The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 82. TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

Italy and Her Allies.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

While the worldly marvelling and moralizing over the wondrous transformation in the relations of the European Powers of which Victor Emanuel's visit to Vienna is the accompaniment, the true political lessons of the situation have dropped somewhat out of sight. Of course, the welcome of the Italian Sovereign by his old enemy of Austria is in the way a thing astonishing enough. But the world, after all, has become used to astonishing itself with the marvels of royal hospitality, and it not any more is disposed to spend time upon explaining away great political results of a nature so unexpected. It is a part of good breeding in Courts in modern times to forget earlier and diplomatic conflicts as quickly and as completely as public men in civilized society talk and ignore political differences. It is not more surprising that an emperor and a king who have been at war within the last years should meet as old friends than that two men who have fought a duel or quarrelled about a contested election should talk across a dinner table. Only it should not be forgotten that in such a world of political significance in Royal visits generally, there is something more to be noted than the mere fact that the Emperor of Austria, Emperor of Russia, Emperor of Germany, Emperor of Austria, King of Prussia, King of Saxony, King of Bavaria, King of Wurtemberg, King of Italy, in the spectacular language, the most spectacular of modern times, of Court and salons Europe chatters the sacrilegious invasion she is preparing for the Papacy, and became a serious horticulturist. He sends thousands of bouquets to the Pope and largely in the same time had expired, Karr returned to his newspaper work, and is to-day as brilliant as ever.

AMERICAN.

The New York post-office is to be kept open all night for the delivery of letters from the best department.

A New Orleans correspondent says it isn't the true Greeley movement, but a "pure-and-simple political cabal."

There are seven distinct United States war vessels off Aux Cayes, in the Island of Hayti, and two off Port de Paix.

The St. Louis journal says that the Mahon delegation for the promotion and Legislation was remanded till the following Friday.

THE ARGOUSEN COURT.

The Court was opened pursuant to adjournment, Justice Boldwin and McMillan on the bench.

For the prosecution there appeared Messrs. Gamble and Hutchinson; for the defence, Messrs. Moore, Royal and Dubuc, and Hon. Mr. Doran, Q.C.

Hon. Mr. Doran raised the question of qualification, addressing the Court in French. Hon. Mr. Dubuc in English, of which the following is the substance:—If the Imperial statute giving Canada Legislative powers (31st chapter) were clear, there would be no doubt as to the question of jurisdiction. The only clause upon which jurisdiction can be claimed is, upon 34 Vic., cap. 14, sec. 3, which gives the Parliament of Canada the Provincial power in Confederation. The 91st section of the British North America Act, 1867, gives the Parliament of Canada the legislative power over the criminal law, except the constitution of courts of criminal jurisdiction, but including the procedure in criminal matters. The 92nd section gives the Legislature of the Province power to impose punishment by fine, penalty, or imprisonment for enforcing any law of the province made in relation to any matter coming within any of the classes of subjects enumerated in this section. The 129th section says, notwithstanding anything in this act, all laws in force in Canada, Nova Scotia, or New Brunswick, at the union, and relating to the constitution, powers, or procedure of any court of civil or criminal jurisdiction, shall continue in Ontario and Quebec as if the union had not been made. An inquiry into the power of his opinion caused the Court to find the fact that the day that set apart for a celebration was the anniversary of his wife's death. That man must have hailed from Chicago.

The pathetic story contained in the old ballad, "The Maniac Bough," had some thing of a parallel on the 7th inst., at Cedar Rapids, Mich. A Mrs Smith, while visiting her mother in that city, missed her infant son, about eighteen months old, when she prepared to depart. They searched the house, and at last found the child, lying in a trunk, like the hapless babes in the wood, the child had entered the trunk, evidently to meet its death. The heavy lid had fallen upon its neck, and had broken the spinal vertebrae. The child's mother, who was almost insane over the event, and her condition was thought to be precarious owing to the excess of her grief.

A Reading, Penn., paper gravely relates the following incident of the panic in that city:—A man entered the Reading Savings Bank on Saturday morning, which offered a lady to a young man who were in the bank at the time. Two little boys, each eight or nine years of age, were playing on the floor, and hitched to the cashier that they heard the bank wanted money, and they had come to give back a bundle of money was fairly dropped into their hands. The cashier was fairly dumfounded, and the little lads left. Soon thereafter, the boys, accompanied by his aged grandmother, entered the bank and deposited fifty-three cents, also "to help along the bank."

THE SCOTT MURDER.

PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF AMBROSE LEPINE.

(From the Manitoba Gazette, Oct. 13.)

On Tuesday, September 23rd, Ambrose Lepine was brought before James Bonner, Esq., sitting as Police Magistrate at Fort Garry, upon the charge that he did on the 4th day of June, 1873, kill and murder Thomas Scott at Fort Garry.

The examination was deferred for the prosecution, Lepine for the prosecution, and Lepine was remanded till the following Friday.

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CANADIAN.

Three at work on the wicked steamer Atlantic at Prescott, report that several bodies, all of them a well-dressed woman, can be seen entangled in the wreck.

English visitors might make a note of the fact that Napoleon Bonaparte Jr. Esq. has been duly sworn in a magistrate, Canada, and is prepared to do business. Some people know better, but it is true nevertheless.

Mr. Thomas Scott seems to be a badly guarded institution. A short time since a horse-thief, escaped from it, and last week a lad, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, walked out. He was taken back again.

Much fun is being made by the young men of Lucan in form a Debating and Literary society. From the large number who have joined it, it is evident that it will be a success. It is thought that a very numerous debating club will be the result.

A few days ago Mr. Hope, 9th Con., Pelham, saw the horses in the morning, when they were feeding, covered with cold, sweat, some going in the afternoon to take up, one of his working horses, and as he turned to feed lying quite dead without cut.

Two men have been lately seen by hotel keepers in Lucan, who, from their appearance, had lived in a lumber shanty, and were evidently on their way to Sarnia, with the intention of crossing to the States. The hatchet, on seeing it, entered the field, evidently in search of work. Mr. Hope, 9th Con., Pelham, saw the horses in the morning, when they were feeding, covered with cold, sweat, some going in the afternoon to take up, one of his working horses, and as he turned to feed lying quite dead without cut.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1873.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS ordering changes in their address will please state the Post Office to which their papers have hitherto been sent.

THE PACIFIC SCANDAL.

