

but his cheeks were flushed, and though he held himself upright, his hands trembled.

"I am here to tell you, Ladislav Pulaski, that you are avenged upon the murder of your mother."

"Wassielewski! You have killed him!"

I knew it without another word from him. The spy was dead, and the hand of my poor old friend was red with his blood.

"Yes. I have killed him," he said, gently. "Tell us all," said Leonard. "Courage, Laddy, courage. And speak low."

"It was in fair fight," said Wassielewski. "I am no murderer. Do not think that I murdered him. We watched him, that good and true man from Paris and I, all day. We knew that he would escape by train if he could, and so we drew lots. One was to go to the station and watch there. He was to take a ticket for the same station as the spy, he was to telegraph for friends to meet him in London, he was to get out with him, he was to follow him, and he was to find out where he went. Because, you see, we meant that this man should do no more mischief to Poland. The other one was to watch the house, and follow the spy whenever he came out."

"The lot fell to me to watch the house. The other man went to the railway station. But the spy will send no more intelligence to St. Petersburg. He lies dead in a meadow beneath the town walls. I killed him there."

He spoke quite calmly, and as if he was merely stating a fact which we had every reason to expect. There was, however, no trace of bravado in his tone.

"I watched outside, from a window in a house opposite where they knew me, from four o'clock till ten. Six hours. But I was not impatient, because I knew that the Lord had delivered him into my hands. After I thought things over, I perceived clearly that it was I, and not you, Ladislav, who was to avenge your mother. So I waited with patience, and, as one must guard against every accident, I even ate and drank."

"It is light, now, till nine, and there is light enough to see across the street till past ten. Soon after sunset I saw that he had lit a lamp, and was destroying papers. When he had gone through all the papers, he began to pack a trunk. I saw him put up his clothes; I saw him write an address on a card; and then—a quarter before ten—was striking from St. John's Church—he took that long cloak of his which you know, and put out the gas. There is a night train at half-past ten. He was going to take it, and to send for his boxes afterwards. So I went out after him."

"When he saw me, which he did at once, because he turned at the sound of footsteps, he stopped and waited for me. 'You propose murdering me,' he said. I told him that he was quite mistaken, and that, if he had used his opportunities of knowing the Poles better, he would understand that Poles never murder people at all—having contracted a horror of murder from the contemplation of such murders as those of Roman and Claudia Pulaski."

"What do you want with me, then?" he asked.

"I want to fight you," I said. "I intend to fight you."

"He laughed at first, and asked me if I thought him such a fool as to fight with a mad Polish exile—me, a Russian official."

"Then I told him that he should not escape a duel; that if he was to call the police, it would be no use, because others were waiting for him, that if he escaped the town, the telegraph had sent messages to London, and he would meet with the Poles on arriving there; and if he tried to fly anywhere else, he would be watched, traced, and made to fight them."

"Madman," he said, "what are we to fight with?"

"Then I showed him two long knives, which I have had for years, never thinking what a use I should put them to. Knives like short swords, only without the hilt. And I told him he should have his choice. But fight he must."

"He hesitated, considering. He saw very well that what I offered him was his best chance. Man for man. If he killed me, he would probably get away somehow. My comrade was at the station, and might be eluded. Then he was younger and stronger than I."

(To be continued.)

## HEARTH AND HOME.

**SINGLE WOMEN.**—Why are single women called spinsters? Formerly women could not legally marry until they had spun a complete set of bed furniture, hence the term spinster, which is still in legal use.

**THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.**—Do not offend your weak brother. How many great men have testified that their whole lives have been influenced by some single remark made to them in their boyhood. And who cannot recall words spoken to himself in his childhood, to which, perhaps, the speaker attached no importance, but which sank deep and immovably into his memory, and which have never lost their power over him? Make sunlight! The world at best is dark enough. Do what you can to make it more cheerful and happy.

**NEVER DESPAIR.**—People are apt to think that the hard times which they experience are the hardest times that have ever been; and so they are for them. But one needs only to read the history of the world to learn that hard times have been perpetually coming to all nations in

all periods of their existence. And so have good times, and so have chances for honest people to better their condition. There never yet was a night that was not followed by a day, nor a storm that was not followed by a calm. The sun is for ever steadily shining in the heavens, and the clouds which sometimes obscure his rays are sure to break away and disperse, no matter how dark and threatening they may be for a time. The brave-hearted that hope on and work on need never despair.

