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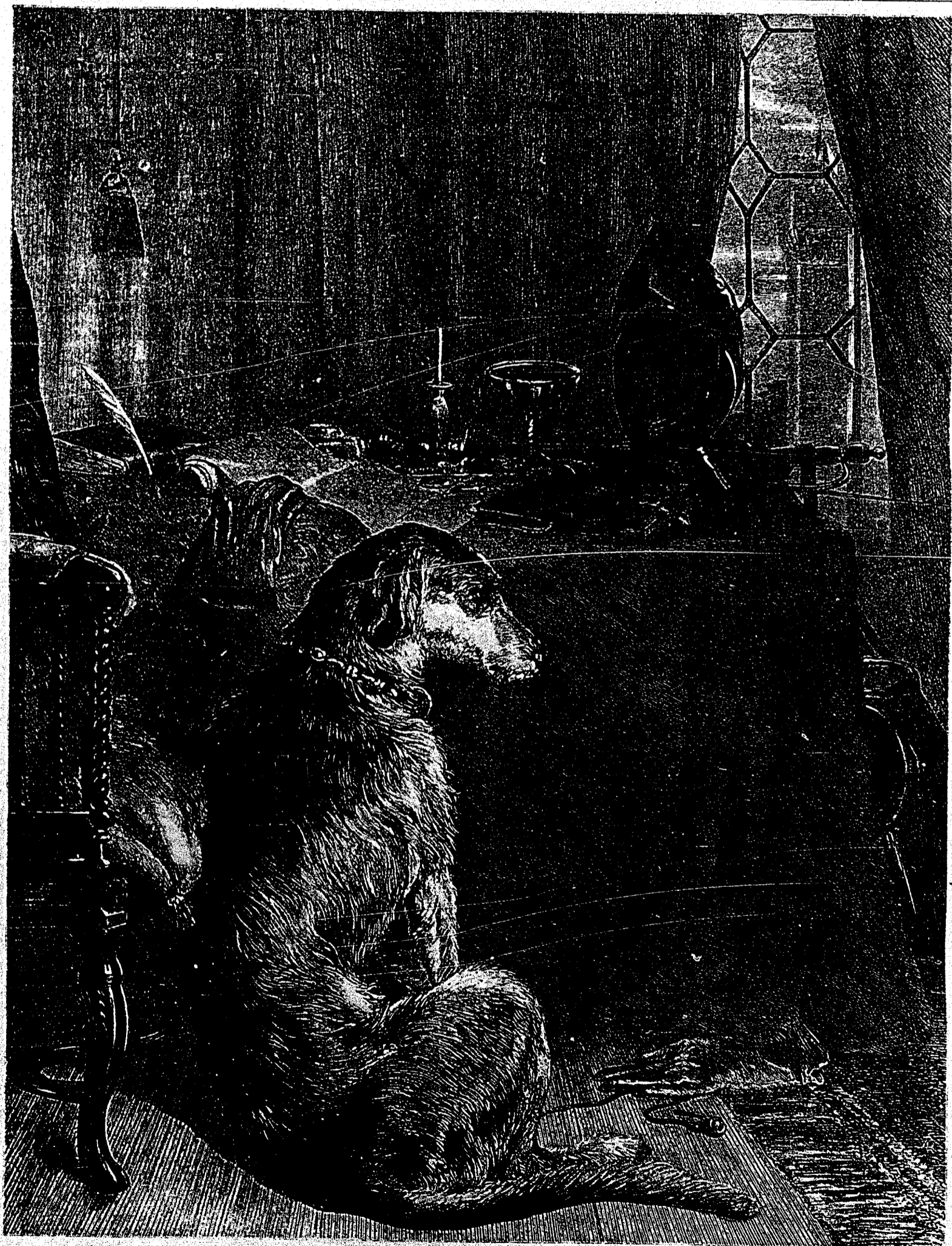
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# Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

THE Minister of Marine and Fisheries has been sent on to assist Mr. Brown in his negotiations for a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. This circumstance proves either that Mr. Brown requires more information direct from Ottawa prior to further and more definite action, or else that he has committed himself to some policy which it requires a Cabinet Minister either to approve or disapprove. The fact of Mr. Smith being selected to aid in the negotiations likewise points to the conclusion that the vexed question of our fisheries is coming up for discussion and settlement. We are told by the Opposition press that Mr. Brown, whose leanings for the present party now dominant in Washington are well known to date back from the era of the civil war, has made undue concessions to the Americans. This at best can be only a surmise, and we do not credit it. We are particularly sceptical, because the Government must be aware that, considering its antagonistic stand to the Washington Treaty, when in opposition, it cannot afford to relax any of those conditions which it formerly stigmatised as cowardly surrenders to American bravado. For ourselves, we are not very sanguine as to the favourable result of the conferences now being held at Washington. It is quite true that among the commercial men of the United States, a feeling in favour of reciprocal relations with Canada has been growing for several years past, and that this feeling has, on several occasions, found expression in resolutions passed by the National Board of Trade. But there is no indication, that we are aware of, which shows the existence of any such sympathy in Congress, and as a matter of fact, the question of Reciprocity has not been discussed in the Senate or House of Representatives for years. The mission of Mr. Brown will, however, not be fruitless in any case. It may even lead to the laying down of the preliminaries of a treaty, the particulars of which will have afterwards to be discussed and acted on by the American Congress and our own Federal Parliament. The Speech from the Throne gave no inkling of the basis on which Mr. Brown was instructed to negotiate. Perhaps the Government has data to work upon which are unknown to the public. If such be the case, we shall only be too glad to welcome the prospect of opening once more the channels of free communication with our neighbours.

We should not be surprised if British Columbia made some attempt at secession from the Confederacy. It is perfectly certain that she entered the Canadian union out of pure self-interest, not through any sympathy with Canada. Now that the motive of self-interest may be said to have disappeared, it would only be natural that she should consider herself at liberty to return to her former position and act as best suits her. The British Columbians are shrewd enough to know that the Pacific Railway is indefinitely postponed. The Government may not choose to say so in as many words, and we do not blame them, but in the nature of things, they cannot honestly promise to build the road before the next twenty-five years. Nay Mr. Scott, in a speech at Ottawa, pushed his candor so far as to declare that neither the present government, nor the next, nor yet the next after that, could undertake to construct the Pacific Railway. The British Columbians are shrewd enough to know this, and from the tone of their press, notwithstanding the reassuring pledges of Mr. DeCosmos, it is evident that they comprehend the unreal character of the situation. The Pacific Railway being then put out of the account, it remains to inquire whether any other arrangement may be made which shall satisfy the British Columbians and hold them to the Confederate Compact. Mr. Edgar has been entrusted with a special mission to Victoria, around which the government have thought fit to throw a great deal of mystery. Replying to pointed interpellations on that head, the Prime Min-

