DON'T READ THIS UNLESS you are anxious to make money. Agents wanted for a very valuable article. Sample and circulars free by return mail. GREENFIELD & CO., Box 1000, Toronto.

TURKISH ONGUENT, A NEVER-failing remedy for healing moustaches or whiskers. Sent free on receipt of 50 cents. Box 105, Toronto.

TO TRAPPERS.—SEND $1.00 to the address that will get printed receipts for traps of all the principal kinds, which is the best work for 10 years with so much in it. Address, Box 105, Toronto.

Ogilvy & Co,

MONTREAL AND TORONTO,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN DRY GOODS,

Offer to the trade of the Dominion the following special lines:—

Aston's Brown and Lilac Prints,

Sommerville's Fancy Check and Stripe Shirtings,

American Cotton Flannels,

Seamless Cotton Grain Bags.

"DUNDAS COTTONS,"

Full Lines of Horse Blankets,

Full Lines of White Blankets,

Full Lines of Shasty Blankets.

Black Beaver Lusters. Black Silks, (Consigned.)

FANCY DRESS GOODS.

OGILVY & CO.

Lamb's Knitting Machine,

For Family and Manufacturers' use,

Will be on exhibition at Guelph, from the 16th to the 19th inst., and at the Toronto Fair from the first to the 28th inst., and is operating knitting stockings, &c., &c., &c., &c. Agents, J. BAILEY, 56 Yonge street, Toronto; Box 374.

COTTON YARN.

White, Blue, Red and Orange.

CARPET WARP.

Beam Warps for Woollen Mills,

Warranted the very best quality

None genuine without our label.

WM. PARKS & SON,
New Brunswick Cotton Mills,
St. John, N.B.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

STEAMER FOR SALE.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company will be prepared to receive offers for the purchase of the

"STEAMER INTERNATIONAL,"

now plying between Port Stanley and Buffalo. She is a wooden paddle steamer, and carries fourteen cars on deck. She is ready for immediate delivery, and the attention of the International Bridge during the

MONTH OF OCTOBER NEXT.

Offers for this steamer (to be delivered at Port Stanley) will be received by the undersigned.

J. BEYNON,
Managing Director.

Montreal, Aug. 18th, 1873.

WINDSOR NURSERIES.

The stock of FRUIT TREES, VINES, &c., is all in good order, for sale this fall in very large and finely grown.

Fall planting, if the trees are got early, is better than the usual spring planting. If you can, they should be heeled in as directed in catalogue, and planted out in spring, which is a much better plan for your interest than to have them delivered in spring. If ordered now they can be planted as soon as the ground is ready; is better and healthier than to be put.

New descriptive catalogue, sent free to all applicants. Orders amounting to TEN DOLLARS and upwards, accompanied with the cash, will be delivered free of charge to any station in Toronto, or forwarded on the nearest railway station to the purchaser.

JAMES DOUGALL,
Proprietor.

STOCK'S

EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

Our Extra Oil only, bears the Trade Mark.

This Oil is superior to any other for such machinery as roaring machines, throstles, mules, and for general machinery, it lasts much longer than ordinary oil, is free from stickiness and is free from offensive smell.

We warrant it equal to any gum 7 per cent in power and some 50 per cent in oil over any other oil.

JOSEPH HALL WORKS, GREAVE.—I consider Stock's Machine Oil superior to any I have used. T. W. ALLEN, President.

SAUNDERS FEEDER & MALLEABLES WORKS.—We find the Stock's Oil to be the best we have. T. S. GOLDIE, H. H. WATSON & CO.

WATERFORD FLOURET & MACHINE SHOP.—We find your oil equal to lard; it is the only oil we place our machinery on. GEORGE BROS. & CO.

The following firms are also prepared to supply our Oil:—

MESSRS. LYMAN, CLARE & CO., Montreal.

MESSRS. LYMAN BROS. & CO., Toronto.

J. S. YERKER, Kingston.

W. H. MARSH & CO., Belleville.

Address—

STOCK & WEBSTER,
Dominion Chambers, 48 Colborne street, Toronto.