On the second of April, Mr. LOUIS SAVE HUNTINGTON, for the place in the House of Commons, moved for a Committee of seven members to inquire into certain grave charges which he then made against the Ministry of Sir JOHN MACDONALD in reference to the Pacific Railway contract; this motion being considered as one of want of confidence was voted down by the administration by a majority of twenty-three. The next day Sir JOHN gave notice that he would move for a Committee of nine members to inquire into Mr. HUNTINGTON's charges; this motion was carried on the eighth April by a majority of thirty-three. A bill, first suggested by the Opposition, to empower the Commissioners to take evidence on oath, was passed against the varying of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who said: "There was very great danger that if they passed a bill of this nature it would be disallowed in England as beyond our jurisdiction. He was informed, at the same time, "to issue a Royal Commission addressed to the gentlemen forming the Committee which would confer upon them all the powers given to the Committee by the House of Commons, namely, the examination of witnesses under oath," —that is, the Commission would have all the powers of a Committee of the House, with the additional power of taking evidence on oath. This Committee met on the fifth of May and adjourned to the first week in July in consequence of the absence in Europe of Sir GEORGE CARTIER; Sir HUGH ALLAN, and Mr. Abbott, the chief amongst the contrac. On the meeting of the Committee on the second of July in Montreal, Mr. Dubreuil read a letter from the Minister of Justice notifying him of what the Committee knew before, that the Oaths Bill had been disallowed by the Imperial authorities. Sir JOHN repeated the offer he had made on the floor of the House, to advise the Governor-General to issue a Royal Commission to the five gentlemen forming the Committee, but Messrs. DORION and BURNS declined this offer, as the London *Times* (15 Aug. 1873) says "First, on the plausible ground that it would be proper to wait till the House of Commons met again, and secondly, on a ground which can only be characterized as absurd, that as Royal Commissioners their decisions and proceedings would "be subject to the supervision and control of the Executive." And this while Sir JOHN's offer showed that the Commission should in all respects be the same as the Committee, with the power to take evidence on oath superadded. At this meeting Mr. DORION moved that Sir FRANCIS HINCKS be examined, but Mr. JAMES MACDONALD, after asking to have their instructions read, which were, "that the witness be examined on oath," moved in amendment that as the Oath Bill has been disallowed "and this Committee was instructed to examine witnesses under oath, "Resolved, that they cannot be satisfied until further instructed by the Honourable the Minister cannot be examined before the Committee without being sworn." On this the London *Times* (15 Aug.) says: "Any English lawyer will say that if they (the Commissioners) could not do "this (examine under oath) they could do nothing." We may with great propriety quote English opinion on questions touching Parliamentary practice, for in Parliamentary government they are English, as the teachers, the leaders of all nations, however ashamed we may be of their ignorance of geography, our history and other local matters. The Committee adjourned on motion of Mr. BLAKE, until 13th of August next, then at Ottawa. On meeting at Ottawa on the 13th August, Mr. BLAKE moved the adjournment of the Committee till the 15th, and in the absence of Mr. DORION the motion was carried, in opposition to Mr. JAMES MACDONALD, for a report to the House. But the House was prorogued on the 19th August, without any further understanding of both Parties and Sir JOHN MACDONALD's announcement, at the adjournment in May, that Government would be satisfied his answer on that day (the 13th) to the memorial praying him "not to prorogue Parliament, but compel that witness to answer," was "not so improper if possible at the present time to make a call of the House." Sir JOHN MACDONALD "would disapprove, but this is grossly impossible."

On the 13th of August, a memorial, signed by ninety-one members in a House of two hundred, was presented to the Governor-General, in which it stated that four months had elapsed since Mr. HUNTINGTON had made grave charges of corruption against the ministerial party, that, although the House had appointed a Committee to inquire into these charges, the proceedings had, on a technical point, been postponed; that the honour of the country required that no further delay should take place in the investigation, which it is the duty and the undoubted right and privilege of the Commons to prosecute; that any attempt to postpone this inquiry or to remove it from the House, would create the most serious dissatisfaction. In this memorial complaints of postponement of the inquiry are twice made. The only postponement asked by the Ministry, of the 5th of May, to allow time for the return from Europe of the three principal persons concerned—Sir GEORGE CARTIER, Sir HUGH ALLAN, and Mr. ABBOTT—and now we say that the request to allow the witnesses to be present at their trial was unreasonable; but it would have been unjust to the last degree and against all precedent to try them in their absence, and without the possibility of their being present at their trial. After the House had decided that witnesses must be examined on oath, the Committee could not take evidence till the Oaths Bill became law, and the needless delays previously to the 5th of May were without foundation.

But the Opposition were themselves the chief cause of the delays; first in Parliament, in the Oaths Bill, Sir JOHN MACDONALD's warning that they were exceeding their powers in passing an Oaths Bill; secondly, in refusing his offer of a Royal Commission to examine witnesses on oath; and thirdly, in Montreal, on the 2nd July, in refusing his offer to appoint a Royal Commission, making the five members appointed by Parliament the Commission, and again, if his Excellency had listened to the prayer of the memorial and adopted the unprecedented and unconstitutional course of proroguing Parliament against the advice of a Ministry enjoying the confidence of the Commons, simply on the representation of a number—a minority—of members of the House, not even assembled in Parliament, further delay must have been the consequence, as neither the Committee nor its Commission could examine witnesses on oath, and consequently could not carry on the inquiry. But to this we shall refer again. We now quote the memorial, his Excellency stated without dissent:

"That immediately after the passing of the Act, I transmitted a copy of it to the Secretary of State; that he referred it to the opinion that the act was inoperative. I accompanied this by a full statement of the arguments which could be urged in its support, but on the point being referred by the Secretary of State, for the consideration of the law officers of the Crown, it was pronounced incompetent with the Act of Confederation, and that, therefore, the postponement of the inquiry, so far as it has arisen out of this circumstance, has established wholly by the operation of law, and has been beyond the control of any one concerned. You then proceed to urge me to decline the advice which has been unanimously tendered to me by my responsible Ministers, and to prorogue Parliament, in other words, you seem to me to desire that, forgetfulness, you must be aware that that would be the necessary result of my assenting to your recommendation. Upon what ground should I be justified in taking so grave a step? What question can you afford me that Parliament would endorse and an act of personal interference my part? You, yourselves, gentlemen, do not form a social society of the House of Commons, and I have no means therefore of ascertaining that the majority of that body shared in the opinion you have expressed to me, and which should I have to appeal in justification of my conduct? It is true some charges have been preferred against gentlemen—but as you, yourselves, remark in your memorandum, the truth of your accusations still remains contested. One of the authors of the correspondence has admitted that many of his statements are not strictly accurate, and has denied, as both the witnesses of the defamatory cases from Ontario. Various assertions contained in the letters of the others have been positively contradicted. If in the Government, upon the strength of such evidence, to dismiss from his presence gentlemen who for years have filled the highest offices of State, and in whom the present Parliament has repeatedly declared its confidence? Under these circumstances, what right has the Governor-General, on his personal responsibility, to proclaim to Canada—nay, not only to Canada, but to America and to Europe—that he believes the Ministers guilty of the crime alleged against them? I have concluded, on the advice of my Ministers, and even if I differed from them as to the policy of the course, which I do not, it is a point upon which I should be disposed to defer to their recommendation, to issue a Royal Commission of Inquiry, proceeding on the assumption that you will come to the conclusion, as a fair review of the various circumstances to be kept in view, that—in defiance of the weight of the charges against my Ministers—are already, I trust, and I sincerely believe, entirely unfounded. The fact of alternative named address by the Commons to the Crown, "Or to grant such other relief in the premises as to your Majesty may seem meet," is a recognition of the discretion in the Crown of not proceeding into the charges, which, if the Commons had, they could not do only by a Royal Commission. The speedy issue of the Royal Commission to the House would have been a denial of the right of the House to inquire into the charges, which, if they were guilty, as the appointment of a Royal Commission "instructed," is the language of the Royal speech, "to proceed with the inquiry with all diligence and vertrauen, in the ministerial ranks as well to the Speakers of the Senate and "House of Commons as myself." Such, in the language of the Speech, is the principle to trample on the rights and privileges of the House of Commons and of loyal men. They would rather reign in a rebellion than serve in a well ordered Constitutional Government.

We have stated that the House of Commons cannot take evidence on oath, nor can the Commissioners, which they do not. The Canadian House of Commons has the same rights and privileges which the Imperial House of Commons had in 1867, when the British North American Act (the Act confederating the Canadian Provinces) was passed. We give the following from the report of the Committee of the Imperial House of Commons, for 1869, touching the examination of witnesses on oath before the House, showing the powers claimed by the English Commons at that time: "The Act of our country subsequently to the passage in 1867 of the B. N. A. Act. A Select Committee of the British House of Commons, appointed to inquire and report whether any further provision should be made for the examination of witnesses on oath before the House of Commons, made their report on the 21st of June, 1869.

Sir THOMAS E. MAY, for many years Clerk Assistant to the House of Commons, and who has written largely on Parliamentary law, stated before the Committee that he "thought it quite incontestible, that there are neither authorities nor precedents to support any claim on the "part of the House of Commons, by its own inherent right, to administer oaths "at the present time; such a power can "only be given by statute." *Page first, Report.*

Mr. Speaker BOUVERIE said, in his evidence:—"My opinion comes with the "tradition of the House." (*Page 2, Report.*)

Viscount EVERSLEY, who had been Speaker for 18 years, from 1839 to 1857, and, in his evidence before the Committee, "I have seen the inconvenience of the "House of Commons not having that "power" (of examining witnesses on oath). "The House was obliged to have "recourse to most irregular and, I believe, illegal practices, to obtain the "examination of witnesses on oath by "appointing members, who were magistrates of Middlesex, to swear witnesses "who were examined at the bar of the House, and to make a report of the evidence." (*Page 3, Report.*)

The Canadian Act, 31 Vic., c. 38, also gives the authority to the Governor-in-Council to appoint Commissioners, and prescribes their powers to enforce the attendance of witnesses. This Act, was first passed in 1846, re-enacted in 1868, and extended to the whole Dominion.

Royal Commissions are not so frequent, and exceptional resorts as many would have us believe. "They are now," says Todd (vol. 2, p. 948), "acknowledged part of the governmental machinery of the English House of Commons in the Session of Parliament (1867-8) no less than twenty-three temporary Commissions of inquiry were sitting at one time." Todd, quoting Hallam, says: "That the honour of the country imperatively requires this, no Minister, I suppose, should be found guilty in the investigation of charges of so grave a character, which it is the duty and constituted right and privilege of the Commons to prefer."

Is this awkwardly constructed sentence a manifest fact "delay" is not the question apprehended in the minds of the loyal men in the United Parties, whom we know and honour, and who, we are quite sure, do not approve of the course of Sir JOHN and his leaders.

Men of such adverse principles and motives of action are not, cannot be, a Party. They are a conspiracy, who have at command bound of union but the bond of conspirators. What were their acts on the floor of the House on the thirteenth of August last—revolutionary? Are these men in power to-day at Ottawa, deep and painful sense of insecurity would pervade the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To see a HUNTINGTON, a YOUNG, a HOLTON, with their Reform associates and allies, Fenian Sympathizers, as the advisers of the Crown, would send a thrill of horror and indignation through the heart of every honest man in the land. But we do not believe that any such calamity will befall the country; these disorganizing elements are manifest, we believe, to all the loyal men of the country, and they can never combine to support, any Government.

We are not wedded to men, nor do we now refer to those who form the Ministry at Ottawa. We leave their merits and demerits entirely out of question. We refer to the principles and the policy of the majority of the present Parliament, and we believe that to be the sentiment of the country, which has consolidated the Confederation and secured such happy results—results which make us the most prosperous and highly favoured people on the globe.

THE LAND VALUATION SYSTEM.

LAST WEEK we published a letter from one who has hitherto cast his vote with the "Reform" Party in the County of Grey. It establishes the very intelligent character of the "Reform" system of land valuation. A farmer in Proton was about to purchase two lots in Sullivan. He had paid the necessary sum to the Crown Lands agent at Durham, when he was sold by a conveyancer in his town, who, on Party grounds, doubtless, had influence with the Government, that the land could be bought for less than the price first fixed upon, and that the purchaser could be got, provided that the purchaser greased the palms of the said conveyancer. The latter went to Toronto, secured a reduction of £200, which he pocketed for services rendered. A suit followed, and at the trial by Oyer and Terminer on the 30th ult., the Judge strongly condemned the transaction.

