MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GREY.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

Continued.

He had not entered the place for more than four years,—not, indeed, since he had used it first as a play-room when he was a child and then as a study when he grew somewhat older. It was a large, well-proportioned room, which had been specially built by the last Lord Sherard for the use of the little nephew whom, being himself childless, and perhaps for other reasons, he had always hated and desired to keep at a distance. It did not appear to Dorian to have much changed. There was the huge Italian cassone, with its fantastically-painted panels and its tarnished gilt mouldings, in which he had so often hidden himself as a boy. There was the satinwood book-case filled with his dog-eared school-books. On the wall behind it was hanging the same ragged Flemish tapestry where a faded king and queen were playing chess in a garden, while a company of hawkers rode by, carrying hooded birds on their gauntleted wrists. How well he recalled it all! Every moment of his lonely childhood came back to him, as he looked round. He remembered the stainless purity of his boyish life, and it seemed horrible to him that it was here that the fatal portrait was to be hidden away. How little he had thought, in those dead days, of all that was in store for him!

But there was no other place in the house so secure from prying eyes as this. He had the key, and no one else could enter it. Beneath its purple pall, the face painted on the canvas could grow bestial, sodden, and unclean. What did it matter? No one could see it. He himself would not see it. Why should he watch the hideous corruption of his soul? He kept his youth,—that was enough. And, besides, might not his nature grow finer, after all? There was no reason that the future should be so full of shame. Some love might come across his life, and purify him, and shield him from those sins that seemed to be already stirring in spirit and in flesh,—those curious unpictured sins whose very mystery lent them their subtlety and their charm. Perhaps, some day, the cruel look would have passed away from the scarlet mouth, and he might show to the world Basil Hallward's masterpiece.

No; that was impossible. The thing upon the canvas was growing old, hour by hour, and week by week. Even if it escaped the hideousness of sin, the hideousness of age was in store for it. The cheeks would become hollow and flaccid. Yellow crow's-feet would creep round the fading eyes and make them horrible. The hair would lose its brightness, the mouth would gape or droop, would be foolish or gross, as the mouths of old men are. There would be the wrinkled throat, the cold blue-veined hands, the twisted body, that he remembered in the uncle who had been so stern to him in his boyhood. The picture had to be concealed. There was no help for it.

"Bring it in, Mr. Ashton, please," he said, wearily, turning round. "I am sorry I kept you so long. I was thinking of something else."

"Always glad to have a rest, Mr. Gray," answered the frame-maker, who was still gasping for breath. "Where shall we put it, sir?"

"Oh, anywhere. Here, this will do. I don't want to have it hung up. Just lean it against the wall. Thanks."

"Might one look at the work of art, sir?"

Dorian started. "It would not interest you, Mr. Ashton," he said, keeping his eye on the man. He felt ready to leap upon him and fling him to the ground if he dared to lift the gorgeous hanging that concealed the secret of his life. "I won't trouble you any more now. I am much obliged for your kindness in coming round."

"Oh, not at all, not at all, Mr. Gray. Ever ready to do anything for you, sir." And Mr. Ashton tramped down-stairs, followed by the assistant, who glanced back at Dorian with a look of shy wonder in his rough, uncomely face. He had never seen any one so marvellous.

When the sound of their footsteps had died away, Dorian locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. He felt safe now. No one would ever look on the horrible thing. No eye but his would ever see his shame.

On reaching the library he found that it was just after five o'clock, and that the tea had been already brought up. On a little table of dark perfumed wood thickly incrusted with nacre, a present from his guardian's wife, Lady Radley, who had spent the preceding winter in Cairo, was lying a note from Lord Henry, and beside it was a book bound in yellow paper, the cover slightly torn and the edges soiled. A copy of the third edition of the St. James's Gazette had been placed on the tea-tray. It was evident that Victor had returned. He wondered if he had met the man in the hall as they were leaving the house and had wormed out of them what they had been doing. He would be sure to miss the picture,—had no doubt missed it already, while he had been laying the tea-things. The screen had not been replaced, and the blank space on the wall was visible. Perhaps some night he might find him creeping up-stairs and trying to force the door of the room. It was a horrible thing to have a spy in one's house. He had heard of rich men who had been blackmailed all their lives by some servant who had read a letter, or overheard a conversation, or picked up a card with an address, or found beneath a pillow a withered flower or a bit of crumpled lace.

