

ANDY THOMS
OR
The Tale of an Urn.
BY
Thos. C. Andrews.
PART TWO.

After another anxious and sleepless night, the morning post brought a surprise to each of the happy couple in the shape of a letter for Andrew Thoms, on the corner of half hopeful expectation which was the address of the firm to which our friend, the judicial lawyer, but the most important name; another from the States, and bearing the Denver post mark, was registered, and addressed to Mrs. Thoms.

Each proceeded to open their mis-sive, Andy in anxiety and trepidation, while Mrs. T. broke the seal of her's in a flutter of half hopeful expectation which gave such a tremor to her fingers, that they allowed the contents of the envelope to fall, thus suffering the handsome diamond ring it contained, to roll out upon the floor, the sparkling jewel catching the light, its rays shot up in brilliant coruscations. The little shriek she gave on seeing the dazzling object failed to divert Andy from the dazed state of astonishment into which he was plunged by reading the contents of his letter, which he held up open in his hand. Going up to him, his wife peeped over his shoulder to be alike surprised at the offer it contained, which was a square bid of a thousand dollars for the urn, with an understanding that no further questions should be asked on either side, neither should there be any discussion of the subject with outside parties.

Mrs. T's letter was from a prominent citizen of Denver, stating that her friend Mr. Joyce alias Mandeville having suffered lately at the hands of Judge Lynch for, and on account of some nefarious banking transactions at a spot not very remote from Colorado's capital, he Mr. J., had requested as a last favor ere he was jerked into eternity, that the memorial of him might be remitted to Mrs. Thoms as some reparation for an injury he had done her at no very distant date.

Before concluding this narrative, it will be well to enquire, what made the professor so liberal in his offer for the urn; the facts of the matter being that on further consultation with his legal adviser he found that if Andy was obstinate, and of course he knew nothing of the bank bill episode, he could not recover possession of the crock without, more than the chance, of serious litigation, and what was perhaps worse from his point of view; as a consequence, a great amount of publicity, for as he explained to his legal friend the urn was really unique, in fact being the only perfect specimen of its kind in existence. He further explained there was in almost all cases of the exhumation of Ancient Art Treasures, a large amount of debris consisting of broken crockery and statuary, that all specimens found perfect or nearly so, as a rule, made their way into the national museums of European countries, or those of their princely collectors; institutions which were presided over by experienced specialists in such matters whose strict surveillance and sound judgment it would be very difficult to deceive or beguile, and that where it might happen that certain restorations had of necessity to be made in any of these ancient articles, that it had to be done in such manner that to the most inexperienced eye there should be no mistaking when the antique left off, and the modern began. That the universal spread of higher education, had of late years developed a great amount of interest in antiquity and their collection amongst all classes of society, and in fact that a perfect craze for the personal possession of articles of curiosity had invaded even the American continent, where the rich people, without pretending as a rule to know anything about such things were content to pay their money and take the word of some well advertised dealer in such goods. The amount paid, in the eyes of this class of purchasers, being of much more power in impressing their immense wealth and natural taste, upon their friends than a thousand quantities of the specimens being genuine.

In this case as in most others, the demand produces the supply, and certain Jews or Jewlike dealers purchased or stole the rejected fragments which by means of skilfully conducted restorations were palmed off as perfect specimens and sold at enormous figures to the rich Americans.

That it was to one of these dealers and manufacturers of antiquities the professor had in consideration of some unspecified equivalent, lent his urn for a model he having in the mean-

time given the object a great advertisement in his published account of his exploration in which he gave a minute account of the urn now in dispute and expressly declared the specimens unique in every particular, never fearing a rival from an American source at least; a matter in which he was greatly interested.

For he did find that after the loss of his own specimen, and it had become pretty certain it had perished in the flames of the burning wreck; that the wily American Jew, whom he had tacitly at least assisted in the fraud, had the cool imprudence to advertise to the world that the urn in his possession was the real simon pure and the one so "conveniently lost" by the Professor, an imitation, or why should he have taken it to America if he knew it was genuine?

This question was a poser for our learned friend. He certainly could not state why, he took it to the Western Continent. For years this matter had been a mystery; by skilful evasion, so far he had put off the evil day, but such things could not go on for ever. The crafty Jew was for ever getting in his way, both for policy sake and from professional hatred; for ever casting slurs against him in his own published articles in magazines and art journals where he could both advertise himself and his wares. These slurs were beginning to eat like rust into the Professor's reputation. But at length he had found a chance by which he could triumph over his rival and again restore the brilliancy to his tainted reputation.

No reasonable amount as the Dry Goods men might say, would be too much to possess himself once more of his undoubtedly unique curiosity, so as time was limited and he, by his nature not one to stand upon trifles, had determined to close the affair by a generous offer.

That it was taken by our hero, goes without saying—who now having capital sufficient for properly conducting of his business, sold out or gave it away and has started a railroad restaurant, on the counter of which are two large copper urns heated by gas, one for tea the other for coffee—in the last, is ever stewing the Chinese lucky stone, and as he rakes in the shekels for that beverage at the rate of five cents a cup from day to day, possibly he sometimes heaves a sigh to the memory of the almond eyed disciple of Confucius, who, tradition says, killed himself with opium and whiskey in the old shop round the corner.

The evening, during the time between trains, usually finds him surrounded by his cronies in the Coffee Room fighting England's old battles o'er again, battles with which he never had any concern save in his mind; while the wife of his bosom dazzles the eyes of her customers by the flash of her diamond ring, the brightness of which can be only rivaled by that from her own orbs of vision.—END.

