

is most abhorrent to morals ;" but does Mr. Armour mean to intimate, as he seems to do, that this is the character of the act by which the (so-called) conspiracy was brought to light. If so, he will hardly get the parties in power, at least, to agree with him. They hold that it was the "continuance of an old offence." They hold that the country was full of bribery and corruption. They had their strong suspicions as to who were the guilty men. They "marked the coin," so to speak, and put it where it could be appropriated, and sure enough they caught the very men whom they suspected.

It is contended that in order to do this the mere "offer was sufficient ; acceptance was not necessary to complete the offence of the bribers." To which it is only necessary to say : true enough the offence is complete when the offer is made, but the evidence of the offence is much more complete when the offer is actually carried into effect. It gives vastly increased weight to the testimony of the witnesses. As it is, a partisan press will denounce them as liars, utterly unworthy of confidence, but their statements backed up by the actual production of the purchase money will be hard to shake.

W. S. GRIFFIN.

THE MAYFLOWER.

DEEP dungeon'd under drifted snow,
But nursing hope in patient breast,
The little Mayflower lies at rest,
Waiting to hear the south-wind blow.
"For time," she saith, "doth changes bring,
And after Winter will come Spring."

The south-wind comes, persuasive, mild,
Melting grim winter's icy bands,
Loosing his grasp on Northern lands.
The little Mayflower's heart throbs wild,—
"Sure time," she saith, "doth changes bring ;
Winter is passing, near is Spring."

Her prison opened, soon anon.
No longer draggled, dull'd, despoiled,—
Fresh robed in green, of earth assoiled,
She lifts her pink face to the sun.
"God's time," she saith, "sweet change doth bring ;
Good-bye, old Winter, welcome Spring."

JESSIE CAMERON

A SONNET.

IN other days round classic boards, I met
With those whose young brows bore the laurel, pure
From stain. Talking of art and strong to endure
All things, we felt youth's star could never set ;
The wine I spurn now like an anchorite,
But oft from out the past I fain would lure
The joyous wit, the impromptu portraiture,
The high philosophies which haunt me yet.

Fresh as those you gave us for a whet,
Apicius sent cool bivalves to his kitchen
In Parthia. Many millions would he spend
On feasts colossal ; but I'd make a bet
Than yours a choicer did he never get,
And higher our young wits did ne'er ascend.

Ottawa, March 19th, 1884.

D.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case,"
"An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

XI.

She meant the words, precisely as she spoke them. She longed for the entertainment to end, and when it had ended she felt relieved, as if from a painful tension and strain. Musing a little later in her bed-chamber, before retiring, she began to feel a slight change of mood. Had she not, after all, expected, demanded, exacted, too much? Was she justified in giving way to this depression and disappointment? Was she not more blamable in deceiving herself than these people were in surprising her? She had been warned by Kindelon ; she had in a certain way, been warned by Mrs. Dares. But these were not her desired band of plain livers and high thinkers. They were very far below any such elevated standard. They had seemed to make a sort of selfish rush into her drawing-rooms, for the purpose of getting there and afterward boasting that they had got there. She was by no means sure if the very quality and liberality of her evening offer increased allurements. Many of them were full of the most distressing trivialities. The conduct of Mr. Barrowe had seemed to her atrociously unpleasant. His action with regard to the excluded Miss Cragge struck her as a superlative bit of impudence. If she went on giving more receptions she would doubtless only accumulate more annoyances of a similar sort.

No ; the intellectual life of the country was young like the country itself. It was not only young ; it was raw and crude. To continue in her task would be to fail hopelessly. She had best not continue in it. She might be wrong in abandoning it so soon ; there might be hope yet. But,

after all, she was undertaking no holy crusade ; conscience made no demands upon her for the perpetuation and triumph of her project. Let it pass into the limbo of abortive efforts. Let it go to make another stone in that infernal pathway proverbially paved by good intentions . . .

She slept ill that night, and breakfasted later than usual. And she had scarcely finished breakfasting when a card was handed her, which it heightened her colour a little to peruse.

