Twenty.

[illegible]

## JACK SELWYN'S MYSTERY.

[illegible]

After a while he took up a claim on an old, half-tumbled down miner's cabin, about a mile from the lower end of Shakerag street, and, with something of his old tact and skill, proceeded to make the hovel habitable. The vines, which clambered in wild profusion around the deserted house, were trained into festoons over the doors and windows, serving the double purpose of hiding the rough outlines of the logs and making the room within cool and shady. The walls within were covered with cheap paper, and adorned with wildwood gatherings of moss and evergreens, and a few rare engravings, the remnants of better days. A white pine table; a few rustic chairs, more picturesque than comfortable; a wide, cheery-looking fireplace; a narrow bed, with a coverlet of skins, and a few Indian woven mats, completed the schedule of furniture. Sometimes the cabin would be deserted for weeks together, and then the blue smoke curling up among the pine trees would tell the few still interested in the erratic movements of the restless spirit that the wanderer had returned to his humble home.

Once a letter came addressed to "Mr. John Selwyn," and as this was an unprecedented event in Jack's history since his sojourn in Silvertown the Postmaster's wife hastened to privately inform her neighbors, and succeeded in awakening something of the old romantic interest which the years had almost obliterated.

A curious crowd had gathered around the post-office as Jack lounged leisurely up the street for his week's provisions. As Jack seldom came to the office, Mrs. Rogers had deemed it her duty to watch his movements from her parlor window, and as soon as he came within hailing distance called out at the top of her voice—

"There's a letter for ye, Mr. Selwyn. Wait till I fetch it."

The letter was an unnecessary direction, for, before Jack could reach the door, she stood with the letter in her hand, panting for breath, with her fat cheeks redder than ever, through her unwonted activity.

"I couldn't well make out the post mark, no more nor M-a-double-s," she said, giving a last lingering glance at the missive. "Mebbe you know—"

Jack, with a muttered curse at her impudence, stuck the letter in his pocket, and walked unconcernedly away. A few of the more excitable and impressible averred that Jack's countenance changed and his hand trembled as he held it out for the letter, but there was a difference of opinion on this point.

After that followed one or two more letters in a pretty, girlish hand; and, although no answers were returned, at least through the Silvertown post-office, yet some of the more sagacious of the gossips did not hesitate to express as their careful and candid opinion that Jack Selwyn would not care for a twenty mile ride to the post, if he could thereby keep inviolate the mystery of his life.

Whether or not the observing ones were correct in their opinion in regard to Jack's facial expression on the memorable day that he received the first letter, it soon became evident that either that or some other cause had worked a wonderful change in the man. The old, carelessly-insolent manner vanished, and the face in repose was marked by the unmistakable lines of deep grief. He spent less of his time in hunting and fishing and lying in the soft grass in front of his cabin enjoying his afternoon siesta in a cloud of fragrant smoke. He came to the town more frequently, and his step lost its old, lazy lounge, and suggested the sudden awakening of a long-latent energy. He was once more the attraction and theme of faro tables. Children who had grown up with an inbred abhorrence of "Old Jack Selwyn" began to regard him with respectful attention. Matronly mothers of two or three tow-headed urchins compared their old-time flirtations, and even the sedate old ladies, who had taken to lace caps and the relating of witticisms of their respective grandchildren, began to look with something of respect upon this man who evidently had, for some indefinable reason, a new hold upon the public attention. But Jack heeded neither criticism nor comment, and pursued his way in unconscious or indifferent calmness.

By-and-bye a hint of the new mystery leaked out. The old silver mines which had started and named the town had sadly disappointed the expectations of the company, and after a few years of indifferent success had been abandoned. And now the rumor, strengthened by the fact that Jack Selwyn had obtained a grant of a piece of the wildest and apparently most worthless land in the country, swept through the excited town that Jack Selwyn had struck a new lead, and his cabin at once became the rendezvous of townsmen, of straggling miners and all the floating population that always drift toward the latest excitement. But Jack answered them rather gruffly and finally betook himself to Plattstown to rid himself of their importunate questioning. A few days later he returned in company with several well dressed and important-looking men, and, after a brief prospect, the announcement was formally made through the columns of the Silvertown *Tribune* that "Our esteemed townsman, Col. Selwyn, in a hunting expedition accidently discovered a new vein of silver ore, which is stated on the authority of competent judges to be one of the richest in the country."

So the seven days' wonder was extended indefinitely in regard to time, and spread far and wide. Jack formed a partnership with some of the members of the old company, and worked and directed with an eager nervousness and suppressed excitement that told fearfully upon his somewhat shattered system. His splendid physique lost some of its vigorous elasticity and erect grace. His blue eyes shone with a restless, feverish expectancy, and his nervous hand toyed almost incessantly with his long blonde beard, now thickly threaded with silver. By-and-bye, as those who had watched him had anticipated, he was stricken down with fever and lay for weeks tossing recklessly in his narrow couch.

Whether it was his newly found wealth that opened the hearts of his neighbors, or whether his sickness and loneliness developed, at this late hour, the latent womanly sympathy, I cannot tell; but soft, trailing robes swept across the narrow threshold, daintily slippered feet passed to and fro in the humble rooms, and soft hands bathed the fevered head and smoothed the pillow of the outcast of society.

