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## A Lost Gem

"Object! I do object, of course," Stella answered, clasping her hands tightly together in her agony of pain and fear. "I dare not think of it; but it cannot be helped. I must do right."

Hannington laughed. He was really a little touched, but he did not wish to betray the fact. "My dear Mrs. Moncrieff, you are making much ado about nothing," he said, almost kindly. "I have not the least desire to destroy your domestic happiness, and you know it would be destroyed once and for all if I showed your husband those little documents, unless you had previously confessed their existence, which it seems you have not done! But if you cross my path, I must take measures to protect myself. Let us compromise the matter a little. If, at the end of a week, I have not spoken to Mr. Moncrieff and formally proposed for Molly's hand, then tell him what you choose. Grant me a week's respite, and I'll reserve the letters—perhaps I will even burn them; but give me a week."

"A week—why a week?" said Stella, hesitatingly.

"For deliberation—consideration of my affairs; all that sort of thing. Just one week—and then the whole thing shall be cleared up."

"Will you promise not to see Molly during that time?"

Hannington reflected. "Well," he said with some reluctance, "I will promise if you desire it. Yes, Mrs. Moncrieff, I promise."

Stella sighed. "I don't know," she said, "whether I ought to yield this point; but if you will promise not to see her again, nor write, and at the end of the week to speak to Mr. Moncrieff, I will keep silence—until then—but only till then!"

"I will not see her again. I will not write, unless my letters go through the authorities' hands. I will let Mr. Moncrieff know everything by the end of the week. Isn't that enough?" said Hannington, laughing rather oddly. "What a diplomatist you would make, Stella! Come, you need not be offended," he continued, as he saw her color and frown. "You gave me permission to call you Stella once, you know."

Was it by design that he said those words so clearly? It was at that very moment that Stella saw two gentlemen approaching her; they had turned the corner of the wall just as John Hannington spoke; it would be a miracle if they had not heard what he said. Stella's face flushed crimson, and then became white with dismay; for the new comers were no other than Ralph Kingscot and her husband, Alan Moncrieff. She was speechless with amazement; she felt that she looked like a culprit, and that haughty astonishment was written on every line of her husband's handsome face. How could she explain? That was the question that immediately occurred to her; but no answer suggested itself so readily. It would be impossible to offer any explanation, if Alan wanted one, until the week was past. Until then she would have no right to tell him that she met John Hannington simply in order to talk with him of Molly; and until then, therefore, she must endure his astonishment, his perplexity, and perhaps his blame. She felt that her position was, for the time being, exceedingly hard.

### CHAPTER XXI.

For a minute or two no member of the little group said a word. Then the gentlemen saluted each other very formally, and Mr. Moncrieff turned gravely to his wife. "Are you coming home now?" he inquired. And Alan nervously answered that she was coming, he offered her his arm—a very extraordinary proceeding on his part, at such an hour and in such a place; but designed, no doubt (as Hannington thought to himself), to show that Stella was his property, and that it was his intention to take care of her. The husband and wife walked away together, leaving Kingscot and Hannington face to face. There was a pause; then, when the Moncrieffs were out of sight, Kingscot burst into subdued laughter, while Hannington fidgeted and looked sulky, as if he did not altogether like the turn that affairs were taking.

"Well," said Kingscot at last, recovering himself as he saw the expression on his friend's face, "you've put your foot into it now, Jack, and no mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you not see Moncrieff? Were not your last words distinctly audible? What do you suppose he will think?"

"I suppose he will explain everything," said Jack, taking out his fume box and lighting a cigar. His usual self-confidence seemed to have deserted him; vexation and perplexity were both written upon his brow. "It is unlikely."

"You think she'll tell?" asked Kingscot, significantly.

Hannington hesitated, and took a whiff or two at his cigar. Then he crossed his arms, leaned back against the wall, and allowed a faint smile to creep into his handsome dark face.

"She promised to say nothing for a week," he said. "And I don't know whether one may trust her to keep her word."

"You think she'll be too afraid of her husband to speak out, too timid to exculpate herself?"

