

"It was the wife of the Mayor of Rama: sister of your Grace's veteran and favourite captain."

"Does Captain Hayvern connive at this folly?"

"On the contrary. Indeed the uxorious husband fears to enforce restraint lest Clapper Hayvern, discovering his sister's continental ambition, should become inconveniently impetuous. The island she inhabits was purchased as probably containing precious minerals; the husband not then suspecting his wife's object in urging its acquisition. But next week when the steam yacht is out on your Grace's excursion, the lady of Rama is to be conducted on board the 'Susan' and unwittingly brought away by her husband; so I've just learned. The spectators previously informed, may then have an opportunity to study new idiosyncrasies in human nature."

"We are likely to be occupied with other and more serious affairs, Mr. Secretary."

Young Inkle and Lillymere met: the latter not then knowing of Schoolar's arrival. Their conversation after ten minutes took this turn:—

"So your reason, Mr. Lillymere, for not accepting the invitation to dine was my inferior moral nature?"

"If you insist on giving the few words just spoken that meaning, be it so; but 'habits of thought leading down to a lower moral nature' was the phrase used. I meant the aptitude to accept as ethnological science the speculations of Lord Monbodo, that your progenitors were claws and tails. And with that proclivity to downward thought, a tendency to welcome any crude pretensions to science, if seeming to weaken the authority of religion."

"Is it not clear, Mr. Lillymere, that science and religion are irreconcilably at variance?"

"No. Every one of the exact sciences now established, strengthens religious aspirations. Philosophical research exalts the moral feelings of the thinker, while confirming his perceptions of divine communion with Heaven. A mind seeking knowledge of the sciences accepts new and true developments of the physical laws of nature as additional feathers in the wing of faith. Such mind desires to rise to higher enjoyments in a purer moral atmosphere. It accomplishes the desire."

"Why am I subjected to this lecture?"

"Mr. Inkle, I followed the ideas your words suggested: that acceptance of the Monbodo doctrine of a monkey ancestry relieved you of responsibility to any higher law than personal desires, limited by a Police constabulary."

"Have you done?"

"I was done before you imposed on me the task of explaining and enlarging."

"Lillymere, you expect to be an English Earl, don't you?"

"Never expected to be; don't think I shall be; and am not trying."

"You are trying, Simon Lud, but will not succeed. I tell it to your deceitful face—you'll not succeed."

"Inkle, you're impudent."

"Lud, you're an imposter."

"Mr. Inkle, you instinctively selected your true ancestry. Farewell."

Arriving home, Tom went straight to his mother's "Book of the Peccage," and looked for "Lord Monbodo"; no such title. To an "Extinct Peccage," no such title. To Satterby, the cashier, who knew everything: "Mr. Satterby, was there at any time in British history a Lord Monbodo?"

"In last century Lord Monbodo was a Scottish judge."

"Was he remarkable for anything?"

"For a daughter whose loveliness and brilliant mind inspired the genius of Scotland's poet. And for a whimsical philosophy, resuscitated in 'Vestiges of Creation,' and in a later work; that the progenitors of man were tails."

"Dye believe they were tails, Satterby?"

"I'm accountable to Mr. Inkle for my cash and books; to none on earth for aught else. Business, Mr. Thomas, business. The gold is coming in; attend to business, please."

Mr. Schoolar having retained Killiweek, the local barrister, that gentleman applied to the magistrates for warrants to arrest certain suspected persons, as principals or accomplices in the abduction and murder of Agnes Schoolar.

Deeming the allegations insufficient the local authorities refused to issue warrants.

The Crown Attorney took the case in deliberation; concluding that the sudden death of the young woman described as well educated and apparently refined in manners, was more probably the result of natural causes, as medically certified, than murder; of which there was no evidence other than letters to Mr. Schoolar from persons in the States.

"Produce your correspondents as witnesses," said this officer of the Crown, "and warrants may issue. As yet Government cannot interfere."

"They are my daughter's clothes," cried the old man pitifully, "and small doubt the skeleton is all that now remains of my child; poor Agnes; poor Agnes!"

