The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876.

GLENGARRY.

We understand that the writ for this county has been issued by the Speaker. The election must consequently take place at an early day. Mr. McNab, the unseated member, will run again in the Ministerial Free Trader interest, while, we believe, opposition to him will be offered in the person of Mr. John McLennan, formerly of Montreal, but for several years a resident and large property-holder in the county. Mr. McLennan is said to be a strong man; and strongly Grit though Glengarry has been in the past, he does not fear to measure swords with the Mackenzie Party.

REACTION.

The following facts, well arranged by the Whitby *Chronicle*, constitute a sufficient answer to the nonsense uttered by Grit shrets, when they say that the elections in the Onnarst are not further proof of the Conservative reaction which has swept over the country:

"Has there been a reaction? Let the result, as set forth in the following statement, point the moral:—

Election	Conservative.	Reform vote.	Total
1873	1,595	1,354	2,949
1874	1,488	1,639	3,127
1875	1,665	1,624	3,289

"The candidate of the Reformers was an outsider in the late election; but so, also was their candidate in the election of 1874. The Conservative; the same in 1874 and 1875, was embarrassed in the latter case by resentments which arose since 1874, in Oshawa; resentments that have expressed themselves in the fact that the only instance in which a Reform vote was polled in Oshawa in 1874, while the total vote of the Riding presented an increase of 177, the Conservative vote presented a loss of 108. That was reaction. In the last contest, though the total vote shows an increase of 162, the Reform vote shows a loss of 15. This too is reaction.

"Oshawa, where the result is tainted by personal circumstances of late growth around Mr. Gibbs, shows an increase of votes which is divided between the candidates equally. The result in the other districts are as follows:—

Districts.	Conservative vote.	Reform vote.
Town of Whitby	Increase, 13	Decrease, 4
Town of Whitby	Increase, 15	Decrease, 1
East Whitby	Increase, 43	Decrease, 4
West Whitby	Increase, 42	Decrease, 1
Pickering	Increase, 7	Decrease, 2

"The ballots in one instance increased equally, but shows a total absence of manly constant gain on one side and constant loss on the other, the details concur with the general results in claiming the election proper to a demonstration of Conservative reaction.

"The Reform vote having fallen off in the whole district, the votes that have been cast have been won by a coming out of votes which had remained at home in the election of 1874. These votes supplied, in part, that neutral body whose course determines the set of public opinion, the electors not holding the balance between parties, do not go to the polls, save on great occasions of public duty. In Ann 1873, the campaign was Sir John Macdonald's political integrity brought out 177 of those, so in 1876, these having drifted down by years of reproach in claptrap, the charges against Mr. Mackenzie's political capacity, have brought out the arbiters of party to the number of 162! In all respects, then, the two occasions are precisely similar in their proof of reaction."

"CHEAP SUGAR."

Only last week the *Globe* invited the Canadian public to be happy in realizing the fact that our neighbours were making us a present, clean and clear, of from a quarter to a half dollar per hundred, annually, in the form of refined sugar sold to us under their own current prices. But this view of the gain we make by closing our own sugar refineries and throwing our trade into the hands of foreigners for our supplies is not shared by Mr. Alexander McGibbon, a leading grocer in Montreal, who thus writes to the *Globe Gazette*:

"In April last it was stated in letters published in the *Witness*, that so soon as Redpath's refinery came into full operation, so soon might we be prepared to pay an advanced price.

"The Toronto *Globe* and some of its correspondents, along with a host of smaller fry country papers, claimed to see as well as we, this process as excellent chance for securing a permanent advantage, in which, standing as we do, we could be sufficiently sophisticated to see that the Redpath refinery could not be in full operation, and yet the Canadian refiners cease to exist, and yet Redpath's sugars be not KING & PALMER, Tavistock, or to McINNES BROS. & CO., Hamilton.

NOTICE HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, by Martin Cosgrave, Hawkins Street, in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, and Province of Ontario, married woman, for a divorce from Charles Edwin Holtwell, of the same place, in the Province aforesaid, Clerk in Stationer, her husband, on the ground of adultery. Dated this 13th day of June, 1876.

22 26

MARTHA JEMIMA HAWKSHAW HOLTWELL.

PLOUGHS AND GRAIN DRILLS.

On the GRANGER plan.

No credit, no pedlers, and customers given the benefit of the discount they would pay agent's discount besides. FIRST-CLASS WROUGHT STEEL BEAM PLOUGH FOR $18.

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COLLARD'S PATENT IRON FLEXIBLE HARROWS, COLLARD'S PATENT IRON FLEXIBLE CULTIVATORS, COLLARD'S PATENT IRON FLEXIBLE COMBINED HORSE HOES.

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GEORGE GILLIES, 156-tf Market Square, Hamilton, Ont.

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THE WEEKLY MAIL

is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail; second edition on Friday, containing the latest news to that date, and forwarded by the fastest mail to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.50 a year.

Advertisements for omnibus insertion are received at the rate of fifteen cents per line, contract rates by the year made known on application. Commercial advertisements are inserted at the rate of forty cents per twenty words, and twenty cents each additional word.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will form an excellent medium through which to reach the public, circulating from every Post Office and settlement point in Ontario, and largely in the sister Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and Manitoba.

THE WEEKLY MAIL—Printed and Published by the MAIL PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, at their Offices, corner of King and Bay streets, Toronto, T. C. PATTERSON, Manager.

The Weekly Mail

VOL. V. NO. 225. TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

Two Old Maids.

One of our typical old maids is the painted, frizzed, and frippery damsel who has not learned the art of growing old, and who carries into her fiftieth year the coquettish airs and graces which she began to study before her glass in her fifteenth. A beauty in her hey-day, she still maintains her right to be considered a beauty in her decline, and believes that her rice-powder and bloom of Ninon, her dyes, and her false hair, cleverly mask the truth of time, and entitle her to be still ranked among those who have claims on the admiration of men, and who give cause for the jealousy of women. She is one of those who, according to her own account, have been besieged all their lives by lovers and adorers, but who for some inexplicable reason have never found the man to whom they would entrust that queer mass of vanity and self-love to which they give by courtesy the name of heart. All the same, it is odd how very much afraid of them unmarried men are; and how these oft-denying old maids carry about with them the sentiment of a dragnet and a stout matrimonial hook, on which, should any unlucky wight be caught, he might bid adieu to all hope of escape, short of the fine to be paid for an exposure in court on a Breach of Promise case. Sometimes this kind of old maid goes in for infantile innocence; and sometimes she thinks the piquancy of naughtiness more to the purpose, and a better game to play on the whole. In the first, as an ingenue, she skirts by dangerous subjects and lays out risky double meanings in the most innocent way imaginable. And how can you be so censorious as to think that a quinquagenarian, with nice red lips and rose-red cheeks, a well-preserved figure and a waist that is still only twenty-three inches round, close measure, can have learnt enough of the world and the wicked ways to understand the true bearing of her naive remarks, and to know what interpretation her lawdful words and old jokes may be put on and abused by the men who laugh at her as they would at a performing monkey, and treat her as a ridiculous sort of marionette, the strings of which they pull and make to dance at their will.