ister, has refused, in quite peremptory language, to communicate any information. We are quite willing to wait for the issue of the negotiations, if they prove really as important as the mystery which invests them warrants us to presume. It is the business of the present Administration to do its uttermost towards allaying the uneasy feeling now prevalent in British Columbia. Whether or not they are responsible for this feeling, it is idle to inquire. Their plain duty is to maintain the integrity of our Confederation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In a nascent country such as this, where the national sentiment is only beginning to assume a certain stability, it would require but a slight occasion of discord indeed, to throw us back into the old sectional jealousies of eight years ago. The Pacific Province must be thoroughly pacified, not in a mere mercenary spirit, nor with bare makeshift money indemnities, but with large pledges such as shall convince her that we regard her as necessary to our United existence. The present Government, considering their course when British Columbia claimed admission, are particularly bound to show profound sympathy.

The British press is by no means unanimous in its praise of the issue of the Ashantee war. They complain of mismanagement in the earlier stages of the campaign. Thus the 42nd Regiment was left on the Gold Coast for want of means to transport them into the interior. There they remained at great expense and with much danger to their health, while their services were required at the front. Another ground of complaint is the burning of Coomassie. It is urged that the act was unnecessary, and savours of barbarism. To raze to the ground a city of ten thousand souls does look, *prima facie*, as a harsh measure. General Wolseley justifies it on the principle of necessity. He declares that he could no longer delay his return to the Coast, owing to the rainy season and the swelling of the floods. Besides, he saw no other way of bringing King Koffee to terms. The plunder of the Royal Palace was not allowed, though there was the usual, and, it seems, inevitable "loot." Neither are the English papers satisfied with the material results of the war. It is true that the Ashantee King promised to pay a large indemnity, but later intelligence hints that, now the troops are gone, he does not consider himself bound to carry out this condition of the treaty of peace. *Punch* expresses something of the popular feeling by a ludicrous cartoon, in which Sir Garnet Wolseley is represented presenting to Britannia a preposterously large umbrella, the property of Koffee Kalcalli. "It don't look much, madam," says the General, "but it has cost good money and better lives." When the cost of the expedition will be discussed in Parliament, we may expect the whole subject to be again canvassed, and perhaps more light in justification thrown upon the war. So far as Sir Garnet Wolseley is personally concerned, it seems admitted that he did the best that could be done under the circumstances. The treachery of his savage foes made his position one of peculiar difficulty; and this was enhanced by the unreliable character of his native allies. He had therefore to cast aside all conventional rules of action, and trust to his own inspirations. The abnormally insalubrious climate enforced celerity, and thus Sir Garnet had no room for humanitarian half measures. He was ably seconded by Lord Gifford, who distinguished himself in the highest degree. Captain Butler, well-known among us, likewise received the official commendation of his Commander for efficient services rendered in a subsidiary expedition, on one of the wings of the invading army.

It is to be hoped that the financial question arising out of an inevitable remodelling of the Tariff will be taken up without delay by the House. The reason of this urgency is twofold. First, as we are on the eve of the opening of navigation, and our shipping to and fro will be crowding to the different ports of the Dominion, it would be only consulting the good of trade to set the minds of importers and exporters at rest concerning any modification necessary to be introduced into their different lines of business. In the next place, if we are really to have improved trade relations with the United States—whether in the shape of a definitive Reciprocity Treaty, or something equivalent thereto—it must strike every one as of the highest importance that our Tariff should be fixed on a firm and intelligible basis. No doubt the various interests of trades and manufactures will render the proper adjustment of details a lengthy operation, but there is no reason, at least that we can see at present, why a general basis of action should not be determined on at once. One thing the Finance Minister can rely upon, and that is, that he will meet with hearty cooperation throughout the country, without political distinction, in any measure which shall point to rapid and decisive treatment of this vital question. With his hands thus strengthened, Mr. Cartwright can have no legitimate excuse for hesitation.

#### FROM THE CAPITAL.

BLACK ROD.—ELECTION OF A NEW SPEAKER.—MOSS OF WEST TORONTO.—SIR JOHN.—OLD FACES GONE.—THE RIEL EPISODE.—YOUNG MEN IN PARLIAMENT.—SPEAKING FRENCH.

OTTAWA, APRIL 6.—I need not rehearse the ceremonial of the opening of Parliament. It is sufficiently well-known and, this year, did not vary from the old forms. I may remark, however, that the ridicule which has always attached to them, in a more or less marked degree, was made particularly manifest this year. It is grotesque in the extreme, this retention of feudal display, and as to the antics of the Black Rod, if the present Government of reform were to prohibit them hereafter, it would meet with the approbation of everybody in Ottawa. Mr. Kimber is a very excellent man; indeed, he is a man of culture and it is therefore pitiable that he should be forced to go through such a series of tomfooleries as pertain to his office. The civil service men tell me, however, that the old gentleman is fond of the business and prides himself on putting extra touches to it. In deference to this amiable weakness, Mr. Mackenzie may perhaps be induced to postpone the suppression of the office, till after the superannuation of Mr. Kimber. This year, in honour doubtless of the new Ministry and Parliament, Black Rod wore a spang new coat which was literally covered with gold. In this he cut a stunning figure, to the unbounded amusement of the girls in the gallery.

The election of Mr. Anglin to the speakership was a foregone conclusion. As he could not possibly get a seat in the Cabinet, it was necessary, in deference to his position as an Irish Catholic, that he should be promoted to the next highest office in the gift of the majority. I have heard some French members grumble that the honour was not conferred on one of their nationality. This, however, is not reasonable, as the two preceding Presidents of the Senate were French Canadians. What they might complain of with more reason is the fact that the present Speaker does not know one word of French. As the members must always address the Chair, and are presumed to ignore the rest of the House altogether, it struck me as the height of absurdity to see Mr. Laurier, second of the Address, expending his glowing eloquence on Mr. Anglin who sat as immovable as a stone statue.

Writing of the member for Arthabaska reminds me of Mr. Moss, who moved the Address. The entrance of this gentleman into Parliament looks like an acquisition. He is evidently a man of information and has a certain fluency of speech which will be certain to draw him frequently into debate. Perhaps Mr. Moss would have done himself a service if he had declined the honour of moving the Address. I have a notion, from what I think I know of his character, that it would have been better for him to have remained in the background for several weeks. A man inclined to be self-assertive ought to choose his opportunities to give out his views, and those opportunities should be infrequent.

