

when the watchman of the mill told what he had seen. It was then found out that the couple had gone to New York, but there all traces of them were lost. The female operatives at the mills were not sorry in the least, and always had known "that she was a sly little devil," while the men appeared thoroughly disgusted at the thought that they should have been so much deceived in her, and that she was no better than any of the others. But there were two beings who judged her not and mourned her absence—Old Jake and the dog.

The old man became less talkative than ever. He seemed to have lost all interest in things around him which he ever possessed. But daily, with the trembling old spaniel at his heels, he paid a visit to the police station to see if anything had been heard in regard to the whereabouts of the child, and, when the officer in charge hesitatingly gave him the same old and discouraging reply, he would slowly totter out mumbling in his trembling voice: "Elle retournera! Elle retournera!"

It was a cold and dreary February morning, and, as the passengers on the western train that was nearing Montreal arose from their more or less uncomfortable slumbers, the aspects of the surrounding country were far from calculated to raise their spirits. The leafless trees, the river, which, with the addition of immersed lands on both sides, covered with ice and snow, looked like an immense barren steppe, presented a most sombre picture, unilluminated by the sun, which either had not been able to penetrate the leaden clouds, or had not yet made its appearance on this side of the globe.

Crouched away in a corner near the window, seemingly for the purpose of giving the cold less chance of obtaining a foothold, was a little bit of a woman whose pale, pinched face, was hardly visible amongst the folds of the big gray shawl which enveloped her diminutive form. Unable probably to secure a berth in the sleeping-car, she had no sleep all night, and seemed to feel less comfortable with every station that brought them nearer to town. She seemed ill, but no one took any notice of her. The human race is so egotistical, especially when in bad humour. Most of them had something to eat, but no one seemed to notice the hungry look with which she watched every morsel as it went from hand to mouth.

In vain they watched for the sun, but it did not come. Instead, the clouds became heavier and unruly, and just before the train reached the old shed, which for so many years had done service as a depot, a heavy snowstorm was raging. All the passengers, with the exception of the poor little woman in the gray shawl, immediately made for the sleighs that stood waiting.

She evidently did not know where to go or what way to turn. A watchman stood shivering in his greatcoat on the platform. She asked him something in French. At first he did not seem to understand, and then pointed around the corner in an eastern direction. She followed his finger with her eye, thanked him and disappeared. After turning the corner she walked straight on. People on the street looked at her and wondered; some pitied her, but it was too cold to stop. She began to feel faint and went into a cheap restaurant, where she asked for a cup of coffee and a roll—all she could afford. The place was full of rough-looking men, probably out of work, who laughed at her as she sat in a corner with chattering teeth waiting for her order, while the waitresses, strapping girls with vicious faces, grinned at her and laughed at the coarse jokes which some of the men got off at her expense. She paid for what she got, but could not stand the taunts, and, after drinking half her coffee, went out again into the cold. Thus she walked all day, always going to the east, half blinded by the sharp snow, which cut her unprotected face and hands.

Just when it began to grow dark she passed a sympathetic policeman, who uttered the words, "Poor little Tibbits," as she went by; but, knowing from experience that unasked for favours seem seldom acceptable, let her pass on. As he spoke the words, she looked up for a moment as if she had heard a familiar voice, and then continued her way, being soon lost in the darkness.

That night, notwithstanding the storm, Old Jake had been out on his accustomed visit to the police station, and coming home had retired to bed, and was trying to sleep amidst the noise of the old window-panes, which the wind made rattle in their frames. All at once the old dog began to whine. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and listened, but could hear nothing except the storm as it whistled through the trees. Again the dog whined, and it seemed as if he heard some one call for help. The old man trembled. "C'est elle," he said. "Elle a retourné." The dog wagged his tail and went to the door. The old man hastily dressed, and, as the cry was heard again, the dog became uneasy. He opened the door and both went out into the darkness. It was a fearful night; but on they went—now blown back and then crushed against the wall of some house, till they heard the stifled cry for help again, this time right near them. One more step and the old man stumbled against something in the snow and fell. The storm, in fear of losing its prey, seemed to redouble its wrath. Concentrating its forces in one direction, it heaped mountains of snow upon the spot where he had fallen, and then raised its voice to such a strange, unearthly pitch, that many people left their beds for fear something awful would happen in their sleep.

When the morning came the storm had subsided, and, as the milkman slowly passed on his accustomed round, he was stopped by a strange looking heap of snow, which covered the bodies of a man, a woman, and a dog. Old Jake was right. Poor Tibbits had returned.

Montreal.

