

practices the profession of doing nothing. Very pleasant practice too, but not very profitable I should think."

"You are wrong,—quite wrong;—a loafer always gets somebody to work for him."

"Ned Wright, for example?" suggested the boy.

"My dear Jem,—were you not favored with youth, which makes your excuse, I would say that any allusions to Mr. Wright, after what I hinted just now were in extremely bad taste, but you are wrong this time. Wright loafs on me—rather too much for my comfort:—I loaf on—the world."

"Including your father?"

"Jem!" shouted Harry, now really indignant, "but stop!—what is the matter?"

The cigar—beginning to work its effect. For several minutes, Gerald had been talking very incoherently. Drops of cold perspiration had settled on his brow, and he was as white as a sheet.

"Are not those cigars rather strong?" inquired he in piteous tones.

"Why, of course, they are; but I see how it is,—here—come and lie down on the bed for a while. But this will never do. You will never get on in the world if you cannot smoke strong weeds." And he laughed with genuine amusement. Gerald felt small. He obeyed his friend; laid himself down and shortly afterwards experienced the delights of sea-sickness without the trouble and expense of a sea-voyage. He lay, dreamily, dosing for some time, until he became conscious of somebody talking with Harry in the next room. The new arrival was Wright. He recognized the voice, which, though subdued to its softest tones would be loud and vulgar in spite of all efforts to the contrary. He soon gathered that he, himself, was an object of suspicion to that worthy. He several times caught the word "spy." Harry seemed, however, soon to allay these suspicions, and the story of the strong cigar which he related to his companion, caused great diversion. Gerald now felt better, and soon overheard words which incited him to listen with all his ears. The two were arranging a plan together,—no novelty to sporting men,—but which, to Gerald's youthful ears, was as novel as it was atrocious. It was the old story. Lord CIPHER was to race a horse for the next "Derby." The horse called "Hailstone" was at present being trained by Mr. Wright. It bid fair to be a favorite. Between this time and next May, Harry was, under Wright's direction, to bet heavily in various quarters against "Hailstone." Wright was to make it his business, that, on the day of the race, the horse would be incapable of winning and the two sharpers were to share the profits. A somewhat angry discussion ensued as to the relative share of the profits. Harry, in vain, threatened exposure of the whole affair, but the bully coolly informed him that "two could play at that 'ere game," and brought to his recollection sundry other transactions of a similar nature in which they had been concerned. The groom was as usual, successful and bargained for a very large lion's share for himself.

Gerald listened with horror. He had never been thrown among betting men, and was far too young to have acquired the slightest taste for gambling, in any shape. That betting was a common amusement, he well knew, but anything like unfair play was as revolting to him as it is to all English gentlemen. Hearing Wright take his departure, he feigned to be soundly asleep. Shortly afterwards, Harry entered his room, and enquired if he was better. Pretending to wake up, he replied in the affirmative. Harry then stated that he was going out, but would return in a few hours, when he proposed that they should go to a restaurant for dinner and to the theatre afterwards. In the meantime, Gerald could amuse himself with the books and newspapers. He feigned assent and was soon left to himself.

Into that same arm chair he sat down and watched, but this time he was watching himself and his own conscience. His thoughts wandered far away, to that ivy-grown parsonage in Blankshire; to that ever indulgent father whom he had so bitterly offended; to that sweet sister whom he loved so dearly—all those he had run away from—for what? To form the acquaintance of gamblers and sharpers. One thought he still had, in the days when his talented, ungainly, awkward elder brother had been the subject for ridicule, both with father and sister, Gerald alone had clung to him with the deepest affection. This had won Gilbert's heart. That apparently unimpressible nature always retained a soft spot in his heart which he never sought to conceal. That spot was Gerald. When Gilbert came to see his brother in Bloomsbury Square, he had noted with pride, the deference and respect with which the master with whom he boarded always treated the Cambridge stranger. Out of many a little scrape had Gilbert's good sense often extricated him. He had run away from sheer obstinacy,—an obstinacy of the true Winter stamp,—aggravated by the first stern letter he had ever received from his father. He had now but one feeling left and that was abject shame. He had disgraced father, sister and brother. They should never see his face again—never! But where should he go?—He could not stay here after what he had heard—he must earn his living. This now seems to have occurred to him for the first time. He would go far away where none would know him. But where?—to America why not? None would know him there. He was strong and active. We had read Cooper's novels. He would be a hunter, a trapper, a friend and comrade of those noble Indians. He might make the acquaintance of an Uncas—might save him from being scalped. His reverie became delicious. But, then, to get to America, he must first get to Liverpool. Then