He sighed, and, having poured himself out some tea, opened Lord Henry's note. It was simply to say that he sent him round the evening paper, and a book that might interest him, and that he would be at the club at eight-fifteen. He opened the St. James's languidly, and looked through it. A red pencil-mark on the fifth page caught his eye. He read the following paragraph:

"INQUEST ON AN ACTRESS.—An inquest was held this morning at the Bell Tavern, Hoxton Road, by Mr. Danby, the District Coroner, on the body of Sibyl Vane, a young actress recently engaged at the Royal Theatre, Holborn. A verdict of death by misadventure was returned. Considerable sympathy was expressed for the mother of the deceased, who was greatly affected during the giving of her own evidence, and that of Dr. Birrell, who made the post-mortem examination of the deceased."

He frowned slightly, and, tearing the paper in two, went across the room and flung the pieces into a gilt basket. How ugly it all was! And how horribly real ugliness made things. He felt a little annoyed with Lord Henry for having sent him the account. And it was certainly stupid of him to have marked it with red pencil. Victor might have read it. The man knew more than enough English for that.

Perhaps he had read it, and had begun to suspect something. And, yet, what did it matter? What had Dorian Gray to do with Sibyl Vane's death? There was nothing to fear. Dorian Gray had not killed her.

His eye fell on the yellow book that Lord Henry had sent him. What was it, he wondered. He went towards the little pearl-colored octagonal stand, that had always looked to him like the work of some strange Egyptian bees who wrought in silver, and took the volume up. He flung himself into an arm-chair, and began to turn over the leaves. After a few minutes, he became absorbed. It was the strangest book he ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. Things that he had dimly dreamed of were made real to him. Things of which he had never dreamed were gradually revealed.

It was a novel without a plot, and with only one character, being, indeed, simply a psychological study of a certain young Parisian, who spent his life trying to realize in the nineteenth century all the passions and modes of thought that belonged to every century except his own, and to sum up, as it were, in himself the various moods through which the world-spirit had ever passed, loving for their mere artificiality those renunciations that men have unwisely called virtue, as much as those natural rebellions that wise men still call sin. The style in which it was written was that curious jewelled style, vivid and obscure at once, full of argot and archaisms, of technical expressions and of elaborate paraphrases, that characterizes the work of some of the finest artists of the French school of Decadents. There were in it metaphors as monstrous as orchids, and as evil in color. The life of the senses was described in the terms of mystical philosophy. One hardly knew at times whether one was reading the spiritual ecstasies of some mediæval saint or the morbid confessions of a modern sinner. It was a poisonous book. The heavy odor of incense seemed to cling about its pages and to trouble the brain. The mere cadence of the sentences, the subtle monotony of their music, so full as it was of complex refrains and movements elaborately repeated, produced in the mind of the lad as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of revery, a malady of dreaming, that made him unconscious of the falling day and the creeping shadows.

Cloudless, and pierced by one solitary star, a copper-green sky gleamed through the windows. He read on by its wan light till he could read no more. Then, after his valet had reminded him several times of the lateness of the hour, he got up, and, going into the next room, placed the book on the little Florentine table that always stood at his bedside, and began to dress for dinner.

It was almost nine o'clock before he reached the club, where he found Lord Henry sitting alone, in the morning-room, looking very bored.

"I am so sorry, Harry," he cried, "but really it is entirely your fault. That book you sent me so fascinated me that I forgot what the time was."

"I thought you would like it," replied his host, rising from his chair.

"I didn't say I liked it, Harry. I said it fascinated me There is a great difference."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Queer world! Queer people! Here are men and women by thousands suffering from all sorts of diseases, bearing all manners of pain, spending their all on physicians and "getting no better, but rather worse," when right at hand there's a remedy which says it can help them because it's helped thousands like them. "Another patent-medicine advertisement," you say. Yes—but not of the ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medicial Discovery, and it's different from the ordinary nostrums in this:

It does what it claims to do, *or it cost you nothing.*

The way is this: You pay your druggist $1.00 for a bottle. You read the directions, and you follow them. You get better or you don't. If you do, you buy another bottle, and perhaps another. If you don't get better, you get your money back. And the queer thing is that so many people are willing to be sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

Loss by Incendiarism.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 25.—A nest of wooden buiklings used as carpenter, blacksmith and paint shops, was burned at midnight by an incendiary fire. Loss $15,000. Thirteen horses were burned to death. An attempt was also made to fire James Mean's shoe shop, but it was discovered in season.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

What the Egypt's Carpenter Says.

