

the White Hart Tavern, kept by one William Waggoner. Cecil then resumed his seat.

The queen now directed the usher to summon Sir Thomas Plimpton; but after some search, it was ascertained that the gentleman had left the court, on horseback, attended by a single servant, and gone no one knew whither.

"Then," said the queen, "we must needs defer further inquiry into this ungracious affair till Sir Thomas Plimpton's return. In the mean time, we shall give audience to this great arch conspirator and rebel, and would have ye, my lords, the foreign ambassadors, if it so please them, in especial, to witness the interview."

"Announce the Lord James Stuart, Earl of Murray, and give him passage only to the bar of the council board—no nearer. Hugh, Hugh! my lords, we can fill but the breath of a traitor!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The reader will remember that we left our old friend Sir Geoffrey Westworth sound asleep in the vaults in Glastonbury Abbey—the monk's black cloak thrown over him, and the red handkerchief tied carefully on his head. The little wood fire still crackled on the hearth, the lamp still burnt brightly before the tabernacle, brother Felix was busy at his beads, but Sir Geoffrey was sound asleep on his pallet of straw.

Many a long mile his father Peter travelled that morning on the high road, before sunrise, with his gray blouse wrapped about him, and his stout staff grasped firmly in his hand; and right patiently and cheerily did Whitret Macabrain trot after him with the little box of sacred vestments slung over his shoulder. And when the blessed sun mounted up above the hill tops of Worcester-shire, and the houses on the wayside began to open their doors, and the chimney tops to send forth their smoke curling up against the clear blue sky, then many a circuitous route did the proscribed priest and his dumb clerk take through the fields and woods to escape detection, or to avoid meeting the various travelling parties they described approaching in the far distance. And often would the priest relieve Whitret of his little load, when crossing the rivers or ascending the steep hills, and, sometimes, sit down on the bank of a stream under a shady sycamore, and recite the sacred hours of his Bevirly whilst the poor hunchback, glad of the rest, stretched himself beside him on the green grass.

But Reddy Connor, where was he all this time, and where the precious books the old man confided so strictly to his charge? Alas! what could Reddy do against a sergeant's guard armed with deadly weapons, and ready to use them at the slightest provocation? He had neither sword nor dagger, carbine nor pistol to defend himself, much less protect the sacred treasure of his master. And fortunate it was so—fortunate both for himself and Sir Geoffrey, for the one in defending his charge would probably have lost his life, and the other a sincere friend and right trusty servant.

Reddy Connor was now about the age of twenty-five or thirty, a stout, gay, rollicking, good looking Irishman as ever broke a skull in a tent, or danced at a fair in the barony of Tyrconnell. He was but four or five years in the service of Sir Geoffrey, and yet short as was the time, he seemed to take more interest in the affairs of the family, and make himself more at home, than those who had been "to the manner born." In fact, Reddy had every thing his own way at Fubbarasrigart. In fair or market, wake or wedding, at football or hurling match, in the scurrage or in the forny, Reddy was regarded as a sort of director or lawgiver, and when obliged to fly from Tyrone to Dublin, and from Dublin to Clare, the O'Brian county, and from Clare to England, and found himself at last comfortably fixed at Brockton Hall, he could never help thinking he was still a kind of privileged person, and entitled to have his own will in everything.

This assumption on Reddy's part was a severe trial to the old domestics of the hall, for the first year or two, after he came among them, and many a complaint did they make to Sir Geoffrey and Mrs. Alice. The men servants complained of his blows, and the women of his jokes; the brewer that he cursed the higness of his ale, and the groom that he killed his horses. But Reddy heeded them not, having always a reason to give that satisfied Sir Geoffrey, or set Alice laughing at his Iberlian blunders. At length he became a sort of master at Brockton Hall, and took upon himself not only the regulation of the domestic concerns of the household, but even to lecture Sir Geoffrey occasionally on the imprudence of confiding his property entirely to the management of his steward, and shutting himself up day and night in his library, with bits of flies, and birds, and beetles, and humbebees, and outlandish instruments, and old moth-eaten books and pictures, and so forth, and worse than all, keeping his young mistress forever copying from old papers, and decayed parchments, till he wore the bloom from her cheek, and the brightness from her eye, and all for no reason in the world. Sir Geoffrey, on such occasions, would sometimes start up from his chair, and order the impudent fellow instantly from the room, or listen to him, perhaps, patiently, for a time, and then begin some elaborate argument to convince the stupid blockhead of the advantages the church and the world would one day derive from his midnight studies. But the Irishman had no relish for such arguments, and would generally start off muttering some malediction on himself for staying with a man who was enough to break anybody's head to manage. "By all that's good," he would cry, after escaping from Sir Geoffrey in the full heat of a learned disquisition, and popping his head into Alice's apartment—"by all that's bad, I'll set fire to the library and burn all them divils iv instruments to ashes; it's worse he's gettin', so it is, after my trouble with him."