—he could work his passage across as a cabin boy. The romance thickened. He must walk to Liverpool—never mind—he liked walking. But where would he go to-night? He must be far away from London if he wished to feel himself safe;—he would go somewhere on the road to Liverpool. He had not yet spent a farthing of his money. He would sleep that night in Birmingham. He had often travelled to and from school by the North Western Railway. There was a "Bradshaw" on the table. He found, on consulting it, that a train started from Birmingham in an hour. Quick as lightning, he caught up his knapsack, rushed to the Euston Square Station, and then, with a strange, boyish inconsistency, bought a first-class ticket for Birmingham; and on his arrival there, put up at that most comfortable, but by no means economical hostelry, "The Hen and Chickens." Not but that he knew that an unwarrantable extravagance, but then,—he had always travelled first-class, and why should he not live like a gentleman, as long as he could afford it?

Gerald's flight had been discovered about an hour after it occurred. In another half-an-hour, information had been given at Scotland Yard. During the whole day, the main roads leading out of London, especially the Western ones, had been watched for a boy with a knapsack; but not even the acutest of London detectives had dreamed of searching a gin shop in Oxford Street, or a Bachelor's Chambers, almost within a stone's throw of Bloomsbury Square.

(To be continued.)

THE HALLOWEEN PATRIOTIC SONG.

The three gentlemen who were appointed judges in the song competition inform us that they had to wade through forty-nine productions, of which the selected song was the best. Considering that the judges were perfectly competent for their task, DIOGENES cannot help saying that, if this was the best, (and he does not doubt it,) what must the rejected songs have been like? To oppose such a labor on three unoffending gentlemen almost constituted "cruelty to animals." But to the "successful" lyric:—

"Let other tongues in other lands,
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And chant in triumph of the past,
Content to live in story."

This is the first time that the Cynic ever heard of a tongue "living in story," though he has often enjoyed one that has been preserved in pickle. Perhaps, however, the poet has a scolding wife, and is about to compose an epic on her organs of speech.

Let us proceed—

"Though boasting no baronial halls,
Nor ivy crested towers,
What past can match thy glorious youth,
Fair Canada of ours!"

DIOGENES does not wish to seem unpatriotic, but he remembers a country called Greece, in which he lived many centuries ago. He has a dim recollection of certain battles at Marathon, Salamis, and Platea, which will, at least, bear mentioning with the siege of Quebec. In that country's youth there were two poets called Hesiod and Homer, who will not lose by comparison with Tupper and Carpenter. He has also a vague remembrance of a statue of Minerva, by Phidias,—almost as great as the Nelson monument in Montreal. He thinks, too, that there are other "pasts" that can match those of Canada's "glorious youth."

"Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,
And haughty Albion's powers
Reflect their matchless lustre on
This Canada of ours!"

True, O Bard! The next time you write a prize lyric, try and borrow a little of this reflected "lustre."

"Long let our country flourish then."

(When?)

"A goodly land and free,
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,
Hold sway from sea to sea."

How can they hold "sway" at the same time that they are holding hands?

"Strong arms shall guard our cherished home,
When darkest danger lowers;
And with our life blood we'll defend
This Canada of ours!"

This is not quite clear. The meaning seems to be that a sort of hand-in-hand "Auld Lang Syne" chain of Saxon and Celt will form this fortress of "strong arms."

It certainly was a great act of self-denial on the part of the Toronto poet to refuse fifty dollars and trust to the profits of the copy-right.

RARA AVIS.

The following remarkable advertisement appeared, on Monday, in an evening contemporary:

TO POULTRY FANCIERS.

A WILD TURKEY COCK, perfectly domesticated, to be disposed of.

If "perfectly domesticated," how can the bird be wild?" The Cynic fails to see it.