The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 84. TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

CANADIAN.

Number One Company of the 20th Battalion have commenced their annual drill at Oakville with forty-five men. The men make a fine appearance, and under the instructions of Lieut. Albertson will pass a creditable inspection.

A Masonic Lodge has been established at Harvey, with W. Landerkin, M.P., as W. M. The regular monthly meeting is held on the Monday on or before full moon. The new institution starts with a handsome little lodge room, a fair membership, and excellent prospects.

A young man named Alfred Morrill, of the Township of Woolwich, went out shooting with his rifle last week. While walking through the woods the rifle was accidentally discharged, the ball entering his body and causing upwards into the head. Death was instantaneous. The young man had just come into a nice little property.

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"Poor Parents."—Mother:—"Gaspard, let me introduce my boy, who has often heard of you from my dear husband, and wishes to be your friend." Gaspard (who speaks no more than the truth, General) "Madame, I am sorry that I cannot accomplish gratification to make the acquaintance of so esteemed a friend of my excellent father."

A Stagger.—Custom-House Officer:—"Now, then, gentlemen, anything contraband you? Matey (who has drank "best Irish" and half treacle); but I'll defy yo to take it fro' me."

(From Punch.)

Political Economy.—Madge: "What are you looking so thoughtfully about, Arthur?" *Multiplication.* Madge: "O, I know all about multiplication." Arthur: "Do you? What's three times three?" Madge: "O, *twenty-one*, of course." Arthur: "No, not quite." Madge: "Not quite? Why, what's it, then?" Arthur: "Ah, but everything's *up*, you know!"

Progress and Enlightenment.—The Premier (to Mr. Blake) "Blake, I'm afraid, I'm very likely it will pestered from the Papists to the Mahometans. What do our friends in the East think of the Pacific Railway? No doubt the Sultan would, for a consideration, readily grant the necessary concession to any Canadian company, which then only need the ability to enforce it.

Ale Dreams.—Mr. Bagshaw (to a traveller who is great travelled) and is now at Home. His aunt informs us that when the Sultan Mahmoud was at the Hague in

A Proposed Improvement.—Mr. Cockburn (addressing the Council of Concorde, Ontario, &c., has long been condemned as a most objectionable. Thus, any proposition to it will be interested to hear of a proposal, that in future all the encored pieces should be given upon the Jews-harp, for the entertainment. (We sympathise thoroughly with *Mr. Punch's* kind).

(From Fun.)

Answered.—Mr. Practice, M.A., (having just one of his lucid explanations of Conics gives him a lecture):—"Where are you going, sir?"—Boy:—"To get a pen'orth o' nails, Sir."—Mr. M.:—"What for, sir?"—Boy:—"A penny, sir."

Something to be Gratefull For.—Scotch:—"Dear you seem to complain, Willie dear; look how many things you enjoy! Wifeny (in a sort of out-door dressing gown) "Enjoy! Look at my clothes." Sneer:—"And nothing else to be thankful for?" Wifeny:—"Oh, I'm thankful I'm married." (in a whisper), I heard the bathing woman tell me this morning her rheumatis was coming again."

The Puff Preliminary.—It is proposed to lay on tobacco smoke like gas and water. We trust the project will be found to be not metal. It is pretty clear that those who have the article laid on will get a pull!

To Sportsmen.—Mark your birds—with shot.

For-lish Boy.—Lady visitor:—"Can you tell me what is meant by your ghostly enemy?" Boy:—"Oh, I know, Ma'am. I. V.: "Now try and think." Little Boy (After a pause), "The person, mum."

A Snipe.—A man charged at Southport lately with injuring a donkey, by throwing at it a three-pronged fork, which stuck in it and had to be disembowelled, was only fined £1—a smallfork out for such a fine. It is not deemed a good flogging for injuring a superior animal.

A Greedy Request when Wine is Free.—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

(From Judy.)

What's in a Name?—Scene—A Spitalfields Shop in London:—First Fishwife:—"Yes, my gudeman's turned gude nipper, Jean."—Second Fishwife:—"Gude Sampler, my lass! Nipper, hinny? Fine Fashion Tak' ye my word for't, Jean, it's wauns for the spellin', there's a deil a bit o' difference atween the ews."

A Rose's End.—To become oakum.

"Nothing in the world beats a good wife," said Jones, the newly-married. "Yes," answered Smith, the long-married, "a bad husband does."

All Which it May Concern.—Is kissing a pretty girl a *capital* offence?

Cullinary Recipe.—How to make a nice devil—Contradict the wife of your bosom.

(From Judge.)

It is not true that the whole of the Mining interest taking a trip to the Gold Coast is one of the transport shares.

It is not true that the great reduction of taxation to be proposed by Mr. Gladstone will be a reduction of the salaries of Cabinet Ministers or heads of departments.

There has been great excitement at the Reform Club, in consequence of the delivery of a large boiler. But we can confidently state that the report is entirely groundless, that it has been ordered by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the purpose of cooking his accounts.

It is not true that Mr. Tools is to be Assistant Chancellor of the Exchequer with his salary.

It is not true that the Comte de Chambord has bought the site of Settle House, Leicester Square, in anticipation of being called to the French throne.

ON A RECENT ELECTION.

(By W. A. K.)

Here's an accession to our strength!
A captain bold, a skilled debater,
And, next to no obnoxious friend,
"The best to have a right good *Hayter*.

A Famous Telegraph Operator.—Among the victims of the fever at Shreveport was Alfred Saville, one of the best known and most accomplished telegraph operators in the country, and attached to the command of General John H. Morgan during the late war, the story of whose practical and profitable joke upon the federals is one of the gloomy annals of those times. His feats on the enemy's wires, throwing large forces of federal cavalry on the scent, dispatching to the right and left, opening the lines for the dashing Morgan to sweep through in quest of some other and better prize, are most romantic incidents of the war. For have forgotten how, early in the game, he took possession of the wires between Nashville and a body of federals operating in southern Kentucky, giving peremptory orders not to send any more troops, but plenty of provisions and ammunition, and how an old friend, then in charge at Nashville, detecting the peculiar touch or fingering of the rebel operator, flashed back to him the good humored answer: "Get out, Saville, or I'll send the cavalry after you." Saville relinquished his services at Shreveport after every resident operator had been stricken down, and died at his post.—*Macon, Ga., Messenger.*

The Chicago *Post* calls the Comte de Chambord "an impenetrable Mist." Of course that's the end of the Legitimists.

AMERICAN.

It is proposed to build a new Mormon tabernacle at Logan, Utah, to cost $80,000.

Hannah Pinkerton is said to have died from poison administered in an apple by a boy.

Petroleum V. Nasby loses sixteen thousand dollars by one of the recent failures in New York.

Nebraska has established fifty papers during the last year. This isn't all—she has killed fifty-dozen.

Andy Johnson's friends are going to make up his loss by the failure of the First National Bank at Washington.

Mr. Wyatt Wilkinson, the poet, has recently suffered a relapse, and is now considered in a precarious condition.

