

and was greatly extolled. Mr. Harrison, although repeatedly solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination for a place in Parliament, for many years steadfastly refused that honour. In 1867, however, on the Confederation of the Provinces, he was prevailed upon to accept a seat in the new House of Commons. He was returned for West Toronto and sat until the general election of 1872, when owing to the demands of his profession, he retired altogether from political life.

In 1859, he retired from the Crown Law Department, bearing with him the sincere and heartfelt good wishes of all he had come in contact with. He also received letters from his superiors, couched in the most affectionate and flattering language. Mr. Harrison commenced practice in partnership with the late Mr. James Patterson, and at once obtained a large and lucrative practice. He has been retained as counsel for the Crown in nearly every important case which has arisen of late. His first appearance in that character was at the celebrated prosecution of McHenry alias Townsend, the murderer; he next appeared in the conduct of the North shirevalty case, when people ridiculed the Government for retaining so young a man to prosecute. Though opposed by one of the most eminent counsel of the Province, he was entirely successful, and by his success set at rest the fears of those who looked only to his youth and not his great industry and ability. In the "State Trials" when the Parliamentary opposition endeavoured in Courts of Law to break down the Government, he, with eminent counsel, was on the defensive, and, as usual, successful. In the famous *Habeas Corpus* case of John Anderson, the negro, he gained his case before the Queen's Bench, but happily for Anderson, on technical points, the force of which he at once conceded, lost it before the Common Pleas.

The firm was subsequently joined by Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Q.C., now M.P.P., for West Elgin. On the death of Mr. Patterson, the firm of Harrison, Osler & Moss was formed, having as leading members the present Chief Justice in Equity, Mr. F. S. Osler, Mr. Charles Moss and Mr. W. A. Foster. This firm, during late years obtained a remarkably large practice. The extent of the business of Harrison, Osler & Moss may be imagined when, we state on excellent authority, that Mr. Harrison's professional income had reached \$14,000; and Mr. Moss has probably as much more. To give up this, even for a Chief Justiceship, must have been no ordinary sacrifice. Chief Justice Harrison has been twice married: First in 1859, to Anna, daughter of J. M. Muckle, Esq., formerly a merchant of Quebec; she died in 1866; and secondly in 1868, to Kennethina Johanna Mackay, only daughter of the late Hugh Scobie, Esq., who was editor and proprietor of the *British Colonist* newspaper, Toronto. Mr. Harrison's appointment is a high tribute to a most worthy, able and industrious man, and coming, as it does, from the hands of a political leader on the opposite side, is as graceful as it is well deserved. On all sides the appointment is hailed with satisfaction by members of the profession. We have gathered the above facts from Morgan's "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians" and a late article in the *Ottawa Times*.

HOW OLD MAIDS MAY BE DETECTED.

A writer gives the following symptoms of maidenly celibacy: When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love stories in bed—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom. When a woman finds fault with her looking-glass, and says it don't show her features right—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about cold draughts, and stops the crevices in the doors and windows—that's a symptom. When a woman changes her shoes every time she comes in to the house after a walk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them for the world—that's a symptom.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., whose Family Medicines have won golden opinions and achieved world-wide reputation, after patient study and much experimenting, succeeded in perfecting a Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, that is destined to become as celebrated as his other medicines. It owes its efficacy not entirely to the Smart-Weed, which, however, is a sovereign remedial agent, but largely to a happy combination of that herb with Jamaica Ginger and other vegetable agents. The combination is such as to make it a very pleasant remedy to take. Taken internally, it cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery (or Bloody-Flux), Summer Complaint, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Cramps and Pain in the Stomach, breaks up Colds, Febrile and Inflammatory Attacks. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicines.

WHEN ROSES BLOW.

It was the time when roses blow,
The sweetest time in all the year;
'Twas when the sun was red and low,
And when the skies were warm and clear.
I met a maiden by the gate
That led into a field of corn;
'Twas she I was proud to wait,
For fairer girl was never born.

I saw a blush upon each cheek,
A bashful gleam was in her eye;
I'd yearned to see her, hear her speak,
Soon as the day began to die.
For love its secret longs to hide
Beneath green leaves when day's no more;
And when its faltering words have died,
It turns its idol to adore.

