

which does not at all come within the scope of my resolution. It is with reference to the pleasure I have experienced in listening to the remarks from the chair. I consider the remarks made by the President upon this occasion to be of exceeding value. I do not know that any exposition has been made of banking in my hearing of so able and valuable a character as that we have listened to to-day. In fact I think a very great improvement has been made if I might speak in reference to former years. Hitherto it was not considered necessary to go so thoroughly into these questions, which are so interesting. But I think in this regard as in many other respects the Bank of Montreal sets an example which may be followed with very great advantage by other institutions, and I am sure that all bankers and financiers throughout the country and probably in the neighbouring republic will have very great regard for the utterances which have been made upon this occasion and which are so well carried out by the action of the board and their conduct of the business of this institution.

Mr. D. R. STODDART seconded the resolution, which was adopted.

After a formal adjournment until three o'clock, the scrutineers, Messrs. W. B. Cumming and James Burnett, reported the following gentlemen as duly elected directors:—Alfred Brown, George A. Drummond, Hugh McLennan, Edward Mackay, Alex. Murray, A. T. Patterson, Hon. D. A. Smith, Gilbert Scott, C. F. Smithers.

### A DREADFUL DISCOVERY.

(From the Family Herald.)

Self-respect, a desire to think well of myself, an obstinate determination to conquer my nerves, urged me to go down and enter that room. Fear—mighty and appalling demon!—rose up in all his tremendous strength, his so often irresistible and unresisted strength—and held me back. For what seemed a long time—I do not know how many minutes actually elapsed—I stood there fighting with my terror and my growing conviction that all was not well in the house.

That was the hardest battle I ever fought in my life; but I conquered.

"Come what will," I said. "I will descend and walk once around that room!"

To one seated perhaps in the bright sunlight this may seem a little matter; but in that great dark house, in which I was to all intents and purposes alone—for the servants slept high above—remembering the night I had passed, the dream I had had, the strange, undefined, and undefinable sensation that was pressing so heavily on me, was it a trifling thing to descend the staircase at two o'clock in the morning and open that door?

I did it. I forced myself down the stairs. My feet refused to move at first, but at last I compelled them.

My heart—what was it doing? Struggling violently! I seemed to be all heart. Hush! I was going softly down the stairs. Was that dreadful beast still crouching in the hall below? What would Charles think if he saw me now? With the thought of Charles came back a sudden rush of that mysterious terror, fresher, stronger, nearer. I half fancied that a low whisper came to my ear, and I started round with a cold sweat breaking out on my forehead. Oh, heaven, would this dreadful night never end? What was the matter with me? What fearful influence was at work in the house? Oh, to be safely up in the top gallery where the servants slept!

It was too late to go back now. I was at the door of the little seldom-used study. I turned the handle and passed in. Holding up my light, I looked round. The room was in darkness, save for my newly-arrived lamp. With a frenzied determination I walked round the apartment. All was dark and quiet; the light I saw was evidently a deception of my own brain; my nerves, it was plain, were all unstrung.

Stay! What was this? The table was moved! I advanced hurriedly, and, raising my lamp, looked down in wonder. The carpet, always kept nailed down, was partly taken up and thrown aside, revealing a corner of the bare boards beneath. I was in a dream of amazement. For a few moments terror gave way to wonder, and I approached and gazed on a piece of bare floor. I trod on it; in one part I fancied that the sound of my footfall was hollow.

With a sudden impulse I knelt down and passed my hand over the spot. I hardly knew what I expected or dreaded to discover. In pressing somewhat heavily in one place a portion of the floor receded from my touch and disclosed—what? Wonder upon wonder—a slight of steps going down, down, down, and disappearing in the blackness below! My state of mind was like that of one in a dream, a confused dream. My actions had passed, as it were, out of my own control. I descended the steps. Mechanically I went down and down, and, after a time, found myself in a narrow passage.

"Where am I?" I murmured. "Surely I shall wake presently from this, and say to-morrow, 'What a strange dream I had!'"

I had traversed, as I thought, a long passage since I arrived at the foot of the stairs—a passage containing two or three doors that yielded to my touch, and several sharp turnings to the right and left; and now—now something began to strike upon my ears! Whence it came I could not tell, nor yet even guess at its nature; but, as I moved on, my blood began to seethe in my veins, and the hair seemed to stir on my head. Now indeed was my terror such that I wondered I could bear it and live. My trembling feet carried me on in spite of myself. The sound grew more distinct at every step—a horrible, a hideous sound, the like of which I had never heard before, and I pray Heaven I may never hear again!