**CONSISTENCY.**—If you have a friend in private—let him be what he will—you are bound by honour and the law of self-respect, bound by fidelity to your dog, to be his friend in public. His character may be shaky, but the creaking of those loose hinges, which has not warned you off in the safe disguise of the night, must not make you ashamed of recognition in the day. It may be hard, but it has to be done. Be a purist if you will, and decline companionship with men whose moral hinges hang loose and awry; but, if you do foregather in solitude, you must not turn your back in the crowd. Yet how many people are of this twofold kind—fair and soft as silk when no one is near, reserved, cool, repudiating their own acts of yesterday when the world stands by with its tar-brush to sprinkle the companions of those whom it has already splashed.

**ACT AT ONCE.**—"If I had only done this or that last year" is a common remark among some of our friends and acquaintances, but how few attempt to rectify their mistakes by not delaying until to-morrow, next week, or next year, what might just as well be done to-day as at any other time. These delays and procrastinations are common to no one class of persons more than another, but there are certain fields in which their efforts are more noticeable than in others. For instance, if a man needs trees, for fruit or ornament, time alone will aid his labours in producing them. For although attention and labour will do much towards hastening their growth, still a certain number of years are required to bring them to maturity. Every year of delay in making a beginning is certain to cut short our enjoyment later on, just by the extent of our delay. Make haste to begin, then, for wasted hours and opportunities never return.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A SPANISH proverb says: "The man who on his wedding day starts as a lieutenant in the family will never get promoted."

The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, and of complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

This is the latest form of wedding invitations:—"Come round and see me capture my mother-in-law at eleven o'clock sharp."

"Did you ever know of a crack that was too small for a saying old woman to peep through, Tom?" "Yes, John, the crack of a whip."

"Royal Tapestry Works" have been established at Windsor, under the immediate patronage of the Queen. Some beautiful work is the result.

Some ladies seem to have about as much use for their muffs as policemen have for their clubs when idling away the time—twirling them about by the strings.

"I should have no objection to my wife reigning," said an affectionate husband, "if it were not for the fact that when she reigns she is apt to storm also."

LITTLE WILLIE: "Would you like to have some candy, Grandma?" Grandma: "Yes, my boy, where is it?" Willie: "Why, if you will buy me a pen'north, I shall give you the half."

"This is the maiden all forlorn," who often wished she had never been born, and turned up her nose in petulant scorn at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

An exchange plaintively inquires why little men will be silly enough to marry big women. The only answer we can possibly give to the conundrum is: Because big women are silly enough to marry little men.

A YOUNG man was serenading his lady-love by singing, "Meet me by moonlight alone," when her father opened a window and wanted to know if the lover intended that as a personal affront upon him. You see, the old man was chairman of a gas company.

He slipped down in front of the post-office, Thursday, and she could not help giggling a little, and Sunday evening she wept alone in the parlour, while he sat grimly in his room and smoked cigars until his stomach felt as light as his heart felt heavy.

SPICES thinks the acme of civilization is reached when your wife has prevailed on you to hold the teething, squalling baby while she hies herself off to the next-door neighbour's to discuss the question of the amount of pew-rent paid by the Smiths just over the way.

NELLIE has a four-year old sister Mary, who complained to her mamma that her "button shoes" were "hurting." "Why, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They're all the feet I've got!"

THE colour of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric, the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean, we

hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal." You never saw a rich girl with red hair.

THE hen show reminds us of a baby story. Little Florence, though scarcely three years old, has a lively imagination. She tells stories about every creature she ever saw. The other day she said: "Grandpa, a 'eetel dog ran down street and bit a chicken,—too bad." "Yes," said the grandpa. "It must have been a very bad case." "Ee chicken mamma cry," said the child, "and ee's papa, too, 'cause 'ee bit so!" The idea of a chicken's "papa" crying on account of an injury to one of his offspring was rather unique.