But though Reddy was quick, rapid and impetive by nature, he had learnt, since he came to reside in England, to control his waywardness, and accommodate himself in a certain degree to the habits of the people with whom he had to deal. And then his fund of humor was inexhaustible; not the broad jest that made you laugh for a moment, but the quiet, droll, dry fun, that kept you uttering by the hour.

When Sir Geoffrey had disappeared in the ruins of the abbey, Reddy sat himself down on the steps, and leaning his head on his hand, allowed the horse to pick through the nettles and long grass that grew luxuriantly around. He had not been long, however, in that position, when his ear caught the sound of hooves rapidly approaching by the road he had just traversed, and starting to his feet, he beheld some half a dozen troopers dashing up towards him, their swords clashing against their horses' sides, and their helmets glancing in the moonbeams.

Reddy saw he was fairly caught, and he could neither fly, nor defend himself, and therefore he resolved to draw on his wit, as he often did before, to help him out of his difficulty.

"Hos, fellow," cried Houghton, the burly sergeant whom we saw at the White Hart, and now leader of the party, mounted on a powerful black Flemish gelding, and spurring him up within a few feet of where Reddy stood; "hos, there! Who art thou, fellow, and what wares are these?" he inquired, pointing to the box in the wagon.

"O, don't be in such a fluster, man," replied Reddy, throwing the reins over his horse's neck, and then quietly thrusting both hands into the pockets of his Dutch hose—"don't be in such a fluster, man, and take the world easy."

"Hilloo," vociferated another tall trooper, who had dismounted and sprung up the steps, just as Sir Geoffrey and the priest disappeared in the deep shadow of the old walls; "hoal yonder floeth the old Papist recusant!" and he fired a random shot in the direction of the fugitive, which was followed instantly by two or three others.

"Hold," shouted Houghton, "hold ye there, I say; no more balls or bolts. We come not to kill, but to capture, my merry men. Search the abbey for the old fox; but I charge ye to do it that no harm befall him. Soho, there, but who art thou?" he again demanded, turning to Reddy.

"Me?" "Ay, thou,—thyself." "Is't my name ye mane?" and he gave a jerk to his horse, and glanced stupidly at the trooper.

"Ay, marry is it, thy name! out with't." "Divil a much good that id do ye, honest man, if I could ye." "Answer me, fellow or I'll crop thy ears off for thy sanctiness."

"Alay, man, alay; yer in a mighty great hurry. Speak a body civil, and ye'll come off just as well. Is it my name by the father's, or the mother's side, yer wantin'?" Houghton drew his sword, and demanded to know, without further preface, if he were a follower of the knight of Brockton.

"Ay course I am," replied Reddy; "what else id I be?" "And where is he concealed in the ruins here?" "Faith, that's more than I can tell ye."

"Answer me follow! art thou a fool, or wastest fool me?" "No need as that," replied Reddy. "How so, churl?" "Why, shure, yer makin' a fool iv yerself. Arrah, then, who iv ye searchin' for at all? It's a fair question."

"Thy master, dolt! where is he?" "And what d'ye want with him?" demanded Reddy, internally shuddering at every noise he heard from the coking walls above, lest it might be the purulvants returning with Sir Geoffrey under arrest.

"Hark ye, man," said Houghton, satisfied at length, from the stupid look and slobbering speech of the Irishman, that he was indeed a simpiton, and willing to make use of him for his own purpose—"hark ye, man; dost know where Sir Geoffrey hideth his gold at Brockton?"

"Begorra, I won't tell ye," replied Reddy; "yer temptin' me like the divil; so begone, Satan; I renounce ye." "What, man! I'm thy friend, and would do thee no evil."

"Faith, I wouldn't trust ye! may be its hang me ye'd do, if I told ye the secret, and have all to yourself." "Nay, by my faith, I'll give thee what thou pleasest, if thou but bring me to the place where this old knight hath been hoarding his wealth for so many years."