One evening when, according to his request, Jack's couch had been rolled to the west window, and he lay dreamily watching the wondrous beauty of sunset among the mountains—the shadows falling deep in the valley, while the far away peaks were bathed in a soft flood of mellow sunlight, and the crimson-tinted and golden-edged clouds drifted away into the blue distance—he raised his hand suddenly, as if to ward away a threatened blow, and said, eagerly "Not yet; not yet. I must wait till *she* comes."

And the romantic little woman who caught this bit of a life drama sat wondering over the checkered life of this strange man, and pictured out to herself a delightful conclusion that should explain these sealed chapters of his life, and repeated softly, with a smile on her parted lips, the words of a quaint old fairy tale, "And they were good and beautiful, and happy, and lived to an extreme old age," and was only startled from her revrie by the sound of wheels rumbling over the gravelly road. Jack's quick ear had caught the sound, and he waited with feverish anxiety to know if it should stop at his own door; and when Bill's familiar "Whoa up thar, you blamed long-eared critters," jarred the quiet of the evening air, not all his nurse's imperative commands, backed by the doctor's authority, could keep his excitement within bounds; and when a fair, brown-eyed girl sprang lightly from the stage, and, stepping quietly into the room, nestled her rosy cheeks against the emaciated face, the lady's astonishment was no less than Jack's own. An elderly gentleman who followed the girl gave the sick man a hearty grasp of the hand, and if his greeting was less enthusiastic it was at least full of friendliness and sympathy.

The doctor, who had followed in, insisted on quiet, saying to the nurse that otherwise he should not like to answer for the consequences.

"Let me alone, doctor," said Jack, faintly; "there is only a little while now," and he signified a desire to be alone with the new comers.

There was a low hum of conversation for a while, then a silence, broken only by a smothered sob, and the doctor was peremptorily summoned from the inner room.

"I am afraid Jack is dying, poor boy," said the grave-faced old gentleman, in a low tone.

They came in softly. The young girl sat upon a low stool, with all the roses faded out of her young cheeks, and Jack's emaciated hand clasped lovingly between her plump, white ones, while the dying man bent upon her a look of unutterable love and tenderness, and lay seemingly content.

The fluttering leaves, just touched by the silver light of the moon, made quivering shadows on the wall as the wind stirred them softly. The lights, far down the village streets, flickered and went out one by one. The coarse laugh of some belated miner, the drowsy hum of a beetle and the soft plash, plash of the river broke the silence. Away to the west fell the long, dark shadows of the mountains and the fragrant breath of their pines came in through the open windows. Once or twice Jack closed his eyes wearily and murmured to himself:

"The same face—the same face! Oh Bernice, my darling!"

And so he died.

A day or two later, there was a funeral in the little cabin, and only two mourners wept above the grave that was made in one corner of the little lot—for, by Jack's own request, he was laid in the shadow of the dark evergreens that had sheltered him through so many long, sorrowful years.

The old gentleman stayed but a few days arranging Jack's business affairs, and giving orders for the erection of a costly monument, on which the only inscription was: "John Selwyn, aged 44 years and 6 months."

People, respecting their grief, forbore to question the strangers as to their relationship to Jack Selwyn, but little by little the facts came out. A lovely young wife, jealous, perhaps justly, of her husband's gallant attentions to his feminine friends; a stormy scene, a passionate parting, and the girl wife, with her brown-eyed baby in her arms, went back to her father's home; while the husband, impulsive, passionate, desperate, rushed off to forget his sorrow among new scenes and faces. Both proud, and holding a sense of wrong, neither would speak the word that might have made peace between them, and in all those years there had come no word of forgiveness until the hour when a man or woman looks with compassionate tenderness upon common failings and wrong, and forgives as one wishes to be forgiven; and, Bernice Selwyn had sent her dying message of love, and had given back to the father his own—his brown eyed girl—and thus was solved the mystery of Jack Selwyn's life.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### A Column Specially for the Ladies.

What Shall We Drink?—We have it on the authority of Dr. Bock, of Leipsic, that the nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed coffee drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods. Ladies addicted to strong coffee have a characteristic temper, which might be described as a mania for acting the persecuted saint. Chocolate, he adds, is neutral in its psychic effects, and is really the most harmless of our fashionable drinks.

The Time for Sleep.—Sleep obtained two hours before midnight, when the negative forces are in operation, is the rest which most recuperates the system, giving brightness to the eye and a glow to the cheek. The difference in the appearance of a person who sits up until twelve is quite remarkable. The tone of the system, so evident in the complexion, the clearness of and sparkle of the eye, and softness of the lines of the features, is in a person of health kept up at a "concert pitch" by taking regular rest hours before twelve o'clock, thereby obtaining the "beauty sleep" of the night. There is a heaviness of the eye, a sallowness of the skin, and absence of that glow in the face which renders it fresh in expression, and round in appearance, that readily distinguishes the person who keeps late hours.