A minstrel band in Illinois, according to a local journal, "floated out on the treacherous sea of impecuniosity."

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AGRICULTURAL AND OTHER NOTES.

A Visit to Rothamsted.

"Just before harvest I went to Rothamsted, a place to which every farmer ought to make a pilgrimage, for there are most important lessons to be learned there. My chief errand was to make some notes on the five or six and twenty variation of wheat growing side by side in the same field; but there are a few other points that I may be allowed to note by the way.

"The Rothamsted experimental farm is easy of access, Dr. Gilbert's house, and the well-known laboratory presented to Mr. Lawes by the farmers, being only across the common from Harpenden Station, Hertfordshire. I had the advantage of being accompanied by a very practical Bedfordshire farmer, and we were favoured with three hours of the doctor's company in the fields. One thing that struck us much was the full and fascinating confession of failure in the barley crop, upon land that would not say no to a moderate barley crop. This is no doubt due to the four course shift. Mr. Lawes' doctrine and practice being that, so long as you keep clean, and fed well enough, and so on, the rotation of manure only how many crops you can get in succession. Thus, in the field we saw, Wheat, oats, wheat, on this field been followed; Wheat, oats, barley, wheat, oats, wheat, oats, wheat, oats

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE PREMIER'S REVIEW OF THE SITUATION.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD has been in the Commons nigh upon thirty years, but it is safe to say that his speech upon Monday night was the crowning oratorical effort of that long public lifetime. Never before, probably, did a Prime Minister make a speech under circumstances so well calculated to rouse him to the use of his utmost strength, and no Parliamentary gladiator in our day ever appeared to grander advantage. For eight months past the Premier has silently suffered persecution infinitely more merciless than that which he endured—and it was considered unendurable—after his return from Washington in 1871. In the press, at the public meetings of the Opposition, and in foreign journals aided by the fraudulent information of his opponents he has, as he well remarked, been daily held up as a modern amalgamation of JUDAS ISCARIOT and BENEDICT ARNOLD. He patiently awaited the opening of Parliament, and when that failed to provoke him to make him commit suicide, expected to find him but the cowed and shivering remnant of his former self, found that Sir JOHN MACDONALD had passed through the fiery furnace unscathed and undaunted. He allowed the House to discuss the evidence taken before the Royal Commission for a week without caring even to protest against the disturbing insinuations of the Opposition that he was a perjurer. Because he sat in his seat unmoved and immovable under the seven Hydra tortures of abuse and vile innuendo, the cry was raised that he was afraid to look the world in the face and was ashamed even to attempt to defend himself. Those who knew him best never faltered for an instant in their belief in the entire innocence, and their faith was more than justified on Monday night last.

Once on his feet, the Premier did not enter upon a piece-meal job. Beginning at the first question of the series which has occupied the attention of the country so long he went through to the last, sifting and analyzing all the matters at issue with wonderful skill and ability. The cry of "Privilege, privilege," with which the House rang on the 13th of August, was relegated to the limbo where "No Property," "Representation By Population," "THOMAS SCOTT'S Blood," and "no Admission" represented to pace, and the question of prerogative was therefore briefly referred to. In propounding Parliament as the representative of the Sovereign exercised the right of the Crown, which cannot be alienated so long as the British Constitution exists in its integrity. "God forbid the day should ever come, in England or Canada, when the House of Commons shall be so strong as to prevent the exercise of that prerogative. When the House of Commons, the people's representative, shall usurp the power of the Crown, it will sit as permanent, and declare that they decline to be prorogued; then the liberty of the people of England and Canada is annihilated and secured by the British Constitution it will be gone. The Premier need but have quoted the controller of the Opposition to prove the absurdity of the stand; for while his eloquence at the period took up the sentiment of the right which he now so constitutionally carried into effect! "If they had not that advice," said the Premier, "they would have advised the Sovereign to break his word; they would have advised the Sovereign to commit a breach of faith against every absent member of Parliament." The verisi ipsi in Parliamentary procedure known that the First Minister of the Crown cannot say that Monday or Tuesday will be prorogued, that the authority of the Crown itself, any more than Mr. Speaker was able to prorogue Parliament on a Day of Thanksgiving at his own will and pleasure. When, therefore, Sir JOHN MACDONALD announced the meeting on the 13th of August, would be simply formal, and that the adjournment on the 23rd May would be attents and purpose be the prorogation, every member of the House must have known that was the Sovereign's decisive; and furthermore, the House could not have objected to it, had it been so inclined, for prorogation is a matter for the agreement of the people's representatives, but a matter for the unalienable exercise of the prerogative of the Crown. There the question as to the well understood intention to prorogue on the 13th August might have ended, but avoid or dispute! but there are other circumstances less important, but still they constitute the premises, chief among which may be mentioned the drawing of the full sessional Parliamentary allowance or 30 days' of adjournment and the protest, admitted to be reasonable, of the members from the outlying Provinces against the necessity of business in midsummer after a lengthy spring session. These are indisputable proofs of the intention of his Excellency which is the primary consideration, and of the understanding of the Commons, which is the spirit of the prerogative, is but of secondary import, that Parliament was to be prorogued on the 13th of August, that the appearance of Black Rod immediately upon the Speaker taking the Chair that day, could not have been expected, and that the attitude of the Opposition in refusing to proceed upon his Excellency in the Senate Chamber was utterly unwarranted, not to say disloyal.

The next question on which the Government had been condemned by their opponents was as to the voting down of Mr. HUNTINGTON's motion on the 2nd of April. The member for Shefford hoped to kill two birds with one stone; to destroy the character of the Government and to drive the Premier into a corner. He was at once destroyed in fact of foiling the blow which Mr. HUNTINGTON had by his first motion aimed at the former and at the vested rights of those who had invested their money in the scheme. He was equally desirous that the Government should be freed from the stigma of the charge without a moment's delay. Then followed the passage of the Pacific Bill, and it had been charged that the Canadian Premier had "got at" the Home Government and induced them to disallow the measure, but no man of honour or common sense can countenance such an insult to the British Crown, the Queen's representative and his responsible advisers in Canada. Sir JOHN MACDONALD knew the Commons had taken that they were not passing a bill ultra vires, and he knew that money was freely expended in opinion, which was subsequently confirmed by the Privy Council of England—for no bill can be disallowed on the mere report of the Law Officers, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, who are not members of the Privy Council—and he argued that the Opposition would have instantly charged him with endeavouring to block the inquiry. The issue of the Royal Commission was concurrent with the disallowance of the Oath Bill, to both cases Mr. TILLEY, while in Ottawa, was instructed by the Colonial Secretary to inform the Parliament of Canada that the course pursued was, in the opinion of the British Government, who had reviewed all the circumstances, not only constitutional, but legal and proper in every respect. Our Liberal friends are unhappy expounders of the law and the Constitution, but informative opinions and rake up musty precedents in support, but the Liberal Ministry of the Empire treated the question with contempt, and their solemn reservations with ridicule. In view of Earl KIMBERLEY's despatch to Earl DUFFERIN and of his semi-official assurance to Mr. TILLEY, precedents are surely not wanted, although they may be invoked to prove that the Ann Arbor constitutionalists of the Great "Reform" Party have once more shown themselves to be but uncertain pettifoggers.