Sir John A. Macdonald has surprised his enemies, which is saying a great deal. They all expected and possibly hoped that he would be spiteful, snappish and vindictive. Instead of that he is as smooth as oil and as sweet as honey. Sitting muffled in a large red scarf, on account of a cold, he attracts the attention of every one who comes into the House. He is pointed out to visitors as a kind of central figure. He is evidently suffering from rheumatic cold, at present, but I fancy it is nothing serious. His voice is good, his language flows free, and there are scintillations of the old playful spirit still flashing out occasionally. If his party has any sense left, it will stick to him as leader.

The benches around Sir John tell plainly the havoc of the late elections. The broad, handsome face of Tilley has disappeared. The bent white head of Sir Francis is gone. The serene, solid Langevin has vacated his old seat. O'Connor is missed, though not on account of his beauty. The lounging, sprawling, easy-going Pope is away in Europe and will perhaps not return before the end of the session. There remain only Mitchell, Tupper and Robitaille, the Adonis of the House.

The Riel episode has been miserably overdone. The excitement over it is entirely factitious, gotten up by a few restless spirits. I presume to say that if the ex-President of Assiniboia had been left to take his seat without hindrance, the real solution of his singularly vexed case would have been reached already. It is not that the people of Ontario are any less incensed against him than they were four years ago, but they have no intention now, as they probably had then, of taking the law into their own hands. One thing is certain and it is that the government is seriously embarrassed by the untoward event. The French Liberals would have consulted their own best interests by persuading Riel to keep away altogether from Ottawa.

There are fewer young men in the House than is good for it. The most of these are from your Province. They look rather romantic and dandified, enjoying their high estate with ill-concealed delight. But judging from the conversation of most of them, they do not speak English with any ease. This is so serious a deficiency that it may be said to counter-balance all the other good qualities which these young men may possess. French is useless in Parliament. There is no use arguing about it. It is a fact that a Quebec constituency to send a member up here who knows no English is simply to suffer itself to remain unrepresented.

From present appearances, I am inclined to think that we shall have a long and laborious session. It will probably be stormy at times, and perhaps will produce results on the present composition of the House which will surprise a good many people.

CHAUBIEN.

#### "HARASSING LEGISLATION."

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sir,—The above quotation, from Mr. Disraeli's late address to his constituents is an expression seldom surpassed in significance by statesmen. The idea is doubtless the result of great historical research, and describes a political evil to which popular governments are and have ever been exposed. "Harassing Legislation" is the sure forerunner of despotism, or anarchy which is still worse. The greatest danger often exists where no danger at all is apprehended. The abuse of free institutions may result in something just as bad as despotism.

Judging from the result of the late general election in England, the significance of the term has not been overlooked there.



COLONEL KINGSMILL.

Of the many old and tried servants of the Crown in this country who have claims upon the gratitude of the Government there are few who have deserved better than Col. Kingsmill. And yet no man, we venture to say, has been more ungratefully treated by the country for which he has suffered. Sixty-three years continuously has Col. Kingsmill served under the Crown in various capacities, civil and military, and the sole reward he has hitherto received for this long and faithful service has been an appointment to the Postmastership of Guelph.

The following brief statement of Col. Kingsmill's services will prove of interest. After a careful perusal thereof the reader will be fain to admit that it is not only republics that are ungrateful.

After a service of 25 years in the regular army, including the Peninsular War, Col. Kingsmill sold out and became a settler in Canada, and was appointed, by Sir John Colborne, the then Governor of Upper Canada, to the office of Collector of Customs at Port Hope, and continued to be so employed, until an order was received from Sir Francis Bond Head directing him to proceed to Toronto, with all the men he could muster, to assist in the suppression of the Rebellion. During that period he raised, organized, drilled and brought into the field, three regiments in succession, the discipline of which was approved of, in a marked manner, by the commander of the Forces on the Niagara Frontier. On the close of the Rebellion, Col. Kingsmill was appointed, by Sir George Arthur, to the Shrievalty of the Niagara District, then containing three counties. During his incumbency of that office he paid unremitting attention to the prisoners under his charge, by constantly visit-



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM KINGSMILL, OF GUELPH, ONT.

ing, lecturing and instructing them, which he has reason to know resulted most beneficially in many instances. Many culprits, and more especially inebriates, have thus been made to see the errors of their ways, and in fact restored to society. Col. Kingsmill continued to exercise the duties of Sheriff for the period of twenty-one years, till he found them too laborious for the mind and body, and consequently resigned on receiving his present appointment.

Surely it was for the benefit of such old servants as this that the Superannuation Fund was established.

But this is not all. Colonel Kingsmill has also pecuniary claims upon the Government, which, though of long standing—not his fault—are not the less equitable, viz:

On being appointed collector of customs, he built a handsome house, in the vicinity of the harbor, for the purpose of being near his business, and more effectually discharging his duties. A class of people called "smugglers," however, caused it to be burnt down, for the obvious reason that it was too near their operations, resulting in a loss of about six hundred pounds to this claimant. The whole of the circumstances of this extremely hard case were brought before Parliament, but remuneration was denied by a majority of only two, and that as it was quite understood at the time, under the apprehension that a precedent might have been established: whereas, in England, the law would have compelled the "Hundreds" to pay the amount thus lost through incendiarism. During the period that Col. Kingsmill filled the office of Sheriff, he had occasion to go over to Buffalo, and while there was, to his great astonishment, arrested under the authority of American laws, for an act perfectly legal, and in fact obligatory, committed in his own country, by



GRAND DUKE ALEXIS. HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE. PRINCE OF WALES. THE CZAR. GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE. GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. DUKE OF EDINBURGH. GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR. COUNT ANDRASSY.

ST. PETERSBURG—THE CZAR AND HIS GUESTS AT THE REVIEW HELD IN HONOUR OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



THE ABENAKI WAR.—THE BURNING OF COOMASSIE.