On the other hand, the coquettish old maid who goes in for naughtiness as piquante, and the knowledge of dangerous subjects, with free utterance thereof, as a means of attract of conversation that may have its uses, leaving no one in the dark as to her meaning. There is not a question might not be asked her, and she would answer her up and make fun of her; but the amusement is as revolting as the object, and even the men who will use her for their sport, loathing.—*Mrs. Lynn Linton, in Belgravia for June.*

Comic Clippings.

(From Punch.)

A Slap at Science.—Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, has written a pamphlet arguing that, in consequence of the triumph and progress of the Church of Materialism, society and religion are in the greatest peril. The essay is entitled "Where are we Drifting?" A better title it would be perhaps "Where do you Expect to Go To?"

"Bad Boy."—Is the expression of a burning family grievance?—"Oh, my dear gal, don't talk of it! How on earth your cold boiled ham ever came back I don't (Stops. The word was out before he noticed the child) Master Tommy—Oh, look at me, pa! it's an expression I often make use of myself!"

"Sparing the Rod and Spoil the Child."—Compassionate Curate—"What's the matter with little Billy, Mrs. Dodder? Surely not drinking? I thought you promised your husband to keep the whisky out of his reach?"—"Matter with 'im! There allus stuff is the matter with 'im! I can't deal wrong a-childin of 'im! If he beasn't in misery, he's just a-goin' in the misery, leastways I can't tell!"

(From Fun.)

Good Locality for Dairies.—Chalk Cliffs.

No Compliment.—Swell—"Aw, why the loose cloose is every stop right place? Aw! I supposed to wait all the way up the platform after this train?" Porter—"No, sir, not unless you like; you can wait for the next!"

Very Jocose Jocosity.—Lady in White (to her husband)—"Don't you think, Florio, heavy work, Flora?" Flora—"No, dear, of course not, it's *light* reading, you know."

Natural Error.—Some people think that weathers the gale and the man who survives the storm of life is the man who is the wise man. They come into harbour with bare poll.

(From Judy.)

One Way of Looking at it!—Energetic Insurance Agent (entirely on commission) has been pointed out to a young lady the blessings of life insurance—"Then, again, there is this advantage in our office—the premium is more for sickness than we do for ordinary orange-peel death." Father of Family.—"No! I am obliged to you—that would be no advantage to me; I should, at my time of life, the premium is so very heavy." Agent (with much alacrity, and evidently feeling commission landed at last) "Yes, my dear sir; but then you would only have the premium assured, you know, before you, that you could not have to pay many!"

The Reason Why.—"Shure, and I know how them railway accidents happen, Biddy," said Pat Flannigan, after reading the report of one in a newspaper the other day. "Didn't the guard say that when he heard the engine whistle he put on his brakes and shut off the steam? Shure he had to bring them on at all, if he just then hadn't been asleep and getting out of bed!"

(From Funny Folks.)

Must be Seen to be Appreciated.—A Man.

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Must be Seen to be Appreciated.—A Man.

Half-breed Lands in Manitoba.

SCRIP AND PATENTED.

It is likely, according to announcement of the Dominion Parliament, that, during the early summer of 1876, the half-breed reserves in Manitoba, some fifty-four Townships (1,400,000 acres) will be patented to the grantees.

These plots, of 190 acres each, lying near Red and Assiniboine rivers to Poplar Point westward; beyond Selkirk on the north, and nearly as far as Emmerson towards the south—making in all the most valuable tract of land in the North-West. The allotment of scrip, 160 acres of each (about 200,000 acres), to the heads of families and old settlers, locatable anywhere in Government land, will also, it is promised, be distributed to them on the close of the present session of Parliament. The greater part of this immense acreage, both scrip and patent, will then be thrown upon a market unable, from its limited capacity, to absorb it, and consequently be sold at absurdly low prices. It is almost certain that these lands may then be purchased at from twenty-five to fifty cents per acre, or at all events, less than one dollar.

A. W. Burrows, Winnipeg, Manitoba, will undertake, for intending investors, the purchase of these lands, after Patents and Scripe issue, and guarantee satisfaction. He possesses unusual advantages for this commission, in his universal acquaintance with the settlers and half-breeds, through his former connection with the Dominion Land Office, at a time when the original census of the inhabitants was revised, by personal attendance of the claimants, for the basis of these allotments. He is also fully aware of the value and quality of all the lands referred to.

City lots in Winnipeg, and other town plots, also river front and quarter section farms for sale on favourable terms. Address

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References—Messrs. Morphy, Morphy, & Monkman, Barristers, Toronto; Messrs. Walker, Cassels, & Pennock, Barristers, Ottawa.