There is no denying the fact that the Ontario Government have put the valuation system to most nefarious purposes. Mr. SANDFIELD MACDONALD informed us that he ordered revaluations, that the poor lands of poor settlers who had fallen in arrears with their Crown payments should be stone-dash with, in many of the new Counties, notably in Grey, there were settlers whose industry and thrift were thereby handicapped by the miserable quality of the land "and it was a matter of public policy that they should be relieved from it." It is not of the public treasury. But SANDFIELD MACDONALD's successors have changed all this. They are Liberals, forsooth, and they do not confine the working of the revaluation system to the poor and needy; they administer the kindly principle to those who are quite comfortent as well as to those who are sick. They keep a standing array of land valuators into whose hands they commit a power which is comparatively unlimited. LEWIS yes, is Proton, and by shaking his avoirdupois in the face of the settler, compels him to vote for the candidate of the Ministry which has the power of making or unmaking him. The valuators are purely and simply electioneering agents and in official disguise. In 1872 their number was increased, and the incorruptible MCKELLAR thought it proper to advise at least one of them as the course he should pursue in the interest of "Reform" during an election for the Federal Parliament. They were operating that summer throughout every portion of Ontario, and it is no exaggeration to say, that they contributed largely to many "Reform victories."

The policy of the Government in respect of revaluations, is something as follows:—Because Mr. SANDFIELD MACDONALD granted relief to Settler A in Arkemoia, which, by reason of his poor land, had fallen hopelessly into arrears, therefore it is right that Settler B in East Whitby should be relieved from similar proportion, although he is comfortable off. Or, if the question of relief in both cases shall be left to our conscience, and as we employ none outside the "Reform" fold, we may be sure that the friends of our Party will be made safe by those who belong to our Party, or who may be driven into allegiance to it, will be satisfied of the charity. With methods such as these, the LAWRES, the MCCRAES and the MCKEYNES, this system can be worked like a Democrat. That is the word, not the average "Reformer" will, of course, deny; but, stickler as he is for the Constitution, he will probably admit that it is contrary to Parliamentary usage for a Government to sell the people's property for less than the standard price without the consent of the people's representatives. Have we a Government with nothing more than a sheaf of spears and their war paint, we cry out in our loyalty, their mission done. The brave has an argument that is irresistible, and we bow to the inevitable and submit. He has therefore, to be a Government, and we have to bear the burden of taxation for these two years, in order to do what? Simply to do what we have to do, and what we would have to do if we had a Government of our own, namely, to do what we have to do, and what we have to do, and what we have to do, and

...brand larceny, petty larceny, grand larceny, petty larceny of trust, the stealing of land, and the robbery on an hour necessary to the better adjustment of views, and are, in the interest of truth, to the study of the question of slavery and the evils of gross social revolution.

...h is still groping in darkness, as seen by the following that country to the Lon-

"SIMLA, Sept. 27.

Colonel Hogg, the plaintiff ...ous case of Hogg v. Hogg ...been called upon to explain ...taking advantage of his off... Director-General of the ...gal, to abstract a letter, ...rote to Mr. Cordery, whilst ...his post, unsuspicious ...tant Hogg has been suspend... and Colonel Bathy com... temporarily. This affair ...ent attention in India."

...ago Col. Hogg proved his ...d a Decree of divorce, ...letters put in on his behalf ...ted to in the above paragraph ...written by his wife to ...Commander, and which ...ed her infamy. And yet this letter bearing upon his ...which proved adultery, is important to him as life ...ated husband has been sus... ! Would that Hindoo ...Reform". Administration ...might be delivered from ...The world will never ...tness of Liberty until it ...upreganted with the "adulterium" which has taken ...ominion.

...RENT TOPICS.

...ar SHIPS.—The Royal Commission to inquire into the allegations ...ed against shipowners by Mr. ...published what is termed an ...ort. On the subject of official ...wrecks and casualties, important ...s taken. The Commission ...although in some cases the ...to have decided with imper... of the facts, there is no ...the imputation made by Mr. ...the Board of Trade desired to ...owners. The Commission ...to their belief that inquiries by ...stituted court would be ben... owners and to seamen. Recognizing the difficulties of dealing ...Other of defective construction ...the system of tonnage adopted ...the Commissioners suggest, ...ether, that before attempt... with the operations of the ...of the United Kingdom, the ...course would be to observe ...e large power with which the ...has been invested. As re... measurement of tonnage, con... with so many complications, ...ed, that, instead of ...ing the study of the ...ed the formation of ...ers of gross social revo...

DR. ARNOLD.

TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY.

(From the London Times, Oct. 3.)

Our readers will have noted with regret the death of Mrs. Arnold, of Fox Hoey, the widow of the well-known Head Master of Rugby. The sense of a loss will not be confined to those who knew her personally. The name of Arnold has long been in a certain sense, public property. The influence which Dr. Arnold exercised, through Rugby, upon England, could not easily be over-estimated. It was not that he was a great scholar. In this he was probably as far inferior personally to many of his contemporaries as Rugby was itself inferior in every way to our older and better known public schools. But Dr. Arnold had qualities which quite made up for all dead languages. A school like Rugby, which rests on no great endowments, and which, and were drawn up by representatives of ...Subject to correction, we think Turner's third ...at Kingston, 1.46; is the fastest time which ...on record. This time, we run on 20th December, ...1871, on the tide of Rugby as he received it. Arnold's influence was twofold; it was moral and it was intellectual; and in both ...he was the first to bring about an analogous ...of the very narrow curriculum of re... Arnold added studies; and this he did not ...to much by adding new subjects as by breaking old subjects in a new way. The Greek and Latin classics became, in his hands, no ...of amusement, but a means of training ...Rugby was as he has ...Arnold's influence was twofold; it was moral and it was intellectual; and in both ...he was the first to bring about an analogous ...of the very narrow curriculum of re... Arnold added studies; and this he did not ...to much by adding new subjects as by breaking old subjects in a new way. The Greek and Latin classics became, in his hands, no ...of amusement, but a means of training ...Rugby was as he has ...

THE TURF.

...ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

Oct. 1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... 5 ... 6 ... 7 ... 8 ... 9 ... 10 ...

JAMES MARR.

AN AUSTRALIAN HERO.

(From the London Daily Telegraph)

How different the history of the daily life of the Australian from that of the ...

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

EUROPEAN.

...

AMERICAN.

...

COMMERCIAL.

Weekly Review of Toronto Wholesale Markets.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 22.

PRODUCE.

...

PROVISIONS.

...

LEATHER.

...

MARRIAGES.

...

BIRTHS.

...

DEATHS.

...

CASTLE.

...

TO RENT OR SELL—THE BEST ...

EXTENSIVE CASH SALE OF ...

FARM FOR SALE—THE ...

HAVANA LOTTERY.

RAKE AND BENT STUFF FACTORY FOR SALE.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES. DR. J. ADAMS 84 RAY STREET, TORONTO.

LONDON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE.

SUNSET IN THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

(M.A., Aberdeen.)