Of the composition of the Commission little need be said. Judge DAY ranks among the highest of the members of the Quebec judiciary. Justice POLEYTE, was recommended by Chief Justice MEDIGE—he would have served himself, but that he was afraid his close intimacy with Mr. Anger would have been misunderstood by the Opposition press. Judge GOWAN was raised to the Bench by a Reform administration and a year before the Premier entered Parliament. There was but one Superior Court Judge in Ontario who had not been appointed by Sir John MACDONALD, and he had expressed the opinion that in this change no case whatever had been made out. Having thus reviewed what may be called the preliminary events, the Premier briefly glanced over the evidence which he had sent to before the Royal Commission. No word of his could lend weight to testimony taken under oath. He had made no corrupt bargain ever existed, and he solemnly repeated it. The men who brought the charge against him had made the expenditure of money necessary on his part; for not only had they existed a native Pretender's Proclamation, but a preaching that he had sold it at Washington, sold it in his dealings with Nova Scotia, sold it in his transactions with Columbia, sold it in his scheme for constructing the Pacific Railway, and sold it in his interference with the Queen's Bench in Quebec, but they, although now lifting up their hands in hypocritical horror, had spread the rumors on the question. This he was prepared to prove, and he challenged the Opposition to consent to the issuance of a Royal Commission to enquire into the expenditure on both sides during the elections of 1872. With a strong sense of justice and with the sense of fair play which all right-minded men possessed, the Premier closed the grandest effort of his life after speaking for five hours.

Such is but an imperfect synopsis of the "First Minister's Review of the Situation" as he delivered it, and it will be a valuable and incontrovertible, and it remains to be seen, by the mode of its treatment, if the blindness of the Opposition faction which is persecuting him to the end, or is, or is not, utterly incurable.

THE MEMBER FOR MARQUETTE.

As was foreshadowed in our Ottawa despatch of 2nd inst., a question of privilege was brought before the House Monday afternoon, as to the alleged tampering with a member of Parliament. Mr. CUNNINGHAM, whose reputation is not some what notorious, at the opening of the sitting rose, and amid the jeers and laughter of the House read a statement to the effect that while he was lying unwell in his room at the Albion Hotel, Ottawa, on Sunday afternoon last, about one o'clock, he was visited by the landlord, Mr. GRAHAM, who informed him that Alderman HENRY, of that city, was anxious to see him. He accompanied the landlord, and after some preliminary conversation his visitor remarked that he, the member for Marquette, was not his last Sunday by a party from the Opposition as to be compelled perforce to vote against the Government on the question then pending. The member then stated, so went the complaint, that if Mr. CUNNINGHAM would vote for the Government he would be recompensed by the Government. Mr. CUNNINGHAM was elected to support the Ministry, and on mentioning that he voted the hon. member solely and simply to remind him of his duty to his constituents, said that he did nothing beyond that. Mr. CUNNINGHAM says that although he was overcome with indignation he determined to see how far Mr. HENRY would go, and accordingly asked him if $5,000 could be placed to his credit in some bank, and that the latter replied, "Certainly." Mr. HENRY declares that although Mr. CUNNINGHAM was overpowered with liquor, yet he continually did cry: "I am a poor man" and my election cost me nineteen hundred dollars"—only that and "nothing more."

Thus stands the case. Mr. HENRY says that the charge is the fruit of a plot in which Mr. CUNNINGHAM's cousin, Alderman FEATHERSTONE, a member of the Ottawa Reform Association, is chief conspirator. The Western Grits say that Mr. CUNNINGHAM is right. All Ottawa, which knows Mr. HENRY, says he (CUNNINGHAM) must be wrong. But without attempting to decide on the merits of the case there is sufficient evidence to prove that last Sunday afternoon there lay upon a bed in the Capital "drunk" a member of the Commons, who, having a vote in the House during a Parliamentary crisis, cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "I am a poor man, and my election cost me nineteen hundred dollars. There be some who draw inferences, but we forbear.

THE LATEST GRIT DOCTRINES.

MONDAY afternoon the member for Bothwell took occasion, at the opening of the proceedings on the question before the House, to denounce the laying before Parliament of Earl DUFFERIN's despatches to the Imperial authorities and the reply of the latter thereto. The Premier at once arose and asked the hon. gentleman to order, and in the debate that followed, Messrs. BLAKE, HOLTON, MACKENZIE and CAUCHON announced the new departures of the "Great Reform" Party, to wit: That the representative of the QUEEN in Canada has no right to act on the instruction of the Imperial Executive, to give information to our Parliament on a question affecting our constitution, but without the advice of his Ministers. Sir JOHN MACDONALD immediately inquired if the Opposition had at last hoisted the flag of independence which many of them have had in their tents for years. If the Governor-General is to be disgraced for acting for himself or for his Royal Mistress without first obtaining the consent of the Colonial Minister, the end is that now binds us to the Crown is snapped and broken, and Canada is no longer a dependency, but a power existing altogether independently of the will, wish and advice of the QUEEN.