Mr. J. H. Flock, Barrister, London. Messrs. Gilman & Holton Advocates, Montreal. 214 26

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AGENTS WANTED.—FOR Bloody and Snakey (full blister); 740 pages for $2; Orange charts; lithographs, chromos, etc. Address J. O. ROBINSON, London, Ont. 206-tf

$77 A WEEK TO AGENTS. Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 182-52

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FARM FOR SALE—100 ACRES 15 cleared; house, barn, etc.; forty acres containing iron ore; three miles from Bobcaygeon. Apply to GEORGE CLARK, Bobcaygeon. 221-4

FARM FOR SALE—200 ACRES, 35 cleared; house, barn, etc.; forty acres containing iron ore; three miles from Bobcaygeon. Apply to GEORGE CLARK, Bobcaygeon. 221-4

FOR SALE AT YORK MILLS, 61 acres of excellent land, well fenced, under drained, and well watered; good building land; well cultivated; terms easy. Apply to GEO. ROBSON, York Mills, or JOSEPH JAKES, Solicitor, Toronto. 211-tf

COUNTY OF HALIBURTON.—For sale by the undersigned, the Canadian Land and Emigration Company, at from $1.50 to $3 an acre, farm lots in Dysart and adjoining townships, situate on the Irondale, Haliburton and Bancroft railway. It is expected that the Victoria railway will be open for traffic next year as far as Kinmount, twenty-three miles from the village of Haliburton. For particulars apply to C. C. BLOOMFIELD, Manager, Lakefield, or to ALEX. NIVEN, P. L. S., Haliburton. 213-13

FOR SALE.—THE COUNCIL OF the Township of Front of Leeds and Lansdowne offer for sale the steam engine, stone house, and boiler, lately used for sawing logs on the stone roads. The crusher is of the most approved pattern, and was manufactured by Mr. Gilbert, of Montreal. The engine is about thirty-five horse power. The above articles are in good working order. Any person wishing to purchase will please communicate with JOSHUA LEGGE, Esq., Deputy-Reeve, at Gananoque, or BRADLEY, Township Clerk, Front of Leeds and Lansdowne. *Weekly Globe* please copy for one week. 212-tf

TAILOR WANTED.—A TAILOR required for a general store in the village of Tavistock. To a steady man who is a good workman and economical, to save well at work this presents an excellent chance for securing a permanent home. To a comfortable married man, or to a steady single apprentice, board can be made available. Address, stating age, and not more than a few words, JOHN KING & PALMER, Tavistock, or to McINNES BROS. & CO., Hamilton.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

BY CUNARD STEAMER.

From Liverpool, July 1st.

INTEMPERANCE.

In the House of Lords on June 30th the Archbishop of Canterbury moved for a select committee to enquire into the prevalence of habits of intemperance and into the manner in which those habits have been affected by recent legislation and other causes. The most rev. prelate observed that he was induced to bring forward the subject at the period of the session by a memorial from 9,000 clergy of the Established Church calling upon the Episcopal Bench to draw the attention of their Lordships to it, with the view of ascertaining whether a remedy could not be found for the evil. The motion was supported by Lords Houghton, Aberdare, Lord Palmerston, and the Duke of Richmond, who also approved of a Committee, warned the House against being led away by cries for legislation which came from certain sections of the community who seemed to think that everything was to be done for them by Parliament, and that they were to do nothing for themselves. Lord Salisbury confessed that he saw no practical result that was likely to cease from such an enquiry; but, considering the weight of authority by which it was backed, he would not oppose the motion. He wished to be understood, however, that he disapproved of paternal legislation, and was of opinion that the most effectual means of mitigating the evil complained of were extended education and religious teaching. Lord Aberdare having expressed his satisfaction at the assent of the Government to the proposed inquiry, the motion for a Select Committee was agreed to. In the course of the discussion the Bishop of Peterborough pressed some header legislation on this subject

The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876.

NOTICE.

Subscribers are reminded that the coloured address label of each paper sent to them shows a figure which indicates that future number of the paper up to which their subscription has been paid, serving, in fact, as a date. The current weekly number can readily be ascertained by reference to the volume and number printed on the title page.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers to the *Weekly Mail*, a paper already affording more reading matter than any other weekly published in Canada, may for the future rely on an extended report of Parliamentary proceedings appearing in our columns. Beautiful new bright type, smaller than that hitherto used for Parliamentary reporting, has been procured, and while the actual difficulty of reading will not be increased, the amount of matter which we are able to provide in this department of the paper will be doubled.

READ.—There is more news and reading matter in the broadsheet of the *Weekly Mail* than in any of the new-fangled weeklies, some of which are printed in a shape purposely intended to mislead the public as to the quantity of their contents.

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CONTINGENCIES.

THE extravagance fastened upon the present Ministry by the contrasts which we have made with their outlays for incidental expenses of the Department has proved a hideous nut for cracking on the part of the Grits. Unable to meet the damning evidence by honest reply, the *Globe* attempted to do so in a piece of sharp practice, which employed a clerical error in our statement as a pretext for an audacious denial! That the Public Accounts for "the year ended June 30th, 1873," should have been put in our statement as for 1872-3, rather than for 1871-2, is a very shallow pretext for evading the sting of its conclusion. Taking up the subject where it had been dropped by the *Globe*, the Montreal *Herald* uses the same slip of the pen to break down the force of the contrasts which have proved so stunning as evidence of Reform wastefulness. That that journal attempts to meet the case by showing *less* differences for 1872-3 than for 1871-2, is a confession of waste in even a *tu quoque* defence; but it certainly does not alter the correctness of any one of the propositions of our article. We reaffirm amongst all the damning conclusions established by our figures that:

"Where Mr. Blake expends $1,185, Sir John Macdonald expended nothing; Mr. Huntington spends six times as much as Mr. O'Connor; Mr. Cartwright five times as much as Sir Francis Hincks; Mr. Mackenzie between three and four times as much as M. Langevin!"

THE LATE MEMBER FOR GLENGARRY.

"There was nothing whatever in the case against Mr. McNabb to disqualify him either legally or morally from representing the constituency, and he will therefore again seek the suffrages of the electors."—*Globe.*

BECAUSE it fell to the learned judge who agreed with the universal verdict of common sense on the Big Trab letter, to lay bare one of the sharpest acts of deceit and corruption that ever disgraced a contest in this Province, Mr. Brown makes bold to assure the Glengarry electors that Mr. McNabb, the Court's judgment to the contrary notwithstanding, is "legally and morally" innocent of offence. It is in fit that such an opinion should come from the only man in the country who can see nothing corrupt in his own letter to Mr. Simpson.