The Mother's Vacation.—Now the criticisms that men make on women's work—and I dare say that those made by women on men are no more reasonable—are mainly of this description—growing out of the impression that all work is easy which one does not understand. Just as hay-making is the lightest and most graceful of labors to those who have never personally handled a hay-fork, so is the greater part of a woman's day's work easy to a man until he has tried it. Try him for a while at the occupation that seems lightest—let us say, for two hours steady work at taking out basting threads from that pretty blue bunting that was bought to please him—and see if he does not get some new views on the subject! And all this has yet a farther bearing upon the summer "rest," as it is called, of women, by the mountains or sea shore. We sometimes see very ill-natured things said on this subject by those who should know better. It is easy to contrast the hot summer labors of the husband, in the city, with the cool summer vacation of the wife. How few stop to remember that though the husband's nominal vacation be shorter, it is expected to be a vacation indeed; he lays his books or his handicraft absolutely aside; all that is demanded of him ordinarily is that he should amuse himself. The woman's vacation is nominally longer, but if she is a housekeeper, a wife, a mother, she keeps her work and her cares with her. If she keeps house in the country, it is still housekeeping, with increased difficulty of obtaining servants; even if she boards, she still has her children with her, and has upon her through the summer days the exclusive responsibility of seeing that they are fed, clothed, kept out of mischief in pleasant days, kept in employment on rainy days and kept from collision with other boarders all the time. She and they are the gainers by it, on the whole, but if she were to sit down on Sunday and write for her husband a precise diary of the week, it would often be a singular interpretation of the words "summer rest."—*T. W. Higginson in Woman's Journal.*

How to Preserve a Piano.—It is evident that if the piano is to remain in good order for many years good care must be taken of it. The instrument should be closed when not in use, in order to prevent the collection of dust, pins, etc., on the sounding board. However, it must not be left closed for a period of several months or longer, but be opened occasionally and daylight allowed to strike the keys, or else the ivory may turn yellow. Any hard substance, no matter how small, dropped inside the piano, will cause a rattling, jarring noise. It is in every case desirable that an india-rubber or cloth cover should protect the instrument from bruises and scratches. The piano should not be placed in a damp room, or left open in a draft of air. Dampness is its most dangerous enemy, causing the strings and tuning pins to rust, the cloth used in the construction of the keys and action to swell, whereby the mechanism will move sluggishly or often stick altogether. This occurs chiefly in the rainy season; and the best pianos, made of the most thoroughly seasoned material, are necessarily affected by dampness, the absorption being rapid. Extreme heat is scarcely less injurious. The piano should not be placed near to an open fire or heated stove, nor over-close to the hot air furnaces now in general use. Moths are very destructive to the cloth and felt used in the pianos, and may be kept out of it by placing a lump of camphor, wrapped in soft paper, in the inside corner, care being taken to renew it from time to time. Many persons are unaware of the importance of having their pianos kept in order, and only tuned by a competent tuner. A new piano should be tuned at least once every two or three months the first year, and at longer intervals afterward. To preserve the polish, dust the piano daily with a brush of soft uncut feathers. Do not use any "furniture polishes," but sooner employ the services of a professional piano case polisher, if your piano needs polishing, as the process requires great skill. The bluish haze which sometimes appears on a polished rosewood surface, and which is nothing but the mark left by moisture which has settled upon the piano, will disappear after polishing. The piano should always be kept carefully covered when not in use.

DOMESTIC RECIPES BY AUNT KATE.

To Polish Tortoise-shell Articles.—[illegible]

To Pickle Peaches.—[illegible]

Mixed Pickles.—Slice green tomatoes and cover with salt and water; let them stand three or four days; then boil tender in water and a little vinegar; drain well after boiling; then put a layer of tomatoes in a jar and sprinkle with (whole) allspice, cinnamon, cloves and thinly sliced horse radish; a layer of shredded cabbage, slightly salted; a layer of onions, and so repeat until the jar is filled; [illegible]

[illegible] space that they do not run together; when they are a nice brown turn them over and fry the other side; it requires about five minutes to cook them; this will make about two dozen oysters; serve them hot.

FASHION AND OTHER NOTES.

Nearly all the pawnbrokers of France are women.

Eight, nine and even ten bridesmaids are seen at fashionable English weddings.

A man calls his mother-in-law Kind Words, because she will never die.

Steel birds' heads with jet beaks and eyes are among the ornaments imported for fall hats.

Studying elocution is more popular with Paris young ladies than learning to play on the piano.

In every Italian school, public or private, girls are taught to sew and embroider, and as soon as they can, take their own dresses to school to make them there.

Julia Segre, an Ontario girl, has harvested 20,000 bundles of wheat this summer, with no other assistance but her aged father. That is the kind of a girl to be proud of. The old man, by the way, harvested 19,860 of the bundles.

Some of the bonnets prepared for the autumn by the French milliners have the crown covered with plumage or a bird, and the brim hidden by gathered velvet or silk, and others have all the trimmings placed on the brim, and the crown composed of silk or satin.

Among the new importations of bonnets are pokes with projecting brims, a Marie Antoinette with wide sides, pointed in front, and still larger hats with flowing brims most capriciously indented, and, for those who prefer, small bonnets in the new turban styles, and close Marie Stuarts with soft crowns.