We lingered long beside the gate,
And all our love was slowly told—
Until the happy hours grew late
And stars appeared like drops of gold.
Rare odours seemed with us to stay,
Faint music reached us from a hill:
We loved the night more than the day,
So lone, so beautiful, and still!

Night is the time for love to spring
Beneath a blue and star-lit sky;
When every zephyr seems to ring
With music as it wanders by.
Then hearts in union gladly beat,
And eyes with rarest brightness glow;
For there's no other time so sweet
For love, as that when roses blow!

[For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.]

WALTER PENWELL'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Which ends this strange, eventful history."

When you have begun your chapters with a motto you must continue to use mottoes to the end. That is a rule observed by all novel writers, and base is the slave who is original and refuses to follow his leaders.

Therefore the motto above written must remain, though it is not true in two particulars. The history is not strange, nor eventful; but it is a history and this chapter ends it; and to have a motto true in half its suggestions is as much as any well regulated mind should desire.

Though Mr. Dolby and Penwell had minds constructed after different fashions, there was a remarkable similarity in the conclusions to which each of them had come after the little scene alluded to at the close of the last chapter.

"You've made a cursed fool of yourself," said Penwell to himself.

"I perceive you have been making a fool of that young man," said Mr. Dolby to his daughter. Penwell's first impulse was to signalize the occasion by flinging himself over the top of the tower. But then he knew that the newspapers would call him a "mutilated man," in the evening, when a description he objected to; and he fortunately at that moment remembered the words of an ancient song:

"Though his suit was rejected,
He wisely reflected
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck that's once broken
Can never be set."

and rapidly decided to go down by the more prosaic passage of the stairs.

Said Penwell to himself suddenly, "I'll never give her up, never!"

Said Mr. Dolby to his daughter, "You must not encourage that young fool further, Kai; you are too young."

Which shows that the mental difference was beginning to make itself felt.

Said Miss Dolby to herself, "He was going to propose, and he did look so handsome. I'm sure he loves me."

Which shows that filial obedience is not always given to the best of fathers.

Said Mr. Dolby to himself, "The confounded young puppy, the pair of geese! I must get this little girl into society and make her forget this affair."

Said Miss Dolby to herself, "I shall see him at Ottawa. He was very impertinent and I'll make him feel it. He had no business to—but then he is very intelligent, he talks so well, he is so good looking too—perhaps he will explain when I see him again in society."

Which shows that Mr. Dolby's idea of distraction and forgetfulness was not so completely wise as he thought it was.

Penwell was deeply hit this time, beyond recovery. He had fallen madly and honestly into love. He passed the time for the rest of the journey in another car revolving schemes for advancement, making resolutions of hard work, and making imaginary speeches to Mr. Dolby, who was in the mean time half asleep in the other car, and treating the whole matter as only a little incident inevitable in a journey with a pretty daughter. He took it for granted that she had forgotten; and she took it for granted he forgave.

The session opened brilliantly. The beauty and fashion of the capital and of several other cities turned out in costumes that were oriental in magnificent material and occidental in cultivated taste. The Governor General came like a meteor. His Lady appeared like a star. He was received with elaborate ceremony. She was received with a murmur of homage. The Commons crowded to the bar, the poorer men in shining clothes, the richer ones with their collars up and their hair rumpled; this was to show the independence of the Commons.

The Governor General said He had summoned them. This was to show the supremacy of the Crown.

The gentlemen looked at the ladies, (a goodly sight, by all that's fair!), and the ladies looked at each other during the reading of the Speech. This was to show the deep interest of the public.

Miss Dolby was among the galaxy of beauty. Her sweet face, her little figure, her bright eyes, made her marked among even as many as ten other beauties.

Said Penwell who was in the gallery: "There she is, my bird with the shining head! She shines them all down! What a prize to win—shall I not strive to win it? What a love to gain—shall I not strive to gain it, to be worthy of it? With Heaven's help I will."

Said the member for Erie, (Charles Monk, rich, clever, popular—but cynical), "what little beauty is that talking to old Dolby? Can it be his daughter? She is a gem, a doll, a darling. Mr. Dolby is a sensible man. I will praise his moderation and vote for his next resolution. He will introduce me."

Said little Miss Dolby: "I do not see him. Perhaps he is feeling badly at his rudeness, as he ought, but I should like to see him. I should be very cold and polite, but not too hard with him."

