



BOLIVER JUNIOR.

Who says the N. P. isn't a live issue in the contest?

Lady Shoddy's Secret.

A ROMANCE OF TORONTO.

BY MISS RAD'UN.

Sir Silas Shoddy's letter lay open before her, as Florence Crump sat alone in the top front garret of her two-dollar-a-week boarding house. Two weeks before, she sat, late at night, wearily working at a rich wedding dress of white satin, draped with Brussels lace, which she was finishing for her employer. It was intended for the rich and hideous Miss Shoddy, whose extensive estates on the Island and at the mouth of the Don had procured her a prospective husband. Florence sighed as she thought of the better days, when she too had worn pretty ball dresses, before her pa's bank busted, and she was reduced to genteel poverty. A sudden impulse moved her to try on the dress. It fitted her as gloves seldom do fit. From some receptacle she took a pair of silk stockings, delicate as gauze, and worked with blue flowers in gossamer silk and gold. These, and white kid dancing shoes, a pair of six button white gloves, and an ivory fan, were relics of happy times gone by. She threw a lace veil over her head, and why, she could not tell herself, walked from her lodging to the gorgeous mansion of the owner of the dress. The windows blazed with light. Florence easily entered unperceived. In the spacious suite of drawing-rooms, and all through the gardens, the costliest lamps and flowers bloomed and blazed. The drawing-rooms were like a garden, the garden like a palace. As she stood beneath a pillar, a gentleman came up, put his arm round her waist and kissed her brow. Florence hastily turned to confront the stranger. He explained that some similarity in dress and figure had led him to mistake her for his daughter, at present in Winnipeg, but who might return to Toronto at any time, for the purpose of preparing for her approaching marriage. Florence graciously accepted his apologies. Sir Silas Shoddy was charmed with his beautiful guest, although sorely puzzled to think who she was. She was the loveliest among many typical representatives of the city which takes the cake in Canada for feminine beauty. A great many people asked who she was, and several rich demoiselles, far too well bred to give a kind glance to the poor milliner's apprentice who had aided them in trying on their costly robes, stared with all their eyes at her, who, it began to be whispered in the room, was the daughter of a duke now visiting the city. Sir Silas had guessed nearer the truth. He had danced once with Florence, who hardly knew how to refuse, and once had persuaded her to eat an ice and drink a glass of cool claret in the supper room. He was too polite to press any direct questions. He saw that there was some mystery about her. He saw that she was a lady. Some other duty called him away, and Florence took the oppor-

tunity to escape and return. That night Sir Silas could not sleep. With the early dawn he arose and walked up and down before the Telegram office, till the shutters were removed, and the talented young man who writes the editorials came along from his palatial hash-house. That day a "personal" appeared, calling on his unknown guest to grant him an interview. Florence replied; an interview took place. Although Sir Silas was older, by a score of years, than herself, she was not indifferent either to his affections or his social position. The letter before her was a proposal of immediate marriage.

VOLUME II.

Florence accepted. In three days she became Lady Shoddy. Only one condition did she exact from her husband: that he should ask no questions about her past history. She assured him that it contained nothing dishonorable. Florence was as happy as boundless wealth could make her. Every Saturday a gorgeous menial brought her GNR, in a gold cover on which the similitude of the bird of wit and wisdom was inlaid in black diamonds. But she was not happy. Miss Shoddy would soon be home. She was said to be a very sharp old maid, in love with rank and social position. If she found out that her pa had married a mere dress-maker's apprentice, her tongue would persecute poor Florence out of all the brilliant society which her husband loved to see her ornament. And then there was something else. She had been engaged to a young man, a journalist, in Winnipeg. But he had not written for so long that Florence ceased to think of him, except as one who had perished in a blizzard, or boom, or some other product of that favorable climate.

VOLUME III.

Miss Shoddy came back, and was evidently resolved to do battle to the uttermost with Florence, at whom she stared all that evening during dinner. "I feel sure," she thought to herself, "I have seen that girl's face before." Her ill-temper was increased when she found her wedding dress, which Florence had packed up and sent to the modiste the day after she had herself worn it, had a minute, but perceptible stain of wine on the . . . Miss Shoddy at once drove to the modiste, who referred her to Miss Crump, the young lady employed in finishing the dress. At Florence's former boarding house nothing could be learned, but a message that Miss Crump had sent, that she had gone to Winnipeg. That name flashed on Miss Shoddy's memory the recollection of having seen a photograph exactly resembling her stepmother in an album belonging to the fascinating editor of the Winnipeg Comet. She telegraphed to him to lend it to her for a day or two. Somewhat surprised, he consented. She recognised in Florence the imposter who had worn her dress, and taken her place. The chain of evidence was complete, and she entered the house determined to denounce Lady Shoddy.

But Florence was a match for her. She did not set fire to her bed curtains, or throw her into a well, which, in the present state of Toronto water, would have been cruel indeed. She did what all sensible women ought to do in a difficulty, she told her husband all about it. And the old man thought it first-rate fun, and when his daughter came along with her complaints, answered calmly "Schucks!"

Miss Shoddy was so cross about her dress being spoiled that she broke off her engagement, and went to Winnipeg in a huff, and married the Winnipeg Comet man. He never got back the photograph he had lent her.

Mr. Oscar Wilde delivered his promised lecture to a good audience at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening. He proved himself to be as sane and sensible as any man of the same name that ever appeared before our citizens.

High Church Persecution Again.

The following poem is founded on facts which a late issue of the *Globe* relates to have occurred recently at a churchyard in an English parish, where the funeral of a dissenting minister, whose friends wished to bury him beside his wife's grave, was interrupted by the vicar, who said that it was not right for dissenters to make use of "consecrated ground." The opposition of the entire High Church party to the laws for allowing dissenters to bury in churchyards, shows that this is no isolated case. In this country a separate portion of each cemetery has to be "consecrated" for Episcopalians:—

In through the churchyard gate his people bore him,
A humble funeral train, as you might see,
As to the grave they pass in sad procession:
Plain workmen they, their chapel pastor lie.

No pomp of priestly pride, with pealing anthems,
Thrills sweet and solemn on the incensed air;
No courtly Rector, with bland voice, addresses
To "cars polite" his benediction there!

For his was no Episcopal "commission";
In no fenced gardens was his good seed sown.
Nor with a hireling's heart the long day's burden
He bore, though called to it by Heaven alone.

And now, where rests his wife they fain would bear him,
That these, who loved, death should not all divide;
For ye rs they labored, serving God together,
So sleep they in "God's acre," side by side.

But, lo! our High Church Priest forbids their progress:
"Some other grave, good people, must be found.
No mere unhallowed funerals of 'dissenters'
We tolerate in 'consecrated ground'."

So Persecution from the dead dark ages
Makes her foul nest in England's church anew!
With other vampires of old superstition,
Once strong to curse the Many, crown the Few!

Fit offspring of the "Catholic Revival,"
Whose sword we deemed with rust, not blood, was red,
Yet, if she can no longer crush the living,
She still has license to insult the dead.

C. P. M.

Literary Notes.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer ten valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for June, among which is the following:—

We will give \$20.00 in gold to the person telling us which is the middle verse in the Bible by June 10th, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner, June 15th, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the July *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth \$20 to you; cut it out. Address—RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.



A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

JACK—Say, Ethel, wouldn't you like to be the Queen, and have everybody take a holiday and set off fireworks on your birthday?

ETHEL—No, indeed, I wouldn't, 'cause then they'd all know my age.