This is what they call a handsome gown in Paris. The foundation is of cashemire foulard, with large yellow palm leaves covering almost the cardinal ground. It is trimmed with small plaitings of cardinal faille, which are placed on the edge of the cashemire foulard flounces. This toilet is trimmed in different parts with cardinal shirrings, plaitings and ribbons.

At the Kensington School of Needlework at London, among other rare things and curious, is a set of baby linen worked by the hands of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth and her ladies for a baby that never existed—the visionary infant of Queen Mary, celebrated by Tennyson in the most pathetic passage of his drama.

The woollen dresses being prepared in the furnishing houses for early fall wear are in dark cloth colors in the new shades of green, prune, golden brown and duck's breast blues. The materials are camel's hair cloth, cashmere and toile de sanglier—a new fabric that somewhat resembles bunting, yet has a rough surface and is made sufficiently heavy to serve for warm winter dresses.

An exceedingly pretty basque is the "Claudini." It is cut off at the waist line in front, lengthened gradually at the sides, and the back describes a deep postillion back in coat shape, ornamented with plaited revers. A plaited belt begins at the front seams of the side gores and is fastened in front. It is very simple and particularly stylish.

The ladies who went to the Royal British Yacht Club regatta this year are thus reproved by the London *Truth*—"There was a tendency to gross exaggeration in the dress of many of them. Elaborate silk costumes of pink and chocolate, broad hoop stripes, and petticoats of red silk, trimmed with lace flounces under black flowered calico tunics, are strangely at variance with good taste in a small seaside place."

A sentimental young lady says: "Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood, the kind I wore at school! I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool; and yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss. Perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake, the charming little mat—it makes my head so level, and so very, very flat! Oh, a sister's love is charming, as everybody knows; and a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is, I should suppose); and the love of a true lover is the love that cannot pall; but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all."

## THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

### Origin and Designs of the Jaffray Kidnappers—Seven Desperadoes in the Ring—A Ransom Expected—A Grocer Carts the Lumber for the Den.

The announcement which was made in the *Mail* three days ago of the discovery of the robbers' den in the side of the hill overlooking the Don River above the Necropolis naturally created a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood, and a large number of persons visited the place during the past few days to examine the den which was intended for the reception of Mr. Jaffray and a few other distinguished visitors. It may be interesting to our readers to learn something of the origin and designs of this gang of desperadoes; now that the ends of justice are not likely to be thwarted by any further publicity that may be given to this very peculiar case we do not think we should be required to keep secret certain facts which have been in our possession for some weeks relative to the strength, objects and movements of this gang of desperadoes. It is alleged that in the early part of last spring the two brothers Deal, being out of work, managed to get into the confidence of a number of merchants and succeeded in getting several bills of goods on credit, and, in order to "raise the wind," disposed of them at prices much below cost; and when called upon for a settlement, the elder pretended that, during a hurried trip to New York, his pocket had been picked and all his money carried off. Similar operations and excuses did good service for sometime in increasing the finances of the operators, but as "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," this source of supply was soon stopped; and another and bolder scheme had to be projected to enable the ambitious young men to become suddenly wealthy. Having been ardent students of the blood and murder literature which has been flooding this country, they conceived the brilliant idea of organizing a band of highwaymen. Taking five other young men into their confidence, they formed what was known as the Don Fishing Club, the object of giving it this name being that when they desired to converse about intended operations nothing wrong would be suspected if they were heard discussing the prospects of their next fishing excursion. Being bound by an oath of secrecy, they commenced operations on the den which has already been discovered, and when lumber was required to finish it for the reception of the first victim, they had actually the audacity to impose upon the good-nature of an unsuspecting grocer, a neighbor of theirs, and employed him to cart the planks almost to the mouth of the cave, the explanation given him being that they were about to erect a little shanty on the banks of the Don for fishing purposes at night. The good-natured grocer who was thus imposed upon has now to suffer the misery of being frequently reminded of the part which he took in aiding and abetting kidnapping and attempted robbery.

As soon as the den was ready for its victims, the desperadoes lost no time in selecting a few who would be most likely to fall easily into their clutches, and for whose ransom a large sum would undoubtedly be promptly offered. In order to carry out the plan effectively, it was arranged that certain members of the gang were to decoy the vic- [illegible]

[illegible] was promptly notified of the fact, went in search of the offender he had disappeared. What proves beyond a doubt that the band of desperadoes were comparatively strong in numbers is that an intimate friend of the Deals stated yesterday that they had thus far kept out of town because they did not wish to implicate the sons of some other respectable citizens who, up to the present time, were not suspected of being guilty of any such outrage against society. Within a very few days, however, we may expect to hear of revelations of a startling character implicating those above alluded to.—*Mail*

A woman with two heads has just arrived from Europe. Eight bonnets a year!—only think of it!

## FARM AND GARDEN.

### A Budget of Interesting Information.

(By a Practical Agriculturist.)