The bay is smooth as all yonder firmament
To stir its silent depths. The white-sailed boats
Are all so still, seem hung in mail of hush,
Had painted them upon the changing sky.
The North Ben Scuol, embosomed in the sea,
To catch the lingering rays of golden light,
Thrown kindly on her by the sun, the sun
He sinks (the king of the magnificent Day)
Flinging his mantle, rich with fold and fold
Till the grey peaks of Mull appear just
Beneath the glowing mass, and Jura comes
To the firm pressure of a beneficent
Anon, he scatters crumbs of purple in his
Across the water, in much regardless
Of the poor fishes, who, in fear of night,
Thrust themselves up from the sea and flounder
And [illegible] in the bubbling sunshine. Anon,
Sudden, a shoal, shaped like a jet of wings,
Of fiery crimson, sprinkles it thus afar,
Also strong; — a flying company of fire
Were spreading over the world, if Angus were
Broke her [illegible] with their wings. Anon
Grey old Dunolly, old its rocky steeps,
Seems of a high and glory. One spot
The bright crimson fade in skin not tender lines
Of green pink, and other emerald hue,
While on the distant summits of Ardnoe
A glowing orange light shines suddenly
Then pales and dies in wreaths of purple mists.
Nature now is seen the radiant side of life
Lover is calm, and lover! he repose
And tender twilight, and in a moment set
Across the mountains, and the world from free
Hid by the hillside, and the small sea,
Lone and [illegible] for a time,
And dark and [illegible] on the crystal tide,
Till all, subject to a change, [illegible]
Of parting splendour, falls and die away,
Mail through [illegible] of twilight,
And from the sky, the lately beaming stars
Twinkly peep, as we if they peeped
In their own leaves, till the queen of Night,
The silver queen, steps out in robes like a
Peer of the Highlands! Scotland's bright not eyes
Art then, fair Oh so, smiling beauty! Yet
Nature pets on her queen robes for thee,
And heather-bell strings mine high
Over thy earnest crags and wildest glens
Till then art like a very Princess!
Would I could dwell and [illegible]
Heedless of all the tumult of the world,
And hear the music of thy leaping burn,
And sail on some [illegible] Highland lake,
Thus, would, night but grant me a [illegible]
As should prepare me for the peace of Heaven!

All the Year Round.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

AND

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER X.—(*Continued.*)

"By Jove, I nothing is changed in the old place. And there's the chair on which I used to step; and here's the vine by which I got to the parapet. Let me climb over; we used to do when I crept out at night to meet Polly. It's exactly like the old times, only Polly's gone off; and I wish she was dead by and by."

Setting the action to the word, by the help of the vine and the parapet, he gained the top of the wall, and threw his legs over it. Immediately he was in the garden, for the first at the trysting-place, as she always had been.

"Ah!" cried Dick, with his careless laugh—"there you are, old girl. Isn't it twelve years ago?"

He leapt down, and stood at his side.

A narrow path ran along by the side of a deep plunge fence between twenty and a thirty feet wide. The path came from nowhere, and led nowhere, consequently no one ever walked along it, and particularly on Sunday morning, it was as lonely as a track in the prairie. The fence was made of quite alone, a small, newly built villa, run up by an enterprising builder. He had failed, as the owner of the enterprise, and the villa was now the property of Mr. Mortiboy. Rent-free, of course, of course.

Polly was dressed gaudily, in her Sunday best. A tall, finely shaped woman, with a face whose beauty was now on the wane; a well-developed, healthy creature, with those common-place features which only in her early bloom—which you often see in country women. Her expression was bad, however—low, cunning, and sensual. She had not been cured, strong hand to Dick, who took it without any great show of affection, and returned it to its owner immediately.

"Well, Polly?"

"Well, Dick! Is that all you've got to say to your true and faithful wife?"

"Don't you think, Polly, you had better stow that?"

"Don't you think you had better do something for me? I'm pining away for love, dead, for the wife of old Ready-money's son to be cleaning knives in his kitchen while her husband is gone to sea in a merchant ship. I heard you last night, and I had half a mind to spoil the supper."

"Did you though? Had you really?" Dick laid his heavy hand on her shoulder. "Do you know, Polly, I'm thinking I'll pay for you that you stopped at half a mind?"

"Now, look here, Dick. Don't let's have no chaff. What are you going to do?"

"I tell you one thing I'm going to do, my girl. If you let out even by a whisper, or if I find you have been at the old game, or anything, go abroad at once, and never come back again. Now, you know it. The governor's the kind of old boy to lip up handsomely to his son's wife—especially if she should be the mother of his Early Tater. So be sensible, and let us talk things over."

"I'm sure I only want to be friendly," beginning to whimper. "But it's hard, when one sees her man, after twelve years, not to get so much as a kind word."

"If that's all you want," said Dick, "I've got lots of them, and I'll give you a lot, for a purpose. I'll give you as many kind words as you like—and kisses, too, when no one's looking."

"No one's looking now, Dick. And oh, how handsome you've got!"

Dick gave a look north, and another south—that is, up and down the lane. After this concession to sentiment, he bestowed on a house of kisses, one on each of his wife's brown cheeks, the latter distinct with a warmth that rather embarrassed him.

"And you've never asked about the boy, Dick," she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, damn it! Is there a boy?"

"A beautiful boy, Dick—the picture of his father."

"And the boy's at Hunslope Farm, I suppose?"

"Then you suppose wrong, because he isn't. I went up to London again directly after you went away, and I brought him."

"Hang it! I had to go."

"And never kiss me, nor say a word, or a single sovereign."

"Hadn't got any sovereigns, Polly."

"Well, I made do with shillings, and the boy was born there, and nobody ever knew anything about him. I took a room in a new at school, bless his heart! and nobody would ever believe he was twelve years old."

Certainly there were more persons than one in the world who would have sworn that the boy was no more than ten; but then, Dick could not be expected to know that.

"And I lived in London for eight years in service. Oh! good, Dick—I was always good. You believe me, don't you, my handsome husband?"

"Humph!" Don't seem reason for saying "No" at present."

"And then I came back here, and I've been at Hunslope ever since. Oh! I, Dick, it's many a time I've been tempted to go to old Sarah Jones's."

"Wouldn't you have a better chance with him if you called him Mr. Mortiboy?"

"And say to the old man, I've brought daughter, and little Dick"—only his name is Bill—"is your true and lawful grandson, and if you're a Christian you'll do something for him." He'd have ought to have had every farden of the old man's money, and he hasn't a come back. I've asked questions. Oh, Dick, I'm glad you're come."