The facts in the Glengarry case are briefly as follows: The election was held in July, 1875, Mr. McNabb aspiring to fill the vacancy created by the appointment of Hon. D. A. Macdonald to the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario. At that time work on the Montreal and Ottawa railway, which runs through the constituency, had been abandoned, and a lawsuit was pending between the Directors, of whom Mr. McNabb was one, and the contractors. The latter owed large sums to the farmers in the Township of Kenyon for teaming, labour, &c., but no settlement could be had until the adjustment of the difficulty between them and the Directors. The idea prevailed that the Directors had been to blame in treating the contractors with undue hardiness, and, as a consequence, Mr. McNabb was often questioned about the matter privately and at public meetings. A week or ten days before nomination day, his his Honour, who was President of the Board of Directors, came to Mr. McNabb's rescue with a letter of letters, in which it was stated (inadvertently we suppose) that the suit between the contractors and the Company had been taken out of Court and was in a fair way for adjustment (whereas, as a matter of fact, it was still before the Court, although efforts were being made to have it sent to arbitration); and the assurance was given (inadvertently we again suppose) that work on the road would commence forthwith. These letters were read at the meetings by Mr. McNabb and his friends, and answered their purpose satisfactorily. And further to show the electors that the assurance contained in his Honour's letters was *bonâ fide*, measurers were at once placed along the line, who proceeded in accordance with instructions to make it appear that the work done by the contractors was being measured; and the electors were left to draw the inference that the contractors were about to be paid, that they in turn would be paid by the contractors, and that they might expect "lots of work" thereafter.

The measurers were placed on the work on the 29th June and the nomination was on the 30th; the election was held on the 7th July, and the measurers were taken off the work and the force dropped on the 9th! Mr. Justice Wilson could not trace any *direct* connection between Mr. McNabb and this very sharp, shabby, and unworthy trick, and therefore "legally" acquitted him; but will the *Globe* succeed in making any one believe that he, the candidate interested and a Director of the road to boot, was not "morally" a party to the fraud?

We hold Mr. McNabb both "legally and morally" guiltless of the corruption practised by his agents, but we cannot believe that he was other than a party to, if not one of the principals in, the plot above described, which the learned judge (who characterized as an "unfair and improper" proceeding,"

IMPEDIMENTS TO INTERNATIONAL TRADE.

THE other day it was all about the duty on lobster cans. Now it is all about tug boats. Not long since the Government organs announced, with a flourish of trumpets, that Mr. Mackenzie had brought the American Government down from their high horse; that they had abandoned their construction of the Washington Treaty, which provided for the reciprocal navigation of the American and Canadian canals by the people of both countries. We had hardly got through felicitating ourselves upon the fact when the organs were called upon to announce a new "hitch." The United States Treasury had issued an order making it obligatory upon Canadian vessels entering the Whitehall canal to employ United States tug boats, Canadian tugs being excluded. But this was not all. There was another Treasury order, and it requires that the persons in command of Canadian boats shall pay duty on entering the canals, instead of permitting cargoes, as before, to go through to Albany in bond, and there leave the duty to be paid by the consignee. This was too much for Mr. Mackenzie, the result of whose efforts had been so loudly vaunted a few days before, and he proceeded to retaliate by withholding from American tugs the privilege of navigating the Canadian canals. We believe this is the unpleasant shape in which the matter stands at present.

The New York *Shipping List* very properly ridicules the entire proceeding, and shows its absurdity beautiful. It says the Treasury order as to the tug boats is not simply improper but unjust to the people on the other side of the border, to say nothing of the Canadians, for it enables the tug owners to exercise a monopoly and charge such prices as they please. The effect of the other order, it is assured, is to discourage vessel owners from entering the canals at all, and to compel masters to look out for business in quarters where it will not be subject to fewer petty annoyances. Summing up the whole affair, it says: "We do not understand that under the previous arrangement the Government was unable to collect its duties. The complaint was, not, complaint on that score; it really looks therefore as if the purpose was to curtail Canadian navigation to within as border as much as possible, by subjecting it to a multiplicity of onerous restrictions. The next step, we suppose, will be a corresponding retaliation on the part of the Dominion; and so the thing will run on until, with those irritants and counter-irritants, a state of feeling will be generated which must add immensely to the difficulties, already sufficiently numerous, in the way of placing the trade relations of the two countries upon a mutually satisfactory footing, smaller than that hitherto used for Parliamentary reporting, has been procured, and while the actual difficulty of reading will not be increased, the amount of matter which we are able to provide in this department of the paper will be doubled.

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"Where Mr. Blake expends $1,185, Sir John Macdonald expended nothing; Mr. Huntington spends six times as much as Mr. O'Connor; Mr. Cartwright five times as much as Sir Francis Hincks; Mr. Mackenzie between three and four times as much as M. Langevin!"

THE LATE MEMBER FOR GLENGARRY.

"There was nothing whatever in the case against Mr. McNabb to disqualify him either legally or morally from representing the constituency, and he will therefore again seek the suffrages of the electors."—*Globe.*

BECAUSE it fell to the learned judge who agreed with the universal verdict of common sense on the Big Trab letter, to lay bare one of the sharpest acts of deceit and corruption that ever disgraced a contest in this Province, Mr. Brown makes bold to assure the Glengarry electors that Mr. McNabb, the Court's judgment to the contrary notwithstanding, is "legally and morally" innocent of offence. It is fit that such an opinion should come from the only man in the country who can see nothing corrupt in his own letter to Mr. Simpson.

The facts in the Glengarry case are briefly as follows: The election was held in July, 1875, Mr. McNabb aspiring to fill the vacancy created by the appointment of Hon. D. A. Macdonald to the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario. At that time work on the Montreal and Ottawa railway, which runs through the constituency, had been abandoned, and a lawsuit was pending between the Directors, of whom Mr. McNabb was one, and the contractors. The latter owed large sums to the farmers in the Township of Kenyon for teaming, labour, &c., but no settlement could be had until the adjustment of the difficulty between them and the Directors. The idea prevailed that the Directors had been to blame in treating the contractors with undue hardiness, and, as a consequence, Mr. McNabb was often questioned about the matter privately and at public meetings. A week or ten days before nomination day, his his Honour, who was President of the Board of Directors, came to Mr. McNabb's rescue with a letter of letters, in which it was stated (inadvertently we suppose) that the suit between the contractors and the Company had been taken out of Court and was in a fair way for adjustment (whereas, as a matter of fact, it was still before the Court, although efforts were being made to have it sent to arbitration); and the assurance was given (inadvertently we again suppose) that work on the road would commence forthwith. These letters were read at the meetings by Mr. McNabb and his friends, and answered their purpose satisfactorily. And further to show the electors that the assurance contained in his Honour's letters was *bonâ fide*, measurers were at once placed along the line, who proceeded in accordance with instructions to make it appear that the work done by the contractors was being measured; and the electors were left to draw the inference that the contractors were about to be paid, that they in turn would be paid by the contractors, and that they might expect "lots of work" thereafter.

