish he wouldn't. Ah! there he is himself again. See how serene he looks now, my sweet little heart."

She regards the baby silently, with renewed admiration. Blunden draws a deep sigh of relief.

"I hope he won't do it again," he says, "at least for awhile. I never saw anything so appalling in my life."

After a moment or two Kitty says, with a flattering smile—

"Don't you see a likeness?"

"No, I can't say I do," confesses he, reluctantly. "At this instant he would have given anything to be able to say he did, if only to oblige her."

"Don't you?"—surprised. "Look again." He looks again, with the same result, and for the second time admits his inability to trace a likeness to anything human in the tiny face beneath him.

"That is curious; and I really think you a little stupid. Why, my dearest Jack, he is the very image of you."

(To be continued.)

WOUNDS BY FISH HOOKS, OR THE FINS OF FISH, may be cured by bathing with Perry-Davis Pain-Killer. 153 2

HUNTING THE FOXHUNTERS.

Saturday the Newburgh Harriers, in the spirit of the resolutions passed at the public meeting on Thursday, met at Pollardstown for the purpose of resuming hunting. All of a sudden they were confronted by a hostile crowd numbering between two and three hundred persons, armed with sticks, and having a number of mongrel dogs with them. The dogs were let loose on the pack, which was scattered in every direction. One of the harriers was killed, and it is stated that several more are missing. The hunting, of course, was immediately suspended, and the horsemen returned home. The crowd cheered, and said there would be no hunting until the suspects were released.

On Friday the Westmeath Hunt met at Moyvogue, near Moate, the residence of T. Maher, Esq., J. P., but were prevented from having a run by a crowd of about three hundred farmers, who assembled for that purpose. Before the members of the hunt arrived the crowd succeeded in killing a fox, which they fastened on a long pole. They invited the gentlemen of the hunt to inspect it in lieu of hunting, which would not be permitted. It was proposed by some of the huntsmen to proceed to Ballintubber; but they were advised to disperse, as there was little chance of hunting being allowed that day, which they did.

The Master of the Killmer Harriers, Mr. R. W. Carr Reeves, D. L., has been obliged to give up hunting in West Clare, owing to the determined opposition of the tenant farmers to certain members of the hunt club. Burton Perse, master of the Galway Blazers, went to hunt on last Saturday; he had only two more with him. Nearly all the "Blazers" of the county Galway are under police protection. As a rule the latter are not able to cross the country with their Blazers, so the poor Blazers must remain at home.

The meet of this hunt took place on Friday, at Riverstown, and was very largely attended, nearly one hundred and fifty horsemen having come together. The spectacle was a pleasing one, but the pleasure of the day was marred by an incident which is now no uncommon occurrence in the hunting-field. After a splendid spin of two miles over the country the fox went to ground. The hunt then directed their course to Bolton's Glen, and as they approached it they heard the horns sounding. At Bolton's Glen they found awaiting them a large gathering of people. Most of them had pitchforks or sticks in their hands. An effort was made to draw the covert, but in face of the hostile demonstration which was made against them this was found impracticable. The crowd beat off the dogs and the huntsmen, and the latter were forced to retire to Riverstown, being followed for nearly two miles of the road by a howling multitude.

We learn from the New Ross Standard that on Monday last one hundred horsemen and a crowd of two thousand persons had a successful day's hare hunting near Carlow, and afterwards held a meeting at which cheers were given for Parnell, and groans for Buckshot Forster.

At a meeting of the Wexford Hunt Club, held at Ennischorry on Monday, it was unanimously decided to sell the bounds.

A letter received in Limerick on Monday from an officer quartered near Cashel states that on Saturday the Harriers belonging to the 20th Hussars, stationed at Cahir, were prevented from hunting. The meet was near Cahir, a large number of the officers of the 20th and the gentry of the district being present. A crowd of about 300 people, however, gathered at the place of meet armed with sticks and whips, with which they cut at the bounds and horses. Stones were also flung by the crowd, and their demeanor was so excited and threatening that the sportsmen had to make for home as best they could.

The Central News wires—A hunt at Myvora, near Tallamore, was stopped on Monday by a body of over 1,000 persons, the farmers refusing to allow the land to be crossed. A dead fox was hoisted on a pole by the mob.—Irish Paper.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters that cures always at a trifling cost, you will see good times and have good health.—Chronicle.

A Washington special to the N. Y. Herald says: "The troubles in Liberia are in the north-western part of the Republic, and are said to have been fomented by traders who object to customs dues at ports of entry and who have incited the natives against the Government."