"But sure they'd murder me!" "Who?" "Tom Riddle, an' Joak O'linton, an' Ned Nicholson, then fellows at the hall above. Begorra, they wouldn't lave a bone in me thegither."

"For then not, good fellow, said Houghton, encouragingly; 'I'll defend thee against a score such cowardly boors!" "Why, man, that Tom Riddle id shiver me while ye'd wink. By the hokey! he'd knock suscepons off iv yer a man in the barony. But shure, th'ould lad himself id send ye to jail av he ketched ye."

"Who? Sir Geoffrey?" "Ay, faith." "But he is up here," replied Houghton, smiling compassionately, and pointing to the old walls. "We have little danger to dread in that quarter. So rouse thyself, man, and look not so terrified."

cried Reddy, slinking off, and glancing aside at the horse; "begorra, he wouldn't lave a drop in my carcases."

"Nay, then, I'll carry thee behind me," said Houghton, vaulting on his horse, and backing him up to the steps where Reddy stood dumbly eying him; so up with thee! jump!" "An what'll be done with the box there?"

"Books, odd books that wur written afore the flood; bad win to them for books; many a sore heart they give me."

"To Balzobub with the monkish superstitions," cried Houghton impatiently; "up with thee! leave it to the Isz; churl above thee to rife, an they like it. Haste thee, I say, or I'll be tempted to smaton thy fool's wit with my hanger."

"Murder! but ye speak bold!" ejaculated Reddy, stepping back and looking doubtfully at the trooper; "begorra, I'm afraid iv ye."

"Jump, ye scarry idiot, jump, I say, or I'll slice thee on the sconce," he vociferated, now completely decided by Reddy's well-affected timidity, and thinking he might succeed better by intimidation than allurements.

When the Irishman had at length, after various efforts, succeeded in seating himself safely behind his sturdy companion, the latter wound a blast on his horn, and ordered the first man who appeared in answer to the summons to examine the contents of the box, and then follow him back to Brockton, there to await his orders.

CHAPTER XXIV. Houghton, eager to possess himself of the knight's treasure,—who, as the story went, had been living on herbs, and amassing gold, for more than a quarter of a century,—spurred his horse as fast as the animal could speed under such a load, intending to return as soon as he secured the plunder, and renew his search for the old recusant among the ruins. He soon reached the hall, followed by his men, with the exception of one or two who remained behind to rife the box.

The domestics of the ancient mansion, dressed in the antiquated livery of the past century,—for Sir Geoffrey could as ill brook the new fashions as the old doctrines of the period,—rushed in a crowd to the great door of the entrance hall, and were not a little astonished to behold Reddy Connor, perched behind the very officer who had left but an hour before.

When the trooper reined in his horse in front of the door, and directed his companion to dismount, the latter seemed to have some difficulty in complying with the order, and in fact, made so much delay, and so many painful contortions of his arms and legs, from one side to the other, that his fellow-servants, thinking he was hurt, ran out to assist him. This was precisely what Reddy expected, and taking advantage of the sergeant's turning his back for a moment to loess his saddle girth, whispered certain instructions to one or two of the domestics, winking at the same time most comically, and jerking his thumb sideways at the tall, savage-looking officer.

"I'm smost 'at death's door," he muttered, writhing as if with pain, and leaning up under his broad-brimmed hat at the bystanders; "begorra, I'm split in two with that divil av a crupper."

"Reddy hath some devilry in his head," said one of the domestics in an under tone to his next neighbor. "Ay, good faith," replied the other, "that fool's look betokeneth little good to his captor."

"Marry," added a third, "he's in his humor for an Irish frolic. By my certes, I would hardly change places with that trooper fellow for a purse of crown pieces."

The sergeant, having loosed his saddle girths, ordered his men, who had now come up, to hook their bridles to the trees in front of the house, and then retro with the servants and consult the larder, whilst he transacted some business of moment with his doughty companion. "Be cautious, however," he added, "or that ye indulge not over much in the wine cup or beer can, and be ye ready to answer my summons as promptly as becometh the trusted servants of the queen's majesty."