Seeing that they had inadvertently shown their semi-disloyal hand, the leaders of the Opposition completely changed front and repudiated the whole doctrine equally repugnant to Canadian sentiment, namely, that it was Excellency's advisers do not make themselves parties to every message or despatch which he, by himself, or from Royal advice, chooses to submit to the House of Commons, they should be at once dismissed. The Premier exposed the monstrosity of this last doctrine by a very apt illustration. For instance, suppose that at the time of the great Free Trade discussion in England the Imperial Executive had instructed the Governor-General to inform Parliament that it was the QUEEN's desire to see the British system of Free Trade adopted, in all its features, by the people of Canada. According to the Grit doctrine, the Government, possessing the views of the majority, and on the Free Trade question, probably of the whole of the Canadian people, would be compelled to advise that which they knew to be repugnant to the country, or, in default, to be dismissed. The Ministry could not, of course, act contrary to the well-understood wishes of the people, and on their refusal to comply with the QUEEN's representative, the people would be virtually in rebellion against the Queen. Hence it follows that the Premier argued in reply to the first Grit doctrine, that his Excellency has the constitutional right in all times to submit messages or despatches emanating from himself or from the QUEEN, for the information of the House without the advice of his advisers. These two points are of themselves of great importance, but apart from that, the mode in which the Opposition handled them very conclusively shows that the "Great Reform" Party of these latter days is neither safe to be trusted with the government of Canada under our present connection with the British Crown, nor fit to govern in accordance with the usages of its present Constitution.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CANADOC: LORD HOWDEN.—A diplomatist, not of very great fame, but of whom there are some interesting recollections, has just died at his own beautiful villa near Bayonne. This was Lord Howden, formerly her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Madrid. The deceased Peer, once very well known in English society as Colonel Caradoc, had reached the advanced age of 74; but the faculties of his later years had been, it is said, much aggravated by the privations he endured during the siege of Paris in 1870-1. His sufferings, less from want of solid food than those of his servants, had yet had the repeated applications as a neutral to be allowed to leave Paris were disregarded by those in authority. Somewhat more courtesy might perchance have been shown to an ex-Minister, but the time when the Germans guns were thundering round Paris capital was not perhaps the most the precise season for the exchange of international amenities. In his youth Lord Howden had seen some considerable service in the Peninsula under Wellington, at his last, he had long been a Commander of the Order of the Legion of Honour; thus the highest military compliments were paid to his remains by the authorities of the district; and a detachment of infantry, headed by a military band accompanied by the Prefect of the Department, escorted the bears of the deceased British nobleman to the Catholic Church—for he belonged to the Roman faith—where his obsequies were performed. English papers mention a singular incident in his career. In the Waterloo year, being then sixteen, and having been both unusually with the brightness of silver spoons in his mouth, he entered the British Army as an ensign, and was soon afterwards appointed an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington. Some months after the occupation of Paris by the allies, when the Duke was Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Louis XVIII., an attempt was made to assassinate him by one Cantillon. The Hero of Waterloo was returning to his hotel in the Place de Concorde from a party given by Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the American Minister, and in the same carriage with him was young Lieutenant Cradoc, afterwards Caradoc, Lord Howden. Cantillon, a rapacious non-commissioned officer in the Army of the Loire, was tried before a French tribunal for his murderous attempt, and acquitted. Napoleon I., in his will, dated from St. Helena in 1821, left Cantillon ten thousand francs; but the legacy was not paid for more than thirty years afterwards, when Napoleon III., in the first flush of the Empire, determined on carrying out his predecessor's testamentary directions. M. Cantillon was discovered in Brussels, a very old gentleman indeed, and following the peaceful vocation of a grocer.

CONVICTS AND CATS—TAIL.—Whether a certain class of offenders shall be visited by the cat-o'-nine-tails is a subject that appeals to the sympathies of many benevolent persons. No one is likely to accuse Miss Florence Nightingale of a brutal indifference to human suffering, or of an unfeeling disposition to the criminal classes, and the best means of reforming them. Yet, in a letter addressed to the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, she has joined her influence with the Prison Discipline—recommending, for one thing, that persons who have committed crimes against property should be kept in prison until they had made good the amount they had taken or obtained, fraudulently—the following sharp and concise sentence occurs:—"For crimes accompanied with violence, especially violence towards women and children, I would whip." This is the opinion of a lady, if we say, is not like to be thought of by any want of Christian charity, of pity for the poor, of sympathy with the miserable, of a disposition to be hard on the poor, of a desire to be severe on the poor, of a desire to be severe on the poor, of a desire to be severe

They had gone home fatigued met early in The hon. member for a place and made his Government on the 2nd hon. gentleman may have he was not, actuated by the interest in making that he was so actuated or ives were parliamentary particle or superiority, that the direct aim, the ct at which that motion were directed, was to England. (Cheers.) The with that object, not so ors of destroying the Ad- so much with the purpose upon the Ministry, as stroying that first on the his friends of power? The hon. gentleman replied: "I did not. I now declare he was prompted by his friends."

Mr. Mackenzie—The statement made by the hon. member for Picton is quite correct. I stated I had no knowledge of that statement being made, but as the hon. gentleman had said that it was made, I was bound to believe it, but I was still prepared to say that the information I had was that the leader of the Government was compelled by the pressure of his friends to make that motion. I am borne out in that by what the member for Shelburne stated the other day in the House. He for one was obliged to bring that pressure to bear the next day. (Opposition cheers.) I cannot recollect all the others, but I heard similar matters mentioned by some others.

Sir John Macdonald—I have got the speech here, and before the debate closes I will refer to it, because I do not like any misapprehension on these matters. I am sorry that the hon. gentleman did not, as he is reported, and I can state here that the hon. gentleman had his own reporter present. The hon. gentleman is reported to have said:—"I may inform the hon. gentleman there were eight of the Government supporters who put the screw on him." In other words—

Mr. Mackenzie—I am perfectly certain I did not use the word screw.

Sir John Macdonald—Now, I have occasion to repeat what I stated then, that no member of the Party, and not only no member of the Party, but not one of my own colleagues, spoke to me on the subject of my own action in regard to that motion. (Loud cheers from Ministerial benches.) The motion took us by surprise, and we then did, as I think we ought to have met it by voting it down. Next day I came down late and walked into the Council room at half-past one. My colleagues were all sitting around. I said to them, "after consideration, I have made up my mind that I will move for a Committee," before any one had spoken. I had acted my intention without a single suggestion from any man, that as the charge was of such a nature that it would move for the appointment of a Committee and bring such motion before Parliament on the following day. And that is the way that the characters of men are lied away in this country. I do not mean to say that the hon. member for Lambton has lied down my character because he had denied it. What I do mean to say, it has been lied away by the mistake of a reporter who thought that he was reporting his words. I have now got the report from the Toronto Daily Hansard, Ottawa. Perhaps the hon. gentleman knows what paper I have. Perhaps the hon. member for South Bruce says "hear, hear." Surely he ought not to touch, taste and handle the matter he has written for! Surely he will not think that any good fruit will come from a vile stalk. Surely he won't quote any evidence that he knows that if he believes the evidence of that Commission he is a rascal. (Hear, hear.) The hon. gentleman is on the horns of a dilemma. Either the evidence is legal or illegal. If it is legal, then the House can judge from the evidence, but if it is illegal, the House must discard it; and yet the hon. member for Lambton quoted this evidence, and every man who spoke on the opposite side of the House used that evidence; and it cannot be said, if that evidence is to be used against the Government, that it is illegal or unconstitutional. (Cheers.) You have your money, you have your pick! Either accept, or discard it and remain as you were before this evidence was taken. (Cheers.) Not in what alleged in the argument of an hon. gentleman opposite, with respect to this Commission, that the Governor-General had been snubbed! I tell the hon. gentleman, and I have the permission of the Queen to write, and to say in addition to the official announcement, there is a formal opinion given by the law officers of the Crown,—those authorized law officers whose opinion the hon. member for Bothwell looked at so lightly, and quoted but every one else so much respected—that the course taken by the Governor-General both in respect to the Commission and the issuance of the Royal Commission, was legal and constitutional.

Mr. Blake.—Hear, hear.