LONDON, July 25.—The carpenter of the steamer Egypt, says he believes the cotton on the Egypt was on fire when she left New York. He also says the boats of the steamer with the exception of two were worthless.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, wholesale agents.

European Crops a Failure.

PARIS, July 25.—The crops throughout the country, except in the section east of the Rhone, have been destroyed by incessant rains. The losses are estimated at 500,000,000 francs. Dealers in grain discount the scarcity and the price of bread is rising.

A Free Trip to Europe.

The publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well-known magazine, *The Canadian Queen*. Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantle Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles, will also be awarded in order of merit. Webster's unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest. This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Any one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c. stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of presents, and three months' trial subscription to *The Queen*. Address *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto.

Yesterday Mandeville Ault, deputy recorder of Belmont Co., Ohio, while temporarily insane, shot himself with a revolver. The ball passed around the skull, without doing serious damage. He immediately turned and shot his wife, who was standing near, killing her instantly. He then went to his father's barn and hanged himself.

The militia department at Ottawa has been asked to permit the organization of a naval volunteer company, by a number of young men of Toronto. The matter will be considered when the minister returns.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

At the Archiepiscopal residence in Boston a conference of the archbishops of the United States is now being held. His eminence Cardinal Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore is presiding.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents.

Colonel Chaille Long, the African explorer, was married recently to Miss Marie Amelia Hammond at Crown Point N. Y.

The delightful thirst-quenching "Montserrat" Lime-Fruit Juice is an admirable and wholesome hot weather beverage.

Fifty tenders have been received at Ottawa for the work of enlarging the St. Lawrence canal.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Bacon—"Have you seen young Brummel in his new tennis suit? He looks like thunder." Egbert—"As loud as that?"

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis is immediately relieved by Shiloh's cure

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Thin Boarder—I don't see how you manage to fare so well at this boarding-house. I have industriously courted the landlady and all her daughters, but I'm half starved.

Fat Boarder—I court the cook.—New York Weekly.

Prison missionary—"My poor fellow, what are you in here for?" Prisoner—"For not havin' enough political influence to get me out."

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Tenders for Supplies.

TENDERS will be received until WEDNESDAY, the 30th day of July, instant, at noon, at the office of the Secretary and Treasurer, for supplying the PROVINCIAL LUNATIC ASYLUM with the following articles for one year from the first day of August next, viz:—

BEEF and MUTTON—@ 100 lbs., of the best quality, in alternate hind and fore quarters (quarter not to weigh less than 125 lbs.), as may be required;
BREAD—@ 2 lb loaf of superfine flour;
BREAD—@ 2 lb loaf of superfine flour and Indian corn meal, or how many loaves of bread will be furnished @ barrel of flour, and how much @ barrel for baking;
FLOUR—No. 1 Superfine, @ barrel of 196 lb, also No. 1 Bakers.
RICE—East India, @ 100 lbs;
BARLEY—@ 100 lbs;
OATMEAL—@ 100 lbs;
BROWN MUSCOVADO SUGAR—@ 100 lbs;
YELLOW REFINED SUGAR—@ lb.;
GRANULATED SUGAR—@ lb;
COFFEE—Green, @ lb;
COFFEE—Ground, @ lb;
TEA—Good strong Congou @ lb;
CANDLES—Mould, @ lb;
SOAP—Yellow, @ lb;
SOAP—Common, @ lb;
BUTTER—@ lb;
BEANS—@ bushel;
OATS—@ bushel;
CODFISH—@ quintal;
MOLASSES—@ gallon, in casks;
CORNMEAL—@ barrel;
SALT—Coarse, in bags;
COTTONS, WOOLENS, etc., of British Manufacture, at what advance on the net sterling cost, such advances to include duty, freight, and all other charges, original invoice to be furnished;
COTTONS, WOOLENS, etc., of Dominion and American Manufacture, at what advance on net current cost.
DRUGS and MEDICINES, according to specified list to be seen on application at Secretary's office.
SEPARATE TENDERS taken for FLOUR and MEAL.

The supplies to be delivered at the Institution in such quantities and at such fixed periods as they are required.

ALL SUPPLIES to be of the very best description and subject to the approval of or rejection of the Commissioners or their Agent.

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R. W. CROOKSHANK, Sec. and Treas.

St. John, July 21, 1890.