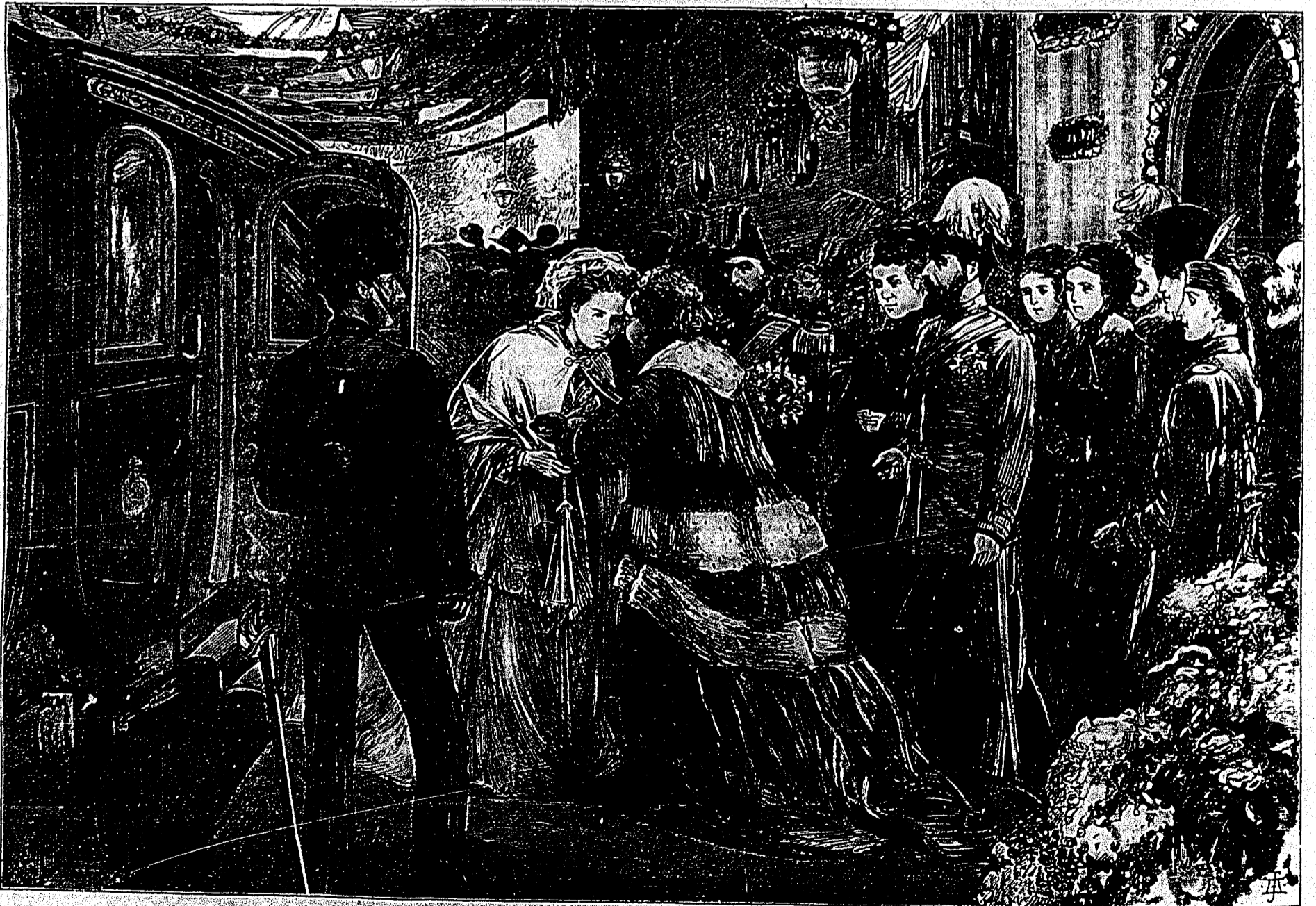




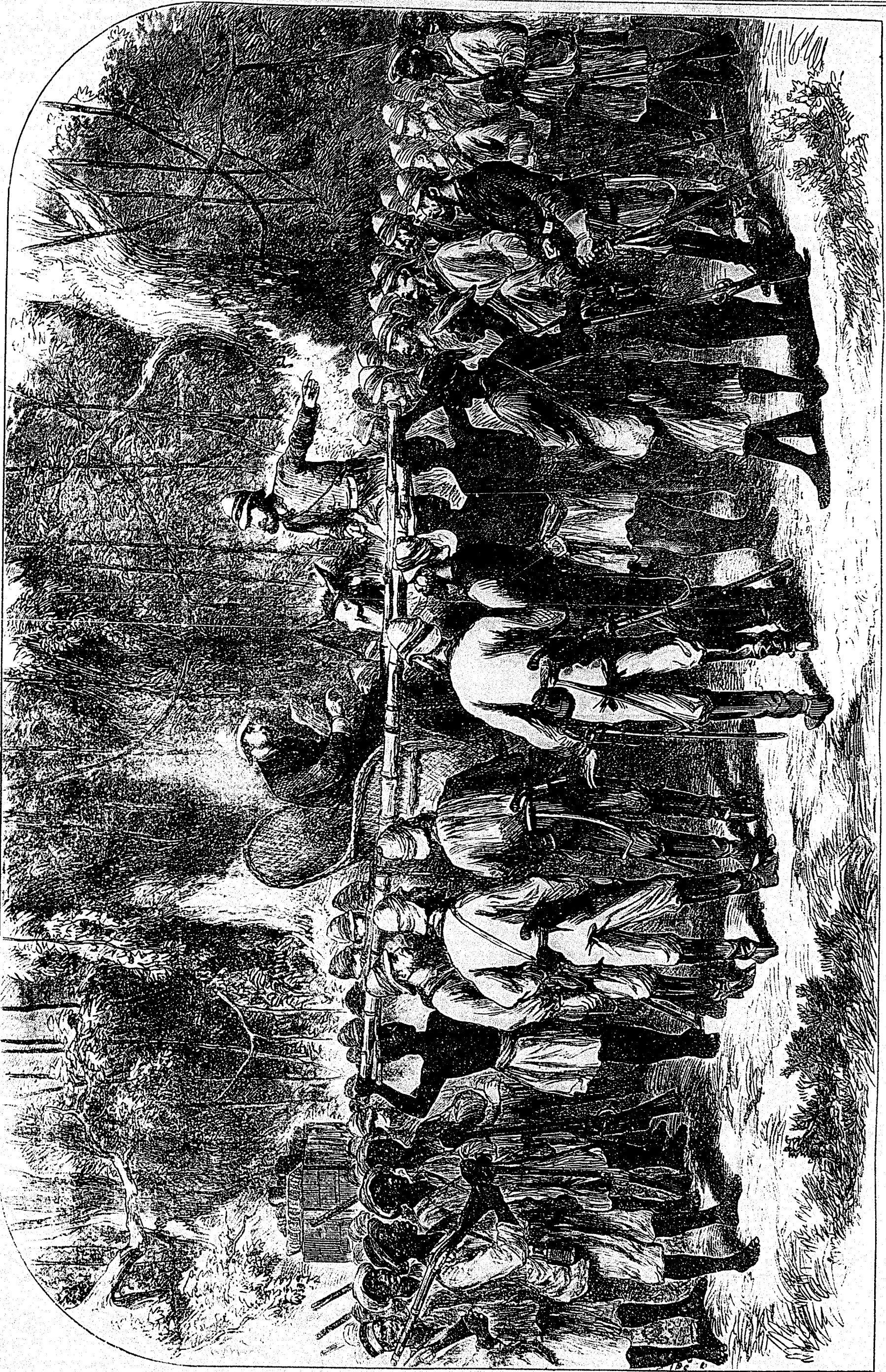
THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—RECEPTION OF THE NEWLY MARRIED PAIR IN ENGLAND.