JOHN JACKSON & CO.,
(Successors to McLEOD, WOOD & Co.)

ORGAN AND MELODEON MANUFACTURERS.

Having now been established in the manufacture of Musical Instruments for several years, we have acknowledge our appreciation of the kindness and liberal patronage of the people which has enabled us to greatly increase our business and reputation for above our expectations. We supply Organs and Melodeons of the best material in the most complete and perfect manner, and have introduced into our manufactory the most improved and first-class workmen, and having only superior articles to offer, we hope to merit a high order of patronage.

Our trade mark, "Organ and Celeste Organ," is on our organs; on the fall board of every piano forte manufactured by us, and having been registered for our sole use, all others are cautioned not to infringe on this said trade.

We claim special attention to our Van Cleburn Organs, No. 17 and No. 24. The Van Cleburn Reeds are those adopted in Canada by the Queen, who is a Reed Organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial and Fair held this year in London. We have also applied it successfully to our organs and double reed instruments, and the Celeste Organ is the only reed or instrument now before the Canadian public.

We manufacture the best popular pianos, and introduce all the latest improvements.

☞ All Instruments warranted for five years.

JOHN JACKSON & CO.,
Guelph, Ont.

W. BELL & CO.,

Manufacturer of

Prize Medal Organs, Organettes, and Melodeons.

Received at—

LATE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

The ONLY DIPLOMA awarded DURING the last NINE YEARS

The only Medal ever awarded.

Every First Prize at the last two Exhibitions.

At the Guelph Exhibition every first prize on organs was awarded to Bell, and diplomas given with each account.

Illustrated catalogue sent free.

W. BELL & CO.,
Guelph, Ont.

THE WEEKLY MAIL

is published every Thursday morning in time for the Eastern mail, and every Friday, and can be had at all post offices and express to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.40 a year.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of twenty cents a line of fifteen cents per line contract rates for the year, which can be ascertained on application. Advertisements are inserted at the rate of forty cents per twenty words, and ten cents for every additional ten words.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will form an excellent medium through which to reach the people of Canada, and especially those who are desirous of reaching the Ministry had left those privileges intact can be imagined—that is if you have a strong imagination.

The Tories have meanly deprived us of our best grievance.

Blake will do his best, but how can he be expected to make any headway if he is thus cruelly deprived of his grievance?

Another ominous and melancholy feature was the introduction of the Prince Edward Islanders.

They are quite a different breed of *Highlanders* from Mackenzie, and all of them went over to the Government benches.

We did expect one or two of them, but even this moderate calculation was upset.

And then to complete our misfortune, that despatch from Earl Kimberley was read, showing that the Imperial Government approved of Dufferin's conduct.

I'm afraid it's all up with us.

"Tote ca'ch," as Dorion mournfully observed as the House rose.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.,
Graduate of Coboconk University.

Ottawa, Oct. 22.

THE FOREIGN SHOOTING CASE.—A Washington despatch to the New York papers says:—"The preliminary hearing in the case of ex-Congressman Conway of Kansas for the attempted murder of ex-Senator Pomeroy, of that State, was had to-day in the police court. The shooting of Pomeroy occurred last Saturday, and although it is generally understood here that Mr. Conway is not of sound mind, he was nevertheless admitted to bail in the sum of $10,000, and during today has been about the street and in newspaper offices, as usual. He converses freely on the subject, and denies that he was unusually excited, an assertion which is disproved by the fact that he was less than six feet from his victim, and yet fired three shots from a revolver without perceptibly injuring his enemy. Although he says his lips are sealed as to the line of his defence, he nevertheless declares he will not allow his counsel to plead his insanity. He intimates that he can easily show justification for his attempt upon Mr. Pomeroy's life. Mr. Pomeroy was present at the hearing to-day, and made affidavit to the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. Mr. Conway was brought into court in a narrow condition. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination was waived. Bail was fixed at $10,000, and he was again released. He will be indicted before the Grand Jury next month, and will be tried at the next term of the Criminal Court.

George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has been elected by the Dean of Westminster to contribute the cost of a memorial window to be placed in the chapel of Westminster Abbey, as a monument to George Herbert and William Cowper, who were educated in Westminster school.