"My father's a Dissenter, Polly. Perhaps his view of the duties of religion are different from yours. Well, I am glad, too. Church folk, you know, But I'm glad you didn't."

"No, I didn't. But what are we to do now, Dick? Am I to come and live with you, as in duty bound, or—?"

Here she smiled affectionately at him.

Dick looked at her blankly.

"Things are as they are," he said, repressing a violent inclination to use profane words. "We can't undo what's done. You know, Polly, what an unlucky cub I was when I married you."

"You won't deny that, I hope?"

"That I was a fool!—ah! that I was married! No. I would if I could; but I can't, because there's a parson and a church of St. Pancras, and though I was married—"

"That makes no difference, Dick. I found it out from a lawyer."

"Did you? Then you might have spared yourself the pains. I'm married, for I deny it. And if you hold your tongue, and say nothing to anybody, now I am back—we can meet of an evening, you know, when time—I'll do something handsome for you; but if you talk, I'm off again, and the Lord knows where, and make no mistake."

Polly said nothing. All her hopes were knocked on the head. She stood, striking a ribband in her red, ungloved hands, and looking at the big man, her husband, who cared so little for her. But she was constrained to obey. There was something in Dick Mortiboy which made her feel that people had that it would be better for them to do what he told them. And all the time, she had been planning a little dodge to make him pay for silence, or threaten to acknowledge him openly. It did seem hard, she felt.

"How are you off for money?"

"I've got none; and Bill wants new clothes."

"I'll go and see Bill some day—not yet. Here's a ten-pound note. Get the little devil—"

"What, Dick, your own son?"

"Whats the matter with the girl? Get the young one's new rigs at Brooks, and don't bother me about Bill."

He sat on a rail by the side of the lane, for they had been walking and drawing out his hands in the light of day.

"Upon my word, Polly, I'm almost forgotten you—I had indeed—and when I see you at Hunslope, you might have knocked me down yourself, big as I am."

"And weren't you glad to see me, Dick?"

"No—devilish sorry," said her husband, truthfully. "I expected to find you married again, of course."

"Well, I am your wife."

"You said that before."

"And I mean to be, too."

"If you don't mean to do what I tell you, it'll be a poor lookout for you. So you'd better make no mistakes that point."

"Don't be cruel, Dick—that you don't, and all," said Polly, the tears of vexation rising to her eyes.

The last hearing of a man's heart is the incrustation of that place where a woman's tears take effect. Dick relented a little, and re stated his case—as a woman's lord and master should, but this time more kindly.

"Now, this is the first and last of it. I'm to do anything for you, don't interfere. Don't come between me and the old man. I'm not going to be a brute. I married you, and we can't get rid of that fact. So shake hands Polly, and good-bye. Till write you a letter to meet me again as soon as I get an opportunity. We're all going to Hunslope Farm to dinner when they come home from church. But you must take no notice of me."

"No, I won't—no manner of notice," said Polly. "Bill's coming to wait at table, and Mrs. Heathcote says I'm to look after you special."

"I know a man down away in Prince Polly, who was married twenty years to a girl, without that in her carriage. And she it except the person, and he got shot in a duel."

"Did you, Dick? It wasn't yourself, was it?"

"Now, how the devil could it be, when I've only been away twelve years? Well, they had sixteen children, two pairs of twins, and the husband married a minor. And then the man made his pot; and now the rides about in her carriage. And the last time I saw her she had on a blue satin dress, and a red cashmere shawl, and gold chains as thick as rigging ropes. A pretty woman she is still, Polly, and able to enjoy it all. That was his reward of being silent, you see."

"Lor!" said Polly. "Dick, Old Ready-money's mean, I mean, if Mr. Mortiboy's as rich as such. And they say he can't live long; he's been working himself to the devil for all his money. Would you give me a carriage and a gold chain?"

"Half a dozen gold chains and a carriage and four. And all Market Basing shall know that you're my wife, Poll. Give me a kiss, old girl."

They parted friends. The man went off in the direction of the Hunslope Farm, with a woman to visit her mother at her little cottage in the town.

Once alone he turned back to stare after one another.

Their eyes met! Could such have read the other's mind!

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Mortiboy's son was spending half an hour, for the first time in twelve years, with the wife he had married, whilst old Ready-money himself was seated in his late father's pew in St. Giles's Church. He looked round him with some curiosity.

The church of St. Giles at Market Basing is the parish church, and is situate in the middle of the town, where the new Hunslope road joins the principal streets—Bridge-street, Gold-street, Sheep-street, and High-street—where from, within a stone's throw of it are all the public buildings.

Originally, the church was a Gothic edifice, the work of some ancient abbey whose name has not come down to posterity. The tower looking west bears witness to his skill. The rest of the building was destroyed by fire in the reign of Charles the Second. That Christian prince ordered his parishioners to give a shed and tons of timber from a neighbouring forest towards the rebuilding of the church. In return, a grotesque statue and a legend detailing the royal munificence were placed over the principal entrance—opposite Market Basing, Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt St. Giles'. His drew a square, with a tower at one corner, and a dome in the chancel—for his ground plan, and added it on to the old gothic tower. He was a Dissenter, wife, and preaching man with four ugly oblong windows, and three small walls, and three small doors, and a pulpit in the middle for his chancel. He roofed it over with a dwarfed dome and lantern, and called it St. Paul's in a big box—and left it to the people of Market Basing to worship in, in the stead of their old church.

So everything remained for a century and a half. Then came a change.

He lived now in the age of church restoration; but the fever struck the rector of St. Giles's when the nineteenth century was young.

The dome I have mentioned was supported by four massive arches of white stone. Time on each side of the church, came the rumbling of a gallery, which, for a hundred and half, was placed for pulling down these galleries, slicing a few rows of pews off, and lowering the floor of the church. This was the only part of his scheme, though, which met with the approval of his master now. Of course he called on his richest parishioner—the third of the Mortiboy race—and received a promise that he would contribute a hundred pounds on his accession to the living of London and York, and the galleries were pulled down. To this process Mr. Mortiboy added a condition. It was a condition which, if it had been made to Unlucky for the parson, Mr. Mortiboy's own seat was in the front row of one of the galleries, and he had stipulated for it that the new erections would not be pews, but seats similar to the old one, and the banker owned what he called a family pew a quasi freehold, to be bought and sold with the house, and to be left to his son when he is past.