STREWING FLOWERS BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT GRAVESEND.



THE QUEEN MEETING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT THE WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION.



THE ASHANTEE WAR.—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY RECEIVING NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

## SPRING.

Thou of the sunny head,  
With lilies garlanded,  
And bosom fairer than the blown sea foam;  
O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay  
Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold?  
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,  
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.  
Come, sweet Enchantress, come!

Though, in the sombre west,  
Thy star hath lit its crest—  
Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered moon—  
Thy violets are sepulchred in snow,  
Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun,  
Rude winds throughout the ruined forests blow,  
And silent is the dove's melodious moan;  
Enchantress, hasten soon.

White are the country ways,  
And white and tangled maze,  
Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme;  
Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge,  
Cold grooms the spectral mill above the flood;  
Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied bridge,  
And lightnings strike the darkness of the wood:  
Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn,  
No freshly-blossomed thorn,  
Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes;  
The day wastes drearily, through cloud and sleat;  
Over the watered meadows and stark vales  
The night comes down impetuous and fleet,  
And ships and cities shiver in the gales;  
O fair Enchantress, rise.

Arise, and bring with thee  
The rathe bud for the tree,  
The healing sunshine for the trampled grass!  
Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless the eaves,  
And shield the swallows in the rainy hours,  
The pendent flames which the laburnum heaves,  
And faint scenes for the wind-stirred lilac flowers,  
Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and glittered, of old,  
Thy garment's glittering of old—  
Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste;  
Earth kindled at thine advent—allars burned,  
And ringing cymbals adent the hearths were gay;  
But now, in sunless solitude inurned,  
Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day.  
Oh! haste, Enchantress, haste!

The lark shall sing again,  
Between the sun and rain,  
The brown bee through the flowered pastures roam.  
There shall be music in the frozen woods,  
A gurgling carol in the rushing brook,  
An odour in the half-unbosomed bud,  
And dancing foxgloves in each forest nook;  
Then, come, Enchantress, come!

## THE RED ROSE.

"Yes, I am pretty," she said.  
She put her hands on either side of the mirror-frame, and made a little grimace at it as though she were about to kiss the fair reflection.

"Very pretty, and I'm glad of it. What would be the use of living if one were not pretty?" She turned away from the glass after this, and sat down on a little ottoman with her arms folded, and the frown of reflection on her smooth forehead.

"It seems a pity that I must grow old and faded," she said.  
"But I know I'm only mortal."  
"I'd like to be a girl for ever. But since I can't, I must marry somebody."  
"I'm twenty-one. It's time I thought seriously about it, I know."  
"Last year I had five suitors. Two I refused. They are married both of them. There are three left. Do I like any one of them enough to marry him?"  
"Three!" she said, in a moment more. "I could say four, if I choose, only of course I don't count the little music-teacher."  
Then she pulled her watch from her belt.  
"Half-past three," she said. "In ten minutes more he will be done teaching that stupid cousin of mine her piece."  
"Yes," she said again, "if I could to count the little music-master amongst my beaux, I could. Only of course I don't."  
"Of course I don't, sir," apostrophizing some unseen individual. "Don't be vain and ridiculous, and fancy that I do."  
"Firstly," she said, touching one rosy forefinger's tip to the other, "you are not at all good-looking."  
"Secondly, you are as poor as a church-mouse."  
"Thirdly, you are nobody but a poor music-teacher, and I am Miss Velt."  
"We are proud of our family. We move in the first society. I shouldn't have much respect for myself if I counted little Devoe among my beaux."  
"Last year I danced with a French nobleman. An Italian count fell in love with me."  
"A German baron—oh, wasn't he funny!—popped the question one night in broken English, and set me laughing so that I couldn't answer him."  
"My loafie Mess' that's how he began. Oh, dear, he was ugly, and he smelt of smoke, but he was a baron."  
"Yes, I can marry well, when I do marry. No little music-teacher for me; but, dear me, how he likes me! A minute more now and he'll go into the conservatory, just because he fancies he'll find me there, and he'll pretend he comes for a tuberose and a leaf of geranium to wear in his buttonhole."  
"It's only to see me, I know. And if he finds me there, I shall cut the flower for him, and he'll say, 'thank you,' and put it in his buttonhole."  
"He always does. Fond of tuberose? Nonsense! He's fond of me. And the tuberose are at the farthest end of the conservatory."  
"It takes longest to get them. That's why he chooses them. I won't go down to-day. I declare I won't. There, the lesson is over. I hear his step on the stairs."  
Then she looked in the glass, and went at once to the conservatory.  
The music-teacher was there before her.

It was all as she said.  
He would have only the tuberose.  
She looked at him as she knew how to look when she gave them to him.  
And he looked at her as men look at women they love.  
But nothing was said more than might have been uttered by strangers.

They talked of the weather, of the last new book—of anything, of everything; she thinking to herself the while, "He dare not show his heart to Miss Velt."  
She might look and smile and speak softly without danger—an immeasurable gulf lay between them.  
On the other side he knelt worshipping her in vain. He was a gentleman too.  
No one looking at them would have fancied that pretty girl in any way his superior.  
But that every man must fall in love with her, was, in her opinion, a law of nature.  
That only a rich and aristocratic person dared aspire to her hand, was another; but there was triumph in the adoration of those humble creatures at her feet.