Sir John Macdonald—Well, Mr. Speaker, I cannot help it if the hon. gentleman does not agree with the law officers of the Crown. But I have still a further statement to make, and I think I may make it in the presence of the hon. friend from Bothwell, the Minister—that the course of the Governor-General in respect to all these transactions has been finally settled and agreed upon by the Privy Council, without whose advice no action of the Privy Council ever takes place. But, sir, whether the Commissions was legal or not, and we will suppose for a moment that it was not, though it is a great stretch of imagination to suppose that the Queen and the hon. member for Sheffford to have come together and have agreed that it was not, and have been well for the hon. member, as a man really anxious to have justice done? I tell the hon. member for Lennox, I tell the member if desirous of the triumph of his Party, not desirous of the defeat of a Minister, not desirous of a change of Government, but really, truly, anxiously, and as he said, painfully desirous of having justice done, to have come before the Commission, and have followed up the investigation from the 1st day? I think he would have found that the privileges of Parliament were not violated, and that he might safely have prosecuted the matter and have brought the offenders to justice, and that he could have taken his money under the circumstances. (Cheers.) I shall now make a few remarks in respect to the issue of the Royal Commission. I have spoken of the prorogation, believe that it was constitutional. I believe that it was wise, and whether it was wise or unwise, it was sanctioned by this Parliament, and I know that Parliament cannot, without dishonour, reverse their vote; and I believe I know that the House accepted that prorogation on the ground that the adjournment was in effect to be a prorogation, and that only the two Speakers should be in the House on the 13th of August. (Cheers.) As regards the legality of the Royal Commission, I believe that I need not speak so long on that subject. The motion of the hon. member for Lambton relieves me from that necessity. I quote the resolution of the hon. member for Lambton relieves me from that necessity. I quote the resolution of the hon. member for Bothwell, and I quote the resolution of the hon. member for Cardwell introduced a bill for the purpose of giving the Committee power to administer oaths. We passed that bill through both Houses, and it became the Crown, in the first instance, to which the Legislature. Is it to be supposed that when the advisers of the Crown, the advisers of the Governor-General, asked him to come down here contrary to usual practice, contrary to the general universal practice, to come down before the end of the session to give his counsel to a measure, is it to be supposed that when we brought him down for that special purpose, we were not charged by the Legislature to convey to him why we asked him to give his counsel? Then why, Mr. Speaker, was it to be supposed that the Governor would give as a matter of course his assent to a measure passed by this Parliament without good reason? Sir, we gave that reason. The advisers of the Crown told the Crown what the motive of the member for Shelford was. They told the Crown what the proceedings before the House were, and that the Crown approved of the Commission, and that the Government of the Dominion of Canada, and the Government of the Mother Country, and the Government of the Queen, and the Government of the Queen's Representative in Canada, and the Government of the Queen's Representative in Canada, and the Government of the Queen's Representative in Canada

AUTUMN.

'Tis the golden gleam of an Autumn day,
With the soft, light haze of a cloudless sky;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of Spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath,
To shake their gold to the court beneath;
And a glint of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard comes,
The muffled bell from the sedate kine,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rocks, waiting, across them sail,
While nearer the swinging sunflower skim
O'er the steel-gray river, ruffled brim.

No mockery up o the backbone thoughts,
No grief for the vanished Summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose
Like that wh ch s, in its Autumn knows.

The Spr ing's raw longings are past and gone,
The passions of Summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and Autumn stands
Serene by bounteful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory lifted the real to'ar knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh
It makes the joys that' has been a joy;
Feels it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content that it vanished beyond recall.

O glorious Autumn, thou art as
Thou living and loving all that has been!
Thou calm and contented let me be
When the Autumn of age shall come to me.

—Blackwood's Magazine.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XIII.—*(Continued.)*

"I've had a terrible time with the old man," Mr. Chirpers, the clerk, said. "He seems knocked off his head with this dreadful news. I could not get him to consent to anything. At last he saw Dick made his give way. He hardly understood, I think."

It was quite true. The shock of Mr. Mellishy's death had been almost more than Mr. Mortiboy could bear. He had gone to bed light-hearted and happy. He had got up in the morning still happier; for the day had come at last when his rival—the man he had hated—would be in his power. He desired no more. In his power! The man who had never been rich as he, but of so much greater weight and influence. The man whose opinion he had always deferred to when he could get no one to do more than fear him.

Remember, he did not seek to ruin Mr. Mellishy; it was not his intention to start up his back, even if he had the power. But it was his intention to sit alone in that grimy kitchen in the evening, and reflect that the proud man was humbler before him. Now the day was come, and the proud man—too proud for humiliation—had escaped by the only gate open to him. He was alone. Mr. Mortiboy heard the news, his heart felt like lead within him, and a cloud that never lifted again fell upon his brain.

He was sitting pale and speechless when Gibriner came to see if anything could be done to stop the run. But he could at first only be got to answer inconsequently.

"Eleven thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds! The bills are due this morning at twelve o'clock. I knew it could not meet it. I told you so, Gibriner. You can't say I did not tell you so. Well, then—nobody can blame me. Francis Mellishy was mad—mad at your aunt Susan's funeral—was he not? Well, I ask you, was he in his senses? See it now, too late! Eleven thousand pounds, Dick. They were lodged with as fine security as ever changed hands! Poor Francis Mellishy! We were boys together, Dick; and I married his sister—poor Susan! Eleven thousand pounds! Poor Francis Mellishy! We were boys together, Dick; and I married his sister—your mother, poor thing! And Susan always had a kind word for him, though we were not the best of friends. And now it's come to this. He's quite dead, you said, Dick?

"Dead as a mackerel," said his son.

"Yes. They're all gone—they're all gone."

"Mr. Mortiboy, time presses. There's a run on Mellishy's. I tell you. Can't we make him understand, Mr. Timbrell?"

"Look ahee, sir, mind, I'm acting him by the shoulder, "there's a run upon their bank, and if you don't stop it, the bank will stop; and then there'll be a run upon yours; and if that stops too, there will be also devil to pay, and no mistake. Do you understand? Yes? to Mr. Chirmers, I'm witness enough."

The old man muttered a feeble "Yes," and then went on maundering.

So Chirmers went away.

Before, however, any help was actually needed at Mellishy's, a stagger thing happened. For days those whose dread lest their money from Mellishy's took it across the Ait—it was only beyond the church on the other side—to Mortiboy's in order to deposit it there. There were thus two rivulets of people—the larger going to Mellishy's, the smaller to Mortiboy's. But presently Mortiboy's depositors, seeing the double stream, began to imagine that there was a run upon both banks; and a panic set in in both directions.

This was half-past eleven, when the town was filled with people, and the news of the day of the seizure, and the news of Mr. Mellishy's death was spreading in all directions. People in gig and jogging into Market Basing from north, south, east, and west, were overtaken by others driving wildly for dear life.

"Haven't you heard? Mellishy's bank has stopped. They say."

The main street was blocked with vehicles. My lord Judge, riding with the high sheriff and his chaplain in the Embury Yeomanry Cavalry, was greatly upset; and for the Brethren the morning's business in long men, the twelve jewels men walking in marshal array by the side of the carriage, were of use. They pointed their sanguinary weapons at the crowd, and protected his lordship from the indignity of being jostled by the farmers' chaises.