Tom Riddle won't lave a bone in my body but he'll break into smithereens." Having given the desired orders to one of his men, Houghton dismissed Reddy in quest of the key, and then turned to examine the apartment in which he found himself. It was situated in the western end of the mansion, and as well as he could judge not far distant from the tower, in the cellar of which the knight's treasure was supposed to be concealed. The walls of this room were wainscoted with native oak, which time and use had now turned almost black. Above the wainscoting, and round the walls on either side, were various religious pictures and images, carved in wood, and here and there a niche, with a saint in it, looking down towards a table that stood in the middle of the apartment, as if their regards were constantly fixed on the person who was accustomed to sit there. It was a dark, sombre looking place, the windows being small, and partially obscured by the ivy that trailed its long vines up the wall outside, and spread across the angles of the stone frames. On the table and about the floor lay various articles of female dress, thrown down carelessly, as if in the hurry of departure. One or two little doors, that opened in the wainscoting, were left unlocked, and books and papers appeared behind in the recesses. Houghton paced the room to and fro, looking round at the various objects which met his view, and kept striking the images with the point of his sword as he passed, curious, perhaps, to ascertain of what material they were composed. Having apparently satisfied his curiosity respecting the statues, he began now to examine the closets underneath, and pushing the doors open, drove his sword in several times among the hooks, probably with the hope of finding something more valuable than old rusty papers. He had repeated this operation once or twice, when the point of his weapon struck against a hard substance, which, being dislodged from its place, rolled down upon the floor. Having picked up the little article, he sat himself down at the table, and began to examine it. It was an iron box, about three or four inches square, and half an inch thick, but completely covered with rust, which had well nigh eaten it through. He turned it two or three times up and down, in search of the lock or spring by which it opened, but could find none. Impatient to discover the contents of a box so old and so curiously fastened, he introduced the point of his dagger under the lid, and burst it from the hinges. Alas for his disappointment! it contained neither gold nor jewels.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the trooper; "I had hoped for something more valuable than this to requit my pains. I oft heard of diamonds and precious stones found in the recesses of old castles, where they had been carefully hid by the monks long ago; but, my certie, there's little here to make a soldier's fortune. Nathless, let's see, let's see."

And taking a scroll of parchment from the box, he unrolled it, and began to examine the writing it contained. "Ab, what is this?" he muttered; "Latin, or some such monkish chirography. Ay, gramercy, come Polish prayers, I'll warrant; doubtless as old as the Evangelist; or, maybe, some of that ancient Scripture they're printing now in Dordrecht, and making so much noise about. Ah, gadooks! but here's something more readable," he continued, unfolding an enclosure concealed in the parchment. "What says this?"

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

FRANCO-CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES. The following statistics were furnished to the Boston Convention by Mr. Edward F. Lamoureux:—At Fall River the French Canadian population numbers 12,000, there are 250 electors, 3 churches, 2 convents, 1 college, 1 orphan asylum, 1 lawyer, 6 constables, 80 grocers, 150 clerks, 1 newspaper, 10 doctors and 6 bakers. In Boston there are 4,000 Canadians, 3 doctors, 5 dentists, 500 laborers, 200 clerks, 800 children attending school, 150 electors, 1 newspaper, 1 church, 1 St. Jean Baptiste Society, 1 institution, 2 grocers and 4 contractors. The statistics given by Dr. Dube show that in Salem, Mass., the French Canadian population amounts to 2,000, of whom 400 are children under 14 years of age, 90 attend the Catholic schools, there are 40 traders, 45 shoemakers, 150 tanners, 700 in the cotton factories, 12 barbers, 4 gilders, 50 mechanics and 1 St. Jean Baptiste Society founded in 1882.

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL. President Patton, of Howard University, writes that the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States adverse to the constitutionality of the Civil Rights bill has produced excitement amongst the colored people, who seem to feel that all their demands have been suddenly removed, and that hereafter they may be insulted and outraged with impunity. He sets forth, however, that the decision was by no means unexpected; that it has not established any political doctrine contrary to the rights of negroes, and that it leaves them as to legal protection just where it leaves white people. He advised them to refrain from an unwise railing at the Supreme Court, acquiesce themselves with the facts and principles of the case, and stand up hopefully and courageously for their legal rights.

B. N. A. BANK COUNTERFEIT BILLS. N. Dorval, receiving teller of the Hochelaga Bank to-day detected a counterfeit \$5 bill of the Bank of British North America. Many are in circulation. Some of them have been taken by the bank itself for 10 days past. Beware.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably infills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOCIETY TAKEN TO TASK

MGR. CASPEL ADDRESSES AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE TO THE UPPER TEN.

