

five, that is if your parents see no objection. Take the dry one!"

The young lady could not forbear laughing when this entirely original course was proposed, but she acted upon her adviser's counsel, and to make the story as short as possible, she *did* take the dry one, and as he proved to be a most estimable young man against whose character nothing could be brought, her father and mother raised no objections when the matter was afterwards discussed, and the result was that Miss Moffatt gave her heart and hand to the only one of her five suitors who had not attempted to rescue her.

The supposed necessary repairs to the engines being declared finished the *Chinaman* once more proceeded on her westward course. Such incidents as this greatly assisted to while away the time which might, but for this occurrence, have hung somewhat heavily on the hands of the passengers, for even ten days, when each day of the ten is an exact counterpart of its predecessor, are apt to appear long, and life on board ship cannot fail to become monotonous, and anything in the shape of novelty is invariably hailed with delight by those who have to endure it.

Of course Mr. Bramley's adventure in Mr. Doolittle's cabin could not remain a secret, and many were the versions given as to what had actually transpired on that occasion, some even going so far as to assert that the Pickwickian and Mrs. Doolittle had arranged an elopement, which, but for the untimely appearance of the husband, would have actually taken place in one of the ship's boats which, it was stated, had been in readiness to convey the couple in their illegal flight. Other rumours were whispered about that it had been the fair Marantha who had entered Mr. Bramley's state-room, with what purpose was not definitely stated, and that that gentleman had fled, Joseph like, to the nearest sanctuary that had presented itself and which had happened to be the redoubtable Doolittle's cabin, where, it was reported, a terrific combat had taken place in which the gallant Bramley had proved his superior prowess by inflicting condign chastisement on the commercial traveller, and this report was greatly strengthened by the fact that the latter did not appear either in the saloon or on deck for the rest of the voyage; his real reasons for his seclusion being, however, that on becoming cool and reflective, he felt that he might become a butt for the jests of his fellow-passengers; moreover he had learnt that the gentleman whom he had so violently assaulted was accompanied by three sworn friends who were breathing out threatenings against his life for the insult to their companion, and who entertained no such antipathy to meeting "a bagman" as the person who had bestowed that detestable epithet upon him. That there was no foundation for these rumors it is unnecessary to state, and the only thing that could have been construed into a threat against Mr. Doolittle's person, was a remark which had fallen from Mr. Yubbits' lips when an account of the affair had been given him, and which was to the effect that "by ged! he felt inclined to pitch the demd fellow overboard and that he had better not try any of his games upon him, by ged!" which, being conveyed to the now repentant Doolittle's ears with such exaggerations and embellishment as the fancy of the relater suggested, and a glimpse of Mr. Yubbit's collection of gun cases, pistols and so forth having been obtained by the unfortunate commercial traveler, conveying the impression that their owner must be a very terrible personage indeed, he (Mr. Doolittle) had expressed himself to his wife as feeling very much indisposed and

adverse to going on deck, or in fact leaving his cabin at all, and so for the remainder of the passage, he kept himself a close prisoner, and had all his meals brought to his apartment, the door of which he invariably locked and bolted to preclude the possibility of a "visit of vengeance" from the blood-thirsty Yubbits and his friends, which precaution, on his part, however, proved, as the reader doubtless surmises, wholly unnecessary.

(To be continued.)



BLAKE HANGS FIRE.

Miss Temperance Vote.—Oh, why doesn't he speak! It's his last chance, for there's a Third Party coming!

WHAT IS THE RIEL QUESTION?

YES, echoes the facetious reader, what *is* the Real question? Why should the hanging of the Regina rebel cause such a terrible political commotion? You turn to the *Mail* for enlightenment and you learn that the fanatical Quebecers have adopted a Race and Revenge platform, which means that they proclaim the preposterous creed that no French speaking citizen of Canada shall be executed, whatever his offence. This is incredible on the face of it, for it amounts to saying that the French leaders are idiots, which is demonstrably false. You turn to the *Globe*, and you learn that the popular storm had its origin in certain lies told to the Quebec people by their representatives in the Cabinet at Ottawa, to the effect that Riel's neck would be spared. The ground upon which clemency was to be exercised was not the ground of race or religion, but 1st, because the cruel and callous neglect of the Government was primarily responsible for the rise of the Half-breeds, and 2nd, the insanity of Riel was beyond all reasonable doubt. These promises were broken. Riel was hanged, notwithstanding the solidity of these grounds of clemency, and he was hanged the Quebec people believe, as a measure of political expediency and not of legal justice.

These are the surface theories on both sides, and the *Globe's* theory is no doubt correct. But the mainspring