## HON. S. L. TILLEY, C.B.

Hon. Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick, was born at Gagetown, Queen's Co., in 1818, and is now in his 60th year. He came to St. John in 1830, where he was many years actively engaged in business. He was first elected a member of the Provincial Legislature for the city of St. John in 1850, was Provincial Secretary in the Government formed in November, 1854, and continued to hold that position, with two intermissions of one year each, until the Union in 1867. The duties of Provincial Secretary in New Brunswick, include the management of the finances. He was the leader of the Government from 1861 until the defeat on the Confederation question in 1865.

In 1867 he entered the Dominion Government as Minister of Customs; in January, 1873, he was appointed Minister of Finance on the retirement of Sir Francis Hincks, until he resigned, Nov. 5th, of same year. On the 6th Nov. he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. Between 1854 and 1873 he was, for 17 years, the adviser of Her Majesty, either as a member of the Dominion or Local Government. There is but one public man in the Dominion, whose executive record extends over so long a period, and that man is Sir John A. Macdonald.

He was defeated at the general election in 1856 on the question of Prohibition, but was returned at the election the year following by a very large majority, and, during his absence, the people forced him again into public life, against his own wishes and repeated objections to continue in Parliament.

He was defeated again at the first Confederation election in 1865, but returned the year following by a majority of over seven hundred.

Most of the liberal and progressive measures passed by the New Brunswick Legislature previous to Confederation, were submitted by the Government of which Mr. Tilley was the leader or member.

He took a leading part in securing the acceptance of Confederation at the polls, by the people of New Brunswick. He spent the greater part of the year after its defeat in New Brunswick, in discussing the subject with the electors, and preparing them for the contests, that resulted in its acceptance by an overwhelming majority. He naturally feels a deep interest still in the success of the Union, and no doubt watches with interest the progress of a superstructure, in the foundation and framework of which his hand had so prominent a part.

The people of his native Province, where he is known best, are gratified that their favourite son, "whom they all delight to honour," occupies the highest seat, and would gladly have him retain that well-earned position during the remainder of his life, while, on the other hand, they feel that he ought to be again in the governing councils of the Dominion, which he did so much to establish, and for which he sacrificed position and place—going to the country on this question when he knew that defeat awaited him, but with that sterling honesty of purpose, and adherence to liberal principles, which ever distinguished him, he said, "I must be true, first to the people, and to my political principles as a Liberal; the people, and not the Government, must decide this question, and though I shall be defeated now, I will in the end be victorious."

He was right, for within a year of his defeat, he and his friends were returned by immense majorities over the Anti-Union party, led by such men as Hon. A. J. Smith, the present Minister of Marine, Speaker Anglin, A. H. Gillmor, &c.

Mr. Tilley is a clear-headed, cautious, far-seeing statesman, thoroughly understanding the fiscal and financial policy of the country, which he well illustrated while Minister of Customs and of Finance. A forcible speaker, keen debater, and, when aroused, a formidable opponent. The scenes at our polling booths in the past furnished many examples of this; always ready, always able to defend every act of his Government, and silence his interrogators. On one occasion, even an opponent called out, "You'd better let Tilley alone, for he's like an old Mexican dollar, the more you scour him the brighter he gets."

He has always been an ardent temperance advocate, true to his professions everywhere, and under all circumstances—among those where he lived so long—at the dinner-tables of the old world aristocracy, or in Government House, where such principles were unknown and not understood, he was never ashamed to practise and defend what he believed to be right; unlike too many, highest position marked no change in him or his principles, either moral or political.

What his future course may be, we know not, but we do know that he will carry with him the

moral, material, and numerical support of the people of New Brunswick; a high position—the highest which any man can attain to, and won by a long life of consistent, useful public service, on which there is not one taint of dishonour; not one act, which, dying, he would desire to have blotted out.

## PERSONAL.

MR. SIMPSON, Collector of Customs at Montreal, it is reported, will be shortly superannuated.

MR. VAIL is expected to be the next Lieutenant-Governor of Nova-Scotia if Mr. Alfred Jones is elected for Halifax on Tuesday.