A Plea for Our Loyal Defenders of 1837.

To the Editor:
Considerably over half a century has now passed since the great rebellion in Canada was put down, mainly by the efforts of the volunteer militia, both in Upper and Lower Canada. In the winter of 1837-38 the country was almost denuded of regular troops. A wide-spread feeling of discontent had been raised, and carefully nourished among the peasantry by seditious and disaffected leaders. The recent death, at Lorette, near Quebec, of Mr. Richard Freeman, one of the old volunteer officers with whom I have stood side by side on the many occasions when we had to turn out, leads one to look back, for a few moments, on the events of the time, and to recall to memory the severe strain imposed, in those years, on the volunteer militia, rendered notable by the fact that these services have never received even the slightest recognition, either from the Imperial Government or from the Canadian authorities.

The autumn of 1837 was, in the city of Quebec, a most anxious time. There were but few regulars in garrison. The town was surrounded by mal-contented, who, on the slightest occasion, would have assumed the offensive. As the winter drew on, many of the residents on the outskirts of the town had their more valuable articles of furniture removed within the walls for protection. The city gates were closed towards the mid-night, and many a belated reveller found himself shut in, or out, with the wicket inexorably barring his way. The able-bodied men of the city, all who were well-disposed, volunteered *en masse*. Middle-aged merchants, professional men, young and old, tradesmen and day-laborers, all came forward with cheerfulness, and were initiated

into the mysteries of drill. The light-infantry corps, to which I was attached, under the command of Major John Sewell, was picqueted for some time at the old House of Assembly (near Prescott gate) since burnt down, and again rebuilt. Here they were frequently called on to mount sentry on the Grand Battery in the vicinity. The weather was bitterly cold, and sometimes stormy, but volunteers for this service were never wanting. They were subsequently picqueted on the Citadel, and held the casemates of the grand old fortress. The men made the best of everything, there was no croaking; they seemed rather to enjoy the situation. It was a jolly time of songs and merriment. More than once have I heard those old arches ring with the echoes of Burns' famous song "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." When not on special duty, we were drilled daily in the old riding shed, at the north end of the Durham platform, subsequently burnt down, with sad loss of life, in 1846.

On New Year's day of 1838, the whole disposable militia force of the city, about four thousand men, marched out of John's Gate, up DeSalaberry street, and returned by the Grande Allee. There can be no doubt that the promptitude and good feeling displayed by the English-speaking residents prevented any rising among the disaffected of the locality. Still it was an anxious time. The town was ringed by mal-contented. There were many even within the walls. The arms supplied us were from the old armoury in Palace Street, and of very primitive type. We had the old flint-lock musket, and horse pistols of gigantic size, which had reposed peacefully in their stands for over half a century. The light-infantry companies generally adopted the blanket coat as a uniform. The sailors of winter-bound ships, were embodied, and known as the "Queen's pets," they carried huge pistols and cutlasses. In the early part of 1838, two companies of Engineer Rifles were also enrolled, composed of the artisans, joiners and builders of the city. The volunteer artillery of the town, under Major Lindsay, were also embodied, and made a fine appearance.

In the ensuing spring, a considerable force of regulars arrived from England, and the tension was relieved, the great strain was over.

Still there was hard fighting at many points, and the volunteers had their hands full. The men of Odelltown, the border counties, and the Montreal district, on several occasions met the insurgents in the field. In general, as before, they co-operated with the regulars. The little army which left Montreal, in December, 1837, for St. Eustache, included a body of cavalry and artillery, but was composed largely of volunteers. In fact, the worst of the struggle was over before the arrival of additional forces from England and the landing of the splendid troops of the household brigade.

All this seems, now, a dream of the past. It is the fashion, at the present day, among a certain class, to speak of those who rose in armed rebellion against the Queen, as "patriots." Yet these are the men who would have filled the country with violence and bloodshed. Who can tell what might have been the extent of the evil had not the volunteers come forward, and had the insurgents prevailed? A reign of chaos would have been inaugurated. The home authorities would have been compelled to resume possession of the revolted districts at the expense, probably, of enormous misery and considerable loss of life. Rapine and destruction would have been far a time rampant through the land. The whole country would have retrograded, and many years of progress would have been lost. One of our leading men is reported to have excused the neglect of the militia-claims by the plea that these matters happened before confederation and could not therefore be considered by the Dominion. He forgot that, had not the volunteers put down rebellion, there would be now, in all human probability, no Dominion in existence.

It seems passing strange, indeed, that the men of 1812 should have been sought out and rewarded; and that, in later years, the services of those who figured in the North-west troubles, though the country was not in the slightest danger, should also have been acknowledged; yet, for the men of 1837 who signaled the year of the Queen's accession by putting down a rebellion of alarming extent and importance, there has been no word of recognition, no syllable of thanks, either from Her Majesty, or her Government, or the colonial authorities. Not many of these veterans are now left—they drop off from time to time; I can scarcely take up a paper, now-a-

days, without noting the decease of one of my old companions in arms; and the few who yet remain must content themselves, it appears, with the sole conviction of having done their duty.
EMERITUS.
Westminster, B. C., March 12th, 1892.

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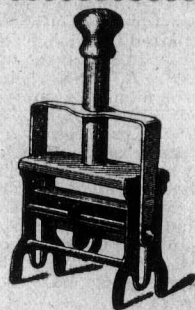
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