At the judges' lodgings, by the Court House, only three or four magic cushions were present to bear the imposing fashion of the liveried trumpeters, and see his lordship get out.

The ceremonious pageant of the Law was neglected. Every thing transferred to the bank, whether he had anything there or not.

The consternation was universal. It came home to all. The panic spread like wildfire. Country people swelled the crowd of residents in town, surging round the doors of the old bank. The game was every man for himself; *sauve qui peut.* So they pushed and shoved one another like mad people.

Let money be at stake to see human nature lift the veil off.

As the clock of St. Giles' struck twelve, there were as many people besieging Mortiboy's, at the new bank, in Town street trying to gain an entrance at Mellishy's.

It was some little time before Mr. Chirmers could clearly understand that the panic was going to affect their house as well as the other; this seemed too absurd.

It was so, however; and with a heavy heart, he stopped the transfer of the gold to Mellishy's, and sent a hasty messenger to Derngate, whither Dick Mortiboy had gone, to beg him by his living father to do bank without a moment's delay.

At five minutes after twelve Frank received a note from Mr. Chirmers. It ran:

"*We cannot help you the game has attacked us. There is a rush on us now: we shall keep open, and see how it goes.*"

Frank handed the note over, with a look of despair, to Mr. Sanderson, who read it; then sat down and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his brow.

"It will be over, Mr. Frank," he said, "in a few minutes."

"You mean that we shall have paid out all our money."

"Every farthing. We have just cashed some heavy cheques. After that we must put the shutters up, and then we must examine the books, and see our liabilities, and—and—please God—go on again."

Then a loud voice was heard from the street, which Frank knew well. It was his cousin's, John Heathcote's.

"Now then, let me pass! please—let me pass. I am going to pay my money in."

"It's no good, Mr. Frank," whispered Sanderson. "What he can bring can do nothing for us."

"Stop," said Frank, "I must say a word first."

He went out. At the sight of his tall figure, with his beaming face and his gallantness full upon all who saw him, a shout went up.

"My friends," said Frank, "You must go away. We cannot pay you to-day, because we have no more money in the house; nor can I tell you when you will be paid. But you will be paid, be sure of that."

"You will be paid," echoed Mr. Sanderson.

"I promise you, in the name of my poor father, who lies dead upstairs, that rather than one of you shall lose a farthing by us; if the word comes to the worst, we will strip ourselves of everything in the world. But it shall not come to that, because we have no money left."

They were awe-stricken by his solemnity. They could not answer, because his trouble was so great, at their own probable or possible losses. Some of them went on with streaming eyes—all of them without a word. And then the iron shutters were let down, and the door closed—and Mellishy's bank had stopped.

A very different scene went on at the other house. The news of the run on his bank acted on the old man like cold water on a fainting woman. He felt off manager to his son, raised his head erect, and looked in sheer wonder at the messenger who brought him the news. "A run on the bank!—on Mortiboy's! The thing was impossible, absurd!" As well expect the whole rack of sheep to assert their independence, or the infant in arms to demand a separate establishment, as that his customers should dare to distrust him.

He rose, and grasped his stick in a menacing manner, as if the appearance of this weapon alone would restore confidence; and placing his hat firmly on his head, he walked out of the house followed by Dick.

As he marched down the street—his step firm, his bearing erect, his eyes resolute—the people fell back right and left, and those who were hurrying to his bank to draw out their deposits, slackened their steps, and followed him to go on first.

The whole street front was blocked with people.

"You had better go round by the back way, sir," suggested a bystander, in a dismal whisper.

Old Mortiboy turned upon him like a wild cat, gnashing and gnawing with his teeth.

"Who the devil asked for your advice?" he gasped out, and passed straight on to the front entrance. Round up it was. They fall back to make way as his tall thin figure passed through their midst, followed by his great sinewy, bulldog bull, a head taller than anybody else.

"Now," said Mr. Mortiboy, in a low, quiet voice, "perhaps you will not let me wait long, when I have business before me."

"If I cannot get through you," said the old man, very loud, "I'll have the shutters up in three minutes."

Dick Bull the stalwart was in front of him collaring a path by the blows he dealt allows. To get into the bank itself was a more difficult matter for here, with every goodwill, the people were so jammed and pressed together that they could not possibly make room. As Mr. Mortiboy got his foot on the steps, a little slip of an old man, whose terror was almost comical, fell at his feet crying—

"Mr. Mortiboy, Mr. Mortiboy, don't rob me of my money! Oh, sir, I'm a small man—I must crave it out! Oh, sir, let me have it. I must be ruined—I am ruined!"

"What the devil is the matter with the man," answered Mr. Mortiboy; and then, standing on the step and turning to the people, he made the shortest and most effective speech they had ever heard—"Yer roost!" was the whole of it.

Dick caught the little man under the arms and lifted him up high.

"By gad," he said—"I'm Fig-faced Sarnedy!"

The crowd roared with laughter. The little man, a barber by profession, had cerved that application from some fancied resemblance between his own and a porker's face, in the memory of all who had been boys in Market Basing in Dick's time.

"Look here, my men," said Dick, "let us give Fig-face his money first. How much, old man?"

"Mr. Richard—sir—if you please—twenty-six pounds six and fourpence, sir. I'm only a little man. Oh, this is *serious*—this is serious!" he whined.

"All right. Now make way for my father, please. Come along, Fig-faced Sarnedy."

He seized him by the breacher and the collar of his coat, raised him aloft, and carried his booty safely through the crowd into the bank. Then he deposited him in a corner, and told him to wait patiently till he could be attended to.

Dick Mortiboy was in his father's private room. He drew back the green curtain of the door, and watched the cashiers paying away the money over the counter.

The pressure was evidently increased. Mellishy's bank had stopped. Men must make themselves safe. So Mr. Mortiboy's business had sunk down to his bank.

"This can't go on forever," said Dick, after looking on for a few minutes. "Y' shall be run out too."

"Eh! eh!" said the old man feebly.

"The momentary excitement had gone by. He was sitting in his arm-chair, low and dejected, brooding over the tragedy of the night.

"I must stop the run," said his son.

He had been thinking over old stories he had heard his father tell before he left home of bankers who had paid in silver, in a fight against time: of an Irish story of sovereigns heated in a shovel, to appease that moment comes, and never let not to be satisfied creditors.

"You will let me act for you, sir," he said.

For Dick Mortiboy had hit upon a plan.

"Yes, Dick—yes. I know I will to you—I leave all to you. Do anything you like."

He was rushed off to the stable yard in Derngate, ran up the granary steps, and carried down a pile of empty sacks on his shoulder.

They were barley sacks from the brewery. He called for assistance, and got the porter and old Hester to help him put the sacks in two large empty boxes. They nailed down the lids. Then he drove the cart to the back entrance of the bank. There they emptied the boxes of their contents.