The measurers were placed on the work on the 29th June and the nomination was on the 30th; the election was held on the 7th July, and the measurers were taken off the work and the force dropped on the 9th! Mr. Justice Wilson could not trace any *direct* connection between Mr. McNabb and this very sharp, shabby, and unworthy trick, and therefore "legally" acquitted him; but will the *Globe* succeed in making any one believe that he, the candidate interested and a Director of the road to boot, was not "morally" a party to the fraud?

We hold Mr. McNabb both "legally and morally" guiltless of the corruption practised by his agents, but we cannot believe that he was other than a party to, if not one of the principals in, the plot above described, which the learned judge (who characterized as an "unfair and improper proceeding."

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SAINTS.

I see them with their heavenward eyes,
Men who in Christ abide;
The long train cleared and not to rise,
Through Time's unceasing tide,
And a grave across each pulsing lies,
But the path swerves not aside.

Like a chorus which no discords mar,
Sober and clear and grand,
Like a scroll unreaching to a star,
Caught by an angel's hand,
Like a wind beginning from afar,
And covering all the land,

They sound, they pass; each man beholds
The Master's risen face,
Each arm some near beloved enfolds,
Yet keeps its forward place,
The weak one leans, the strong upholds,
But all are in the race.

Up through the darkness and the pain,
Up, through the joy and light,
Earth's myriad hands are raised in vain
To baffle or invite,
Life shows them nothing to detain,
Death, nothing to affright.

By all things fair their course is graced,
By all things bitter, healed;
Gathering like servants sent to haste
Who, being challenged, yield,
And through the garden on the waste,
Guide to God's happy field.

To them each loss is gain
Withdrawn or sacrificed,
Nothing but sin was all in vain,
And that, which long entombed
Falls from each soul and leaves no stain
At the first smile of Christ.

The flock of God goes up and on,
And if, as sin departs,
Some faces from the throng are gone,
Leaving some broken hearts,
God, full of joy for His own,
Dries every tear that starts.

The flock of God is strong and swift
In crossing the way;
Longing to see the curtain lift
From the everlasting day;
How slight the toil, how vast the gift,
How ever the delay!

Lord, gather us beneath their feet
As They good will shall be!
The service of Thy Saints is sweet
When they are serving Thee:
Soon is for inheritance unmeet
May serve eternally.

Good Words. M. B. SMEDLEY.

A DILEMMA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Duhamel and his daughter Claire were alone; but Mr. Duhamel was not benefitting by that fact as much as usual, for, strange to say, Claire did not hear a word of his talk. He, in a bright-colored dressing gown, was marching up and down the room, he, with the *Times* drooping from her half unclosed fingers, was leaning back absently in an easy-chair. The sweet air of the summer morning came in through open windows, and set the muslin curtains waving gently; the room was full of some fresh greenhouse of rose which stood on the tables. Claire herself, in her white dress and careless attitude, was a charming object. Mr. Duhamel thought so, and as he walked and talked congratulated himself on the beauty of his daughter and the general agreeableness of his surroundings. Only one thing vexed him; Claire was not giving him her attention.

"She might have believed me," he was saying. "I am not in the habit of making mistakes, and I always tell her what will happen. I could and would have arranged a nice, suitable, satisfactory marriage for her myself, while she was young; but she was obstinate—a real Englishwoman—most choose for herself; and see what it has come to! An old maid! But I always knew how it would be! And there's our poor neighbour, Sir George, broken-hearted, quarrelled with his step-mother I told him he had ruined himself; I told him she would marry again, and she was young, and not one penny will he get of all that his father left him. I told him so fifty times, and you know I am a pretty good prophet."

When Mr. Duhamel's voice had ceased, Claire lifted her eyes languidly, and said, "Yes papa," but with so little interest that her thoughts were clearly occupied with something else. Her father stood still, and examined her face.

"What are you thinking of, my child? You asked after a moment's silence.

"Can't you guess, papa?" she answered with a half smile. "What am I most likely to be thinking of?"

"Of Eugene, of course," Mr. Duhamel replied, beginning to walk up and down again. "I will tell you more than that; you are thinking some misfortune has happened to him."

Claire raised herself and spoke with some energy: "He has never before missed writing regularly; two mails have come in, now without a letter from him. Have I not reason to think something is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter," her father said with decision. "He has a reason for not writing, no doubt, but none that need trouble you."

"What can it be, then?"

"Suppose he were on his way to England?"

"Ah! that would be delightful; but then he would write to say he was coming."

"My darling, I have never seen you so any more than you have, but I can tell you that he is romantic."

"Not a bit romantic, papa; I am not a bit *too* romantic.

"Let me go on. He *is* romantic. You and he are engaged by the arrangements of your respective fathers; you have exchanged likenesses, and have written to each other a great many long and delightful letters. You love each other. What more romantic lot than such a position? Eugene has finished his business in South America sooner than he expected; he is impatient to see his fiancée; what more natural than that he should resolve upon surprising her with a visit?"

The time Claire fairly jumped from her chair, flew to her father, and seized both his hands. "O papa, you have a letter! Oh, cruel; tell me all about it directly!"

Mr. Duhamel took his daughter's two little hands into one of his, and looked down into the other, as he looked down into her face with a smile of loving superiority. "A letter! No, my child. But you fairly vex me; I not born yesterday. He knows the world a little, and men too—even lovers."

Claire's face sobered, but was still turned trustfully to her father.

"You *really* think that? But his name is not among any of the lists of passengers."

"Silly child! How could he surprise you, if he allowed you to read his name in the papers? There's no law against inventing a name for once and only, is there?"

Claire's face gradually broke into a smile. "Ah, if I could only believe *that*," she said, and went back to her chair.

"Mind, I don't say *positively*," Mr. Duhamel went on, with a sly smile; "I don't say it is so; I only say it is quite possible, and we shall see." With this oracular sentence he walked out of the room; and Claire, much comforted, was disposed to the contemplation of a small portrait which she wore in a locket.