A WORD ON SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

There is a quaint saying, belonging to the tribe of old-fashioned proverbs and saws that no one knows the origin of, but that coming from the people bear the people's mark in their rude simplicity and homely sense, and that have been with us so long, that they seem often to have caught an echo of our human nature. And this particular saying has it that "It takes all sorts of people to make up a world," which, altering it a little, might read: "It takes all sorts of books to make up a literature," or, narrowing the signification still more, "all sorts of novels to make up the public taste." If the novel has a proper domain of its own, it refuses to keep to it and invades every other. It is as grave as philosophy itself sometimes, and teaches us many a moral and religious lesson. It is scientific, humorous, pathetic and satirical by turns. We have novels of adventure, and novels of humdrum everyday life, to say nothing of stories and tales, which are the little children of literature, and so often breathe something of the freshness and purity of these latter. But there is a species that we would fain sometimes shove off the highroad altogether and forbid right of way to, perhaps because it is like those irritatingly successful people who are always outrunning merit in this world, and that is the sensational novel. It is the smart man, the lucky adventurer of literature. It has its bonanzas, its times of booming, its fortunate hits. There is even something of the swaggering, hat-on-the-side-of-your-head air about it, and one could fancy it saying to its slower, more plodding companion novels: "Look at me, you fellows! There is not a bit of genuine tragedy or pathos about me. I don't trouble my head as to the truth or reality of things, and yet how many of you have helped my circulation?" If novels were to be classified, we could imagine the sensational going down as a manufacture, nothing of a product. It is not one of those books that suggest growth to us, that seem to have roots going deep down into human life and character, and to be nourished by the sympathies and sensibilities we sometimes call genius, the kind of book that makes us wonder what the author is like, where he lives, and what have been his experiences. On the contrary, we feel at once as if we had got into an unsympathetic superficial literary atmosphere—a mere incident shop, so to speak—where every event is paraded in the strongest possible language, and the effort after what is novel and exciting gives us the queerest collections at

times. And the difference between the clever sensational novel and the stupid one lies simply in the arrangement of goods. In the one the incidents are well chosen, calculated to strike the eye, and arrest the attention, and combined to the best advantage; in the other stupidity is added to superficiality, the colouring is coarser, and a general slovenliness prevails. But do not go to the incident shop for anything deeper than mere excitement. Its emotions are simulated, its characters have little vitality, its descriptions have the sort of resemblance to real life that a mask has to the human face; there is a likeness, but we are rather repelled by it than attracted. There is no writing that so depreciates the force and value of words. We are in general very little alive to the beauty of these symbols of ours that we make such a convenience of. It is only when they are woven into harmony by some masterhand that we are taught their mysterious power of holding and conveying feeling to us, and then we experience something of the surprise that would come to us if, in the people we live amongst day after day, and think we know so well, the people we rashly call commonplace, occasion were to reveal capabilities of heroic and self-sacrificing deeds. But the sensational does not possess this power over language, and supplies its place by exaggeration. When he would be strong he writes violently, where he would move us he heaps up words. But it is in describing emotion that he works hardest and affects us least. Love, fear, hate, despair, remorse, penitence—he shrinks from nothing, and his characters go through an amount of mental and moral suffering that one feels sure only the toughest constitutions could survive in real life. And yet the strange part of it is we feel so little sympathy with them. It is nothing to us that the heroine has "hell within her," and we hear that the soul of the hero is a "seething volcano," with an indifference that would argue us very hard-hearted were it not that the author has forgotten to make the connection between words and feeling, and we are somewhat in the plight of the animals called in by the ape to see the wonderful magic lantern, and who sat blinking their eyes in the darkness, and wondering they couldn't see anything as he described scene after scene, for clever Mr. Ape he had forgotten the light behind.

J. E. SMITH.

WELLINGTON'S COURTESY.

The Duke detested being helped; not from ingratitude, but from two distinct feelings—one that he did not like to be thought what he certainly was not—decrepit; the other that he knew very well that the majority of persons who helped him simply did so in order to be able to say that they had done so. This was to him revolting. Standing opposite to Apsley House in Piccadilly in the evening, when the street was even more crowded than it is now, the Duke was hesitating on the curbstone. A gentleman nearly as old as himself made some demonstration of assisting him to cross the road, endeavouring to check the tide of cabs and other vehicles that was setting strongly. When the Duke reached the gate of Apsley House he touched his hat and said: "I thank you, sir." The elderly stranger immediately uncovered. Holding his hat at his knee, he addressed the Duke as follows: "I have passed a long and not uneventful life, but never did I hope to reach the day when I might be of the slightest assistance to the greatest man that ever lived." The Duke looked at him calmly, and in a voice not in the least choked by emotion replied, "Don't be a damned fool!" and walked into Apsley House.—*Words on Wellington, by Sir William Fraser.*

"PATENT" ORANGES.—Blood oranges, for which a big demand has already sprung up in New York, probably because there is a big supply, have long been popular in Paris, so popular that suspicion was cast on their genuineness. The supply of blood oranges in Paris a year ago seemed to be enormous, and the question arose whether common plain oranges were not coloured by artificial means. On submitting a "blood" orange to an analytical chemist it was discovered that fuchsine, a red, harmless colouring matter, had been injected with a small syringe.—*New York Sun.*