The sacks were carried into the strong room. Dick faced Frank Mellishy, who was on the ground floor of the building where business was still going on, because business of the bank was transacted. Housekeeper, servants, clerks, helped to ransack the house, and from it came forth sacks of well-lined linen, pillows, bolsters, curtains, hangings, carpets, and rolled up paper, anything that would make them look solid, and that they could at the moment lay their hands on. They ransacked the adjoining down hall, and set the sacks in double rank opposite the door that opened into the public room—a barrier reaching to the roof.

Then Dick summoned Mr. Chirmes, and told him what he was about to do. The old man went with him to the money safe, and they took out fifty bags of sovereigns, with £100 in each bag, and set them in a sack in the front row they poured the contents of the bags. The bank was now tied up with strings.

Mr. Richard Mortiboy, the younger, was going to practice a stratagem learned in Market Basing.

If the sacks had really been full of some signs, they would have counted £4,000,000—for they would have held £20,000 a-piece. And who could have carried the sacks there?

I can carry 4,000 sovereigns.

Dick Mortiboy could carry a sack, at the outside, 7,000—he was almost a giant in strength.

Hercules might himself walk off with 10,000 on his back.

But the imposing effect the spectacle was prepared for did not think of these little things.

The originator of the plan knew he might trust to their simplicity to succeed.

He was right.

They never opened the door, and showed the glittering metal.

"Those sovereigns" had been said; and those before their wondering eyes was more treasure than Ali Baba's fabled cave had held.

Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—Gold!!

Riches beyond the dream of avarice! The sight of the dazzling heap of gold would take a magical charm on the panic-stricken clerks.

They gaped, and were satisfied. Their money was all there.

Mortiboy's bank saved!

Dick had stayed the run!!

CHAPTER XIV.

Three weeks have passed since the suicide of Mr. Mellishy and the stoppage of his bank. The town of Market Basing has in some measure recovered its tranquility, and those who have lost money by the transaction console themselves with the reflection that it is better to be ruined in pulling something out of the fire than to be ruined in pushing it into the fire. Those who have taken possession of the old bank, books, papers, and assets. The bereaved and ruined Frank has been stripped through of their last farthing, save a poor hundred pounds a-year, the slender portion which Miss Mellishy brought her husband. The large settlements made upon her at her marriage have absolutely succumbed for the benefit of the creditors. For their advantage, too, the books, pictures, and furniture are to be sold.

It is the last day the Mellishys have to spend in their house. Men in blue were trying to gain an entrance at Mellishy's.

It was some little time before Mr. Chirmes could clearly understand that the panic was going to affect their house as well as the other; this seemed too absurd.

It was so, however; and with a heavy heart, he stopped the transfer of the gold to Mellishy's, and sent a hasty messenger to Derngate, whither Dick Mortiboy had gone, to beg him by his living father to do bank without a moment's delay.

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"Stop," said Frank, "I must say a word first."

He went out. At the sight of his tall figure, with his beaming face and his gallantness full upon all who saw him, a shout went up.

"My friends," said Frank, "You must go away. We cannot pay you to-day, because we have no more money in the house; nor can I tell you when you will be paid. But you will be paid, be sure of that."

"You will be paid," echoed Mr. Sanderson.

"I promise you, in the name of my poor father, who lies dead upstairs, that rather than one of you shall lose a farthing by us; if the word comes to the worst, we will strip ourselves of everything in the world. But it shall not come to that, because we have no money left."

They were awe-stricken by his solemnity. They could not answer, because his trouble was so great, at their own probable or possible losses. Some of them went on with streaming eyes—all of them without a word. And then the iron shutters were let down, and the door closed—and Mellishy's bank had stopped.

A very different scene went on at the other house. The news of the run on his bank acted on the old man like cold water on a fainting woman. He felt off manager to his son, raised his head erect, and looked in sheer wonder at the messenger who brought him the news. "A run on the bank!—on Mortiboy's! The thing was impossible, absurd!" As well expect the whole rack of sheep to assert their independence, or the infant in arms to demand a separate establishment, as that his customers should dare to distrust him.

He rose, and grasped his stick in a menacing manner, as if the appearance of this weapon alone would restore confidence; and placing his hat firmly on his head, he walked out of the house followed by Dick.

As he marched down the street—his step firm, his bearing erect, his eyes resolute—the people fell back right and left, and those who were hurrying to his bank to draw out their deposits, slackened their steps, and followed him to go on first.

The whole street front was blocked with people.

"You had better go round by the back way, sir," suggested a bystander, in a dismal whisper.

Old Mortiboy turned upon him like a wild cat, gnashing and gnawing with his teeth.

"Who the devil asked for your advice?" he gasped out, and passed straight on to the front entrance. Round up it was. They fall back to make way as his tall thin figure passed through their midst, followed by his great sinewy, bulldog bull, a head taller than anybody else.

"Now," said Mr. Mortiboy, in a low, quiet voice, "perhaps you will not let me wait long, when I have business before me."

"If I cannot get through you," said the old man, very loud, "I'll have the shutters up in three minutes."

Dick Bull the stalwart was in front of him collaring a path by the blows he dealt allows. To get into the bank itself was a more difficult matter for here, with every goodwill, the people were so jammed and pressed together that they could not possibly make room. As Mr. Mortiboy got his foot on the steps, a little slip of an old man, whose terror was almost comical, fell at his feet crying—

"Mr. Mortiboy, Mr. Mortiboy, don't rob me of my money! Oh, sir, I'm a small man—I must crave it out! Oh, sir, let me have it. I must be ruined—I am ruined!"

"What the devil is the matter with the man," answered Mr. Mortiboy; and then, standing on the step and turning to the people, he made the shortest and most effective speech they had ever heard—"Yer roost!" was the whole of it.

Dick caught the little man under the arms and lifted him up high.

"By gad," he said—"I'm Fig-faced Sarnedy!"

The crowd roared with laughter. The little man, a barber by profession, had cerved that application from some fancied resemblance between his own and a porker's face, in the memory of all who had been boys in Market Basing in Dick's time.

"Look here, my men," said Dick, "let us give Fig-face his money first. How much, old man?"

"Mr. Richard—sir—if you please—twenty-six pounds six and fourpence, sir. I'm only a little man. Oh, this is *serious*—this is serious!" he whined.

"All right. Now make way for my father, please. Come along, Fig-faced Sarnedy."

He seized him by the breacher and the collar of his coat, raised him aloft, and carried his booty safely through the crowd into the bank. Then he deposited him in a corner, and told him to wait patiently till he could be attended to.

Dick Mortiboy was in his father's private room. He drew back the green curtain of the door, and watched the cashiers paying away the money over the counter.

The pressure was evidently increased. Mellishy's bank had stopped. Men must make themselves safe. So Mr. Mortiboy's business had sunk down to his bank.

"This can't go on forever," said Dick, after looking on for a few minutes. "Y' shall be run out too."

"Eh! eh!" said the old man feebly.

The momentary excitement had gone by. He was sitting in his arm-chair, low and dejected, brooding over the tragedy of the night.

"I must stop the run," said his son.