The "Essex" goes to Liberia for the protection of American citizens and interests, and to manifest the friendly interest of our Government toward Liberia and acting in conjunction with the Liberian authorities in the suppression of the revolt among the natives.

The proprietor of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS challenges the world to produce the record of a medicine that has achieved a more wonderful success, or better credentials in so short a period of time as has this great Blood Purifier and System Renovator. Its cures are the marvels of the age. Sample Bottles 10 cents.

TERRIFIC STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED—THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

West Point, Va., Dec. 27.—A stevedore's gang was yesterday discharging the cargo of the steamer "West Point," plying between here and Baltimore. The gang went into the hold to take out barrels of kerosene, when an explosion occurred, blowing off the side of the vessel and setting the latter on fire. Nineteen persons, including four of the crew and several others were badly hurt. The crew were mostly from Baltimore and the laborers from Richmond and West Point. The steamer was valued at \$60,000. Some believe the disaster to have been due to gas in the hold; others attribute it to the explosion of the donkey engine.

[LATER.]

Almost immediately after the explosion the forward part of the vessel was enveloped in flames. There were twelve colored men in the forward hold, all of whom were killed by the explosion or burned to death. Five other men sat jumped overboard and four were drowned. The steamer was out loose from the wharf and drifted two miles. Everything combustible was destroyed and the iron hull broken in two amidships. The following were killed:—L. S. Bradford, chief stevedore, West Point; Edward Kez, wharf hand, Richmond; mess boy, Baltimore, and the following colored hands: Blank Jarvis, fireman, Baltimore; James Staples, Alex Wilson, Joe Johnston, L. E. Jennings, Ben Smith, Richmond Loveland, Yorktown; Samuel Watkins, Shephard Taylor, Nelson Balord, Wm Biles, West Point; Nelson Starke, Chas Tyler, New Kent; Albert Jackson, Jack Parker, Adolphus Babbitt, City Point. The following were injured: The first officer of the steamer, Peter Geoghegan, Baltimore, blown overboard and saved, badly burned. Quartermaster Wm. Bohannon, of Baltimore, possibly fatally burned; Wm. Barnes, West Point, assistant stevedore, severely burned; Wm. Green, a colored hand, burned about the face and hands. The boat's cargo consisted of miscellaneous freight, among which were several hundred barrels of oil, including sixty of gasoline. The oil becoming ignited the flames spread with such alarming rapidity that there were no chances of saving the vessel nor any on board, even if not killed by the explosion. The forward portion of the decks and a great part of the starboard side were blown out and there is no doubt that all in the hold or near the forward hatchway were instantly killed. The four men who were drowned formed four fifths of a gang stowing cotton in the aft hold. As soon as this gang heard the explosion and saw the rapid spread of the fire, they, with a boy assisting them made for the starboard port and plunged into the river. Just then a large hatch slid into the river, and all upon them, disabling the four so badly that they never rose again. The fifth saved himself by swimming back to the wharf, while the boy succeeded in getting on the floating hatch and was rescued. The cause of the explosion is as yet a mystery. The officers say the only fire on board was under the boiler which runs the hoisting engine, and the engineer remained at the port and was unburnt. This hold had been opened nearly two hours when the explosion occurred, so that the theories of a boiler or confined gas explosion are done away with. The fireman was in the main boiler cleaning it, and had a light. This was the only light known to be on board.

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and there is no remedy that is more justly meritorious in "curing the ills that flesh is heir to" than Burdock Blood Bitters. The Great Blood Purifier and System Renovator. It cures Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Kidney Complaints, and all troubles arising from impure blood, constipated bowels or disordered secretions, and the best Nervine and Tonic in the world.

OUR BABY.

HOW A BAD BOY TOOK CARE OF IT.

I never could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry and pull hair and kick. It hasn't half the sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and she wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying "don't it perfectly sweet?" The worst thing about a baby is that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say, "Here Jimmy! just hold the baby a minute; that's a good boy!" and then as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good-for-nothing little wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best and then be scolded for it, but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently. Last Saturday, mother and she went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. They were a baseball match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said the baby was gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up I was to play with it and keep it low any more. Of course I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out, so I left it just a few minutes while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back up-stairs again the baby was awake and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that she uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular blacking brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came home she would say the baby was spoiled and I had done it. Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up and gave it a good coat of black. You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again when mother and she came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their snarling language. When mother began calling a murdering little villain and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they said to me I didn't even seem to mind about it, but went up stairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something that didn't hurt much. The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say that it will wear off in a few years. No-

body shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell for it isn't easy to back a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.—A Bad Boy's Diary.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" must have slept between sheets of water.