The debates that ensued after the opening of the session were of a most interesting and exciting character. The Speaker was often in the chair till four in the morning. The debates closed in divisions, and the Ministry was supported. When the debates were approaching, diners were frequent. Doubtful members were dined at home, and Mr. Dolby was a doubtful member. When the divisions came on, it was a question which way Mr. Dolby voted, and he voted with the Ministry. His invitations came thick and fast. Miss Dolby had become a favorite. If there had been a Kit Cat Club, her name would have been on the club glasses. If Anne had been Queen, instead of Victoria, Mr. Addison would have written a paper about her. As it was, the member for Erie, wrote her a poem, and Penwell wrote her a note.

The poem I will not give, in justice to Erie and its member. The note I am entitled to present:

DEAR MISS DOLBY,

Pardon me for addressing you at all, and for addressing you in this fashion. But I cannot help myself. I must speak. I must tell you what I would have told you in Montreal. I may offend you, but I love you with all my heart. Dare I hope, dare I work, dare I approach you? Am I wrong and rude in indulging in a dream that you do not hate me, do not dislike me; that you will give a chance of explanation? I do not ask you for any answer, or any sign of favor. I will make my own opportunity and trust to your kindness for at least a kindly repulse.

Ever your lover,

Even if not loved in return,

WALTER PENWELL.

By a satire of circumstance, Miss Dolby received both the note and the poem together. Her feelings may be more easily imagined than described. There was one circumstance which is worth noting in her behaviour. She laughed and blushed over the verses. She became thoughtful and pale over the note. Love is too often associated with blushes. Vanity causes more blushes than love.

About this time Penwell became aware of the designs of the member for Erie, but the member for Erie never dreamed of the designs of Penwell. The member for Erie pressed his suit with ardor. Penwell worked at his letter writing and articles with great eagerness. The member for Erie drove Miss Dolby and her father to popular places of resort, and Penwell saw them and grew sad. The member for Erie met Miss Dolby at a ball, and Penwell grew melancholy. The member for Erie spoke and spoke well too, when Miss Dolby was in the gallery, and Penwell took notes of his speech with raked bosom, for he saw her lean over the rails to listen to the oration. In fine Penwell felt that he was losing ground, and so he was. He was so eagerly bent on making a name and doing his work well, that he neglected those arts of approach which all women love so well. Be they never so willing to be caught, they love the formalities of flight and pursuit, and resent the open frankness of consciously favored lovers. My uncle Toby and Corporal Trim never planned a siege better than did the member for Erie the siege of Miss Dolby's heart. He dined with her father, he attended them at the theatre, he danced with her at balls, he drove and rode with them, he wrote poems to Miss Dolby's eyebrows and Miss Dolby's smiles. Miss Dolby could not be quite invisible to his ability, his manners, his riches, his open admiration; but she resented a certain too easy confidence which characterized his conduct.

Meantime Penwell, who was not always invited to balls and not often to dinners, and who could not always accept even the few invitations which he received, had but one chance of being often remembered, and yet that was a good one. He sent her his paper with his articles and letters; he sent her the magazine with his verses, but he himself was out of her horizon a great deal too much for his interests. But his interests were making themselves. His articles were read by the members; his letters were copied by the paper, and he received frequent compliments from his collaborators and even from Ministers, who seldom care who does the fine literary work provided it is well done. In the circle in which Miss Dolby moved, not quite the highest one of course, there was a certain amount of interest in literary matters and newspaper men, since many of the members were old newspaper hands, or had shares in the organs which helped to form the public opinion of their counties. Therefore, Smith's articles in the "Orb," and Brown's articles in the "Postman," &c., &c., often came up for discussion; and one evening as the member for Erie was doing his best to fascinate Miss Dolby, and as she was listening to him with a good deal of pleasure and pride, her ear caught the name of Penwell mentioned, and she started a little and turned involuntarily

to the people who were talking about him. Mr. McGarland was praising some articles of Penwell's that had recently appeared. Mr. St. Denis, of the Senate, (wise and amiable old gentleman, with the manners of the Court of Louis XIV., and the morals of an anchorite, combined with the natural shrewdness of a Canadian), was praising the humour and fancy of some letters to which his attention had been called. Mr. Steeple of the Lower House added a kindly tribute to Penwell's ability and his pleasant manners as a travelling companion. The member for Erie saw Miss Dolby's interest in Penwell at once. He joined in the conversation, praised the young fellow's ability, repeated a joke he had heard of his making, and recalled a first rate sarcasm that Penwell had launched at the Opposition; and he was rewarded by Miss Dolby's increased interest in his conversation. Clever member for Erie! Far cleverer than he thought, for his act of pure policy was appraised by Miss Dolby as pure magnanimity and good humour. He was bound to follow up the impression he had made and fortune favored him. The conversation I have recorded continued some time longer, but a young journalist does not offer attractions enough to sustain an evening's talk, and the last that Miss Dolby heard was that Ministers were pleased with Penwell and that his chances of promotion were very good.