When the music-master went away, she ran up stairs quite exhilarated, and put on her hat for a walk.  
In this summer weather the Velt lived at their country seat, and the doctor had ordered Miss Velt to walk every day. She had taken too little exercise, as idle young ladies with carriages at command often do.  
This afternoon her way lay along a green lane, dotted here and there by pretty cottages.  
Passing one of these, Miss Velt saw a dress she knew and a bonnet that was familiar to her emerge from its little gate.  
They were the dress and bonnet of Miss Burns, a lady devoted to Sunday-school interests, and kindly given to the visiting of the sick. Tracts and jelly filled her basket.  
Kettles of soup and little Bibles were always ready for the poor.  
She preached to them, but if they needed it, she fed them also.  
Everyone spoke well of Miss Burns.  
"My dear Miss Velt," she said, "how glad I am to see you! I've been paying a most interesting visit—not to a poor person, not a very poor one, at least—a lady; but nearly gone in consumption, and so beautiful."  
"Will you see her? I should like to introduce you. A call from you would cheer her up. She's in the garden. She's about your age, and so pretty. Let me just take you to see her."  
Miss Velt made no objection.  
Miss Burns took her by the arm and led her around the house into the garden.  
There, under a grape arbour, in a great chair, reclined a lady—a very young one, not more than seventeen—and as beautiful as a human being well could be, but plainly fading fast.  
There were homely flowers growing all about her, and in the bosom of her dress she wore pinned a white tuberose and a geranium leaf.  
Near her sat an old woman knitting.  
She knew Miss Velt and courtesied.  
The girl looked up.  
"This is Miss Rose Bray—Miss Velt," said Miss Burns.  
"Miss Velt was a Sunday-school scholar of mine a year or two ago, Rose. I wanted her to know you."  
"I am glad to know your friend," said Miss Velt.  
"I see you love flowers. I will send you as many as you want, and fruit also. Our grapes would tempt an invalid."  
"You'll come and get some, won't you, Mrs. Black, or shall I send a servant? That will be better. Anything you'd like to have I'll be so pleased to send."  
"Yes, very kind of you," said the girl, wearily. "Yes, I love flowers."  
"Have you tuberose?" asked Miss Velt of Mrs. Black.  
"Those in Miss Bray's dress are as fine as ours, I'm sure."  
"Nay," said the old lady; "someone brings those to Rosa. Don't they, dear?"  
The girl flushed brightly.  
"A lover, evidently," thought Miss Velt.  
"Every afternoon he brings 'em," said the old lady. "She loves tuberose so."  
Miss Velt glanced at the flowers.  
She knew of none so fine, save in her own conservatory.  
"Every afternoon!"  
Suddenly she felt angry without knowing why.  
What a very beautiful girl this was!  
She said a few more words, and hurried away.  
Out in the lane she put her thought into shape for herself, having bidden Miss Burns good-bye.  
"Those flowers are the same I gave this morning to Mr. Devoe, to the little music-master."  
She walked on faster, her face quite hot.  
"She is prettier than I," she said, "much. He is in love with her—not with me. I'm a fool. He comes to the conservatory only to get the flowers for her. He don't think of me; of course, I don't care. Why should I?"  
She sat down under a great elm tree, holding her parasol low.  
Her face was burning hot.  
"He has dared to flirt with me—with Miss Velt!" she said; "he!"  
Now scalding tears were in her eyes.  
"I'm not sure," she said; "there may be other tuberose in the place as large as those. I'll know whether there are."  
She arose and walked on.  
"After all," she said, "what does it matter? I could never have a thought for him. I've said so often enough. I know that I shall marry Charles Delano when he asks me. He's rich; he's stylish; he's of good family; he's very handsome."  
"What is a little music-master to me? Only—and she clenched her gloved hand—did he dare look so at me if he meant nothing?"  
The next day she listened to the music lesson in the conservatory, and she had a little piece of scarlet ribbon in her pocket.  
When Mr. Devoe joined her, she smiled more charmingly than ever, and she tied his little bouquet with the ribbon.  
When he turned his eyes upon her, when he looked as she was used to see him look—when she saw in his face that tender wistfulness that had proved to her haughty heart that he loved her well and hopelessly, she said to herself—  
"This is natural; and this is not art. He does love me. There are other tuberose; and he is not Rose's lover."  
Yet she called on Rose in the twilight with an offering of

white grapes, and before the girl saw her she had seen that the flowers in her bosom were held together with scarlet ribbon.  
It was the first experience of this kind that Miss Velt—belle, beauty, and heiress—had ever had.  
She stood triumphant, and others suffered for her sake.  
When she should marry, hearts would break.  
This was her faith.  
Suddenly, one man had dared to slight her.  
He looked tenderly at her, meaning nothing.  
He only played the admirer, and carried her gifts of flowers to another girl.  
She always had believed that he wore their faded ashes next his heart, and apostrophised them in lonely moments.  
He only came to the conservatory to obtain something hard to find elsewhere.  
He cared nothing for her beauty.  
He admired fair hair and blue eyes.  
He was Rose's lover.  
Miss Velt came to this conclusion reluctantly.  
If Miss Velt be so, why, others might do the same.  
Where was her power?  
Suddenly, as she found herself lowered in her own estimation, she found the man who had brought her to this pass exalted.  
She suddenly felt that his admiration was something well worth having.  
Yesterday he had been a humble lover, at whose homage she jested.  
Now he was a man not to be won by her charms.  
He had only flirted with her.  
He was in love with this beautiful girl at the cottage.  
The next day she sought Miss Burns to talk about the girl.  
But Miss Burns only knew that Mrs. Black said she had had money left her.  
That there was some trouble she did not know, and that her cousin, Charles Devoe, was always very kind to her.  
"Buys her flowers and books, and sings to her, and all that sort of thing," said Miss Burns.  
After this, one might have noticed that Miss Velt was a thought less gay in her manner.  
A shade lay upon the beauty of her face.  
She was conscious of being mastered by her own feelings—something that had never happened to her before.  
Against her own will her feet carried her to the conservatory, where she plucked tuberose for this music-master to give his love.  
She could not forbid herself to see him, and this, with lovers at her feet, and the power of an acknowledged belle and heiress in her hands.  
The grapes that hang out of reach are the sweetest.  
The lover of another woman, whose heart she could not move, was to Miss Velt a different being from those who pined for her smiles.  
He was still only the music-master—still poor, and no handsomer than before.  
All the same, he was out of reach.  
Talking to him more, listening to what he said in a graver, quieter way, she learnt more of him.  
He was mentally superior to most of the men she knew.  
He was charming, if he was not beautiful.  
And still had she not known that her flowers were given for his lady-love, she might have fancied that he meant something by his tender glances.  
"They are not assumed," she said to herself, "only they are not for me. When he looks so, he is thinking of that fair girl at widow Black's cottage."  
One day Charles Delano proposed to her and was refused.  
Time passed on.  
The weather grew cold.  
There was to be a fitting cityward soon, but Miss Velt had no delightful anticipation of the coming winter.  
All that she had rejoiced in seemed stale, flat, and unprofitable.  
She was pleased no more with the thought of wounding many men's hearts.  
She desired to have one for her very own—just one out of all the beating hearts in all the world.  
Yet for that she made no effort.  
She could strive with all a belle's high art for love that she intended to fling aside when it was won, but she was too proud to beckon on the man she loved in very truth.  
Miss Velt grew fond of sitting alone in the twilight; of wandering in the mossy garden, beneath the glimpses of the moon; of reading poetry and singing tender love-songs to herself.  
She grew fond also of going to evening prayers.  
At that hour the church was quiet; the few women scattered about the pews devout; the service sweet and comforting.  
And besides the prayers in the velvet prayer-book, Miss Velt prayed another prayer as she knelt alone on her crimson cushion.  
She prayed for relief from the sadness that had fallen upon her—for her light young heart again.  
She prayed that she might cease to love this man who loved another.  
It was the country custom of the place to toll the church bell when anyone left it forever through the gate of Death.  
One day, walking in her garden, Miss Velt heard the long, solemn strokes drop upon the air. Pale and trembling, she stood still.  
Just then a voice, broken with sobs, called to her over the gate.  
Miss Burns stood there.  
"It is little Rose," she said. "She died last night in my arms."  
"Was he there?" asked Miss Velt.  
"Her cousin?—yes. He knelt beside her."  
"I was very wicked, Charles," she said, "but you forgave me. Kiss me before I go. I would have loved you, Charles, if I had known you as I do now."  
"And he kissed her. It almost broke my heart," said poor Miss Burns.  
The two women sat down together.  
The young one held the other one's hand.  
Tears flooded both their eyes.  
Neither said a word more.  
For once, between two women silence said all.  
But, when Miss Burns was gone, Miss Velt went into her conservatory, and severed from its stem every waxen tuberose that grew there.  
She heaped them in a basket with long, trailing slips of oy-