The tooth of a mastodon weighs six and a half pounds. Imagine such a tooth with jumping toothache.

The difference between a hill and a pill is that the hill is hard to get up and the pill is hard to get down.

The difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

A Frenchman in business in California advertises that he has a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.

A member of a school committee writes: "We have two schoolrooms sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred pupils, one above the other."

The church sexton says that the most unaccountable thing that has ever come within his purview is the tremendous majority the three-cent pieces have over the dimes in the contribution box ballot.

A gentleman friend had thirty-two teeth taken out the other day without pain, and no anesthetic of any kind was used. "False? you say. Yes, they were false."

The newest idea is to send artificial flowers with the favorite perfume of the wearer. Just think of a rose in a St. Louis man's button-hole, perfumed with new whiskey.

A shoemaker states that there is no money in building shoes for St. Louis people. Quer! We thought that the man who built a shoe for a St. Louisian made a big thing of it.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Sheridan, said, "Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention."

"No, no," replied Sheridan, "I have not been listening."

"Do you think Sam would steal?" asked a master of his servant. "No, massa," replied the servant, "I don't think he would steal; but if I was a chicken I should roost high."

Little Gertrude was learning to read; and when she read "a dun cow" her sister said, "Now, Gertrude, that doesn't mean a cooked cow." She replied immediately, "I know that; but it means one done milking."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Toronto, Dec. 30.—The Commercial Travellers' Association resumed business yesterday. The result of the ballot is as follows:—Toronto—Mr. W. F. McMaster, President; Mr. John C. Black, 1st Vice-President; Mr. Joseph Bennick, 2nd Vice-President; Mr. Hugh Blain, Treasurer. Directors—T. H. Manly, A. A. Allan, W. G. H. Lowe, H. A. Galbraith, J. A. Burns, A. Ansley, A. Fullerton, A. E. Belcher, Hamilton—Messrs Adams Brown and J. H. Stone, Vice-Presidents; and J. A. Orr, B. A. Dalloy, B. E. Hamilton, J. D. Stewart, M. Macdonald, and J. D. Herring, Directors. Montreal—Messrs G. O. Shorey and C. G. Condie, Vice-Presidents; and C. McArthur, G. A. McMaster, P. Tyler, Samuel Kemp and C. L. Shorey, Directors. London—Messrs J. Gouinlock and J. D. Pierce, Directors. Kingston—Messrs M. S. Sutcliffe and B. W. Robertson, Directors. Brantford—Messrs J. Harris and J. Hamilton, Directors. Guelph—Mr. C. Auld, Vice-President; J. B. Armstrong, Director. Quebec—Mr. H. Stafford, Director. Among those present were the Lieut. Governor of Ontario, His Worship the Mayor of Toronto, F. E. Kilvert, M. P., Hon. F. Leland, U. S. Consul; Capt. McMaster, President of the Association and Col. Gibson, M. P.

SCOTCHMEN IN LONDON.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

It would be alike ungracious and untrue to say that the Scotch population in London is the elite of Scotch blood and brain generally. The national centres like Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee can still offer, and it is to be hoped, always will be able to offer, prizes sufficient to retain the best native ability. The most ambitious of Scotchmen, too—those who are most moved by what Mr. Arnold styles "the thirst for expansion"—probably find the United States, the Australian colonies, and India more attractive than London. But it may safely be said that nowhere in the world is there collected within the same space so large a number of pushing, capable, and self-respecting Scotchmen. Nor is it altogether true—it is certainly not so true as it once was—that Scotchmen in London devote themselves mainly to commerce. There is no doubt something in the old superstition that the Scotch are the chief rivals of the Jews in London, and the fact that Wellington is still reckoned the "Scotch quarter," speaks for itself. But Scotchmen of the best sort—who are the most tenacious of purpose, have profited most by the superior education which their country still gives, and whom a strong will, or perhaps what Wordsworth terms "the strong hand or Calvinistic purity," has cut adrift from the "national vice"—force their way into all positions which demand energy, shrewdness and trustworthiness. The controversial habits of the Scotch, and the metaphysical bias of the barrister or the publicist, even more than for that of the merchant. Aberdeen is reckoned the most "forward" Scotch university at the present moment, owing to its possessing in its famous bursary competition, an admirable preliminary examination, and the strength of the Aberdeen colony here, including some of the most familiar names in science, law and journalism, has passed into a proverb among London Scotchmen.

