

as convinced Lilly that they had been suddenly transformed into two of the little widow's own red-striped cent-bull's-eyes in the showcase.

But they soon regained their natural proportions, and the widow's brain, in the course of a minute or two, also came to itself and proceeded, after the manner of its owner in the shop, to sort and label the surprises one by one. Then the widow herself recovered, and, on coming to think of the proposition intelligently, decided that it was not so absurd after all. It was even the case that she was made to approve it strongly, and nothing would do but she must have a hand in its execution.

And so it happened that the little shop closed down at three o'clock sharp that afternoon, and that the little widow and Lilly appeared at the office of James Dricken & Co., brass and iron founders, arm-in-arm, the widow evincing about as much self-importance as any sensible little person of four feet ten can conscientiously entertain. James Dricken was not in, but the company, in the person of a young man in brass buttons, was. On this gentleman's learning such of their business as the little widow cared to communicate, he desired them to be seated; and, by way of rendering this proceeding as little troublesome as possible, through the ingenious and considerate method of minimizing their movements, and at the same time performing the dual representation forced upon him, he ensconced himself comfortably in two of the three chairs in the room, leaving the other for the little widow, and the little widow's lap for Lilly.

The little widow knew that some Companies have no existence in flesh and blood and digestive apparatus, and all that goes to make Companies intelligent and entertaining; or, in other words, were ghosts (so did Lilly); and she was, therefore, the better prepared for the fact that, while this was no ghost, he had far less ambition and far less action in his own affairs than usually characterizes the average ghost. The Company had a tongue, too. Lilly could see it when he yawned, and hear it in the intervals between the yawns, that flowed along at the rate of one a minute. The Company ignored the little widow altogether.

"You ain't a bad little girl," he said to Lilly. "Look like your father, too. But I don't see, really now, how you can care for such a bea—er, man, you know. And—er—"

"Anybody in, Tawdler?" called out the senior partner, from the hall. Then he entered—and oh! that was the man for the little widow—so large and so pleasant, that she could not quite make up her mind whether he were larger than pleasant, or whether it were the other way, but was ready, on that instant, to go back the way they came and to consider the errand done.

"No, sir," replied Tawdler; "nobody. By Jove! yes, there is, though. Parties in the chair there—friends of Tretop."

The senior partner turned. "Eh? The man discharged yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said the Company. "Habitual drunkard; fights the men. Wanted to fight me, too," he added, in an undertone, which, however, could be heard plainly.

"Bah!" exclaimed the widow.

"And you have come to intercede for your husband, ma'am?" asked James Bracken. "Too bad! Too bad! You need not tell me, my dear woman. While you are, unfortunately for yourself, better acquainted with your husband than I am, I know sufficient of him to be sure you come at no desire of his. And this is your little girl," he added, tickling Lilly's chin, and asking her kindly what she was doing away from school.

"Please, sir, I don't go to school," replied Lilly.

"Don't go to school? Then do you know, young lady," he asked, with mock severity, "that it is in my power, at this moment, to pack you off to school, and to keep you there till you make up for all this lost time? Don't go to school! What, then, do you do?"

Lilly laughed as she shortly answered:

"Keep house for father, sir."

Such a look as he gave her! The Widow Bailey was often heard to declare afterward that she hadn't seen anything like it since the time of Bailey himself.

"And you, ma'am, let me ask, are you, then, no relation of his?"

To see the widow then! She was no great speaker in that sort of affairs, and had some difficulty in explaining to the senior partner that she was then no relation of Jack Tretop's, and that in asking for his reinstatement she was only acting as a friend of Lilly's, and all that; but, gradually warming, she entered into such a minute and forcible description of the affairs of the little family, and worked herself into such a frightful degree of excitement, that Tawdler, who was given over to the mercy of strange ideas, instinctively laid hands on the babcock in the corner.

"My! my!" began James Dricken.

"Ah, sir!" interrupted the little widow, "when I see you, a-my-myn' it comes to me you'll do it, sir. You've a kind heart, indeed you have. If it's only for this little chick"—laying her hand on Lilly's curly head—"which thought of the whole business, the darling! he'll quit drinkin', I know he will, sir, when he knows it. The angel!"

"Yes, yes; she is indeed a little angel," softly said the senior partner; and, stooping, he kissed her brightening face, whereat Tawdler, whose only efforts in the way of business were, happily, the outcome of nothing more than his ideas of the maintenance of the firm's dignity, was so overpowered as to be compelled to lean heavily against the copying press, and in order to do that gracefully, to take his hands out of his trousers' pockets, a thing he had never done, to his recollection, twice on any afternoon before.

And Lilly was successful in her mission. Of course, Tawdler could have had something to say about it, and for form's sake he was brought round to it; but he had no views of his own about the matter, except that he understood his readiness to consider it, if necessary, as a positive benefit to the firm.

And in the evening, when the kind-hearted little widow called at Jack Tretop's house, she found Lilly, on her father's knee, in the kitchen-parlour-dining-room, with the stove red hot, and the little kettle humming away, as though it were in sympathy with what was going on. For the tears were rolling down Jack Tretop's cheeks, and down Lilly's, too. But for all that, they were happier than they had ever been before—happier in Jack Tretop's sincere resolves for the future—happier in the engendering of an hitherto-unknown confidence and mutual love.

