

When large numbers move forward possessed by one sentiment and one purpose you have the most essential characteristic of a nation.

FORWARD!

BY NICHOLAS FLOODY DAVIN.

Who sneers sho's but a colony;
No national spirit there;
Race, differences, faction's feuds
Her flag to tatters tear?

What rises o'er those snowy plains?
What flouts the western sky?
Whence on the virgin white those stains?
Whose is that crimson dye?

Rebellion's ensign blots the blue,
And mars its fretwork gold,
And near those stains of crimson hue
Canadian hearts lie cold.

Another ensign! Trumpets ring!
A youth this flag upholds;
And lo! from every side men spring,
And range beneath its folds.

Nor race, nor creed the patriot's sword,
Nor faction blunts to-day.
"Forward for Canada!" 's the word,
And eager for the fray,

Our youth press on and carpers shame,
Their bearing bold and high;
For this young nation's peace and fame
Ready to do or die.

They come from hamlet and from town,
From hill and wood and glade;
From where great palaces look down
On streets that roar with trade;

From where by floe and rocky bar,
The Atlantic's hold in check;
From where Wolfe's glory, like a star,
Shines down on Old Quebec;

From where Mount Royal rises proud
O'er Cartier's city fair;
From where Chaudiere with thunder loud
Flings high its smoke in air;

From pleasant cities, rich and old,
That gem Ontario's shore;
From where Niagara's awful plunge
Makes its eternal roar;

From each new town just sprung to life
Mid flowery prairies wide;
From where first Riel kindled strife,
To Calgary's rapid tide.

Upon the field, all rancour healed,
There's no discordant hue;
The Orange marches with the Green,
The Rouge beside the Bleu.

One purpose now fires every eye,
Rebellion foul to slay.
"Forward for Canada!" 's the cry,
And all are one to-day.

DR. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street. Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.

THE BILLIONAIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MILLIONAIRE,"
"BUSTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I. America.

In a certain room in a certain brown stone mansion of which the Genoese velvet curtains of its front windows were always closed, sat two men at two separate small tables. The room was but sparsely furnished. The tables were of unpainted deal, and the few chairs were of the most humble pattern and of cheap material. On the floor was a rag carpet of ancient manufacture, and save a few railway maps and plans of gold, silver, and other mines, the walls were pictureless. The most noticeable appointment in the room was probably a large screen of ordinary sail-cloth, technically termed "No. 4 Cotton Duck." This screen or curtain was seemingly impenetrable to the gaze; but by a curious arrangement, with which we will not bore our readers, everything that was done or said in the room

could be seen or heard (when it was so required by the proprietor of the institution) by those inside. Behind the screen were at all hours, day and night, a staff of shorthand writers, telephone and telegraph operators, who took down, when required by their master everything that was said, or would send off or receive messages to and from the nearest and most remote places on the earth.

At the table facing the door sat one of the men mentioned. He was a tall spare individual dressed in an old-fashioned blue "swallow-tail" with brass buttons, "high-water" pants, disclosing half a foot of the legs of a pair of square-toed kip skin boots, a bell-crowned beaver hat of the "Old Hickory" type was on his head, and in his mouth was a large cube of black-strap tobacco, fluid traces of which might readily be discerned on a long and straggling grizzled goatee that adorned his chin. The gentleman who sat by the other table was in somewhat strong contrast to him. He was clad in rich attire. A fine brown cut-away coat and pea-green tight trousers, patent leather boots, an embroidered magenta scarf, a white shirt, from the bosom of which shone out a brilliant of almost Koh-i-noor proportions, constituted his attire. These, with a jet black moustache and the airy way he puffed at an El Padre cigar gave him, as it were, a *soi disant* hotel clerk air, which at once impressed and awed the visitor into a sense of his importance.

Who were these men? The first, gentle reader, was—be calm—Mr. Josh Rasper, the BILLIONAIRE, and the second, Mr. Henry Amos Fake, his confidential clerk.

"Hank," said the great money king as he dexterously slung his quid of black-strap through the open window, "Hank, I swear I don't altogether like the way things is goin' just now. Them congressmen are kinder inclined to go back on us I reckon. How much was it I gave to Chowder on that bonanzny matter?"

"Oh, Chowder. Lemme see. Chowder, oh, he got \$100,000," said the clerk.

"And Doolittle?"

"Well, he got \$250,000."

"How much did you give the Kurnal?"

"Well, altogether, I reckon that Kurnal Johnson has got off and on nigh on to a million, or a million and a half dollars."

