

notions of English jurisprudence. I will pass over your insane presumption that a husband has no right either in his wife's property or in the person of his child. I will merely remind you, my dear Gillian, that should you 'invoke the law,' as you poetically describe the simple process of consulting the nearest solicitor, you will cause very unpleasant revelations."

"I have thought of all that, and I am prepared. Shame cannot touch me now."

"I, on my side, will have an unpleasant duty to perform. I shall have to contend that one reason, and one reason only, accounted for my wife's eccentric conduct on my return, that reason being connected with her attachment to a man who certainly wished to become her husband, and was possibly her lover."

"You coward!" said Gillian. "Well, I am prepared for that too."

"I shall have also to testify—very unwillingly—that this gentleman and my wife were alone together last night at the bottom of the spinney an hour after she had called upon him to eject her lawful husband from her house, an hour before she fled—the presumption being that during that interview her flight was arranged, and that he was to follow her, meet her at some convenient spot, and convey her to some secluded haven of bliss."

"Is that all you have to say," asked Gillian.

"I—I think so."

"Then leave this house!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"You had better go quietly. If you do not, I will not call the law to assist me, but I will summon one who is prepared to take its place." She moved to the open door as she spoke.

"Who, pray?" asked O'Mara, with a sudden pallor.

"The man whom you call my lover, and whom I love."

"Then," said O'Mara, fiercely, "you confess it?"

"Without shame, now, and without fear. Yes, I love him. He knows that we are here together. He is prepared at a sign from me to remove you from this house, which, I tell you again, is mine now. Will you go?"

"No," answered O'Mara, ragingly.

The handkerchief which Gillian had held in her hand during the interview fluttered for a moment at the door, and a few seconds later Sir George Venables and Mr. Bream entered the room.

"I see," said O'Mara, "a conspiracy."

"Nothing of the kind," said Bream; "only a course of treatment which I have suggested."

"And which we are here to carry out," added Venables.

"You see, my friend," said Bream, "the lady was too precipitate. Had you accepted her generous yielding up of her possessions, and ceased to persecute her, you might have been quite comfortable. Now, the tables are turned."

"So!" said O'Mara, "are you quite aware, gentlemen, what you are doing? Have you calculated the consequences?"

"We have," said Venables; "and at a word from that lady—"

"That lady," said O'Mara, with a bow in Gillian's direction, "is again to be congratulated on her champions. I put this rural parson aside—he is simply a pertinacious busybody, but as for you, sir, who are simply my wife's lover—"

"Be silent," said Venables, "or—"

"I will not be silent," cried O'Mara, with every symptom of outraged virtue in face and voice. "I am not *un mari complaisant*, and I do not intend to be either silent or suppressed. And if I ever do vacate these premises my daughter at least shall accompany me."

"I claim my child, too," said Gillian, "everything I possess, and I defy you to do your worst against me."

"You!" cried O'Mara, "you! heathen and infamous!"

"That's enough," said George, "out you go."

"Very well," said O'Mara, stepping back out of reach of his arm. "Observe, I yield to force—to force only. Remember, I shall spare none of you now. Personally, I dislike publicity, but since you

put me to it, madam, the world shall know everything—yes, everything. If I fail I shall at least have the pleasure of knowing that my existence—and I think the world will decide with the husband, and against the wife who pretended to be a widow and entrapped an innocent clodhopper into a marital engagement. It will be a *cause célèbre*. I shall conquer, and society will be amused. Sir, I salute you. Monsieur Busybody, Mr. Cantwell, Mr. Facing Both Ways, your servant. *Madame la soi-disante* widow, *au revoir!*"

He swept a semicircle of bows, and lounged easily towards the open French window. But suddenly he stopped, with uplifted hands of helpless panic.

"Keep him back!" he cried, "keep him from me!"

A shadow darkened the sunlight. Jake Owen, with dilated eyes, stood there, glaring at O'Mara. The gleam of steel in his hand warned onlookers of his intent; but before a foot could move Jake sprang, the knife flashed in the air, and O'Mara fell, grovelling to the floor. Bream leapt on him and wrenched the knife from his hand.

"Back, you madman! Give me the knife."

"Aye, take it parson," said Jake, "I've done what I came to do."

"Good God!" cried Bream, sinking on one knee beside O'Mara, who had writhed over on to his face. "He's dead."

"Dead!" cried Gillian, "Murdered?"

"Murdered!" said Jake, still with his eyes on O'Mara's figure at his feet. "No, for I killed him! He killed my Jess, and it's only life for life."

[THE END.]