COMMENTS AND CLIPPINGS.

The Halifax Bank has stopped the city's credit.

The arrival of immigrants in New York last week numbered 5,115.

Smallpox is on the increase in Chicago. It is also spreading in Jersey City.

How to make yourself popular: Let your acquaintance play you for a flat.

A right whale gets left when the harpoon doesn't strike oil. Who will blubber now?

Talmage's church will be no longer free, but Talmage's remarks will be as free as ever.

A scared hen has scratched a Vermontian into eternity. He expired on the spur of the moment.

The man who is a fool and doesn't know it has the front name of Luther; but he will never reform.

ON THE ROLLING DEEP.

It was in the merry month of May—merry in Liverpool as far as the horses' May-day gambols went, albeit some poor devils looked as if more oats and less head-dress would have made life happier for them—that I went on board the tender, which was to convey her passengers to the ocean steamer lying down the Mersey, bound for Canada.

A sharp shower while on the tender drove me into the first shelter that offered. I found there a lady, and, in the exigencies of time and occasion, we then and there struck up an acquaintance which rather gained ground for the rest of the voyage.

This was my first ocean voyage, and I went into it with some trepidation, which brought before me, mentally, all the events of my life in rapid succession, as it is said happens to drowning persons. However, once on board, I threw off all foreboding and joined the noisy throng going about settling down into allotted quarters and making themselves generally at home on the boat.

My Cabin, No. 1, was too near the Saloon for much quiet, especially when that jovial apartment was at full swing, when silence was not wont to brood—and the early morning practice of the Stewards on the piano did not usually result in music,—we did get on that same piano some of which were really music, however, at the pleasant amateur concerts afterwards got up by one Barnes, the late organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, a perfect master of his art, but with the usual irritable temperament, accompanying the too-highly strong nerves of the born musician.

Alas, poor Lucy! going out to take an important professional engagement, how little did anyone of us foresee the tragic fate that awaited you at no far distant time in the land of the Dominion.

We sat down to dinner—some of us not to meat again at that festive board, myself for one—until the voyage was nearly over. One never resumed his seat, but, after long battling with deadly sickness, succumbed off the coast of Newfoundland, and was consigned to the deep with the solemn rights of the Church of England for burial at sea. His brother, an eminent physician in a large Canadian city, awaited the boat's arrival only to receive the last lines written to him by his lost relative.

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand, And a sound of the voice that is still," is the unavailing cry of the weary soul from whom death has taken out the very sunshine of life.

My next neighbors at dinner are Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Duperré. Mr. Donaldson is the pursuer, a pleasant gentlemanly man, rather given to talking of "affinity" and quoting sentiment from Byron and Moore, fond of fun too, he took in Madame Message and myself most ignominiously under the pretext of perforating a trick with some small pieces of paper. We were completely soiled, and for a time wild notions of revenges possessed our souls until happier feelings prevailed. Madame Message was rather a fine young girl; M. Message, apparently an athletic well-grown man, in whose foot I made the animal provided. Certainly he was very fond of his wife and furiously jealous. Mr. Duperré, my other neighbor, was a very kindly and happy looking, good-hearted native of Jersey.

All soon settled down. The various mites of humanity formed themselves into groups of their tastes drew them to congenial people and, generally continued thus banded to the end of the voyage, pursuing their amusements according to their several idiosyncrasies.

At Liverpool the mail came on board and the officials dined with the captain. There also I fell into the clutches of the demon, sea-sickness, and for some days life and death were matters of equal indifference to me. It was possibly a germ of the original savage which, according to Darwin, lies perdu in all of us until circumstances call it out, which led me, like the dying animal in the forest that hides itself in solitude to meet death, to shun my kind in the cabin in this deadly extremity, and ask to be admitted into the ladies' cabin, already occupied by the two nuns and three children of a couple in possession of the Captain's cabin. "Put your name in the pot and you may do so," was the reply, which unflinchingly I accepted, and took up quarters accordingly. In a delicious berth of this time I saw while lying in my berth, distinctly, a coffin under the port-holes; the polished side of the berth was a coffin side; the open door a coffin lid; the door through the opposite cabin another coffin lid, through which a grey dressing-gown came out with every lurch of the boat, and stared me solemnly in the face. In the same fit of delirium I started out of my room to avoid the worst dressing-gown, and went wandering about, in being the dead of night, and returning at about half an hour considerably cooled down—the bedroom steward who saw me return looking considerably agast. The beautiful sea-birds, with their long, slender pink legs and feet, followed us for some time for the food which every one was glad to throw them, while watching how carefully they took up the bread of a sandwich, leaving the meat floating on the waters for some carnivorous animal. The lovely little brown ducks, which rose and fell on the crest of every wave, dived down so deep that their return to sight seemed problematical; they are the guillemots or divers, according to Buffon.