"No, not that. She looks timid and

gentle enough; but there is plenty of character behind that fair little face and the pretty blue eyes. She is quite capable of circumventing us all, Jack, and I am not sure that we have not made a mistake in taking it for granted that she would be so easily frightened. What I rely on—and I have watched her pretty carefully during the last few months—is her sense of honor and her strong will. If she told you that she would hold her tongue for a week, you may confidently depend upon it that she will keep her word."

"She made a condition," said Hannington dryly.

"Of course. Women always do. What was it?"

"That I should not see Molly during the week, or to communicate with her, save through the higher powers. I may walk up to Torrens and offer myself as a son-in-law to Moncrieff, of course, if I choose to do so."

"I see. And it is your intention to stick to that?"

John Hannington shrugged his shoulders. "All's fair in love or war," he said, averting his eyes from Kingscot's face. But it was plain that he had some shrinking from the business in hand; some little grain of conscience made him sour. And Kingscot, with his usual shrewdness, divined the feeling, and responded to it.

"Keep your word if you like," he said. "You need not see Molly for the next few days. You can send letters to her, you say if you send them through the higher authorities—of whom I am sure! I'll take your letters, Jack. Trust them to me."

"Yes; by virtue of my relationship. 'Save through the higher powers,' you said. Well, I am not one of them. Have I known all to be considered? I am Molly's uncle, and—gad! I mean to have a hand in her fate."

Hannington uttered a short, reluctant laugh. "So you will take charge of our letters? You approve of my suit? Come, Kingscot, tell the truth; why do you take this kindly interest in two romantic lovers? What do you hope to get out of us?"

"Well," said Kingscot, modestly, "I think I may hope for a fair share of gratitude."

"Translated, I suppose, into £. s. d.?"

"You put it rather coarsely, Jack. I should certainly like to see Molly married to a friend of mine."

"I may put it coarsely, but it is just as well to be frank," said Mr. Hannington. "You will not have free quarters in my house, if I marry Molly, as you have had at Torrens."

"It is kind of you to forewarn me," said Kingscot, with equal coolness, "but unnecessary; because I mean to go in for a little independence before long. I am tired of humoring Moncrieff and bowing down before Madam Stella; I am tired of bear-leading and keeping guard. I am going to London before long—but I want an income—small it may be, but secure."

He kept his eye watchfully on Hannington as he spoke.

"Do you think that you will get one from me?" said Hannington.

"Oh, no. I don't count on such generosity from you, Jack. Still, it occurred to me that if I could assist you now, and if my assistance were worth anything, you might find it pay you to promise me a little help in the future. Fifty pounds a year or so would do much for you, wouldn't it?"

"You are sure about that fortune?" said his friend, a little uneasily. "She gets it at her marriage?"

"Of course," Kingscot smiled in a rather unpleasant way. "No doubt of that, my dear fellow; no doubt at all. I thought you had examined the will for yourself under which she inherits."

"No, I hadn't time. I am taking it on trust. If you deceive me—"

"Now, really, Jack, is it to my interest to deceive you? What should I gain by it? I want to further your happiness in every possible way. It is folly of you to harbor these suspicions of my good faith."

(To be Continued.)

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## How Combines Rule.

Canadian Tariff Changes Dictated by Them.

Finance Minister Foster Held a "Brief" from the Bosses.

Revelations Made by Mr. Casey, M. P. for West Egin, in the House of Commons.

In his speech on the address, Mr. Casey, M.P., said:

"The Minister of Finance has abdicated the function of the controller of our tariff. I used to assert this during the discussions on the tariff legislation of last session. I used to say as item after item came up that it must have been prepared by the special trade which it was intended to benefit. My assertion was soon-pooled at the time; I was told that the items were framed by the Finance Minister himself. But I hold in my hand positive proof that the assertions were well founded—that the Minister of Finance neither made nor revised these tariff acts, but that he was only the mouthpiece of an oligarchy, a Venetian council of ten who dictated the terms on which the tariff must be framed. I have in my hand the organ of the combines, called 'The Canadian Manufacturer,' bearing date March 1, which contains a report of the annual meeting of the Manufacturers' Association on the 27th February, from which it is learned that the organization exists for the distinct purpose of maintaining a 'protective' policy for its own benefit. The president maintained no one but the manufacturer themselves should have a voice in correcting, as he calls it, the incongruities of the tariff. The president, in his address, further asserts that the Premier and the Government, who are supposed to represent and to act for the whole people, have been giving on the sly, special assurances to the Manufacturers' Association as to the conduct of the Government regarding protection. I claim that this is unconstitutional servility on the part of the Minister and his Cabinet. Then the secretary of this association, Mr. Thompson, says, 'I have been in the Government for years, and I tell you what they have done during the year. He first refers to the demand for tariff revision on the part of the public and then relates how the original tariff changes brought down were changed by pressure on the Government in a way that 'gave much satisfaction to the country—certainly to the friends of the Government.' By 'friends of the Government,' the secretary naturally wishes to understand the combines. He shows that the demand for tax reduction was so urgent that some changes had to be made, or the Government would have been beaten, and the Liberals would then have attained power. The secretary continues:

"It was under these circumstances that the tariff committee entered upon their labors, having the counsel and assistance of many of the most experienced members of the association, the result of which was the embodiment of the tariff changes in the bill introduced by the Finance Minister, which I directed him to bring in a communication to the Finance Minister, in which he alluded to it as a well-prepared brief in which all the matters therein discussed had been done full justice."

A well-prepared brief, Mr. Speaker. Who gets the brief? The counsel for one side or the other in the case. What does the counsel get along with the brief? A fee, and a counsel never touches a brief unless he is paid. I mentioned in it. It is not possible for me to say what form the fee took in this case—whether it was a promise of money or subscription towards the approaching elections or general support and influence during the elections. But you may be sure, sir, that when the Minister of Finance took a brief from the combines, he took a fee of some kind or the promise of a fee. The secretary continues:

"Perhaps it might be going too far to even surmise the effect these recommendations of your tariff committee to the Minister may have had in the final arrangement of the tariff; but it is but an act of justice to the committee to direct attention to the large number of changes that were made along the lines suggested in the recommendations, and that in many instances the language used in both are substantially identical. This is particularly noticeable as regards the iron schedule, the duties upon textiles, the duties upon drugs, chemicals, alcoholic preparations, etc., as well as upon an extended list of miscellaneous articles."

There have been a complete change. It was not the tariff committee of the Government which drew up these revisions of the tariff, but the tariff committee of the Manufacturers' Association. They made a brief for the Minister of Finance, and they sent it to him by letter. They did more. They sent him a deputation after it to which I will call your attention in a moment. The deputation not only accepted their suggestions, but they accepted their statements of their views verbatim, and put on the statutes exactly what this committee of combines directed him to put on."

"On Feb. 14, 1894, a large and important joint meeting of the tariff and executive committees of this association, and of other members, was held in this office. Mr. W. E. Thompson, secretary of the Association, presided. The meeting was called to order by the secretary, and the first business was the presentation of a list of all such tariff matters as had been previously submitted to the association, the business having been previously arranged by the secretary for consideration. The brief, as prepared by the secretary, was accepted and adopted as expressing the views of the association, and the secretary was instructed to present the same to the Minister of Finance."

THE MINISTER CAPITULATED. The brief was presented to the Hon. Mr. Foster at Ottawa on Feb. 26, 1894. You will remember, sir, that immediately after Feb. 26, 1894, the Minister began to eat up his first proposition and to substitute the one forced upon him by his master. In view of this state of things in view of the complete abdication of his functions by the honorable gentleman and his colleagues, the words used by the leader of the Opposition in a speech at Montreal, in which he said that emancipation was not a bit too strong, were not a bit too strong. There were a class of combines against whom one member of the Government directed a bill a few years ago, but which bill seems to have utterly failed in its object. He takes their brief, he does what they tell him to do, and their will becomes law. I say, sir, that he is the slave of the combines. I say that the combines who, by means of what is called the National Policy, collect taxation from their own pockets in taxation for the public treasury, are in the position of the publicans of old in the Roman empire, who paid large sums yearly into the treasury for the privilege of collecting as much taxes as they could from the people of the different provinces. And these publicans, when their views were in the Scriptures, were classed with the scribes. They were not our friends who sell strong drink