The Code which Recognizes Enjoyment as Man's Object and End—Wants as an Ideal—How the Fallings of Rich and Poor compare. Monsignor Caspel has delivered the first of a series of six lectures at Chokering Hall, New York. His effort was pronounced the best he has made, and the audience was certainly the smallest he has had since he came to the country. "Society: Its Influences" was the subject. The hall was barely half full when the Monsignor, clad in his ecclesiastical robes, came on the stage, and, without introduction, began his lecture. He said that the lecture had not been properly advertised, else he would not have to speak to so many empty benches. What he should say, he was sure, would deserve for him a considerable amount of beating from the scorpion side, but he proposed to stand by his guns to the last. The society of which he proposed to speak was made up of those who have arrived at a position where they have wealth to command and time to dispose of. The Scriptures spoke of the world as in opposition to the kingdom of Christ, and the apostle who best understood the subject described the world as made up of the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life.

The lecturer said that there was a power and influence which, despite ourselves, dictates to us what we shall do, how we shall dress, even what we shall eat. Why? Because the rest of the world—society—does it. People are constantly aspiring to appear not as themselves, but as some one else. "Society has its own standard and law," he continued. "Its teaching is that man is to follow the development of his own feelings and passions to the end. There are sundry passions striving to gratify themselves independent of our reason and will, and society says that the end and object of life is to enjoy it to the full, and when it is consumed there is an end of all things. In this human reason is violently offended. The end for which a thing is made is not pleasure, but duty. Here begins the struggle between society and Christianity, because Christianity says there is a duty and a law based on revelation; that the duty is concentrated in God who made you, and that the law requires the observance of the tenets of religion."

Talking of the constantly changing code of society, the Monsignor said that a century ago it was considered a crime not to challenge a man to duel when offense was given or feared, while now that sort of thing is considered low breeding. A man who lies in England is virtually excluded from society, although a woman is given far more privilege in that respect, while as to infidelity to the marriage vow, what is forgiven in a man is considered a great crime in woman. The moral code of society is based on the fashion of the hour. Society has its charms. We are brought in contact with the refinement of society and in spite of ourselves we are refined. Society accepted the idea of eternal rewards, but the idea of offense of God was obliterated and cast aside. Asking the question "What is the effect on the human mind of this code?" the Monsignor went on to reply.

"The coarsest effect is the terrible adoration of wealth. If your money is to do good, the more of it you have the better. But merely to adore a diamond or precious stone for self's sake—to make a little God of self—is the greatest curse that can come on mankind. How do you explain that when you young American ladies travel to Europe—the daughters of those who labored hard to make their fortunes—hundreds who would not shake hands with their fathers or mothers, hasten to adore these girls? Think you it is affection? I do not wish to break the confidences reposed in me, but I can say that often and often such girls have been treated very much as you might treat a horse. There is no idea of affection. It is simply the exchange of fortune for a title. That which society has before it is the possession of wealth."

"What is the underlying cause in nine cases out of ten of domestic misery but the extravagance of either husband or wife in striving to imitate what society has before it? In my country people will go hungry in order to keep a carriage and pair. Why this? Because society has issued its fiat as to equipage, sealinks, diamonds—even the kind of table you shall have in your drawing room, and rather an empty stomach than disobedience. Society takes away your liberty. I'd like to see the lady who would venture down Broadway clad in the garments of her grandmother, or the gentleman—pardon Oscar Wilde, of course—who would go down the same street dressed in the style of Charles I. Coming from the West the other day I saw a lady in the cars who wore the style of cap usually affected by a horse jockey. You are ever free, but ever dictated to by fashion. Where it comes from no one knows."

"Human respect seems to be the greatest enemy of the human race. A man is afraid to say what his club or newspaper will not agree to. If there is one thing more than another that makes slaves, it is self-respect. Who generates it? Society. You must wear a certain number of studs, fix your necktie just so, have only one idea of poets, musicians or actors. It enters into the boy's heart, follows him to school, grows with him to manhood, and never leaves him till he goes to the grave."