MR. JUSTICE TASCHEREAU is expected to resign his seat on the Supreme Court Bench at the close of the present sitting. Mr. Laflamme is spoken of as his successor.

AT Fredericton, ex-Mayor Fenety was presented with a handsome epergne by the citizens in consideration of the able manner in which he had performed the duties of office last year.

MESSRS. HENRY FRY and R. DOBELL, of Quebec, have been chosen by the Council of the Dominion Board of Trade to represent that body at the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain.

## HUMOROUS.

FOOD FOR REPENTANCE.—Mince-pie eaten late at night.

HOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN A NAME.—Put it on the back of a note.

RICHES will never take wings and fly away, if you sprinkle a little economy on its tail.

IF you let the cat out of the bag, never try to cram him back again; it only makes matters worse.

"PA," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music-box."

AN indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I'll be as close as you were."

GABRIELDI's request to King Humbert that he will "follow in his father's footsteps" is disagreeably dubious when we reflect that it's only last week that the father in question died.

"ABOUT this time" the young man who swore off on New Year's day is willing to swear that he doesn't remember doing anything of the kind. There are thousands of young men whose memories extend over a period of only two weeks.

RATTLEBONE's youngest boy is a genius. The other day he learned to whistle, and in the evening, just before tumbling into bed, he puckered up his little mouth and began to whistle in a slow, measured manner. "Why, my little son, what are you doing?" asked his mother. "Why, ma, I'm whistling my prayers."

As several shiftless citizens have so far failed to clean their walks down to the gutter, and as this course will certainly result in slippery places and much fallen humanity before spring, we are moved, in the interest of morality, to suggest that "Thunder and molasses" is a term that may be made to express the feelings of the most severely bumped individual, while it is free from the favour of profanity apt to be found in expressions used by people of hasty temperaments suddenly brought to grief.

## FASHION NOTES.

THE gloves with many buttons are still fashionable.

IN obedience to the decrees of fashion, morning robes for matinees are becoming more and more elegant.

TRAVELLING pocket cases for ladies contain tongs for crimping the hair; also an apparatus for heating the tongs.

SENSIBLE women have adopted the short, round skirt for walking. Trained dresses are only worn in the house.

MOIRE is come into fashion again, and is especially suited to the simple and graceful outlines of the Princess dress.

DRESS sleeves are made tighter than ever before and without trimming, the wide linen and lace cuffs taking its place.

FEATHERS simulating fur-trimmings have been pleasantly introduced as edging for Princess dresses of cashmere and vicogne.

WOOLLEN stockings come in the long English shape, in drab colours, and are far handsomer in finish this winter than ever before.

PALETOTS are worn loosely, many ladies preferring the diagonal fastenings, the fancy buttons employed for which are sometimes of graduated size.

ALL ribbons at present used for trimming lingerie are of satin in all shades, and no longer of one colour, but shaded from the darkest to the lightest tint.

AMONG the partial changes of costume is that of gathered skirts with deep and close-drawn pleats. The increased richness and variety of trimming is very noticeable. The train a la mode consists of gracefully flowing drapery.

FEATHER trimming shares with coloured jet and embroidery the popular favour. On ball dresses peacock's feathers are imitated with embroidery, and not only are bonnets made entirely of ostrich, cock and pheasant feathers, but mantles and dresses are lavishly covered with them.

SOME of the newest hats and bonnets are remarkable for their peculiarity of shape. A few have been seen with two brims: the lower one rests on the hair, the other is close to the crown; each has a different edging, so as to allow of both being distinctly visible. The space is filled up with a wreath of flowers and foliage, or with feathers and a bunch of flowers to suit with the rest of the trimmings.

## INDIGESTION.

Chronic Indigestion almost invariably affects the kidneys and bladder, producing acidity in the urine, which, on being analyzed, is found to be loaded with oxalate of lime. Individuals in this unhappy condition stand in great and urgent need of the Phosphogene. One or two or a dozen doses of Phosphogene may not cure them; but if they persevere in taking it a favorable result is inevitable. Sold by all Druggists, and prepared in the Laboratory of the Proprietors, Nos. 41 and 43 St. Jean Baptiste street, Montreal.