"Du tell! Wall, I'll try and make up for it to-day. Whar's that cuss of a telegrapher?"

"Hore, sir," said that enlaved though well-paid official from behind the screen.

"Wall, see here," said the Billionaire, "put me on to Ispahah—got it?—Yes! Wall, wire the Shah. 'Sell out Bustupp Khan's interest in the Caspian silver mines and ship proceeds in gold to me. Send via Bagdad and Damascus. Ship waiting at Ephesus. RASPER.'"

"All right, sir, message sent."

"Wall, switch me on to Pekin, call the Emperor, and send him this:

"Send me at once taxes collected in Province of Hoo Hung Sam, and hurry up. Opium ready for you at Hong Kong. *Parlez Francais kesky dhà la!* RASPER."

After this message was sent sounds of subdued laughter were heard inside.

"What's all the fun about?" asked the confidential clerk of his superior.

"Oh! nothing," was the reply, "only a little joke in French that I sent to the Chinese Emperor. I guess the last two messages will net us about \$10,000,000 in about two months. None of the Europeans or heathen Asiatics dare go back on me or I'd sell 'em out bag and baggage, pretty darned quick, too—"

The arrival of the mail now put a stop to further conversation, and the Billionaire rapidly scanned the contents of each letter until he came to one bearing an English stamp. He showed no emotion, but quietly said, "Hank, what time is it? 4.30½ minutes. All

right. Telegraph to Sandy Hook to hold the 'Gambodian' till I come down in my steam launch. Look after the rest of the letters, I'm off for England," and, grabbing an old gripsack, he nodded good-bye and left. Before 7 o'clock that evening he was off the Highland lights on the "Gambodian" bound for England.

CHAPTER II.

England.

When the "Gambodian" arrived in Liverpool Mr. Rasper, finding he had to wait two hours for the regular express for London, chartered a special car and arrived in the city just in time for the daily opening of the law office of the firm of Smudgeby, Huggleby & Hookem, his English solicitors. He passed up the old musty and cobwebby stairs, and with that easy freedom which makes Americans so loved abroad, without knocking or announcement, dashed into the office. "Well, old snoozer, how are you?" was the salutation the senior partner got from the stranger as he entered.

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the astonished lawyer.

"Me? My name's Rasper and I'm from New York," said that gentleman quietly and sending at the same time a shower of tobacco juice over the polished bars of the lawyer's grate.

"Why, bless me! Mr. Rasper, I beg your pardon. I really—didn't know, ye know," said Mr. Smudgeby, almost prostrating himself at the feet of the world-renowned Railway King.

"All right, old Hoss! Now, see here, you know what's brought me to this cussed rainy island of yours, and I must get out of here in just one week. What's all this talk about that gal losing her property? Where is she?"

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "it is rather a long story. The young lady, Sally Ann Hoopendyke is now singing, I regret to say, at a sailor's concert hall called the 'Cat and Tarbrush,' in Whitechapel, and she lodges with one William Sykes, a cats-meat man in the vicinity. Her voice is good, but, alas! her pay is bad, and it certainly is a sad thing for a young lady who has been brought up in luxury to have to sing before a lot of tarry scamen for ten shillings a week, even under such a name as 'Florinda Fluter, the Eastern Nightengale.'"

"Jest so. Wall, tell me how in thunder she lost her property?"

"You see," continued the lawyer, "that you being a foreigner, and she being likewise a foreigner, you could not, by a statute passed in the reign of Henry II., confer estates except by a joining in the deed by the older branch of the lady's family who are only empowered to break the entail. Now, Sally Ann Hoopendyke's mother being a half niece, on the mother's side, to the Earl of Flapdoodles, oldest son of the Hon. Ernest Maltravers McGinnis, who inherited the property after it was escheated to the Crown at the accession of Charles the Second, it left, as you will readily see, the fee simple in the lands to the Earl of Flapdoodles, who bounced Sally Ann by force of a suit of ejectment, and who now holds the same, and Hoggswash Wolde, the family residence, as his own. You now see how the matter stands and, as the place is of great value, it would cost a great deal of money to get a quit claim deed from the noble Earl. I think that Rothschild himself would hardly undertake to buy it."

"Who in thunder's Rothschild? Oh, yes! I recollect; that Dutch Jew banker. Oh! he be hornswoggled. When kin I see the Dock, the Earl I mean?"

"He is now in London, in his town residence, 44 Lalligag Square."

"All right. I'll go and see him."