"The third curse of society is that the world is ruined because there are not hearts enough. There are plenty of heads, although the number of thinkers is not proportioned to the non-thinkers. There is too much callousness of heart, and it exists among those who are governed by society's code. You have heard of the woman of the world. Get near her. Will she talk tenderly of her sisters, show consideration for her faults, or throw the cloak of charity over their peccadilloes? No. She goes along slaying those with whom she is walking, (ask some of these) who are highest in society (hospital aid and hearken to their responses. The magnificent men and women of this land who have done so much for charity's sake were not society people. They were plain people who rose to wealth and founded their greatest pride in their simplicity. As a priest, I have been struck by the fact that the influence of society is to dry up the heart."

"I close by making the declaration, and I hope to substantiate it, that society in the state I have described it, can never be conserved unless it summons the aid of religion. Are the crimes of the poor the greatest after all? What about the varied offenses that take place in society? They may have their own refined casts, if you will, but there is more intensity of mind, more deliberation, more knowledge about them. In the eyes of Him who is to sit in judgment upon us, the sins of society are much greater than the sins of the poor."

The Monsignor concluded by saying that society can only be saved by the subjugation of the passions to religion.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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Advertisement for N. H. Down's Elixir, featuring a bottle and text: "N. H. DOWN'S VEGETABLE BALSAM ELIXIR. Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE YEARS, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle."

Advertisement for Embroidery, featuring a needle and thread: "EMBROIDERY. Our Book 'Manual of Needlework' is a complete guide to all kinds of Embroidery. It contains full instructions for the execution of all the most popular styles of needlework, and is illustrated with numerous beautiful patterns. Price 25c. per copy. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Address: J. W. Appleton & Co., 17 Barclay St., New York."

Advertisement for a watch, featuring an image of a pocket watch: "A STEAM WINDING WATCH to every Subscriber of the PEOPLE'S FIRE-SIDE JOURNAL. FREE. The NEW STEAM-WINDING WATCH. It is the greatest cure that can come on mankind. How do you explain that when you young American ladies travel to Europe—the daughters of those who labored hard to make their fortunes—hundreds who would not shake hands with their fathers or mothers, hasten to adore these girls? Think you it is affection? I do not wish to break the confidences reposed in me, but I can say that often and often such girls have been treated very much as you might treat a horse. There is no idea of affection. It is simply the exchange of fortune for a title. That which society has before it is the possession of wealth."

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Advertisement for Dr. J. L. Leprohon, featuring text: "DR. J. L. LEPROHON. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE 237 ST. ANTOINE STREET. 450"

Advertisement for Canada Shipping Co., featuring text: "CANADA SHIPPING CO. BEAVER LINE OF STEAMSHIPS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS."

Advertisement for a shipping line, featuring text: "Sailings between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL, and continuing by connections Rte. Montreal with all important places in Canada and the West. The Steamers of the Line are intended to be despatched as follows from Montreal for Liverpool direct: LAKE MANITOBA, G. A. B. Scott, Oct. 19 LAKE CHAMPLAIN, T. A. Jackson, Oct. 26 LAKE SUPERIOR, H. W. Stewart, Nov. 2 LAKE NIPIGON, Howard Campbell, Nov. 7 LAKE WINNIPEG, Wm. Stewart, Nov. 14 LAKE MANITOBA, G. A. B. Scott, Nov. 20"

Advertisement for a shipping line, featuring text: "RATES OF PASSAGE. CABIN—Montreal to Liverpool, \$53; return, \$90. An experienced Surgeon and Stewardess carried on each steamer. For freight or other particulars apply to Liverpool, to R. W. ROBERTS, Manager (Canada Shipping Co.), 21 Water Street; in Quebec to H. H. BELL, Local Manager, St. Paul Street, or to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, 49 C. Custom House Square, Montreal."

Advertisement for a clothing store, featuring text: "FREE. By return mail, Full Description of the New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, 1000 Y & Co., Cincinnati, O. 73 \$2,000 A YEAR (OR MORE) AND A PERMANENT SITUATION"

Advertisement for a clothing store, featuring text: "Are hereby offered to suit last one person in each town to act as local agent, and corresponding. First cost, first served, other things being equal. References required. Full particulars given on receipt of return postage. Address at once, mentioning this paper. National Intelligencer Publishing Co. 12 G. 116 Washington St., Chicago, Ill."

Advertisement for a clothing store, featuring text: "NOTICE—The Canada Advertising Agency No. 29 King St. West, Toronto, W. W. Bulcher, Manager, is authorized to receive advertisements for this Paper."