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

Proverbs are wisdom in a nutshell; pocket philosophy; *multum in parvo*. Brevity is not the soul of wit only; it sometimes is the soul of wisdom. Men rather like laconic expressions, and have current among them a number of "old saws," as they call them; relating to almost every department of life. Most of those, like folk-lore, had their origin among the people; some, no doubt, first had their appearance in the works of authors, and continued current long after the authors and their works were both forgotten. It is a great thing among the doubts and perplexities of life to be anchored to some great principle. Wise maxims loom up like light-houses here and there in the sea of life, warning of dangerous rocks and guiding into harbours of safety. It may not be uninteresting to consider some of the maxims which pass current among men. One that reminds us of the philosophy of the Stoics is, "What can't be cured, must be endured." But the philosophy of it is wiser than the philosophy of the Stoics; because they aimed at cultivating a supreme indifference and contempt for pain and suffering. We may be sure, however, that the Stoics liked the toothache no better than their neighbours. "What can't be cured, must be endured" does not teach us to regard suffering with indifference or contempt. By all means, if trouble can be avoided, let it be avoided; if it cannot be avoided, bear it patiently; if you cannot bear it patiently, bear it as patiently as you can. And don't fret about what you can't help. This suggests another maxim, "Whatever is necessary, is right." That is, whatever is unavoidable is not blameworthy. Whatever it is absolutely necessary for you to do, it is right for you to do; but in case of doubt, make sure, make very sure that it is necessary. All that a man can do is to do his best. "Heaven," as Sam Jones says, "is just the other side of where a fellow does his best." One of the most current maxims is, "Honesty is the best policy." Some have regarded this as a very materialistic and cold-blooded way of regarding honesty, as a policy. It is simply a business-like statement of a moral truth; a commercial certificate that honour is in demand. Certainly honesty is not a mere policy; even though, from a worldly point of view, it were the worst policy, it is nevertheless honesty,—which is above any policy. A corollary to the maxim I have just mentioned is, "Cheating never thrives." This also

puts cheating on the ground of a policy; cheating is the worst policy, according to the maxim, because it does not thrive. Cheating is not to be considered as merely the worst policy; even if it were the best policy, it is nevertheless cheating, which is unworthy of consideration as a policy. Another old saw is, "Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." The same idea is contained in "Don't cross the bridge till you come to it." These are maxims for people who fret over things that never come to pass. People who fret and have the "blues" are always making mountains out of distant mole hills. The thing you fear is not the thing that will trouble you. Beaconsfield used to say, "It is always the impossible that happens." Well, the impossible never happens; but it is always the unexpected that happens. Don't trouble trouble, therefore, till trouble troubles you. A trite saying of the people, in the nature of an aphorism, is "penny wise and pound foolish." This is a maxim for people who are, as they say in slang, "pernickety." It is a maxim for people who buy things they don't want because they are cheap. That is penny wise and pound foolish. I knew a gentleman who bought a very large pair of antlers. He did not want them; but they were cheap, only \$40 or so. They would not fit over any door, or anywhere in the house; and finally they had to be relegated to the hay loft. Another maxim relating to foolishness is, "There's no fool like an old fool." I will not say anything more about this maxim than that I believe it. We like to show respect to our elders, and we look to them for wisdom; but when, shocked and disappointed, instead of wisdom we meet with foolishness, we realize that truly there's no fool like an old fool. As a last maxim, "Enough is as good as a feast." You have probably had enough of my maxims. You will think I have been making a tour of those numerous copy books which unite choice maxims with Spencerian penmanship.



### GRAND FLORAL CONCERT.

This is the rather ambiguous title of a very original and pretty volume of music, intended to be sung by children at any Sunday-school entertainment or similar gathering. The idea is a novel one, being that the singers should represent various flowers and be dressed in corresponding colours. They are supposed to appear on the platform in the same order in which the spring flowers come to blossom; the crocus, dandelion, violet, daisy and rosebud being the principal ones represented. The music is bright and attractive, and as children of four years and upwards can take part, the "concert" should become a universal favourite. It is written and published by Mr. Morley McLaughlin, St. John N.B.

### THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* for March opens with a fine plate of the Windsor cherry, which takes its name from the town of Windsor, Ont., where it originated on the grounds of the late James Dougall, who had it brought from the State of New York. It is a little later in season than the Elkhorn, or Tradescant Black Heart, and is a hardy species. E. P. Powell gives a good account of how to grow pears. He considers that the pear-tree is harder than the apple and more easily grown, but that no fruit suffers more from neglect.

### THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

The *Ladies Home Journal* for March contains a description of "The Princess of Wales at Home," by Lady Elizabeth Hilary, with charming portraits of Her Royal Highness and her family. The third paper, "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men," has for this number an account of Mrs. Gladstone.

Maine has decided to adopt the so-called Australian ballot system, as a number of other states have already done. If the people of the republic will keep an eye on Canada and follow our lead, as in this instance, they will in time become a great nation.