

Captain flanked the former, and Coristine and Mr. Perrowne the latter. Mrs. Du Plessis sat between Carruthers and Mr. Thomas; Miss Halbert between the minister and Mr. Perrowne; Miss Du Plessis between the dominie and the doctor; and Miss Carmichael between Coristine and the colonel. Mrs. Carruthers, who occupied one end of the table, had the colonel on her right, and her sister-in-law, who took the other end, was supported in the same way by the host. Squire Walker, a portly man, but not too heavy for exercise, with a baldish head and large reddish whiskers, sporting a velveteen shooting coat, high shirt collar, and large blue silk scarf with white spots, was a man of much intelligence and a good talker. His conversation compelled attention, and, like the glittering eye of the ancient mariner, held, now Mr. Perrowne and now the lawyer from much pleasanter ones with their respective ladies. He seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in capturing Wilkinson from Miss Du Plessis, and the Captain from her mother, and even sent his conversational shafts far off to the Squire and the doctor, and to the presiding matrons. Mr. Errol and the colonel were happily sheltered from him. Perhaps the new detective perceived the state of unrest and terrible suspense in which many of the company were on account of Squire Walker's vagaries, and chivalrously sought to deliver them. Eyeing keenly the autocrat of the breakfast table, he remarked, "I'm afraid you've forgotten me, Squire?"

"Don't think I ever had the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir."

"Oh, pardon me, you had though. Two years ago, a large, stout, heavy bearded man came to your office, with a yeng Cuban who could hardly speak a word of English, asking you to commit him for smuggling cigars—"

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Mr. Walker, "and you were the bearded man were you, eh?"

"Do please favour us with the whole story, Mr. Bangs," asked the hostess.

"Go on, Bangs," added its victim, "I don't mind, haw! haw!"

"The Squire asked the big revenue detective how he knew the cigars were smuggled, and he said that nobody could pay the duty and sell these cigars for seven dollars a hundred. The Squire asked to see the cigars, and while the pore yeng Cuban with the bleak moustache stood twirling his sombrero and looking guilty, he took one, smilt it, and then smouked it. He said to the big detective, 'I won't let you hev a warrant for that pore foreigner on any such evidence, for I ken bey the very same cigar at Beamish's for five dollars.' The detective said, 'Are you shore the cigar is the same?' when the Squire pulled a drawer open and brought out a box of the identical articles. Then, the big men thenked him, hended him a revenue card, and took the pore Cuban away. Next day Beamish's was raided, and Nesh and I ken in for quite a reward."

"Then the detective was Nash?" asked Mr. Walker.

"Yes, Nesh, with a big men's clothes on, pedded out."

"And what were you in the matter?"

"Oh, I was the pore yeng Cuban that could hardly speak English."

"I don't think he can yet," whispered Miss Carmichael to Coristine, who thought it an immense joke.

"So you made Squire Walker an informer against his will, Mr. Bangs," said Carruthers,

"Yes; but it was complimentary, too. We knew if there were any good cigars in the village, the Squire's was the best place to look for them."

"You should have had me up for having smuggled goods in my possession," said the complimented talker.

"No, no, Squire; you see you were the next thing to Queen's evidence, and they always go scotfree."

"A receiver and Queen's evidence! and the miserable little Cuban! Haw! haw! haw!"

That is the story of how Squire Walker was silenced.

After breakfast there were prayers, as usual, conducted by the two clergymen, and when they were over, the three J. P.'s, Doctor Halbert being one, assembled for consultation in the office. Tom Rigby, the constable, reported himself to the magistrate's court, and thereafter adjourned to the kitchen, there to hold converse with his brother veteran, Mr. Terry. Tom was tall, and as straight as if he had swallowed a ramrod. He gave the military salute with great precision and regularity. He was a widower, and a frequent visitor in the Bridesdale servants' quarters, whence it was commonly reported that he had an eye on Tryphena. Sylvanus had heard of this, with the effect that he lost no opportunity of running down the trade of a soldier, and comparing it most unfavourably with the free, rollicking life of the heaving sea. To hear Sylvanus speak, one would imagine that the *Susan Thomas* was annually in the habit of circumnavigating the globe. The children's breakfast was over, and they were all out in the garden picking certain permitted flowers, and presenting them to their favourites among the guests; but Mr. Terry had still remained, conversing with Mr. Hill, whose book-larnin' was so voluminous that he made slow progress with his breakfast, having had his cold tea thrice removed by his eldest daughter and replaced with hot. When Rigby entered and saluted, the veteran rose and returned the salute. "Good morning, Sergeant Terry! was it company colour sergeant or on the staff you were, sir?"