Fruit Growers' Conference.—A Drummondville correspondent writes: Fruit-growers in Western Ontario would very greatly advance their own interests by meeting in convention and forming a practical organization. The writer would suggest that such convention be called to meet in Hamilton during the week of the Central Fair. Hamilton is within easy reach of Oakville, Grimsby, Jordan, Drummondville, and other fruit centres.

Shorthorns for the Dairy.—Mr. Harris Lewis says he prefers thoroughbred cows of the Princess family to any other or all others for the dairy. He summarises the good qualities of the Shorthorns, saying that they have good teats and bags; are quiet and docile; utilize all food consumed; assume flesh when not milking; can be readily and cheaply turned into beef; yield a large quantity of milk well fitted for butter and cheese, and they are good looking.

Tomatoes on Trellises.—[illegible]

A New Disease.—[illegible]

"All Killed by the Frost."—[illegible]

Care of the Hennery.—[illegible]

Sowing Wheat.—[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

From $20 to $25 per ton are paid for grapes in California this season for wine-making.

Fine peaches, one day last week, sold in the New York market for twenty-five cents the basket!

Mr. J. J. Mechi urges that a large investment [illegible]

[illegible] the same manner, with the exception of omitting the oats, was utterly worthless.

A Heartless Deception.—A young man who follows the business of telegraph operator in Toronto was the principal in a mean and ungentlemanly act towards a young lady. The couple, both of whom reside in the east end of that city, were engaged to be married. Tuesday last was named as the day for the performance of the ceremony. On the morning of that day the bride, a comely young woman of nineteen years, with a number of friends repaired to the church where she was to meet her intended husband. The hour appointed passed without the groom putting in an appearance. A messenger was despatched to the home of the absentee with the information that everything was in readiness, and his presence only was required to complete the arrangements. Instead, however, of returning with the messenger, the young man sent back word that "he could not come, as his mother was sick." This piece of information cast a gloom over the party in the church. The grief of the young woman who had been so heartlessly duped was very bitter. Several of her male friends conceived the idea of making the delinquent youth acquainted with a horsewhip, but they were finally dissuaded from carrying out their purpose by older and wiser men.

A Mother in Israel.—Referring to Patterson's party, which left Paris for the Northwest the other day, the Detroit *Evening News* says: "Among the party was Mrs. Chlan, a Scotch woman forty years of age, who was married at twenty, and is now the mother of nineteen children, all of whom accompany herself and husband on this trip. Mrs. Chlan kicks the beam at 635 lbs. according to the statement of Baggage Master Fraser and other employees, who persuaded her to enter the baggage-room and mount a pair of scales. It is unnecessary to say that she occupied a seat by herself in the Michigan Central car that bore her to the West."

Courtship Solely by Correspondence.—The Brantford *Expositor* chronicles (the nuptials of Mr. J. B. Halkett, of the Fisheries Department, Ottawa, and Miss Belle Lightbody, of Brantford. There is a romance in connection with the courtship in this case worthy of record. Both are staunch temperance workers, Miss Lightbody being Secretary of the Women's Temperance Union, and Assistant of the Grand Scribe, Mr. Thomas Webster. In this work the parties were brought into correspondence without having met one another, and in time an attachment was formed, which culminated in the happy event recorded.

## TORONTO CLUB.

### DINNER IN HONOR OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

### SPEECH BY HIS EXCELLENCY.

On Friday evening a dinner was given at the Toronto Club in honor of His Excellency the Governor-General. There were between eighty and a hundred guests present, and the affair proved in all respects an unqualified success. Chief Justice Moss filled the position of chairman. After the cloth had been removed a brief programme of toasts was entered upon. The first toast, "The Queen," was proposed and duly honored; after which the Chairman gave the toast of the evening.

His Excellency, in his reply, said: Gentlemen,—In rising to return you my heartfelt thanks for the loyal and cordial manner in which you have received the toast of the health of the Queen's representative, I thank my learned and honorable friend on my left for the manner in which he has proposed that toast, and you, gentlemen, for the way in which you have been good enough to receive it. I knew that in a Canadian company that toast would be received with all honors, because I believe there is no nation in this world which has more profound love for its Sovereign than the Canadian people. (Loud cheers.) With reference to the Prince of Wales, to whose visit you have made allusion, I know that he was delighted, as was also the Duke of Connaught, with the visit they paid to Canada, and they have both expressed a confident hope that during my term of office they may revisit Canadian soil. (Loud cheering.) With regard to ourselves personally, I shall accept with gratitude everything that has fallen to-night from your eloquent lips, sir, with regard to the Princess, my wife. (Great cheering.) But as for myself, I must demur to the excessive kindness of some of your expressions; and although it may be a bold opinion for a layman to lay down in the presence of so many distinguished in the law, I believe my learned friend has almost for the first time—and I hope for the last—in his life departed from that attitude of strict impartiality which it is his duty, as well as my own, to maintain. (Great laughter and cheering.) I have a theory on the subject, of which I will let you into the secret. My honorable friend has confided to me that it was his painful duty to make some very severe observations from the Bench to-day. I think that it may be possibly owing to a natural reaction of feeling that he has found it almost obligatory to make some observations in my favor to-night almost too kind. (Loud laughter.)