An eccentric old character, known as "Uncle Hobbs," dwells alone in the woods near Rush River and Lost Creek, Minnesota, and brooks no intrusion in his long night hours before the chimney fire. A few evenings ago he was aroused from a reverie by the rattle of a piece of chain on his door latch. Opening the door to see who was knocking, he found a large-sized bear standing erect at the threshold and peering into the cabin. Uncle Hobbs slammed the door in the bear's face, and that was the end of that interview.

THE WEEKLY MAIL.

VOL. II. NO. 83. TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

CANADIAN.

A number of farmers in Bruce lately formed themselves into committee of a domestic character for the purchase of threshing machines. One has already been bought on the system; and another sent for.

A new Conservative paper, *The Progress*, appears at Brampton. Mr. E. G. Hart, formerly of the Brant Union is editor and proprietor. The paper looks well, and is a lively gossipy sheet. Success to it.

At a recent sale of short-horns at Morley, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., five sheep, bred by Mr. James Cowan, of Galt, were sold for $15,000.

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Mr. George Ord, of Goderich, was the other day presented by the teachers of the Wesleyan Sunday School, in this town, with a purse containing a considerable sum of money, on the occasion of his retiring from the office of Superintendent of the school, a position he had held for over twenty years.

The Port Hope *Guide* says:—"A young lady from Millbrook came to Port Hope a few days ago to spend a week, for the good of her health, you know. A young man from the same neighborhood came the other morning at the house where she was stopping, with a new satchel for her. She opened it, and found in it a pair of ladies' boots, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, a pair of garters, and a quart of whisky. The young man, on being questioned, said, when passing out, 'good bye; I'm off for Port Hope.' The young lady came down and gone and done it. What a warning is this to unreasonable parents!"

The following letter from friends of the Rev. C. Byrne, of Mount Vernon, presented this aged and highly esteemed minister of the Wesleyan Church of Bold village, with a purse of $120.75, as a substantial proof of the esteem in which he is held. Mr. Lot S. Tinlain, chairman, read the address, and gave an account of the origin of the movement. The purse was made up of voluntary subscriptions from ministers and friends on several circuits of the Brantford District.

At Halifax a few days ago, a girl living in a house in Barrington Street, had occasion to fill a lighted lamp with the "non-explosive fluid" called kerosene, a large one, holding probably more than a quart. It was nearly full the oil took fire; the girl, with great presence of mind, threw it out on an open window near which she was standing, and just before reaching the ground the vessel exploded, and the burning fluid fell on the house, an old wooden structure, and burned it to. The fire was put out with not much damage.

The *Montreal Guardian* says:—"We have rarely been grieved as we were to hear that one of the most intrepid of our missionary pioneers, Dunoon Johnson, Esq., was so seriously ill as to be on the point of death. It appears that he is affected by the disease which has been contracted by the excessive muscular action of the heart, to which explorers in a mountainous country are subject. We hardly need say that all who know Duncan McMartin will deeply deplore the sad circumstance, and that rob us of the invaluable services of a man like him."

A few months ago a man named Jonathan Lawrence, aged about fifty-five, was killed by falling into the drain which is being dug by the corporation on Mill street, Brockville. Deceased had been going homeward, and by some means he fell into the drain, which was open, about 7 o'clock. The drain was six feet, and the man, striking on his head, was killed on the spot. The sides of the drain is cut through the solid rock. It is said he was seen to fall by two young men, who informed the police of what they saw.

THE SLANDER.

Correspondence between the Governor-General and Earl Kimberley.

Approval of the Imperial Government.