THOMAS C. KING.

The eminent tragedian whose portrait is presented to-day to the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS came to the Dominion three or four weeks ago without other recommendation than his own superior merit. His first appearance was at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, in the character of "Othello," and for the succeeding twelve days he rehearsed the principal impersonations of Shakespeare, Bulwer, and Sheridan Knowles. A remarkable circumstance about his success in Montreal is that his audiences increased in size from evening to evening, until at the final performance of his first engagement the house was crowded to the doors, and there was literally no standing room. From Montreal Mr. King went to Ottawa by invitation, and there, notwithstanding the drawback of Holy Week, he was received with enthusiasm. Members of Parliament flocked to hear him, and the Governor-General, whose reputation as a man of literary culture is a prize in himself, gave him his hearty patronage. By general desire Mr. King was forced to return to Montreal for another fortnight, and he is now meeting with the same unbounded favour which greeted his first visit. He intends visiting Hamilton and other Canadian cities.

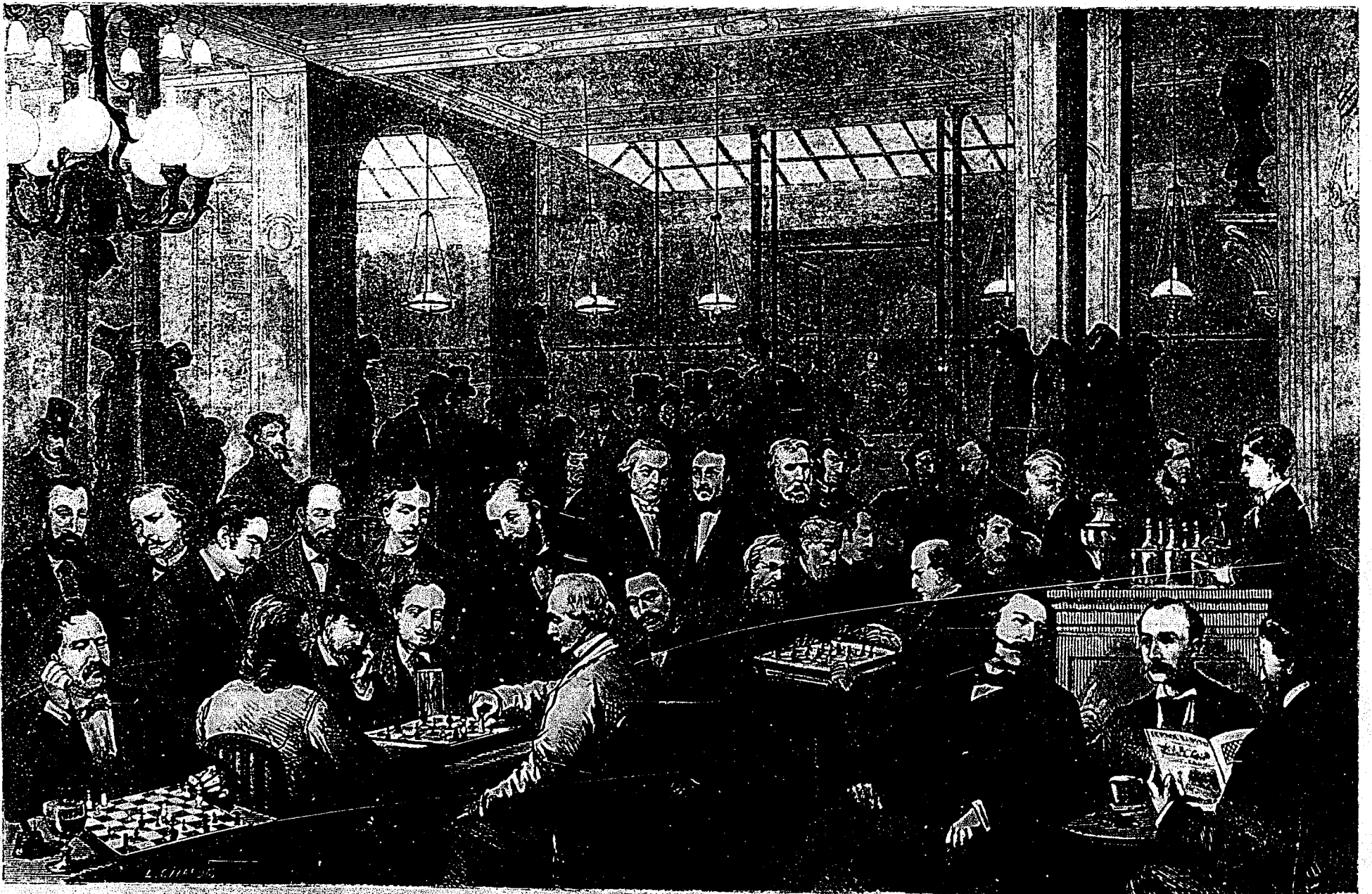
Mr. T. C. King is a native of Cheltenham, where he was born in 1822. He had scarcely attained manhood when he adopted the stage as a profession. He had previously won high encomiums for his success in various amateur performances, and, encouraged by the flattering opinions of his admirers, abandoned mercantile pursuits for the career of an actor. Having procured an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, then under the management of Mr. Mercer Simpson, he sustained a number of minor characters during his first sea-



Mr. T. C. KING, THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN.