He had been thinking over old stories he had heard his father tell before he left home of bankers who had paid in silver, in a fight against time: of an Irish story of sovereigns heated in a shovel, to appease that moment come, and never let not to be satisfied creditors.

"You will let me act for you, sir," he said.

For Dick Mortiboy had hit upon a plan.

"Yes, Dick—yes. I know I will to you—I leave all to you. Do anything you like."

He was rushed off to the stable yard in Derngate, ran up the granary steps, and carried down a pile of empty sacks on his shoulder.

They were barley sacks from the brewery. He called for assistance, and got the porter and old Hester to help him put the sacks in two large empty boxes. They nailed down the lids. Then he drove the cart to the back entrance of the bank. There they emptied the boxes of their contents.

The sacks were carried into the strong room. Dick faced Frank Mellishy, who was on the ground floor of the building where business was still going on, because business of the bank was transacted. Housekeeper, servants, clerks, helped to ransack the house. From it came forth sacks of well-lined linen, pillows, bolsters, curtains, hangings, carpets, and rolled up paper, anything that would make them look solid, and that they could at the moment lay their hands on. They ransacked the adjoining down hall, and set the sacks in double rank opposite the door that opened into the public room—a barrier reaching to the roof.

Then Dick summoned Mr. Chirmes, and told him what he was about to do. The old man went with him to the money safe, and they took out fifty bags of sovereigns, with £100 in each bag, and set them in a sack in the front row they poured the contents of the bags. The bank now of sacks they tied up with strings.

Mr. Richard Mortiboy, the younger, was going to practice a stratagem learned in Market Basing.

If the sacks had really been full of some signs, they would have counted £4,000,000—for they would have held £20,000 a-piece. And who could have carried the sacks there?

I can carry 4,000 sovereigns.

Dick Mortiboy could carry a sack, at the outside, 7,000—he was almost a giant in strength.

Hercules might himself walk off with 10,000 on his back.

But the imposing effect the spectacle was prepared for did not think of these little things.

The originator of the plan knew he might trust to their simplicity to succeed.

He was right.

They never opened the door, and showed the glittering metal.

"Those sovereigns" had been said; and those before their wondering eyes was more treasure than Ali Baba's fabled cave had held.

Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—Gold!!

Riches beyond the dream of avarice! The sight of the dazzling heap of gold would take a magical charm on the panic-stricken clerks.

They gaped, and were satisfied. Their money was all there.

Mortiboy's bank saved!

Dick had stayed the run!!

CHAPTER XIV.

Three weeks have passed since the suicide of Mr. Mellishy and the stoppage of his bank. The town of Market Basing has in some measure recovered its tranquility, and those who have lost money by the transaction console themselves with the reflection that it is better to be ruined in pulling something out of the fire than to be ruined in pushing it into the fire. Those who have taken possession of the old bank, books, papers, and assets. The bereaved and ruined Frank has been stripped through of their last farthing, save a poor hundred pounds a-year, the slender portion which Miss Mellishy brought her husband. The large settlements made upon her at her marriage have absolutely succumbed for the benefit of the creditors. For their advantage, too, the books, pictures, and furniture are to be sold.

It is the last day the Mellishys have to spend in their house. Men in blue were trying to gain an entrance at Mellishy's.

The momentary excitement had gone by. He was sitting in his arm-chair, low and dejected, brooding over the tragedy of the night.

"I must stop the run," said his son.

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

*Questions respecting sports in the Sporting Intelligence will be answered. Letters and documents are requested to address communications to the Sporting Editor of the Mail, Toronto, and not to the Editor.

A Weekly Chronicle of Shooting—Fishing—Yachting—Rowing—Hurdle-racing—Steeple-chasing—Trotting—Stud News—Racing—Boat-racing—Pedestrianism—Athletics—Cricket—Croquet—Lacrosse—Sculling—Swimming—Base-ball—Billiards, &c., &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAIL OFFICE, Nov. 5.

BETHEL.—Wheldon is by long Kicker Foss (4 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs.) out of Lady Ann, by Sir Hugh. We cannot say whether he will be sold or not. Wheldon's pedigree will be served by the statement of a letter from the Sheriff, and not "produced him to the Sheriff." Neither is it true that he was "found on the premises on which the Judge decided, as it did not, against the plaintiff." There are no prizes to a mile in Derby's track, but it was perfectly competent for the Sheriff to have ordered the sale of Wheldon if he had taken place so far from home. Sporting matters are not decided by the "decision of every decision arrived at by judges." The best should not have been contested, unless a case could be made out against the decision of the judge, and the rules constituting the Queen's Plate before us, "are the decisions of the Queen's Plate Committee." We do not know of any "Queen's Plate Committee," and we do not volunteer on the fly, and consequently we do not know what "the decision of the Queen's Plate" is in the Queen's Plate, which is a race for maiden horses, and Wheldon was "found" fast on the other side of the water, and is called the Bowie's cream horse in a sweepstake. We do not know what "premises—as simply the limit of the hayward's ground, and not the premises of the Sheriff—" is, but we hardly answer you who would have been accosted as an "intruder" if he had ventured on the premises. A full account of Mr. Reginald Herbert's race on the Tweed will be found in the *Field* of 15th October.

THE TURF.

Tyler of the English papers finishes the fast about nobody present, Montargis for the Cambridgeshire, which appears to have been a very surprising thing. It will have to be already said, we cannot conceive how his chance came to be overlooked. The more surprising, perhaps, is the manner in which the big top weight 125 lbs into the third place, the better does the guidance of Orford and Whisper appear to be. Last year the race was won by Sterling's own brother Playfair, and Sterling had run a dead heat for second place the previous year, when carrying the top three-year-old weight, and conceding (mark it ye American and Canadian handicappers) two years and 30 lbs to the deadheater Although, the pair finishing only a neck behind Sabiana, Sterling was once called "the horse of the country," and if he had not had to hike at any rate proved a challengeable title to the claim. Sterling's four grandparents are Irish Birdcatcher, Honey Dear by Fisherman, Flatcatcher, and Silence, by Melbourne; stamina which are all well represented in Canada. Thus, War Cry's dam Eliza Davis is by Knight of St. George (a son of Irish Birdcatcher) out of imp. Maid-rose (a daughter of Melbourne); which constitutes a very close relationship with Sterling, while in addition on the paternal side, his grandsire Lexington traces to Emilius (a son of Sarpedon) and of Fire-paddy, Honey Dear's sire. Sterling is also a first cousin of the Canadian Horse Terror, Eliza, catcher being the grandsire of both; while through Rarite, Terror's sire, a grandson of Emilius, still more closely ties the family blood. In making these remarks we are aware that we are trying the patience of our readers, but we are pointing out what breeders who would have an intelligent idea of the pedigree of their stock, ought to be at home in, if they are engaged, it must be glad to know. It is only from observations such as the foregoing that a "Canadian" can be enabled upon his guidance which is proverbially a dangerous thing. We have gone into the pedigree of Sterling, and we feel proportionately confident that we have shewn