"Lasht noight, Corporal Rigby, Oi was sargint-major for the first toime in my loife. I wuz promawted loike."

"That would be in the volunteer service, Sergeant-major."

"Yiss; but we had a rale cornel in command that's been through the Amerikin war, they till me."

"Sergeant-major, there are no American soldiers."

"Shure, an' Oi'm thinkin', corporal," said the veteran, feeling a metaphorical thrid on the tail av his coat, "Oi'm thinkin' there's some pretty foine foightin's been done in Ameriky; Oi've sane it, corporal, wid my own two eyes."

"A dog can fight, Sergeant-major, and cats are tantamount to the same thing; but where, I say, is the soldierly bearing, the discipline, the spree-doo-cor, as they say in France? Sergeant-major, you know and I know that a man cannot be a tailor to-day and a soldier to-morrow, and an agent for pictorial family bibles the day after."

"I dunno, for you see you're a constable an' Oi'm a hid missenger in a government ahhice in the city."

"A soldier, Sergeant-major, can always serve the country, is, even as a soldier, a government officer; that is a very different thing, Sergeant-major."

"The cornel here was tillin' me there was min in his rigiment that was merchints an' lawyers an' clerks, an' shtudints, as good sowljers as iver foired a carboine or drewed a shabre on the inimy."

"That was a case, Sergeant-major, of mob meeting mob. Did these men ever charge as our cavalry charged at Balaclava; did they ever stand, Sergeant-major, as we, myself included, stood at Inkerman? Never, Sergeant-major, never! They might have made soldiers, if taken young; but, as they were, they were no more soldiers than Sylvanus Pilgrim here."

"You shet up yer tater-trap, Consterble Rigby, an' don't go fer to abuse better men nor you aint," angrily interrupted the subject of the corporal's unflattering comparison. Then, seeing the veteran, hopeless of convincing his opponent, retire to the garden to join the children, Sylvanus waxed bold. "A soldier, Tryphena, a common soldier! Ef I owned a dawg, a yaller dawg, I wouldn't go and make the pore beast a soldier. Old pipeclay and parade, tattoo and barricks and punishment drill, likes ter come around here braggin' up his lazy, slavish life. Why don't he git a dawg collar and a chain at wunst and git tied up ter his kennel. Ef you want a man, Tryphena, get one as knows

A life on the ocean wave  
And a home on the rollin' deep,

none o' your stiff starched, nigger driven, cat o' nine tails, ornery common soldiers."

Tryphena snickered a little, but the constable went on with his breakfast, not deigning to waste a syllable on such unmilitary trash as Sylvanus, with whom it was impossible to reason, and to come to blows with whom might imperil his dignity. Some day, perhaps, Pilgrim might be his prisoner; then, the majesty of the law would be vindicated.

A messenger came and summoned the constable to accompany the coroner, Dr. Halbert, to Richards, and bring the body of the murdered detective to the post office. On such an occasion, the pensioner's dignity would not allow him to drive the waggon, so Rufus had to be pressed into the service. Squire Walker, as the presiding magistrate, in view of Carruthers' personal connection with the death of the subject of the jury's verdict, appointed the detective temporary clerk of the court that should sit after the inquests were over. Fearing that few of the settlers warned would turn out as jurors, through fear of the Select Encampment people, the master of Bridesdale chose a sufficient number of men for the purpose from the present sojourners at his house. These, some time after the doctor's departure, sauntered leisurely towards the most public place in the neighbourhood. Arrived at the post office, they found a large unfinished room in an adjoining building prepared for the court. This building had been begun as a boarding house, but, when almost completed, the conviction suddenly came to the post office people that there were no boarders to be had, all the transients of any financial value being given free quarters in the hospitable mansion of the Squire. Hence the house was never finished. The roof, however, was on, and the main room floored, so that it had been utilized for church and Sunday school purposes, for an Orange Lodge, for temperance and magic lantern itinerant lectures, and for local hops. Now, with the dead body of Harding laid out upon an improvised table of rough boards on trestles, it assumed the most solemn aspect it had ever exhibited. Three oldish men were there, whom people called Johnson, Newberry, and Pawkins; they were all the summoned jurors who had responded. Soon, from the other side, the waggon came in sight, and when it came forward, the remains of Nagle, alias Nash, were lifted reverently out and into the hall, where they were placed beside those of one of his murderers. The elder Richards accompanied the doctor, in order to give his testimony. The mad woman and her son were also there, in charge of Sylvanus and Ben Toner. Just as the party prepared to constitute the coroner's court, a stumpy figure on a high stepping horse came riding along. He was well disguised, but several persons recognized him. "Seize him," cried Squire Carruthers. "It's Grinstuns," said the lawyer. "Stop him!" shouted Bangs. But, Rawdon, having seen what he wanted, wheeled his horse and galloped away. There was neither saddled horse to pursue him, nor rifle to bring him down. "All the better," remarked Mr. Walker to his brother J.P.'s; "had he seen mounted men and fire-arms among us, he'd have smelt a rat. As it is, he thinks we are on the defensive and moving slowly." It was evident, from what people heard