While Claire studied the counterfeit presentment of her never-seen *fiancé*, and Mr. Duhamel prepared himself for his morning walk, a very animated conversation was being carried on by two other people, who had met midway along a path which led to the house from a small side-gate of the garden. Of these two people, one was a lady, and the other a gentleman; the lady was pretty and gentleman over whom Mr. Duhamel had been lately lamenting!—his niece, (or rather his late wife's niece,) Rose Burton; and his neighbour, Sir George Manners. Anne was what some might (erroneously) term an old maid; she was not quite thirty, and made no effort to appear younger. She was tall, neither stout nor thin, had plenty of pretty brown hair of her own, and a graceful figure, set off by a well-made dress. Sir George was a tall man, broad shoulder-ed, and not particularly handsome; not so handsome as Anne, by any means, yet pleasant enough to look at; certainly not poverty-stricken looking or drawn and ill this moment very far from being oppressed by care.

"What will my uncle say?" Anne asked, laughing softly, as she twisted a rose-bud about in her fingers.

"I expect he will refuse to believe it," Sir George answered. "I shall have to bring all the documents to show him—her letter to me after she quarrelled with her husband, the notice of her death, and Payne's letters about the will, &c."

"It would be mere hypocrisy," replied Anne, "if I were to pretend to be sorry she is dead. She did you a great wrong by coming between you and your father."

"And another by coming between me and you."

"But that was your own fault," Anne answered quickly.

"Give me that rose," Sir George said; and made use of the excuse to take the lady's hand into his, very much as if she were a young maid. "I had not courage to speak while I was poor, you see; but since you waited for me, all is right."

Anne laughed, and, in spite of her thirty years, blushed, as she drew her fingers away.

"You will miss your brain," she observed.

"Not a bit romantic, papa; I get of time, "he answered. "Ten minutes to see your uncle, if I must see him, and a good hour to drive to the station in. I'd rather stay here for the ten minutes."

"No; you must go in, lest anybody should have noticed you. After to-morrow, you can come to visit me, if you like, at present, I am nobody."

"Good-bye, then. I shall see Payne this afternoon, and, if necessary, to-morrow. At the latest, I shall be down by the four o'clock train, and will come over here at once."

"My poor uncle! It is a bad return for all his kindness, to prove him a false prophet."

A minute or two after saying this, Anne went on alone through the garden-gate; and Sir George, with a rose in his button-hole, rang the door-bell, and asked for Mr. Duhamel. Claire dropped her locket hastily as her father and Sir George came into the room together.

"Just off, are you?" said Mr. Duhamel. "Why, you look like a bridegroom already; and you are right, you are right. The lady won't say 'No.'"

"I hope not," replied Sir George, laughing; and Claire look at him with sympathetic eyes.

"No, no. And I'm glad you've learned wisdom at last. A baronetcy on one side, a fortune on the other; a reasonable bargain, and one I always foresaw you would make at last. I am not in the habit of making mistakes."

"But, Mr. Duhamel, I never said I was going to be married, still less that the lady was rich."

"No need to say it, my dear sir—no need to say it to me. But you can't say you're not thinking of marrying?"

"No.

"Nor that you are looking forward to love in a cottage?"

"No. But my time is up. Good-bye."

The visitor went, and Mr. Duhamel followed him with a regretful glance, sighing "Poor Anne!"

Having to the station, Sir George met a shambling fly with two young men in it. One of them was looking out, and it could be seen plainly that his dark, good-humored face was that of a stranger. "Who can that be?" said the Baronet to himself. "Claire's cousin, I suppose, from what that he will be here unexpectedly, and he may be right for once."

But the young man who had looked out of the fly was not Eugene Bertand, for his companion called to him: "Do sit still, Marco, and give me your advice."

Marco dropped back into his corner, and begun to excuse himself in Italian.

"English English!" cried the other.

"What I have I told you?"

"Yes—I know," answered Marco, bringing out each word by a separate effort of recollection.

"You tell me," continued the first speaker, "that I speak Italian as well as you do. My English friends have often said the same to me of their language. How do I do it? By *forcing* myself always to talk the tongue of any country I happen to be in.

"Yes—I know," said Marco again.

"Very well. Remember, I don't understand a word of either Italian or French as long as I am in England. And now, tell me, how am I to do it?"

"Poor!" began Marco, and then corrected himself. "Poor girl! I am so sorry for her!"

"Poor girl indeed, for I believe she loved him. Her letters are—Well, I am glad he told me to burn them. Poor dear! she was worthy of him. But how to tell her that he is dead?"

"Yes, to tell her. She has a father?"

"Of course. It was her father who arranged it all. He and old M. Bertand, Eugene's father, were great friends, and they decided that their children should marry. I suppose they would have been married before now, if it had not been for Eugene's unlucky journey to South America.

"Why did you not write to them?" Marco managed to ask.

"Because Eugene made me promise to tell the news myself. He thought Mlle. Duhamel would bear it better, if she were able to hear all she should wish to ask."

Both the travellers were silent for a while, and by and by the fly began to pass the first cottages of the village near to which Mr. Duhamel's house stood. A minute or two more, and it drew up at the door of the village inn.

"Here we are," said the elder of the travellers with a scrutinizing look at their quarters. "Let us see our rooms, and then get this miserable business over."

Half an hour later the two young men walked up to Mr. Duhamel's door, and the elder sent in a card with a request for a few minutes' private conversation.

Mr. Duhamel had come back from his walk, and was sitting with his daughter and niece when the card was given to him.

"Emile De Bellechasse," he said aloud. "Who is he, I wonder; Ah—h—h!" he went on after a pause, looking with excessive shyness at his daughter. "E. B. We have seen letters addressed to him, I think? There is a 'de' here, to be sure. But what did I say? Eh, Claire?" He get up, and went half out of the room, leaving the card, on which Claire seized, eagerly reading the name over and over.

"Papa said Eugene meant to surprise us by a visit," Claire cried, breathless, "if this be him?"

"Papa said Eugene meant to surprise us—and—and—Anne," Claire cried, breathless, "if this be him?"

"Hush! Here comes my "study" an odd meeting was taking place. M. Emile De Bellechasse, sorely troubled by his mission, stood before the waiting look of Claire's father. He, who was so seldom embarrassed, stammered, and changed colour like a girl.

"Monsieur De Bellechasse?" said Mr. Duhamel, with an accent which plainly expressed, "I remember the name, but I am sure of a welcome."

"Yes," Emile answered. "And this, Mr. Duhamel, is my friend, Marco Castelli, who like myself, was a friend of Eugene Bertand."

"Any friend of Eugene's is welcome," answered Mr. Duhamel. "You, I fancy, speak English, Monsieur, as I speak intimate friend, though I don't remember to have heard your name from him."