The evening of the grand debate on the question of the Air-line Railway was an important occasion. Parties assembled in force. The leader of the Opposition led off the debate in a speech in which sarcasm combated with angry eloquence for the mastery. The leader of the Government nearly nodded his head off in nodding crushing repartee, ingenious arguments and able appeals to patriotic and to party feelings, back at the enemy.

The bore of the house had risen and roared, shaken his shaggy mane, and hammered away at argument and clawed away at the air, and gored all the patient members of the House into a state of agony. Still Miss Dolby remained in the gallery, for the member for Erie had made her promise to hear him speak. At last he arose. He was slightly favorable to the Opposition, and on the question of the Air-line Railway, he was in heresy altogether, so far as the Government was concerned. He spoke with ease and humour at first,

"One hand politely pointing out the crime,
The other in his pocket all the time."

but as he went on, he grew serious and closed his oration with a terrific onslaught on the administration.

When he had finished, he left the House. When he had finished, Miss Dolby also left the gallery. The reason was, Mrs. Bolton, the richest lady of the capital, gave a ball the same evening, and both Miss Dolby and the member for Erie were going, and Miss Dolby had promised the member for Erie a waltz.

The ball was a famous affair. The great mansion of Mrs. Bolton, (Mr. Bolton was in trade and was an excellent man, but he preferred a quiet life as his wife's husband, to having the command of the household himself) was elaborately ornamented and as elaborately disarranged. Flowers from a dozen florists bloomed in the halls and on the stairs. The music was furnished by the band of the Guards. The supper table was far more elaborate than even a bachelor supper at the club. Little boys in bright garments presented choice bouquets to the guests. The conservatory was divinely lighted with floats on perfumed oils, and filled with the choicest plants the Bolton finances could purchase and the skill of the Bolton gardener keep green. Here and there a soft rich seat invited repose and compelled familiarity. The place was sacred to quiet and to flirtation.

Miss Dolby arrived in a flutter. The member for Erie arrived in a fly. She was full of admiration for his ability; he was enraptured with her beauty, and intoxicated with his vanity and his passion. Miss Dolby was under the wing of Mrs. Waring, a woman of the world, and a friend of the member for Erie. Mrs. Waring praised him highly, his wealth, his ability, his steadiness, his ambition, and hinted at his devotion to Miss Dolby. The music resounded in the Bolton halls, and flying feet swept over the Bolton floors, and a dozen succeeding couples in the conservatory praised the Bolton hospitality and looked love in each other eyes for ten minutes or so of happiness and heaven, and then walked back again to ice creams and the earth.

The member for Erie claimed Miss Dolby's hand for the long promised waltz. He was in high spirits. He quoted a poet and paid a compliment. He gazed his devotion and elaborately in his manners expressed his deep respect. He led her off through the mazes of the waltz, (divines of dances, worthy of the Immortals!), and whispered in her ear, as they whirled, hints of his pleasure in her society, his ambition for her regard, his hope for her future affection. He did not cease till he had wrought himself and his partner into a state of ecstasy that frequently follows a beautiful waltz, and at the conclusion led her into the conservatory, into the dim light, the perfume and the coolness. She hardly knew where she was till he was sitting beside her, gazing devotedly into her eyes and holding her hand. He was breaking forth with his rapture and she was unconsciously yielding to the soft emotion of the time—when Mr. McGarland rushed into the conservatory and called out:

"Monk, are you here? Ah! yes. Have you heard that McNaughton is dead?"

"O, see McNaughton!" was the exclamation which burst from Mr. Monk's lips as he rose to meet McGarland and offer his arm to Miss Dolby.

They returned to the ball-room. Miss Dolby retired to the protection of her chaperone, and the member for Erie retired with Mr. Mc-