



**ECCLESIASTICAL SPORT IN MONTREAL.**

REV. DR. M'VICAR GOES SPEARING "SALMON."

"COMING then to Dr. MacVicar's statement with respect to the unjust distribution of school taxes, the speaker made the following extraordinary attack:—Dr. MacVicar is chairman of the Protestant School Commissioners of this city, according to the city directory, and he must have known when he made that statement that he was uttering a deliberate lie. I am compelled to use the strongest term, because the statement is.—*Witness report of Father Salmon's sermon.*

"I have to request that you will now print the words of my paper on the matter referred to before the Evangelical Alliance, and which you did not give in your account of these meetings. It will thus be apparent that, according to your report of his sermon, the priest fell into a wholly unnecessary passion and libelous tirade:—

These, Mr. Editor, were my words touching the school law and the distribution of taxes. Any one can verify the truth and accuracy of the statement by reading the school law, and I shall be surprised if Protestants continue much longer to allow it to remain unchanged. They have their rights guaranteed in the constitution of the country, and are likely to demand them. Meanwhile respectable citizens will form their own opinion of such preaching as Father Salmon's, according to your report; but in saying this I do not waive my right to redress in the premises."—*Dr. MacVicar in letter to Witness.*

have false teeth, you know. But I am only sticking pertinaciously to the style of "Sword and Pimple," "Twelve Hundred Titles," etc; and then, how else could I work in the poetry?)

Lord Fishball spent two very happy weeks at Castle Plumduff, shooting upon the moor—he generally put John Thomas's hat up on a stump when he wanted anything *live* to shoot at; or flirting recklessly with his fair cousin, the Countess.

When he could get enough to eat at the castle, or found that mutton cooked four times didn't agree with him, he would stroll down to the village inn and have dinner there, telling the landlord to charge it up to the Earl of Plumduff. But generally the landlord couldn't see it that way. So that really Lord Fishball's visit cost him more than living in town at the free lunch counters would have done.

"Plumduff's brow is dark as Erebus this mornin'," said the butler to the cook, "and wot's the caws I can't imagin'. Its' quite ineligible to me."

"The cors is *this*, Mr. Lorder," hissed the cook. "Lord Fishball is makin' desprit love to our master's wife, and Joe told him a thing or two!"

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Mr. Lorder, "is that all?"

"And he's going to have 'is revenge!" hissed the cook again.

Yes, the Earl of Plumduff was determined on revenge. He had been insulted in his own house; perfidy and dishonour had been thrust in his teeth (he had twenty-one bills for these same teeth in his private drawer, of which Mr Lawder had the key. You see I had to mention teeth after all. So Byron's poetry is all right). So the Earl had laid his plans for a terrible, a f-r-r-rightful r-r-revenge!

One beautiful evening in September (see almanacs) the Countess received a large box containing a number of pairs of elegant boots. They had been sent, the boy who brought them said, by a tall stranger, and she was to try them on and keep whichever pair she chose.

The Countess sat down in the hall and tried them on, while the polite boy turned his back and began to chip the family coat-of-arms off the hat-rack with his pen knife.

No one saw that dark saturnine face with its baleful, demoniacal, gleaming eyes, at the top of the stairs (see "The Oath of Blood," page 29, next the picture.)

The Countess had a number six foot, but she thought it was a three. So, of course, she at first tried on a pair of ones; then twos; and then getting gradually vicious, she yanked her big toe into a number four in a way that made the pale face on the lobby smile. When she came to number six the Countess was furious with disappointed feminine pride; and she just laid herself back and ramed that old foot of hers——

CR-R-R-RASH! BANG! There will be a bill from Kid and Heelplate, the shoe store people, for those other boots; but no coffin will be required for the boy.

The Earl had accomplished his dire revenge!

HE HAD PUT DYNAMITE IN THE TOE OF BOOT NUMBER SIX, RIGHT FOOT!

[Some readers will doubtless think there is some discrepancy in commencing this thrilling story in November, and about two weeks later making his characters enjoy the balmy air of September. But how on earth could our author work in his fine descriptions just when he was inspired, if he didn't take a few liberties with the almanac. That's what the almanac does with the weather, anyway.]

C. G. R.