WE HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED WITH THE RECEPTION

we have met with in Toronto, and I must say that it has been a matter of good fortune, in my opinion, that we have been able to visit this great city at a time when its citizens are occupied with the great show which is being held within a short distance of its walls, and which is a most remarkable exhibition to have been set on foot and carried out by any city. (Cheers.) And in a few days we shall not only have had the pleasure of inspecting the exhibits, but of seeing some of the live stock which is now enjoying such favor not only in Canada, but also, luckily for Europe, over the water. That examination will be for me one of peculiar interest. I look forward to that trade developing a new and—as I trust it will be—a permanent source of revenue to this country. (Cheers.) I see you have Landseer's pictures of "Peace" and "War" upon your walls. I know of no more striking contrast that can be seen between peace and war than at Quebec, for instance, where under the frowning guns of that magnificent fortress the air is daily full of the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, and vast numbers are to be seen being embarked upon the large and fine vessels of the Allan Line for transport to Europe. (Cheers.)

WE MAY CONGRATULATE CANADA

not only that she has begun that trade, but that she has done so in so energetic a fashion, that though the shippers expected there would be but little shipping done this year, the trade has been carried on with increasing volume throughout the autumn, and depend upon it, it will bring you good return, not only to the farmers already here, but by bringing more people to Canada. These people are the class you want, and I believe that for every few hundred cattle or sheep you send to Liverpool you have every prospect of getting in exchange a stout English farmer. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I [illegible]

IF A HEARTY AND EARNEST INTEREST

[illegible]

CONFEDERATION HAS HAD THIS ADVANTAGE,

[illegible]

VOICE OF A NATION OF OVER FORTY MILLIONS.

[illegible] To be sure, as it is with all sons and all mothers, little passing and temporary misconceptions may occasionally occur, and which only show how deep in reality is their mutual love. (Laughter.) The mother may sometimes think it hard that her child has forgotten some little teaching learnt on her knee, and that one or two of the son's opinions smack of foreign notions—she may think that some of his doings tend not only to injure her, but himself also and the world at large. (Great laughter.) Perhaps, sometimes, he thinks on his part that it is a pity old people cannot put themselves in the place of younger natures. (Uproarious laughter.) But of such is the tenor of the thought which may sometimes occupy the mother and the child. But let no one dream for a moment that their affection has become less deep or that their loyalty of nature is less felt. (Loud cheering.) They are one in heart and mind; they wish to remain so, and shall, and I should like

TO SEE THE MAN WHO WOULD DARE TO COME BETWEEN THEM.

(Tremendous cheering.) In saying this, gentlemen, I express what may be regarded as my first impressions of the feelings which animate you, and I believe that when I leave you my last impressions will be identical. (Loud cheering.) And now, gentlemen, the topics on which a Governor-General may speak without offence are somewhat limited (laughter), although he is expected to be the advertiser-general of one of the largest countries in the world—(great laughter and applause)—an empire so large that the study of its proportions is, I think, much more like the study of astronomy than the study of geography. (Laughter and applause.) It is perhaps best that he should speak on generalities; but in making my first appearance among you I may be expected to record other general impressions. I may perhaps be permitted to mention a subject which is generally understood as giving a good opening for conversation and acquaintance, and likely to lead to no serious difference of opinion, namely, the subject of the weather. (Roars of laughter.) I can now speak with some authority upon that momentous topic (laughter) because I have now spent a winter, a spring, a summer, and part of an autumn in Canada, and I believe that any one who has had a similar experience with me will agree that the seasons and climate enjoyed here are singularly pleasant and salubrious. (Cheers.) You have, gentlemen, real seasons,

THERE IS A REAL WINTER AND A REAL SUMMER.

(Loud laughter.) You are not troubled with shams in that respect—(laughter)—no shoddy manufactures of that nature are imported over here from Europe, where winter is often like a raw summer and summer like a wet winter. How different has been the reality of your winter, for, as an old woman once wrote home to her friends in Scotland, "All the children here may run about in the snow without wetting their feet." (Great laughter and cheers.) We have only to look at that column, on which a splendid bunch of peaches is hanging, to see a trophy which should bring many to our door; but it is only a small sample of a vast crop of a similar nature which you have in Western Ontario, for, as I am informed by my honorable friend on my right, Mr. Mackenzie, the peaches are often given to the pigs. (Great laughter.) The pleasant and bracing seasons of Canada can be enjoyed in a country without its equal, for nowhere has the settler a more varied range of choice in the scenery, the locality, the soil which will finally determine him where to found a home. His fortune may be compared to that of a man entering one of those new houses where each may have his own flat—a magnificent abode, where, if he wish not to travel far, to be easily reached and visited by his friends, he may remain in the rooms on the ground-floor—