"Could we act, Mr. Schoolar, Government

would promptly aid you. We may only individually compassionate you. We tender our deepest sympathy, and shall direct vigilance on the part of the police to discover every farther trace, if any. And no obstacle is likely to be officially raised to removal of the remains for interment in England as you desire."

A case of this magnitude with Mr. Killiweek concerned was not to be dropped softly and soon. A warrant for Lillymere's arrest must be had. If that one female immigrant had died from natural causes, Agnes Schoolar's death by violence was to be looked for elsewhere.

The proceedings had to this point been conducted in privacy, so close that only few persons heard of them: reporters being carefully excluded.

Lillymere was not yet informed of Mr. Schoolar's arrival, nor that any rumour of the death of Agnes had arisen; far less that he was accused of an appalling crime. Lady Mary and the Duke directed that the secretary should engage the young gentleman on literary tasks, and prevent his emergence to society, or to knowledge of the conspiracy forming against him as long as possible.

"Mr. Grynd," said Killiweek, "I'm now in possession of the requisite affidavits, and place in your hands the warrant on which to arrest DeLacy Lillymere: charged as accessory to the death of a certain young lady named in the warrant. Lillymere is a violent and dangerous fellow, Mr. Schoolar states, and may be armed to resist capture. He is in partial hiding with the man Reuben, who follows the woman calling herself Lady Mary Mortimer, previously known as a loiterer of the street by name of Mary Ester. If Lillymere resist knock him down. In any case put him in irons. I, on behalf of my client, Mr. Schoolar, the murdered lady's parent, bear you scathless, even to the breaking of the young rowdy's bones. Arrest him to-night. Fail not at your peril."

Reuben and Lillymere, though differing in age, resembled one another in temperament and tenderness of thought. In a garden they saw only flowers; no worms. They believed in the good that is in everybody.

Reuben often essayed to construct novels, but broke down with his villains. Knowing none in real life he invented rogues so ridiculous, that he looked on them as a child may on the absurd man it makes of mud.

Lillymere attempted literary creations, but ran much to leafy and flowery imagery. Seated in the Port Corner parlour of the sumptuous Canada Hall, overlooking the garden terraces and fountains, an hour before sunset, he read passages of a descriptive sketch of lake and river travel he had written in imitation of Reuben's style; the Secretary being one of the travellers. Thus:

"All the way and everywhere Reuben added glad thoughts to gladness. Charming visions came unsought. On the magnificent promenade beside the St. Louis Hotel at Quebec, On the croquet lawn at Cacouna—beautiful Cacouna. On board the palaces of steam navigation. In the railway drawing-room coaches the tourists came, wave upon wave of fashion. Flowers of American youth and beauty, European and Canadian."

"Charming invasion of Canada! They dazzled Reuben's eyes, lodged in his brain, refused him privilege of sleep. They clothed the ships in silks, muslins, laces. Enriched the decks by feet of exquisite grace. Airy, fairy feet of lovely women, and yet lovelier children. Hark! What voice is that? Thought I heard my name?"

"Nothing. People passing in the corridor. You said, 'Lovely women of America, and yet lovelier children.' Whom else?"

"Bearded men of America, rich at the banks doubtless, no return, aristocratic, superlatively proud, mingled with the beautiful, prettily talking, laughing gentlewomen, their wives, sisters, daughters. Rich men in the States probably, and mostly silent, but reasonable when they did speak. So reasonable as to confess that a run into Canada refreshed them; that the Saguenay was a sight to travel a thousand miles to look upon—"

"Stop, DeLacy; there is a loud voice."

"And my name is spoken. All my names, and more than ever heard of: Lud, Oman, Lillymere, outcast, wanderer, traitor, murderer." It is Killiweek's voice. Let me to the door—"

"Stay, DeLacy. I'll go. Now, do stay where you are, pray. It is a matter concerning me as Lady Mary's Secretary."

"It is Killiweek."

"Well, you remain quiet. I'll go."

Reuben suspected that the allegation of guilt against his young friend, in respect of Agnes, was the topic which had ripened to action a lawyer and constabulary. He was embarrassed, as sensitive literary persons are peculiarly liable to be. And disturbed the more as not a breath of rumour had yet reached DeLacy of the name of Schoolar, father or daughter, being known in Onway.