The official correspondence between Earl Dufferin and Earl Kimberley, which was laid before Parliament on the 23rd, is of the deepest importance to both political parties in the country. It is extremely long, but the following is a careful digest:—

The first despatch is dated the 15th of August, and is the Governor-General enters at great length into all the circumstances connected with the Pacific slander. He recounts the rise of the rumours to, and during the passage of the Pacific Act, setting forth that the Premier's determination to exclude foreign capitalists from the Company. Referring to the final action of the Government upon this point, the Governor-General says:—"It there was, as it alleged, a corrupt modification of the Pacific Railway charter to the advantage of Sir Hugh Allan and his American friends, and which was the consideration for which these personages squandered the enormous sums asserted to have been spent, it would seem that they have scarcely obtained their money's worth—a result, I should imagine, foreign to the experience of such shrewd men of business." Coming then to the question of corruption, he says: "I have the despatch confirms what has been so often stated by the supporters of the Government, and as stated in my previous despatch, viz:—"Parliament adjourned on the 23rd May, with the explicit understanding that the question of the Pacific would be purely *ex forma*." His Excellency also recounts other things which strengthen him in their view, and, thus, alluding to the action of the Opposition, says:—"They should never have allowed the Parliamentary Committee to have passed unchallenged, but should have resorted to every means known to the Constitution by which such a consummation could have been precluded. Indeed so obvious is it that the Ministerial leaders and opponents have attributed to them a deliberate intention of allowing the disposition of the Pacific question to take place, in order that they might have a cause of complaint, with a view to the packing of a House with their partisans, and, as the days to which it had adjourned, an operation to them exceptionally easy, as the Parliamentary strength of Ontario and Quebec, and the Lower Provinces, which the Opposition to be notorious, are at present in a very lively gossipy sheet. Success to it.

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AMERICAN.

An Erie paper politely speaks of "lady pickpockets."

The Mennonites who settled in Dakota have become dissatisfied with the country and will remove.

Gen. Crook, of Arizona, has turned his soldiery to setting roads, a more useful occupation than hunting Indians.

Lieut. Fred. Grant is said to be "engaged" to Miss Kitty Cooke, daughter of Jay Cooke, the suspended banker.

It is stated that fifteen out of every forty-one who have died in Connecticut during the past five years were drunkards.

Policemen in Louisville stop all persons on the street after eleven o'clock at night and interview them with regard to their business.

Boston leading dry goods houses report a decided improvement in their collections, and a feeling of encouragement in their trade.

There was a fight of stars at the Chicago exposition which is warranted never to squeak when the gentleman of the house pulls his purse.

[illegible] of an elegant album of paintings that was stolen from the Chicago exposition at the time of the war.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says the "a Tennessee editor who has been drinking Cincinnati whiskey for a month has written to an Eastern printing house for a 'patent inside.'"

The yellow fever had no terror for book agents. Two of that class arrived at Shreveport the other day and began to canvass among the nurses for subscriptions to a tombs book.

During the past two years $35,000 worth of property has been purloined from the care of the Star Union Line Transportation Company at Chicago by a gang of thieves who have just been detected.

A lady remarks that if the church-going ladies were to dress in calico and wear sunbonnets, scarces of her sex would attend church to see what dresses they wear, that cannot dress like their fashionable sisters.

A Newfoundland dog in Rochester attacked with the violence of a cyclone, a Democratic suicide by jumping over the cliff before the Star. The dog was held by a policeman who saw the conspiracy.

The editor of the Parkersburg (Ind.) *Bourbonnais* has been shot twice and stabbed, but as against this denial, printed in a neighboring paper, there are the reports of more than a dozen dailies. Of course nobody will believe him.

A Kentucky editor, in view of the near approach of stealing, says to his subscribers readers:—"Then pull up the wicket and the stake, and pat by the mallet and ball; and no more stand in the road until this year's getting too late in the fall."

Mr. James A. Saxon, a well-known and popular young man of Cincinnati, who gave his son a note for $5,000, payable one year from date, provided that he (the son) does not use tobacco during that period named, and that he promises not to do so forever after.

Wilfred I. Pitts, of Lowell, the somnambulist boy, who chopped another boy with an axe while in his sleep, has recovered from his father's home without hat or shoes, a few days ago, and was found next morning in Boston, without a trace of his being to the Insane Asylum at Worcester.

One of the liveliest ghosts of the season is reported to have appeared in Cass county, Wis. Not content with dismal groans and spectral appearances, the spirit of children's hair, and, some still recently, assumed the appearance of a broad-axe and groundsmasher. She remarked that he was headed with woollen scotches, and wore over a shoulder and slant upon of blue and yellow.