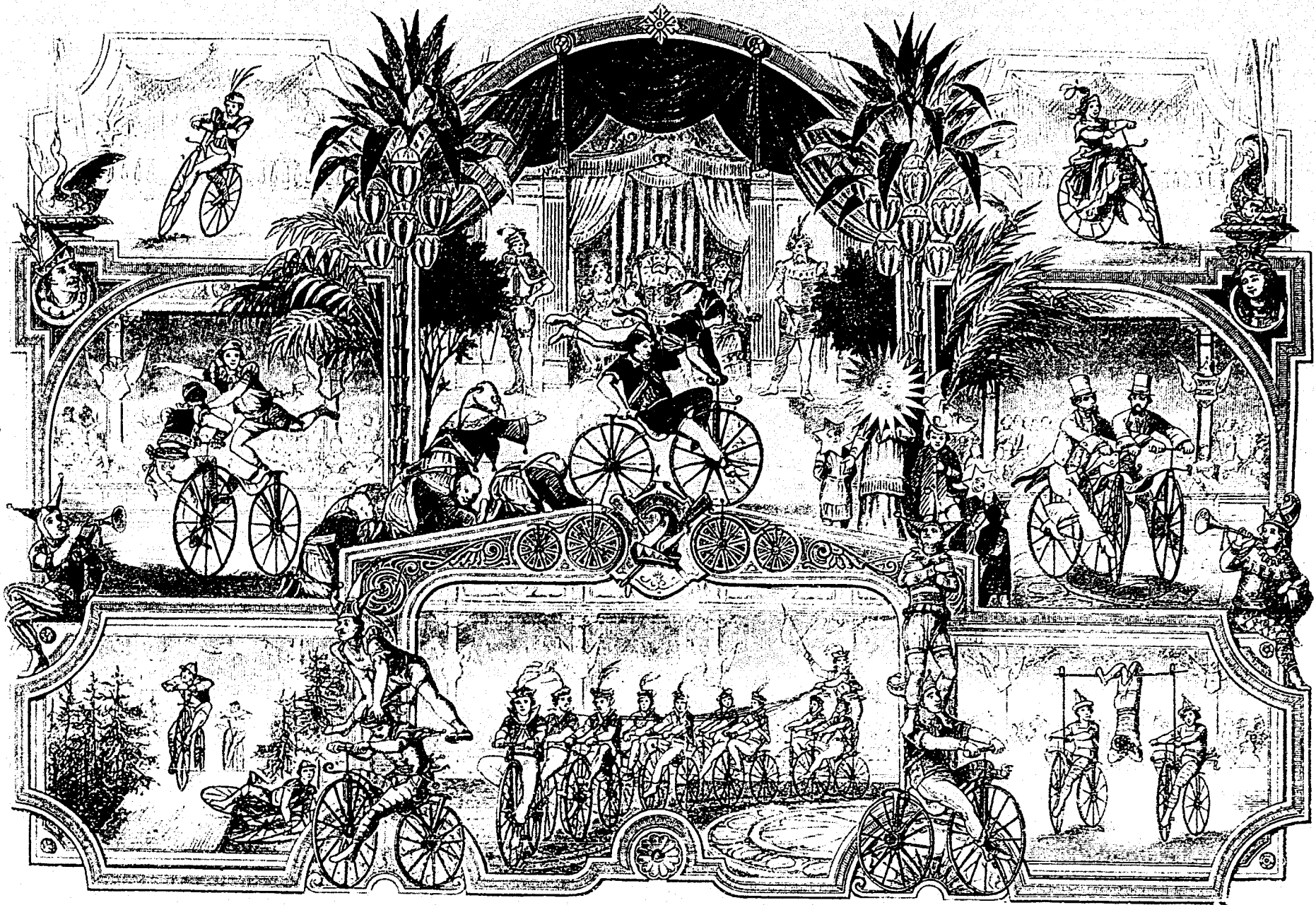
son with marked success. His increasing reputation gained for him the offer of an engagement for the leading business in the York Theatrical Circuit, where he soon became a great favourite. The manager, Mr. John Langford Pritchard, fully appreciated the rising genius of the young tragedian, whose success in the Shakspearian and legitimate drama at the Theatres Royal, York, Leeds, and Hull was highly eulogized by the Yorkshire press. A very advantageous and lucrative offer from Mr. Wm. Murray induced Mr. King to transfer his services to the Edinburgh stage, where his eminent abilities rendered him the most popular tragedian who had for years paced the boards of the Edinburgh Theatre. The late Charles Kean, while playing an engagement in Edinburgh, was so forcibly struck with the great abilities of Mr. King, that he offered him a three years' engagement at a handsome salary to appear at the Princess's Theatre, London. This offer was too tempting to be refused, so after playing a brief but most successful engagement at Glasgow, and bidding adieu to his many friends in the Scottish capital, Mr. King made his first appearance in the Metropolis at the Princess's Theatre, in Shakespeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice." The fame he had won in the north was fully confirmed by the verdict of a London audience, and the press were unanimous in their unqualified praise of Mr. King's performances. In 1851 Mr. King was one of the actors selected to appear in the State Theatricals at Windsor Castle, and on the occasion of the performance of "As You Like it," he was complimented by the late Prince Consort, who expressed his high gratification with the admirable performance of Mr. King.

Mr. King remained two years under the management of Charles Kean, when he relinquished his engagement for a



A. de Riviere. Journaud. Comte de l'Eglise. Samuel L'Ev. Winaver. Lotisch. Devlach. Lequeux. Tourguedel. Baron d'André. Gogorra. Derand. Simeoni. Chemer. Gizeard. Prost père. Prost fils. Brandon. De Vaulreand. Bernard. Morel. Maubant. Nachmann. Comte de Villafraça. Rosenthal. De Polignac.

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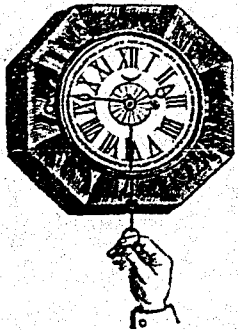
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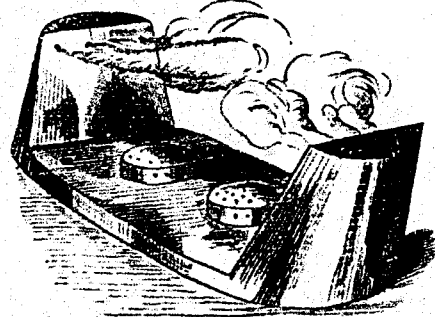
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