The card bore Miss Cragge's name, and one portion of its rather imposing square was filled with the names of many Eastern and Western journals besides, of which the owner evidently desired to record that she was a special correspondent. It seemed to Pauline, while she gazed at the scrap of pasteboard, that this was exactly the sort of card which a person like Miss Cragge would be apt to use for presentation. She was at a loss to understand why Miss Cragge could have visited her at all, and perhaps the acquiescing answer which she presently gave her servant was given because curiosity surpassed and conquered repulsion.

But after the servant had departed, Pauline regretted that she had agreed to see Miss Cragge. "What can the woman want of me?" she now reflected, "except to abuse and possibly insult me?"

Still, the word had been sent. She must hold to it.

Pauline gave Miss Cragge a cool yet perfectly courteous bow, as they met a little later.

"You are Miss Cragge, I believe," she said, very quietly and amiably.

"Oh, I didn't suppose you'd forgotten me so soon!" came the reproachful and rather unsteady answer. Miss Cragge had risen some time before Pauline entered the room, and her gaunt shape, clad in scant gear, looked notably awkward. Her street costume was untidy, shabby and even bedraggled. She held a bundle of newspapers, which she shifted nervously from hand to hand.

"You wish to speak with me, then?" said Pauline, still courteously.

"Yes," returned Miss Cragge. It was evident that she underwent a certain distinct agitation. "I have called upon you, Mrs. Varick, because I felt that I ought to do so."

"It is, then, a matter of duty, Miss Cragge?"

"Yes—a matter of duty. A matter of duty toward myself. Toward myself as a woman, you know—I think that I have been wronged—greatly wronged."

"Not wronged by me, I hope."

"Through you, by someone else."

"I do not understand you."

"I—I shall try to make myself plain."

"I trust you will succeed."

"Oh, I shall succeed," declared Miss Cragge, gasping a little for breath as she now proceeded. "I have an enemy, Mrs. Varick, and that enemy is your friend. Yes, I mean Mr. Kindelon, of course. He has set you against me. He has made you shut your doors upon me. Oh, you need not deny that this is true. I am perfectly certain of its truth. I am always received by Hagar Williamson Dares. She is a noble, true woman, and she lets me come to her house because she knows I have my battle to fight, just as she has always had her own, and that I deserve her sympathy and her friendship. I don't maintain that I've been always blameless. A newspaper woman can't always be that. She gives wounds, just as she gets wounds. But I never did Ralph Kindelon any harm in my life. He hates me, but he has no business to hate me. I never cared much about his hatred till now. But now he has shown me that he is an active and dangerous enemy. I mean, of course, about this affair of yours. I wanted to be invited to your house last evening ; I expected to be invited. I was on the Dares's list. I'm going to be perfectly candid. It would have been a feather in my cap to have come here. I know exactly what your position in society is, and I appreciate the value of your acquaintance. If you had snubbed me of your own accord, I would have pocketed the snub without a murmur. I'm used to snubbings ; I have to be, for I get a good many. Nobody can go abroad picking up society-items as I do, and not receive the cold shoulder. But in this case it was no spontaneous rebuff on your part ; it was the malicious interference of a third party ; it was Kindelon's mean-spirited persuasion used against me behind my back. And it has been an injury to me. It's going to hurt me more than you think. It has been found out and talked over that I was dropped by you. Now, I don't want to be dropped. I want to claim my rights—to ask if you will not do me justice—if you will not waive any personal concern with a private quarrel and allow me to have the same chance that you have given so many others. To put it plainly and frankly, Mrs. Varick, I have come here this morning for the purpose of asking you if you will not give me an invitation to your next entertainment."

All the time she had thus spoken, Miss Cragge had remained standing. Pauline, who also stood, had shown no desire that her visitor should sit. She was biting her lip as Miss Cragge ended, and her tones were full of a haughty repulsion as she now said :

"Really I am unprepared to give you any answer whatever. But you seem to demand an answer, and therefore I shall give you one. You are very straightforward with me, and so I do not see why I should not be equally straightforward with you."

Miss Cragge gave a bitter, crisp little laugh. "I see what is coming," she said. "You think me abominable, and you are going to tell me so?"

"I should not tell you if I thought it," replied Pauline. "But I must tell you that I think you unwarrantably bold."

"And you refuse me any other explanation?" now almost panted Miss Cragge. "You will not give me even the satisfaction of knowing why you have dropped me?"

Pauline shook her head. "I do not recognize your right to question me on that point," she returned. "You assume to know my reason for