"I will tell you how I came by it," he looked at the arch face of the old gentleman. He glanced at Marco, but it was evident that the young man was engaged in a private conversation at its very beginning.

"I was his most intimate friend," he begun, "and he used to say, 'I bring very sad news, Mr. Duhamel.'"

"From Brazil?"

"Yes—I landed yesterday. Eugene met with an accident which resulted in his death a few days after. Some we had all fixed for leaving Brazil together."

"Dear me! what a sad story!"

"Dear me, indeed!" Mlle. Emile. "One would say he was rather pleased than otherwise."

"Sad, indeed," he went on aloud, "for me, who have lost my best friend, and still more for your daughter, to whom he commissioned me to break the news."

"If you wished to spare yourself, did he, poor fellow?" asked Claire's father, still with the most impenetrable face.

"He did. But I should be thankful to be spared the task, if you, Sir, will undertake it."

"Not I, indeed, *Monsieur De Bellechasse*. Claire will bear it much better from you. Will you, Claire?"

"Good Heavens! Marco, what does it mean?" cried the bearer of bad tidings, as her eyes fell upon the last Marco could give no information.

Mr. Duhamel, shutting himself into the drawing-room, gave way—to the utter aggravation of his daughter—to a fit of the merriest laughter. Claire ran to him, and, in spite of himself, imparted him to tell her what had happened. Anne pushed away her work table, and joined him with silent wonder. Was it really Eugene?

"Oh, Claire, Claire! what did I tell you? Eugene really care for me!"

"You'll break your heart, my child, you'll never get over it."

"Fiddle! I talk in riddles! Tell us, is it Eugene?"

"Oh, no, my dear, only M. Emile De Bellechasse, a very intimate friend of Eugene, so intimate, my dear, that they are quite inseparable, ha, ha! And if you don't see Eugene to-day, Claire, you will never see him, depend upon that. Come and ask Mlle. Emile if he is not."

Claire drew back from her father while he spoke, and clasped her hands together with a vehement gesture, half of pain, half of joy; drew one deep breath, then slipped her hand through Mr. Duhamel's arm. "Let us go to Mlle. Emile."

"Take care, then," her father answered, "Don't spoil his fine speech about you; yet he can't expect you to be taken in by it. He will tell you a terrible story, my dear. He is what people call a fine orator."

By this time they had reached the study door. Mr. Duhamel opened it and led Claire, who resisted strongly, struggling from white to red, straight up to the lady.

"Monsieur," he said, "let me present to you the *fiancée* of your friend, Eugene Bertand."

Claire, hardly knowing what to do, put out her hand, and Emile took it. Neither of them found anything to say, for her heart was beating very stifling pulses, and his ideas were all thrown into confusion by the sudden vision of loveliness that flashed upon him.

"Mademoiselle," he stammered, after a moment, "it is a cruel fate which sends me to you."

"I can hardly think so, Monsieur, she answered, trying not to smile, "or why yield to it?"

"You do not guess, then, what my business is?"

"How can I? Except that you come to see us."

"What shall I say?" Emile questioned himself, "How can I tell her?" and then his puzzled glance fell on the face of Mr. Duhamel, who stood, beaming with smiles, a little way off. "Mr. Duhamel I have a packet of letters to deliver to your daughter; will you give them to her for me?" he asked, suddenly, drawing a small parcel from his pocket.

"Letters," Claire repeated; and for a moment her face darkened, but a look from her father reassured her, "Whose letters, Monsieur?" she said.

"Your cousin," addressed to my poor friend, Eugene Bertand, and intrusted to me by him," he replied, giving her the packet.

"A great trust," she answered, half-smiling, as she took them. "And my likeness."

"Is here," he replied, as he put into her hand a locket like the one she herself wore.

She held the things all together in her hand for a moment, and then laid them on the table behind her. "Why did Eugene bid you bring me these?" she asked.

"I was his dearest friend. I knew all the story of your engagement—I was with him when he died."

Claire's cheeks turned white for a moment. Again she looked at her father, who nodded approval and comprehension.

"Since you are so deep in Eugene's confidence," archly pursued Claire, "you may keep those things, Monsieur; I do not reclaim them."

"*I*, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes; at least, if you will tell me one thing."

"Whatever you will," he answered giving up the problem as insolvable.

"Eugene really care for me?" Claire asked very gravely, but with rose-red cheeks.

"Far more, Mademoiselle, than I should have thought it possible to do for a lady one had never seen."

"And do you think that seeing me more nearly would lessen it?"

"Mademoiselle, if he could have been more entirely devoted to you then he was, he must have been so from the day of your meeting."

This expressed sound of applause from Mr. Duhamel greeted this speech, spoken with a quite incomparable grave and fervour. Claire's eyes shone like stars; nothing less like a widowed bride could possibly have been imagined. Emile felt his sincere deserving him, and stood dumb.

"Well, gentleman," said Mr. Duhamel, "you are very anxious to be off to England, and to my house, as I have told you already, and I hope you have made arrangements to stay with us some days at least."

"We have taken rooms in the village," Emile answered, "we did not, certainly, expect such a cordial welcome."

"Ah, I dare say not—I dare say not. Well, give up your rooms and come here."

"No," said Emile to himself; "that will never do. The whole family must be mad. And besides, in an hour's time, I should find myself making love to Mademoiselle Claire, who seems nowise unwilling. No; I must get away at once."

But this was not easy. Matters ended in a compromise. The two friends would go back to their inn, where they were expected, but they would dine with the Duhamels, and, perhaps, to-morrow change their lodgings. Mr. Duhamel, chuckling, accompanied them to the door.

"Engine—I mean, *Monsieur De Bellechasse*," said he, (and Emile thought he never heard his own name pronounced with so much emphasis,) "you are a very clever young man, and a capital actor. Are you should have been warned that some people can see a little further through a mock wall than their neighbours. It is not such an easy thing to make me shut my eyes. *Au revoir*, seven o'clock precisely." Still laughing at the stratagem of his intended son-in-law, Mr. Duhamel followed Claire back to the room, where Anne Burton had waited impatiently for some account of the new-comers.

"And you are satisfied?" were the words Anne was saying as he came in.

"Ay, my child, tell me now, are you satisfied? Has your old father shown well for you?"

"For all her answer, Claire threw her arms round his neck, and hugged him heartily.