The very day he heard of the arrangement to sacrifice his seat, he was asked by the rector for the second subscription, on the ground that the church was now finished, being done that was at first intended. The rector was astonished when he could stand. His gallery gone, his hundred pounds gone—this was much; but to be asked to pay for the pleasure of seeing the seated rights and spoliation of property, was more than he could bear.

So, following the lead of many of the parishioners, he seceded to the modest little Bethel which had thrown open its doors to Nonconformist interest. They pensioned off, commodiously, the whoop old man who had preached in it for a hundred years, and set up a young man in his place, who was a wakener. Then came the rag of war; and Market Basing was divided pretty equally, and with more than the usual bitterness, between Church and Dissent.

Mr. Mortiboy was a leading member of Market Basing school, as notable in its way as many a better-known division in the Church. He was a man who had risen by the sheer manger spirit to greatness, which a Shropshire lad, who had never left his native village, found his great park a wall high enough to keep out the hunting-field. Mr. Mortiboy never went to Bethel, but he was a liberal donor to any of his family to go. Consequently, he was considered a Dissenter.

Mr. Mortiboy was not a man to be trifled with, however, and he knew how to reward gratefully. And when he died, his son, our Ready-money, thought he never went to church—was a man who had married the sister of Susan Mortiboy, his sister, went to every church and chapel in the town, and in all parish affairs was as good as ten dissenters to the parson. Mr. Mortiboy himself was a Dissenter, and sat in the church that morning.

During the service—which was an unfeeling one, if ever one was—and touched him not—his mind ran back to old times, and he saw himself grown to be a man, and married Mellishy, making love to his sister, marrying at that very altar. For a moment the latter desire was strong to make Polly good away—to revive again the moment after, when the thought came that Polly was but a few days his enemy would be at his feet, craving his forbearance and assistance.

The hymn was given out, and because Mr. Mortiboy had no ear for music; and, because he was thinking how he should have where Mr. Mellishy came for help, should he remind him of slights offered five-and-twenty years ago? Didn't he owe it himself to take that moment as an opportunity to fall, and be friends again as of old? He felt inclined, and was little by little softened.

In that place he was such of unusual parts that he was not ashamed to open and close his prayer books. They thought him very much affected by the loss of his sister, so he was—he was thinking of her. He was so the left, but grated straight before him. Presently, he was thinking of his son, and he caught the face of the preacher, and he was constrained, in spite of himself, to hear the sermon.

Market Basing is one of those places where Sunday sermons are the exception. The one chosen by the friend of Susan Mortiboy, as the theme for this tribute to her memory, was the parable of the prodigal, ninth verses of the eighth chapter of Romans.

The preacher spoke out the words in a clear and penetrating voice—

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

I have given the text. I will not attempt to reproduce the sermon. It should only be injurious to it. But it seemed to Old Ready-money that it was directed personally at him.

It told of the sin of self-seeking, its various forms. It showed how the good woman whose death had made a gap in their midst, lived wholly for others; and though she lived wholly for others; and though she died, she was not ashamed to meet her maker, warmth swept over the brother's heart, because he knew how she had lived for others, ministering to the poor, and used it as if it was a talent. Here Mr. Mortiboy felt aggrieved. And the preacher—he was speaking of the dead—showed that the worship of self is shown in more ways than in the hoarding up of money, and in the idea of money, and in the fall backwards, because the clergyman was really looking at him; why could he not look at Heathcote?—how by disregarding the interests of others, by ignoring their wishes, by pursuing a line which brings fortune on them, by failing to anticipate their desires, and by counting other ways, the selfish man makes the paths of others hard for them. Mr. Mortiboy thought of his rival, Mr. Mellishy, whose path he was about to make very hard, and almost wished, for a moment, that it was not so. A man he drew away pictures. Was he a man who had no money, but yet had in his heart chastity, and sympathy, and thoughtfulness, for his neighbour; and one of the rich man who had shown virtues in addition to his wealth; and he showed how each in his way was a kind of Providence to the place—preventing more misery than a dozen men combining for reasons, rather than repent of evil. And then Mr. Mortiboy turned pale, and felt fell on his knees, because the sermon was for him, no good to nobody else—not so much as to one neighbour, and he had the only good he had done to himself was to amass money and increase his wealth. Then the preacher concluded; and, as he spoke, the power of a contented mind, that Mr. Mortiboy forgot a few moments before, came back to him, and he seated himself in thought—about what he should do with Dick.

He was Sacrament Sunday. The plate came round, and caught him unprepared. At another moment, Mr. Mortiboy would have taken a sovereign out of his purse, and he was softened a little, and recollected his conscience enough to make him feel that he dropped a coin into it, with a conscious glow of one who does a good action. Mr. Mellishy, who had been watching, was but a word during sermon—not from any disinclination to hear, but from the fear of a sixth commandment—with a yellow piece in the plate, and church was over.

Homer nod sometimes. Even with a threefold aim. First, as Mr. Heathcote observed, it would help to divert that melancholy with which Mr. Mortiboy was afflicted at the loss of his sister—the only relative he had in England; and, thirdly, because it was Grace's birthday, and Grace was twenty-one.

There was another reason, which she kept to herself, that on Sunday Mr. Mellishy always spoke of home and family of Jessie; for that there was no chance of Frank calling in the afternoon, and Jessie was not asking him. Mr. Mortiboy's dislike to his brother-in-law extended to his nephew as well.

Dick was the quietest of the guests, partly because he was still subdued by the jubilancy of ladies, and felt it was desirable to keep a curb upon his tongue—which had—what, indeed, of his pearls of conversation—not too roughly set. The girls, too, were quiet—Mary, Sarah, and Grace—for they had her brother, Aunt Cousins, as she was always called; and Grace out of sympathy—for Mr. Mortiboy was to high office—perhaps from the influence of the glow of virtue of which we have spoken before, and perhaps from the revulsion of feeling which comes after a time of gloom and trouble. Hence it came that the conversation was forced forward at an unpleasant angle, and said "Beautiful, beautiful!" to everything otherwise presented to his notice. When the pudding was brought in by Polly, he remarked that it shook, and he liked to see a pudding shake—it was a good sign; and as the brank had a glass of port, with a bit of bliss Sitton, he was pleased to notice that the cheese was the only bad thing about the dinner. His chief hope of conversation was his son, of whom he spoke as admiringly as if he had not been present at his birth, and frequently patted his broad back. Mrs. Heathcote encouraged him, put in little mystifications of "La! now, Mr. Dick, is it possible?" and so on; while the old man garrulously prated of the good days he was to have, when he was dead and gone. Mr. Mortiboy, in spite of his pecunious ways at bank, was by no means averse to the good things of life. He had schooled himself to believe that it was waste of money to have a needle dinner cooked for himself every day; but it would have been a waste of opportunity to refuse whatever good things were offered by others. So the dinner passed off very cheerfully. It was "not exactly dinner," Mrs. Heathcote said, "but we're waiting on him—she had ridden back on the box of John Heathcote's carriage—and we have ordered a little dinner for us from where his cousin asked him if he had left his heart by his four principal dishes, and he said the heart stop-tender of her own, which could not at all times be trusted. Nothing, however, interrupted the harmony of the occasion.