of the presiding magistrate's conversation, that the court had decided in favour of measures offensive.

(To be continued.)

#### AFTER SUNSET.

WAVELETS of paling glory,  
In opal oceans lie,  
Drifts of crimson splendour fade  
In slowly darkening sky.

Dusky bars of tawny gold  
Grow faint in after glow.  
Tender gleams of radiance shine  
From crescent, hanging low.

Pale slumbrous stars awaken  
In far-off purple gloom,  
To guard with solemn vigil  
The sunset's sombre tomb.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE Province of British Columbia within the last few years has passed from the sphere of the unknown and inaccessible regions of the earth to that of promise and hope. Eastern Canadians are reading of her vast resources, Americans are prospecting in her mines, from England even thousands are pouring in every year to try their fortune on the Western coast. That many of these emigrants will be disappointed is as sure as anything can be, but the practical man who knows what to expect in a new country will not be disappointed, and it is precisely in knowing what to expect that the difference lies between those who will succeed and those who fail. Take climate for instance. The climate throughout British Columbia is for the most part delightful, but there is more rain, especially on the coast, than those from the East have been accustomed to. Straightway some denounce the weather as villainous, whereas it is nothing of the kind. The rainy season, disagreeable as it may be, is succeeded by magnificent clear weather not too warm and assuredly not too cold. Those who know, say that it resembles the climate of the South of England, and this is especially true of Victoria.

More important even than the question of climate is that of labour and wages. Here again there is ample room for bitter disappointment. New country though it be, British Columbia has already an adequate share of professional men; doctors and lawyers are to be found not, relatively, in as large numbers as in Ontario, for instance, but to such an extent that competition in those branches is quite active; of clerks and bookkeepers there is a supply quite equal to the demand. England sends out yearly numbers of young men of good family, fair education and a small annual allowance who fill departments in the Provincial civil service, banks, etc., and who can afford to take these positions whether the salary be large or small.

What the country really needs more than anything else is, in the first place, men of capital—not necessarily large capital, but something at any rate that may be invested and may help to develop the manufactories of the Province; and in the next place, mechanics—carpenters, bricklayers and artisans of all kinds; they can command good wages and steady work anywhere.

But wages, again, are another source of disappointment to those who have extravagant ideas of the West. It must be remembered by those who speak of the high wages paid in British Columbia that nearly everything is much dearer than in the East. The cost of living is much greater; board and lodging is at least fifty per cent. dearer than it is in the East; the useful if not beautiful copper coin in vogue in the East is unknown in the West, and one will pay two bits (in other words twenty-five cents) for what in the East could be bought for ten cents. What more than balances the disadvantages of the high rate for living is the chance of investing, which arises constantly, and such chances have made more rich people (of late years at any rate) than all the professions put together. As to the people of British Columbia there are of course in the Province representatives from all parts of the world. So far as having men from all parts of the world within her border could make her so she should be thoroughly cosmopolitan, but, strange to say, there is often much narrowness and Provincialism. The native-born British Columbian never calls himself Canadian. Indeed he appears to cherish a feeling of pity akin to contempt for the Easterner who is also characterized as a "North American Chinaman"—an epithet the most contemptuous that could be used. The Englishman, too, stands aloof from the Canadian with an air of conscious superiority—at least the third-rate Englishman, of whom there are many in the Province, do, and they are somewhat encouraged in this by the native British Columbians, many of whom are foolish enough to act in such a way that they can fairly be called Anglo-maniacs. The American comes and goes as he pleases without troubling himself about social or Provincial distinctions. And indeed to an outsider there is something ludicrous in the way in which each Province "cliques" with its own members on the Western coast. There is a great deal more of such non-