"Is he like his picture?" Anne asked again.

"Not very," Claire answered. But I always was certain he would be more and prettier than *that*. Oh, he is delightful, Anne. I know now *exactly* what I wanted him to be like, and he is more, much more. Papa, stood in the window, and—"

"He has confessed, my child," said her father, laughing, "and he says he finds you charming. Now, what do I say?"

She said nothing; but put out her pretty little hand, and Emile, for all his wise maxims, could not but put it away from him.

"Bravo! bravo!" chuckled Mr. Duhamel. "Did not I say so, Claire? Did not I say so?"

"Dear Engine," said Claire, "why did you not try to deceive us? Was it for your own sake or mine?"

"Did I not tell you he was romantic?" asked her father impatiently.

"You might have trusted me. Don't you remember what I wrote to you?"

"Could I forget it?" Emile answered. "Oh, if I am to be cross-questioned I shall be found out without fail, and just as I had given in," he thought with disgust.

"What did I say?" Claire went on. "Was it not that I never had thought, and never would think of anybody but you?"

"You said that," Emile answered boldly, "in Eugene's letters."

"And you answered," she went on, "what?"

"Why, suppose her! She will not hear me," said Emile to himself. Then aloud: "Did not my answer please you?"

"Yes. But I want you to repeat it."

"When I have said a thing once I mean it always," he replied.

"But perhaps not this, because you had not seen me. Say it, if you mean it now."

"Ah, how you torture me!" thought Emile. "But why should I have changed, Claire, since you are all, and more than all, I fancied?"

"Why, how absurd! you are!" cried Claire, drawing her hand away from him. "Papa, he will not say it, because he does not like to tease me."

"Now, you mean to quarrel, do you?" said Mr. Duhamel, laughing, "but I can settle it. Give me your hand, Claire. Now, Monsieur, do you care for this present I give you? Do you? It is precious, and deserves to be valued."

Claire, between anger, fear, and innocent love, was unable to speak. Emile felt a mistake for a moment would be, he felt, to lose her forever.

"Only give her to me," he answered; "you shall never find me ungrateful."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Mr. Duhamel again, and for a trice was out of the room, calling Anne as he ousted into the drawing-room.

An arrival had taken place there during his absence. Sir George Manners was sitting near the window, and had been able to get away from London last night instead of this morning.

"Ah, Sir George!" cried Mr. Duhamel, delighted to see him. "Back again already? I wish you joy, my dear Sir—I wish you joy."

"Thank you. And you are to be congratulated too, I hear."

"Anne, my dear, I just left them together to settle their own affairs. A fine young man, and a clever one, I believe. Engine, Sir George, the Baronet, is come to see you."

"Engine! Then I will leave you together, as he is a stranger," said Anne, rising.

"Stay, Anne, I want you to hear what he has to say."

"Stay, Anne, I want you to hear what he has to say." Sir George, rather bewildered, rose and shook hands with the lady, who was obliged to stay, and, with a sort of gasp of relief he took deep into his chair, with the conviction that, in her heart, she was sane, and not—neither bewitched nor bewitching. "She knows my story, and will tell us," he said to himself; but how to speak privately to her? She was still good-humouredly giving her attention to Mr. Duhamel, who would have been the sport of perplexity forever rather than voluntarily desert the girls, who seemed tactily to know, that Mr. Duhamel regarded the young people with looks of delight. He hovered round them, pretending to be very busy, and, if any one was bidden to sing, and while she was turning Claire show off for his benefit, or to the dodge of the helpless victim, "Anne" hung over her songs, and calling upon Anne for advice, Emile found opportunity to whispering to his companion: "Ask what it means. You must find out why they suppose me to be your cousin. Claire and Emile did not feel certain that he had understood; for many of the sayings which were most irritating to Claire, Emile had never reached the Italian's consciousness at all.

At last the evening was over, and the midsummer night's dream was a more complete, more entancing dream than ever. The two cavaliers walked slowly away through the dewy darkness, and one of them kept his head turned till the very last position possible, to see the white-robed figure lingering at the open window.

"She seemed a splendid, angel newly drest; Save wings, for heaven."

he repeated to himself; and then

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens."

M. De Bellechasse prided himself greatly on his acquaintance with modern English poetry, but the appropriateness of his quotations did not trouble him. He came back to prose with a sigh, and a comfortable recollection that Marco would not understand, and Claire would be amused: "Well, what does Miss Burton say?"

"*What?* That I am—

"Engine. That you perhaps pretend to be De Bellechasse."

"Good heavens! They are mad, then! Explain!"

"In Italian, then?"

"As you will."

Marco then proceeded to state that Anne, questioned by him, had honestly told him the true state of the case. "Perhaps, perhaps, already begun to suspect that her uncle was mistaken, for had she not reason for her own to doubt his discernment? She, upon the whole, believed Marco when he assured her that his companion was not Claire's betrothed; but when he begged her to make Claire and her father understand, she positively refused.

"I should offend my uncle, and throw Claire into confusion and distress," she said, "I strongly advise you and your friend to let the mistake go uncorrected for a little longer—that is, if Monsieur De Bellechasse admires Claire as much as he seems to do."

"Admire her!" repeated Emile, when Marco had conscientiously reported this advice. "I have *admired* plenty of women, but I never saw one like this. Wise Miss Burton! I will do as you bid me; but for how long?"

"Let the mistake go uncorrected," Anne had said, "for a little longer." Neither of them knew that the Duhamel family had decided upon a little fête in honour of the betrothal, and that Claire was to be married from the drawing-room, Mr. Duhamel renewed Emile's doubts of his sanity.

"Are you satisfied now, Monsieur De Bellechasse?" said he, with, "I wish you joy in the sweet Claire." "Shall you be able to keep up your comedy through our other act? You might as well take me into your confidence, for you can't deceive my eyes, you see."

He trotted off, after this mysterious sentence, with such a mixture of vexation and oppression of countenance that the unfortunate messenger of evil tidings had almost fled after him, to explain and explain over and over and then. In his distress he was suddenly aware of a pair of serious and incent eyes regarding him. They were those of Mr. Burton; and with a sort of gasp of relief he took deep into his chair, with the conviction that, in her, at any rate, was sane, and not—neither bewitched nor bewitching. "She knows my story, and will tell us," he said to himself; but how to speak privately to her? She was still good-humoured