When the table was cleared, Mr. Heathcote, as a tone of much comedy, called upon Polly to fill their glasses. Health-drinking was a ceremony which he would not have omitted, even if the day had been different.

He began a little speech.

"Bygones," he said, "should be bygones. There is no occasion for crying over what's done in a hundred years. We're hard by Christmas, and it's Christmas time. Let us drink the health of—

"My good gracious! What a dreadful thing!" cried Old Ready-money, falling back in his chair, his face as pale as ashes.

Mr. Heathcote stopped suddenly. They all started.

"What is it, Uncle Richard?" cried Mrs. Heathcote.

"Well, I shan't forget this!" He was looking at something in his hand.

"What is it, uncle?"

"I never knew it! I never knew it!" he replied, solemnly. "I've put a sovereign into that plate at the church, thinking it was a shilling. Oh, dear! It was true. In the confusion of the moment, his thoughts distracted from what he was about, he had put the sovereign into the right waistcoat-pocket, where were five sovereigns, instead of the left where were so many shillings.

Mr. Heathcote expressed an inclination to make the sum a round one, but the idea was heard—before he caught, just in time, a look of admonition from his wife.

"What a to be done, Dick? I never made such a mistake in my life before," cried Mr. Mortiboy.

"What can be done?" cried Mrs. Heathcote.

"You have done more good than you intended, Uncle Richard," said Lucy. "Some poor persons will have a better dinner next Sunday."

"Better stuff and rubbish!" said Mr. Heathcote.

"Well then," said Dick, whose ignorance of church customs must be pleaded in excuse for his backwardness, "I'm for going to "write to the parson, and make him give the sovereign back."

"Will—why not? It's only right," said his father.

"Lucy, uncle!" Lucy expostulated.

"I'll send John," said Mr. Heathcote, with a groan.

He saw here the materials for so great a thing as had ever come under his notice, and was determined to make the most of it.

They got paper, and Mr. Mortiboy was going to commence explaining that, in the hurry of the moment, he had made a mistake a more important one than a shilling—that it is a sovereign for a shilling—and begging the rector to return to him the balance due.

But Mrs. Heathcote—determined to make her uncle postpone this till he got home, lest he did not want the letter dated from Paradise.

Then Mr. Heathcote went on with his speech.

"I have forgotten now, what I intended to say—poetry, I'm sure. But I'll drink to poor Dick's health, Dick, my boy, we're glad to see you, and proud of you; and you'll always welcome, as you always have at Parkside."

Mr. Mortiboy's voice shook a little in his raised his glass and said—

"Well drink, Dick!—we'll drink, Dick! Your health, my son."

The big prodigal had found his way to his father's heart and he loved him better now by hence; than he had ever loved him as a boy.

Dick said a few words; and then Mr. Heathcote filled his glass with an air of business, and looked at his wife, who pulled her own handkerchief. They knew what was coming. But Mr. Mortiboy astonished all.

"Let me," he said, "say a few words." He turned to Grace. "Grace, my dear, you've been good to me, and I've had happy returns of the day. For twenty-one years, I think, I've had them on your birthday of years, and drank a glass of port to you every year. Lydia, your children are good girls. I've had things to do with them with me—had Dick not, happily, come back to my fireside—but I've had to be telling what might or would have been done."

Here Mrs. Heathcote buried her face in her handkerchief.

"And now, my dear, I wish you a long and happy life, and I wish you a husband—I've been a brutal a little, and pulled out his pocket book—"here, my dear,—take this and make a good use of it. I've looked at it admiringly for a moment; then he put it from him as if the sight cost him a pang—"and I've had it in my will for you."

It was a hundred-pound bank note. Grace read the amount with a sort of stupefaction, and passed it to her father. Mr. Heathcote read it, gravely, and gave it back to his daughter. And then it went round, and there was a deep silence when it came back to her owner.

"Well what in the world will you do with it, Grace?" said her mother. "You will have to put it into Uncle Mortiboy's bank."

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"I'll see if I can't give you interest for it."

Five minutes after she had received her present, Grace handed it back to her uncle to "take care of for her; and he received it with a gasp, and returned it to his pocket-book hastily.

It was at once the cheapest and the handsomest present he could give; and he knew by should get it back again "we take care of" when he is dead. We're hard by Christmas, and it's Christmas time.

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"Well drink, Dick!—we'll drink, Dick! Your health, my son."

The big prodigal had found his way to his father's heart and he loved him better now by hence; than he had ever loved him as a boy.

Dick said a few words; and then Mr. Heathcote filled his glass with an air of business, and looked at his wife, who pulled her own handkerchief. They knew what was coming. But Mr. Mortiboy astonished all.

"Let me," he said, "say a few words." He turned to Grace. "Grace, my dear, you've been good to me, and I've had happy returns of the day. For twenty-one years, I think, I've had them on your birthday of years, and drank a glass of port to you every year. Lydia, your children are good girls. I've had things to do with them with me—had Dick not, happily, come back to my fireside—but I've had to be telling what might or would have been done."

Here Mrs. Heathcote buried her face in her handkerchief.

"And now, my dear, I wish you a long and happy life, and I wish you a husband—I've been a brutal a little, and pulled out his pocket book—"here, my dear,—take this and make a good use of it. I've looked at it admiringly for a moment; then he put it from him as if the sight cost him a pang—"and I've had it in my will for you."

It was a hundred-pound bank note. Grace read the amount with a sort of stupefaction, and passed it to her father. Mr. Heathcote read it, gravely, and gave it back to his daughter. And then it went round, and there was a deep silence when it came back to her owner.

"Well what in the world will you do with it, Grace?" said her mother. "You will have to put it into Uncle Mortiboy's bank."

"Put what in the world will you do with it, Grace?" said her mother. "You will have to put it into Uncle Mortiboy's bank."

"I'll see if I can't give you interest for it."

Five minutes after she had received her present, Grace handed it back to her uncle "to take care of"