Just as my senses were about to leave me, a door, similar to the two I had just passed through before, a yard or so in front of me, was pushed back, and, carrying a lamp in his hand, there met me face to face my husband's confidential man Martin.

We stood and gazed at each other. I shall never forget, though I am utterly powerless to describe, the expression of horror on his face as he gazed at me mutely. I was the first to speak.

"What does this mean," I asked—but my voice was only a trembling whisper—"this secret passage and trap-door—your being here at dead of night? And what—for Heaven's sake, tell me—what is that dreadful sound I hear?"—for it was louder now than ever, though still vague and undefined.

He stood stock-still, staring at me with a face as white as a corpse.

"Are you going to answer me?" I said. "There is some hideous mystery here, and an unseen Power has sent me here to fathom it. Speak, man!"

Still he remained mute and trembling.

"Do you mean to give me no answer?" I demanded.

"What is this that I have been led to discover to-night? When my husband returns, I—"

Such a look came into my face as I mentioned my husband that I stopped, and again we gazed silently at each other.

"Mrs. Disney," he murmured at last—"madam, you must go back!"

"Never," I replied, "until I have this mystery laid bare before me!"

"Madam, madam, you must—indeed you must!" he pleaded, white and shaking. "Dear madam, let me take you back!"

For all answer I turned from him and pursued my onward way. He sprang after me and tried to detain me. I wrenched myself from him, with a few incoherent words of reproach and anger, and hurried on. He followed, ringing his hands. The noise increased; and now I perceived that it came from underfoot.

I pushed back the door through which I had seen Martin come, and the passage came to an end in a square open space. From underneath came wild yells and howls louder than those of a savage beast.

"It is a wild beast caged below us!" I cried. "My dream was truth!"

But, even as I spoke, there followed a burst of such frightful blasphemy as made my blood run cold, and then a laugh that rose and swelled and reached a shriek—a prolonged and awful shriek, like the wail of a lost soul—and died away in distant moans and incoherent jabberings.

"Show me what this is!" I said to the trembling, stricken man behind me.

He saw that further resistance was useless. He advanced, and stooped and removed a slab of wood from the floor, which left a glass skylight visible below it. I knelt and looked through it into a dark room that was lighted by a lamp from the ceiling.

A padded room! A wild beast in human form dashing itself round and round, and giving vent to the cries and yells I had heard in the distance! An awful face—a face with fiery eyes starting from their sockets, with the purple veins protruding from its forehead, with foam dripping from its chin! A face that I had at last seen quite melancholy, and thoughtful at my own side—the face of my husband!

I have a dim recollection of being supported back to my room by Martin; and then there came a long blank of consciousness.

The next time that I came to myself, I was on a bed, and my mother and two doctors were beside me. I thought that I discerned a crowd of pale, frightened domestics outside the half-closed door. I looked at my mother, and would fain have spoken to her, but my unconsciousness left me again, and another blank ensued.

I had a long nervous fever. For many weeks, as they told me afterwards, I was raving half my time and the other half in a stupor. At last, when I was worn to a mere skeleton, I opened my eyes one day and found my mother seated near me in her black dress, her face lined and haggard with suffering, and her eyes discoloured as if with long weeping. I made a faint movement, and she approached and bent over me. I tried to whisper a word or two concerning the fearful memories that had returned with consciousness, but she laid a beseeching hand on my lips.

"Not to-day, Mary," she pleaded—"my darling girl, not to-day!"

I was too weak to rebel; so I lay lay still. For several days I endeavoured to speak to her about what was always in my mind; but each time I was put off with "Darling, not to-day!" until, feeling my strength somewhat restored, I at length insisted on conversing with her.

"Mother—Charles"—I tried to articulate. "Mother—speak—tell me—do you know?"

"I know, I know," she answered. "Oh, my poor, poor child!"—and she quite broke down.

"Mother, tell me of him!"

"My child—he is—being cared for. Oh, Mary, Mary!"

"Mother, why do you look away when you speak? Are you keeping anything from me?"

"My child, my child you cannot bear it yet!"

"Mother, if there is anything fresh, tell me!"

To be continued.

Three requisites—pens, pins and needles. The two latter you can get of any make, but when you want a good pen get one of Esterbrook's.

### THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The proposed channel tunnel between England and France continues to excite much discussion. Two rival companies have been formed to undertake the work from the British side and experimental borings are still in progress on both shores. Strange to say, the enterprise is stoutly opposed by many bold Britons on the ground that the tunnel would afford a dangerous means of invasion from France in case of war! Sir Edward Watkin, who is the most enthusiastic advocate of the project, is the subject of much ridicule by its opponents. The following clever parody is a specimen of the attacks which he has to bear. It will be better understood by the explanation that Sir Edward, as president of the Southeastern railway company which is interested in the tunnel scheme, recently inaugurated a number of Saturday excursions from London to view the preliminary borings, the prominent guests thereat being entertained on arriving in a very hospitable and somewhat convivial manner:

"Break, break, break!"

On my hard gray chulk O Sea!  
But it would not be right to utter  
The words that occur to me.

"O well for the sailor lord,  
That he mocked my magnificent dreams!  
O well for the wits of the Press  
That they laughed at my Saturday schemes!"

"And the Channel boats go on,  
Making many passengers ill;  
But O for the tastes of my vanished feasts,  
And the pop of the corks that is still!"

"Break, break, break,  
Into my tunnel, O Sea!  
But the money lost in that flooded hole  
Will never come back to me."

### THE COMING LIGHT.

In a recent lecture on future of electric light, Mr. George Lane Fox, of the Royal United Service Institution, said that it was safer to prophesy what electricity could do than what it could not; and he illustrated the unsafe character of negative prophecy by pointing to the fact that a committee of the House of Commons a few years ago arrived at the opinion, published in the Blue Book, that the sub-division of electric forces was "not to be hoped for." The lecturer expressed his opinion that the development of electricity, great as it had been of late, would be greater in the immediate future, especially as trained minds were now being devoted to the subject. He spoke of electric lighting as opening up, for one thing, a new industry, and then proceeded to describe the exhibition at the Crystal Palace as illustrating the strides which had recently been made. He declared that the questions frequently asked—whether the public could have the electric current in their houses, and whether the light would be cheaper than gas—could be confidently answered in the affirmative. He then went into details, and with reference to the various systems expressed the opinion that the arc light would shortly be superseded altogether by the "incandescent lamp." He believed that the cost of the incandescent lamp would be found far less than that of gas. The great cost arising from the breakage of these lamps would be remedied when the lamps were properly made; they would then be found practically indestructible. A 150-candle light by electricity would, he calculated, be produced at the cost of a 12-candle light of gas—a farthing an hour. With regard to the danger of human life from contact with the wires, the supply would require only a low tension, which could not effect life. Danger from fire could result only from gross carelessness.

A JAPANESE RAILROAD.—Japan has a railroad in what would be called working order, perhaps, but the benefits likely to flow from it do not seem great, either for the Japanese or for the cause of railways in the east. Near the end of the year 1880 a line 22 miles long was opened from Otsumi to Sapporo. It supports one train each way daily, and carries an average of 200 passengers at moderate prices. Receipts, accordingly are so small that the road is not likely ever to pay the expenses of running it. Nor is it managed in a way that promises to increase its popularity. Trains frequently start one, two and three hours behind time, and occupy two or three hours in making the 22 miles. Rather than wait three hours for a train that may take three hours in running 22 miles, one might much better walk. Moreover, passengers are not provided with cars of comfortable construction. Some of them are of primitive design and rough in appearance.

NEW RAILWAYS IN EUROPE.—Several new and important lines of railway are contemplated in various European countries. A direct and shorter line between Madrid and the Mediterranean has been begun, which, besides furnishing a speedier route to the east coast of Spain, is expected to develop rich coal deposits. Another line, to connect the French and Spanish capitals, is also proposed. Railway extension and consolidation by the Holland government has been announced. In Roumania new lines are being discussed, to cost \$12,000 per kilometer, which it is proposed to extend 370 kilometers. Plans for a new line from Rome to Naples, are almost ready for government inspection. In Switzerland the Monte Cenero line was opened April 10.

THE NEW LIGHT FOR CARS.—The use of electricity for lighting railroad cars has been lately under consideration by the management of the Consolidated road in Connecticut. The plan talked of is to have the dynamo-magnetic machine generating the electricity placed in the baggage car, and operated by connection with the car wheels. By having each car provided with Charles H. Buell's recently invented apparatus for the storage of electricity, a sufficient supply of material to keep the lights going for some time could be kept on hand, even in connection with the original source of supply were shut off by dividing the train.