OUR SPACIOUS MARITIME PROVINCES,

where he will find himself very near his fishmonger (cheers and laughter), close to the old tradesmen with whom he has dealt in Europe, and warmed by a great kitchen well furnished with a stove of Pictou coal. (Laughter and cheers.) If he prefer other apartments he may ascend to those great and most comfortable rooms, our ancient and populous Provinces of Quebec and Ontario—the first-floor rooms of our Canadian mansion, which are so amply provided with the old-fashioned associations which he may love; while, if still more active, he may select accommodation in the vast chamber of the second floor—the wonderful districts of the Northwest, which have been so bountifully furnished by beneficent Nature, that he will require but little capital to make his abode exactly according to his own taste. (Loud cheers.) And if he prefers another and still more airy location—(laughter)—he may go on again and inhabit our recently erected and lofty storey of the Rocky Mountain District, near which he would again find an ample supply of coal, nearly as good as that which he found down below. (Applause). He will be none the less fortunate when he makes the acquaintance of the master of this modern mansion, when he finds that everything is ruled in order and prosperity by him, and that his name is the Canadian House of Commons. (Loud applause). And now, dropping all fanciful metaphors, I must speak in more serious terms for a moment, and express my admiration for that most able House,

THE EXCELLENCE OF WHOSE DEBATES WOULD BE A CREDIT TO ANY ASSEMBLY.

(Cheers.) During its session I have sometimes been reminded of an exclamation of the late Baron Bunsen, the German diplomatist and author, whose residence in London as Prussian Ambassador at the Court of St. James' has caused him to be affectionately remembered in England. Chevalier Bunsen, looking on at the proceedings of the House of Commons, said that to him it was a marvel how an Englishman could ever rest until he had sought to become a member of that Assembly, where the Ministers of the Sovereign and they who endeavored to win a share in the government of a powerful people, met face to face as champions of different policies to discuss before the country the principles which should guide a mighty nation. As in England, so here, let no one turn his back on political life as too hard, as bringing too much contention, or as occasioning too much unpleasantness. One of the worst signs of a country's condition is when they who have leisure, or property, or social influence

LOOK UPON PUBLIC LIFE AS TOO DIRTY FOR THEM,

and hang back from the honorable rivalry, allowing other hands to have a commanding share in government. (Hear, hear.) I am confident that this will not be the case here, and long may it be before a Canadian prefers his ease, if he may command it, to that noblest labor to which he can be called by the voice of his fellow-citizens, the voice of his country, in her Parliament. (Cheers.) In striving to be a member of the Dominion Parliament, or to have a potent voice in the election of such an one, each man, whatever may be his circumstances, must feel that it is a high and proper ambition to do what in him lies to direct the policy of this Royal commonwealth, which sees its will expressed by the Cabinet—which is but a Committee of the Parliament elected by the people—carried out loyally and fully by the Executive head of the Government. (Cheers.) To be sure, you may say to me, you are speaking in ignorance—the Governor-General is not allowed to be present at the debates of Parliament. (Laughter.) Certainly, gentlemen, I am not allowed to be present, and never have been. (Renewed laughter.) I have never even followed the example of my eminent predecessor, who has left me such a heritage of speeches at the Toronto Club. (Laughter and applause.) I have followed his example in making a speech, but I have not followed his example in another case, for I am informed that he has heard debates of the House concealed by the friendly shadows behind the Speaker's chair. (Loud cheers and laughter.) I have never placed myself in that position, and of course my knowledge is entirely derived from reports—of course I do not speak of newspaper reports. (Roars of laughter.) That is quite impossible—(renewed laughter)—because I am fully conscious that

WE SHOULD NOT PUT OUR TRUST IN PRINTERS—

(great laughter) — but I speak of other reports which are more trustworthy, and for which, of course, my responsible ministers are responsible. (Laughter.) I shall mention a particular rumor that has reached my ears, which is to the scarcely credible effect that the current of discussion is often not quite so tranquil as might be assumed by outsiders, looking only at the harmonious outline of the buildings in which the members meet. (Great laughter). Perhaps the reported occasional quickening of the political current and the hurried words to which it gives rise occur only because pure panegyric is distasteful, and a wholesome criticism is, on the other hand, preferred. Believing this, I shall only venture to express the opinion that if any spoken words fly too swiftly it is because one bad habit, and one only, exists among the politicians of Canada. It is this—and I am sure you will realize the melancholy significance of the fact to which I am so reluctantly compelled to allude: it is that Canadian politicians do not bring their wives with them to Ottawa. (Uproarious laughter.)

I HOPE THE RECENTLY DEVELOPED DOCTRINES OF CONSTITUTIONAL DUTY

may still allow a Governor-General to take the initiative in making a suggestion, and my suggestion would be that the ladies should favor us with their presence at Ottawa, for I am certain that an alteration in this practice would soon put a stop to the reports to which I have drawn your attention, which some people may think may detract from the position of our celebrated, and alas! at Ottawa, too often celibate politicians. (Roars of laughter.) And now, gentlemen, I have only to thank you repeatedly and most earnestly for your welcome, and the citizens of Toronto I would thank through you at large for the extreme kindness with which they have been pleased to receive us. But I [illegible]

A Theory for Boots.

[illegible] —*New Quarterly Review.*

A French Father in a Quandary.

(Paris Newspaper.)

Monsieur the Editor: You ask if it is just to re-establish divorce. Can the question be seriously put?