My acquaintance of the tender occupied with her husband the Pariser's Cabin, when I used to visit them. She was thoroughbred and spirituelle, very French in appearance and manner, a French-Canadian of good family, the daughter of a Lieutenant-Governor who had died in office, a devout Catholic whose family had in each successive generation given a son or more to the priesthood, and the men of the house occupied distinguished positions in the Dominion Government.

The Captain's cabin was in the occupation of a couple whose nurses and children spent the days in the ladies' cabin. The lady in this case also was the daughter of a gentleman occupying a high position in the Government.

"Ice!" and the breakfast table was speedily deserted. I was disappointed. I wanted to see a berg and saw instead only immense groups floating majestically out of what looked like sculptured marble—representations of wild animals, miniature hills, &c., &c. "Land!" and Captain McIntosh took up his glass, asked me to go and see it, but my unaccustomed eyes could see nothing, although the Captain named the Cape he said he made out. "Cape Flyaway," said a gruff voice behind me. I turned to find one of the crew there, his face adorned with a jeering expression as he contemptuously regarded the Captain's movements. Captain McIntosh is an Indian officer on a year's furlough, which with his wife he is spending in a tour of Canada and the United States. Mrs. McIntosh and the Captain were surely born for each other especially—they seem so thoroughly one in all their tastes and pursuits. She seems the very personification of a soldier's wife, accustomed to camp life and sudden changes. She looks like a woman to whom the every day domestic life would be unbearable. The Captain and I took half-an-hour's walk on the deck, and the soldier did not seem to have one whit more respect for the sister service than the sailor had just expressed for him. He was a civilized every person and thing, an officer without the slightest hint, from an officer who, according to him, had no right to be on the land of the living, inasmuch as he had lost three boats just on the place we were in, and a brave man would have gone down with his first boat, he hotly insisted, to his own quarters on the lower deck, which he declared were poisonous.

So the days went on, and storms came up, during which the boat seemed literally to stand on one end, when one's head happened to be that end, was not hilarious. It was on one of the dark days that a silent, frightened convulsion gathered into the ladies' cabin; the stewardess in a solemn voice called our attention to the fact that the captain was walking between decks, a certain sign, as she said, that danger was brewing. As she spoke the door opposite suddenly opened, and the Captain, wrapped up as if to meet a storm, stalked out on the omnibus expedition mentioned. We moved closer together without a word, as if the Fates had certainly decreed that we were to go down that night, a sense of oppression like a heavy cloud fell on the group, when some one called in at the door-way the cheerful intelligence that a black gull was coming up; this broke the spell lying over us and I turned to look out. Seeing some huge volume of something coming on which seemed to be making direct for me, and which I was told was a "roller," I precipitately sat down and carefully avoided pursuing any further investigation from a port-hole during the rest of the voyage.

The requirement of the toilet had, in my case, been early brought down to a very narrow groove, after considerable personal martyrdom in the matter of hair-dressing, when armed with a brush, I, naturally aiming at my head, usually landed it in my eye, or gave myself a violent blow on some other part of my face, view of the mark, the comb was too deadly a weapon to venture upon during a storm, and having been once or twice dangerously choked by the sudden rush of my tooth brush down my throat, that mutinous weapon was carefully secured from mischief until happier days came, when

"Storms were not, And urges toll no more."

At Rimouski the mail boat came up, and looks like a cockle-shell under the sides of our boat. Then comes up the endless procession—to all appearance—of sacks of letters, &c., borne on sailors' backs to be taken in by the mail boat for their distribution—so much joy and sorrow, as the case may be, for their recipients.

In the River St. Lawrence no storms, no rollers, but lovely sailing past the long low coast line on the left—the continually recurring white-washed houses of one storey, with their tin covered roofs—the occasional churches, their tin covered spires glittering in the sun—the mountain, the only one for a hundred miles. Then we are in Quebec where some of us land, the others go on in the boat to Montreal—and so ends our voyage.

THE DALHOUSIE TRAGEDY.

ARREST OF THE MURDERER.

ANAPOLIS, N. S., Dec. 30