but those who paid for the right of taxing the people of the provinces. They were classed with the sinners, and properly so, and I class this same sort of people with the sinners today. The alliance between the combines and the high tariff Government is the alliance between the publicans and sinners, an alliance as much to be reprehended today as it was in the time of our Saviour. . . . The reading of these extracts from the report has taken more time than I intended to occupy, and I beg the pardon of the House for detaining honorable members so long. But the extracts I have read indicate, I believe, a condition of affairs of serious, grave, and I might almost say vital importance to the people of this country. I think it is absolutely essential that they should be placed on record in the debates of the House, so that the people may see to what degree of impudence and arrogance our new rulers have attained, how fully they control the Government of the day, and how servilely the latter act in regard to them."

## LETTERS TO THE "ADVERTISER."

If you have a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of public interest to discuss in this column, we will print it in this column, provided the name of the writer is attached to his or her communication for publication.

### A MUSICAL OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor: London, April 28.—Sir, The management of the United Chorus' excursion is very desirous of having Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," given at their annual outing, which takes place on July 10, 11 and 12 next. "The Creation" is a most beautiful and easy work, and would afford ample opportunity of displaying to good advantage the choral and orchestral resources of our city. Mr. Fred Jenkins, of Cleveland, who sang so acceptably at the Choral Society concert on Tuesday evening last, has promised to sing the solo tenor parts, and Mrs. Martin Murphy, of Hamilton, will probably be invited to do the soprano work. About two hundred voices would be required for the chorus, and from sixty to seventy of an orchestra. Yours truly, ROSELLE POOCKE.

### JOHNSON, THOMPSON, AND A DOG.

Johnson owned a dog. Thompson lived next door to Johnson. The dog howled all night, and kept him up a week. Said Thompson to Johnson: "See here; we have always been good friends, and I thought I would tell you I was driving me and my family wild for want of sleep. My wife has lost nearly five pounds in weight."

"That's queer," said Johnson. "I haven't noticed him making any noise."

One evening Thompson came into the house leading the obnoxious dog on a string. "Now," said he to the astonished Mrs. Thompson, "we will soon settle the dog nuisance. I don't like to kill the dog while he belonged to Johnson, so I bought the beast. There is nothing unneighborly in killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform tomorrow."

Said Johnson to Thompson: "Well, you haven't chloroformed the dog yet."

"No," said Thompson. "The truth is, we have become rather fond of the little fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"Haven't noticed it at all."

"Him," said Johnson. "The brute keeps me awake all the time with his yelping."

### PERCY'S GREAT AND EQUITABLE SCHEME.

"I am going into business," said the young man with the flat hair as he sat down on a high-backed chair.

"Oh, Percy, no!" cried all the girls in the room, with accents of horror.

"Yes," said Percy, firmly. "I am. Can't let the chance slip. I have the finest idea, and I'm afraid if I'm not quick some other fellow'll get ahead of me."

"Do tell us," begged the blonde girl as she and her chums formed an adoring circle.

"Well," said Percy, "I'm going to start a restaurant, and instead of having people pay their bills by prices per order, I'm going to have scales at the door. Mr. X is weighed when he comes in; weight registered. Weighed again when he goes out and is charged per pound gain. Isn't that great?"

"But," they all gasped, admiringly, "you're a regular genius!"

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Dr. F. F. Kincheloe, Conway, Ark.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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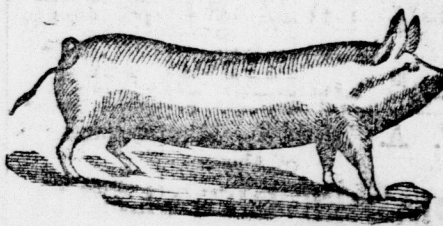
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