Man of drink! Would you dwell on these things? Could but one moment of softer feeling obtrude itself on the current of your daily thought, you would stop affrighted in your course of murder!—none the less murder that, in the present condition of the laws of man, it has not its just reward.

But there's a Law above, to whose Maker the dealer of slow murder shall be finally and terribly accountable, when the crime-stained soul shall vainly plead contrition, and hope shall have departed.

Montreal.

H. C.

AN OLD TIME TRAGEDY.—A very curious discovery has been made at Llantwit, in Glamorgan-shire, of remains of a large Roman villa and a military station, the area of the buildings, the foundations of which are already uncovered, being two acres. This in itself is important, because hitherto it was not known that the Romans had a military depot so far south as the Via Julia; but more striking is the discovery on the tessellated pavement of a great hall of 41 skeletons of men and women jumbled together as they would be if they had fallen in a massacre, some being crushed under the bones of horses. From the position of the bodies it is evident that there was a slaughter of the inmates after the villa had been sacked and so broken down as to admit horsemen. The theory of archaeologists is that the remains relate to one of the massacres by Irish pirates who devastated the south of Wales in the fifth century.



Attorney General Blair, of New Brunswick, has met with a serious accident.

Governor Blake, of Newfoundland, has been appointed to the Governorship of Queensland.

Rev. A. J. Balfour has been formally inducted into the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Quebec. Several clergy and a large congregation were present.

The Doctor Ross, once of Montreal, is still an anti-vaccinationist, and is said to have siding with him eight physicians of Toronto, where he now dwells.

The appointment of Justice Patterson, of Toronto, to the Supreme Bench, and of Mr. McLennan as successor to the latter, is well viewed by all the papers of the country.

The banquet at Sherbrooke to the Hon. J. H. Pope was a great success. Mr. Pope has been thirty-one years in unbroken public life and thirteen as Cabinet minister.

Louis Lloyd and Garth Grafton, the two lady correspondents, who are gliding around the world, seem to be lingering in the Northwest as if loth to risk the briny for the Orient.

The first grand master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, M. W. Bro. John Hamilton Graham, LL.D., and he who gave his ninth annual address in 1883. Who is G.M. now?

Hon. Mr. Blake has travelled over the Canadian Pacific Railway as counsel for the company in the Onderdonk arbitration; admires the road very much; is in better health, and will take his seat at the next session.

Ernest J. Chambers, well known all through the country, has hung his "cross-sticks" after using for months after his late accident, and now goes about livelier than ever, manager and editor-in-chief of the Calgary Herald.

It is not decided that Sir John Macdonald will shortly proceed to England, where he will remain some time, and have a consultation with members of the Imperial Government on questions connected with the Fishery dispute.

Dr. George Dawson, of the Geological Survey, is coming East to prepare the report of his valuable explorations and discoveries. We have heard Sir William Dawson say that his son George knows more geology than ever he could pretend to.

It was given out in some paper that Sir Donald Smith had gone abroad for his health. We are in a position to state that, so far from this being the case, Sir Donald went off on business for the Hudson's Bay Company, and will shortly return to Canada.

Hon. Samuel Cornwallis Monk, Justice of the Quebec Court of Queen's Bench, died at Montreal, on the 29th October, at the age of 75. Beside his legal and judicial acquirements, he was one of the tallest, most dignified and handsome men in Canada.

Mr. W. H. Griffin, who for forty years was an official of the Post Office Department, and latterly for very many years Deputy Postmaster-General, was presented with an address and envelope containing a draft for £400 sterling, prior to his visit to Europe.

Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, whose study is at Paradise Walk, Chelsea Embankment, has now endowed the country with two well wrought monuments—the statue of Brant, the Mohawk chief, and that of the Ottawa sharpshooters, Osgoode and Rogers, who fell at Cut Knife.

Mme. Patti has been awarded what is termed "les palmes academiques." It is an order which appertains to the University of France, but which is awarded on the initiative of the Ministre des Beaux-Arts, and is worn as a decoration. The order has very seldom been given to ladies, and is, therefore, deemed a very high distinction.

LINES.

They say I am old. I suppose it is so.
Yet my youth to me seems not so long time ago.
My youth! My youth! It is with me yet.
I have dreams; I have hopes I would not forget,
Dreams of fulfilling great things—as of old,
Hopes—not to lead is turned all their gold,
Wishes—to leave the world richer by me.
Desires—that some things I may presently see.
Is it age when one lives in the heart of one's time?
Is one old though one's hair have a tinge of the rime?
Is not he old, though of years but a few,
Who hath not a care for the good and the true?
Sees the time slip with indifferent eye?
Scans but to sneer as the minutes file by?
Is not he old who hath no mark to make?
Is not he old who owns no one's sweet sake?
But I—I am young 'spite my turning grey hair.
For I for my fellows know many a care.
I for the world have a future set high
Which that she attain to I evermore try.
Has the world sorrow? My heart knows her pain.
Has she rejoicing? I'm merry again.
Nay: If I live 'till I die of my years
I shall die young—by my smiles and my tears.
Toronto. S. A. C.