I have three daughters, Monsieur. It was my duty to marry off all three. This was not done without trouble.

At last, it is done. I thought that I was about to lead a peaceful life.

But it is otherwise. I am told that divorce will be voted by the Chamber of Deputies.

If this is so my daughters, who are unhappy in their homes, will get divorces—that is certain; and when they are divorced they will wish to marry again.

Behold me compelled to furnish them with three new husbands.

I trust that your journal will receive this protest of a father of a family.

Radical Spelling Reform.

Spelling reform has found a bold champion in the Chicago *Tribune*, whose editor, Mr. Medill, has issued an order laying down the new rules for the guidance of every writer and proof-reader on the paper. The following are the main features of these rules:

The *ue* is to be dropped from demagog, dialog, catalog, and all that class of words.

*Me* to be omitted from program, gram, and similar words.

The final *te* to be dropt from such words as cigaret, etiquet, coquet, etc., except Gazette, when it is the name of a newspaper.

The final *e* to be always dropt when it is clearly unnecessary, and especially in such words as definit, hypocrit, opposit, and their derivatives, such as definitly, oppositness.

The unnecessary *m* and *s* to be dropt from all such words as dilema, assasin, etc.

*F* to replace *ph* in all such words as fantom, fantasy, alfabet, difthong, and their compounds.

Punch.

Army Clothing.—Captain Carey has been honorably absolved of an unfounded sentence. Uniform for members of a blundering Court-martial—Muf(f)ti.

Relative Punishment.—Quod.

Winks to the Wise.—The Conservative Government may be popular at present, but they have spent a mint of money, and—"Wait till they present the bill." So, virtually, said Mr. Gladstone, the other day, to the Liberal electors of Chester. At the coming election, it may be hoped that our William himself, in the character of a candidate, will also present a Bill, and that the Bill will be truly honored by a British constituency in returning, otherwise than a British Grand Jury returns, a true Bill.

A Country Sell.—Native Joker (dissembling)—Its been very fine here for the last week. Tourist (who has been kept in by the showers, indignantly)—What's been very fine here? Native—The rain. Very fine rain. (Exit Native Joker, hurriedly.)

From the Moors.—Sportsman—Much rain, Donald? Donald—A bit soft. Just wet a' day, wi' showers between.

Intemperate Weather—Beery, heavy wet and "Muggy."

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

"Summer," cried, in a splendid
Brogue, Murphy, "We'd none;
And before it has ended
Here's autumn begun."

"'Tis high time I should go,"
Said the Swift to the Swallow;
Which bird answered, "I trow
When you flit I shall follow."

Pic nics.—If the sun were not broiling, and the sand didn't get into the salad, and the rocks were soft and smooth, and there were no hornets, and one hadn't to go three-quarters of a mile for water, what a tame affair a pic-nic would be!

"A Chip of the Old Block."—Khedive Junior (loq.)—"Take 'em away—take 'em away! None of their tight European boots for me! They may say what they like—I mean to stick to my father's slippers!!"

The Agricultural Interest.—Landlord (to tenant who had given up farming at the end of his lease, to await better times)—"Well, Jackson, how do you like living on your capital?" Farmer—"Not too well, my lord; but I find it cheaper than letting you live on it!"

Effect of a Recent Storm.—The tempest blew away tiles off the roofs of houses, and turned the tiles into projec-tiles.

Providing for Future Wars.

Only a few weeks have elapsed since the line of railway directly connecting the German capital with the fortress and place d'armes of Metz was opened for passengers and traffic, and we already have to record another important achievement of the German War Office, which, during the last eight years, has spared neither pains nor expense to complete the defences of the new Empire's western frontier. On the 13th inst. the last section was laid of the subterranean telegraphic cables linking Berlin to Metz and Strasburg. One of these cables follows the route of Magdeburg and Cologne, the other that of Cassel and Frankfort-on-Maine. They both pass through Metz, diverging thence side by side to Strasburg, so that the two greatest fortresses in Europe, for the possession of which Germany may be said to have fought the war of 1870 71, are now enabled to exchange instantaneous communications, and are also placed *en rapport* with the huge palace of ruddy stone on the Koenigsplatz, where the first of living strategists sits in his cozy little corner room, directing the movements of the mightiest military machine ever yet invented, and perfected by human ingenuity. Upon the laying of the Berlin-Metz-Strasburg cable four hundred skilful workmen have been incessantly employed for two years. The cable, which has been buried at an average depth of three feet six inches, is composed of seven copper wires enclosed in a casing of vulcanized caoutchouc. Each of these wires consists of seven fine copper threads, and is wrapped round with tarred hemp and a coating of iron wire, twisted in eighteen strands. The whole cable is encased in thick sailcloth. It is proposed to connect Germany's main strongholds on her eastern frontier with Berlin by subterranean cables similar to those above described.—*London Telegraph.*

Precious Stones in Canada.

A Montreal lapidary, who has been interviewed by a reporter of the *Witness*, gives a partial list of Canadian jewels and precious stones; here are some of them:—First, Quebec diamonds, which, he says, are really rock crystals, very clear and brilliant, these, we believe, are found about Lake Superior. [illegible]