The Secretary going out closed the door; but Killiweek opened it, stepped back and bade the constables enter. Mr. Schoolar, accompanying Chief Grynd, pointed to Lillymere, saying:

"That is Simon Lud, the person you are to arrest."

"His name is not Simon Lud," interposed the Secretary.

Killiweek read the warrant, with emphasis on the changing names, Lud, Oman, Lillymere; adding:

"The criminal is dangerous, Mr. Grynd; and fleet of foot, Alleroo; best iron him, lest he escape, or do you harm."

"Mr. Schoolar!" Lillymere began in stammering astonishment, "you have had letters explaining all matters known to me; letters sent by every mail even to last week; what does this mean? I've not seen Miss Schoolar since leaving your office in London, three years ago."

"Mr. Killiweek," said the London solicitor, addressing the local barrister, "the case is in your hands. I have pointed to the murderer and can do no more. To look on him is loathsome. To have speech with the traitorous assassin, impossible. I go to England by next steamer, and leave the case with you and the authorities."

"Mr. Schoolar," interposed the Secretary, "it is due to yourself, as well as to her ladyship's friend, DeLacy Lillymere, that you listen to what the wrongfully accused gentleman desires to say. But whether Earl Royal-fort's late business agent listens or not to my lord's heir at law, justice will be done, be sure of that."

Killiweek, observing his client's emotion and efforts to speak; and gathering from broken words that Mr. Schoolar had no desire to prosecute, and that Canadian law might let Lud go, if escape of a criminal were preferred to justice, interposed with energy:

"Chief Grynd, at peril of your office, do the duty it imposes. It is not for you to hesitate over a warrant. Knowing as we do your prisoner to be a dangerous man, familiar with desperadoes now in town, we demand that he be at once hand-locked and leg-bolted to ensure his safe conveyance to gaol. Do your duty."

Chief Grynd did his duty, but not by placing his prisoner in manacles.

There was a formal charge before the magistrate in the Town Hall. A crowd of spectators. An accusatory speech from Killiweek. Three several hearings. Committal for trial. Bail offered by Samson Steelyard, Esq., M. P., and another, but refused.

The accusation was embittered by the prosecuting counsel imputing to the prisoner a general course of disreputable conduct: "familiarity even with a wretched Red Indian girl, Inawema by name."

At this angry Indian chief, in official eagle feathers, rose in the Court: Inawema, his young kinswoman, rising also. In proud disdain the Chief looked to the accuser; then to the Justices. He spoke:

"Orogoggo, servant of Victoria, Mother of the British nation, denies in presence of the Great Spirit, now looking, now listening, that offence was at any time offered this spotless dew of the morning, Inawema, daughter of Chiefs. White Flower Lilly, now accused, is Grand Chief, good, true. He do no hurt to Inawema, daughter of snow."

"That is not a question the Bench can listen to," interposed the magistrate; "sit down, Orogoggo; you cannot be heard in this case."

Killiweek continued:

"And there was familiarity with outcasts of a lower grade even than Indians. A negress—Bertha Merly by name; she may be in Court also watching this Lothario of the human race."

Merly, father of the woman of colour whom DeLacy had seen baptised in the lake at Hamilton, stood up, pleading to be heard a moment:

"I've worth forty thousand dollars; more'n buy Mr. Killiweek to talk all his life, were he old as Mathusal. My daughter is honoured by equality of seats in Heaven. She was a saint on earth. She is in eternity. Let her alone, Killiweek. You may disturb me here; but you'll never be within hearing of Bertha Merly, to disturb that congregation, be sure!"

After this the prosecuting counsel, on behalf of his client nominally, but instructed to prosecute for the Estate and Title Recovery Company, taunted the prisoner with the kind life he must have led to be thus promptly favoured; Peter Bay Indians and Negroes voluntarily testifying in his favour.

"I've not a nigger, Mr. Killiweek. I've two parts white, and with whiter heart than your'n; and worth forty thousand dollars; money as you'd not earn if as old as Mathusal. So best shut up on me, I tell you; and on Bertha Merly, too. She is where they'd be like to shut you out."

"You must be silent, Mr. Merly," said one of the Justices.

"I've worth forty thousand dollars, sir, and claim a right to speak in defence of the daughter gone to eternity, where Killiweek ain't like to be."

"You are fined five dollars for contempt of Court, Ezekial Merly."

"Guess I can pay it too, or any other money as I may owe. What right had Killiweek to slander Bertha as is where they'll be like to shut him out, if he don't repent mighty soon."

"I'll repent, Mr. Merly; I repent now, and

am sorry your daughter was referred to; and I pray the court to remit the fine for contempt."

"Well, so be as you repent, Killiweek, you may be forgiven. But I've worth forty thousand dollars any how, and can pay a fine or two, you bet."

The fine was remitted; Mr. Killiweek again apologizing.

[To be continued.]

NAROLEON WEEPING.—The unfortunate exile who has seen the end of his Imperial greatness, wept when he found himself so mercifully dealt with by his Antagonist and Captor, King William of Prussia. History seldom chronicles such leniency on the part of a Conqueror. Not so in Medicine, for the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills have no respect of any reigning diseases in the human body, for this combined medicine roots out completely all acute and chronic maladies, and converts the system into a sound tabernacle for humanity to live in.



THEATRE ROYAL.

Proprietor, BEN DE BAR.
Manager, J. W. ALEXANDER.
Treasurer, MR. P. GILSON.

POSITIVELY LAST THREE NIGHTS OF
MISS SALLIE HOLMAN'S
ENGLISH
OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10, 1871.
LA SOMNAMBULA.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 11, 1871.
BENEFIT OF MISS SALLIE HOLMAN.
ORPHEUS AUX ENFERS,
AND A
GLORIOUS AFTERPEICE.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 12, 1871.
POSITIVELY LAST NIGHT.
A GREAT BILL.

MONDAY, AUG. 14, 1871.

The young American Artists.

Mr. D. H. Harkins,

From the 5th Avenue Theatre, New York.

ADMISSION: Dress Circle, 50c.; Reserved Seats in Dress Circle, 75c.; Family Circle, 50c.; Pit, 25c.; Private Boxes, \$4. Seats secured at Parker's Music Store. Doors open at 7:30; performance to begin at 8.



USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH,

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE
ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
and in that of His Excellency
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. IS

MONTREAL MANUFACTURING CO.
(Incorporated 1871.)
97 ST. FRANCOIS NAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL, P. Q.

Special Manufacturers and Dealers in PATENT Right goods. PATENT RIGHTS bought, sold, and obtained.

Address P. O. Box 625. 4-18

Le Sotherion!

THERAPEUTICS have just been enriched by the important discovery of **SOTHERION**—a Pulmonary and Asthmatic Paper.

This new remedy, long sought after, never found for a disease considered even to this day incurable, unites all the conditions of infallibility, and renders cure certain. This singular, almost providential remedy, cannot fail soon to become universally known. During the brief period it has been in use, rapid cures in hopeless cases have been effected, and a large number of certificates attesting its efficacy have been received.

LE SOTHERION is infallible in diseases of the Respiratory organs. It cures Phthisis or Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nervous Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Lungs, Sleeplessness, Catarrh, Palpitation of the Heart, and Constitutional Weakness.

To be sold at all Drug Stores.

General Depot for France.

No. 14 Rue de Castiglione, Paris.

For the Province of Quebec.

Dr. POERTEL, Dentist, St. John Street, Quebec.

Agent for the Dominion of Canada:

EVANS, MERCE & CO., Montreal. 4-19

MRS. CUSKELLY, Head Midwife of the City of Montreal, licensed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada. Has been in practice over fifteen years; can be consulted at all hours.

References are kindly permitted to George W. Campbell, Esq., Professor and Dean of McGill College University; Wm. Sutherland, Esq., M.D., Professor, McGill College University.

Mrs. C. is always prepared to receive ladies where their wants will be tenderly cared for, and the best of Medical aid given.

All transactions strictly private.

RESIDENCE:—No. 315 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET. 4-20

MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

ALL KINDS IN GENERAL USE, PRINTED AND SUPPLIED BY
MESSRS. LEGGO & CO.,

GENERAL PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER.

AT THEIR CITY OFFICE.

No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.