Lovers of jet ornaments will rejoice that the Parisian belles have decided that they are peculiarly trimmed with this sparkling substance, which renders them heavy to wear and costly. Jet is used in fringe, and imitation being infinitely cheaper, is extensively employed for trimming, however heavy it may be. Jet is also used in the form of ornaments, which are extremely pretty and

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Chinese placards, foretelling alarming disasters, have been posted up all over Hongkong.

The death is announced of M. Godard, sr., the well known aeronaut, in his seventy-first year.

M. Thelberg has been embalmed by order of his widow, and is preserved "in the fresh state" in her salon.

The Crown Prince of Saxony was thrown from his carriage a few days ago, and, falling under the wheels, was severely bruised.

Mr. Froude writes to a friend that all that he made by his transatlantic lectures was his expenses, his passage home and five hundred dollars.

On Friday, October 31, the Vienna Exposition will close. On the evening of that day the city will be illuminated and a grand banquet will be given.

The General Assembly of French Free Masons has resolved to abolish the office of Grand Master. The Grand Council of the united lodges will assume the direction of the order.

A man was charged at Worship street, the other day, with having stolen a dead body.

Napoleon surveyed it with the visionary feelings of a conqueror. The movement of the port of the Vistula—the lumber carrying on operations vigorously. Two years ago, the place was a fishing village, cut off, supplied with sewage in the liquid form, and put into root and garden crops, and then vitiated daily by pestilential fogs.

An exciting scene occurred recently in the Grand Concert Hall, Birmingham. Amongst the company assembled was a young man, one of whose legs is to discharge an air-barrelled revolver which standing on a lofty wire. Madame Isaura had arrived at the middle of the rope and had discharged four of the barrels, when the young man, in imitation of the firearm finding a lodgment in her face and breast. Notwithstanding her injuries, and the acute agony she was suffering, Madame Isaura never lost her presence of mind, but, amid the breathless silence of the crowd assembled, she bravely walked to the wire and back again, that being her only refuge, and, fainting, she fell, falling the ground also fainted, but was soon in a fair way of recovery.

At Dresden there has just been sold the celebrated Green Vault of Count Brühl' manslot, grand cousery to the Emperor Charles VI., and the Empress Amelia, from the celebrated Jacob Steiner on the following strange conditions: He paid down, in cash, the sum of 100,000 florins, and to provide the vendor, as long as he lived, with a good dinner every day, as well as one bottle of Rhine wine, and one of Tokay, yearly a new cask with golden Rendeer, two casks of beer, Hungarian and Bohemian, and in case he should marry, as many have to be might require, with twelve baskets of fruit annually for himself, and as many for his old nurse. As Steiner lived sixteen years afterward, his speculation cost the Count Brühl, in ready money, at least 30,000 florins, which has just been sold to a banker for 2,000 thaler ($3,000).

A mysterious French crime has just been discovered. About ten days ago a sab driver named Jacquet Drouet, left his wife in vehicle, and reported that he had been stopped by a woman, who told him to drive him to the bridge of Neuilly, where he met a woman got out and said that she had no money to pay his fare, but begged him to take her gold watch and chain, and to be having his number, would come and redeem them. He did so, and showing the watch and chain. But soon after he left the service, in spite of the expostulations of his employer, and has not been seen since. The day or two ago the body of a woman, young and elegantly dressed, was found in the Seine, and in her dress a watch was the number of this cabman. There was no money or valuables in her possession. She is supposed to Belgium by the police, but, if caught, it will not be easy, perhaps, to convict him of the murder, as all the appearances go to prove that the woman committed suicide.

The Callan-O'Keefe difficulty does not appear to have been settled yet. The Rev. reverend rector of Callan writes to the Dublin *Daily Express* to say the public will be surprised at what he called his submission to Bishop Moran. He says he called on His Lordship on the 19th of last month to ask on what terms he would be reconciled with him, when he received him most kindly, and promised to give him information on the 24th. He was a friend, and expected his to be a definition of a very simple character. The "Prince" bears his trouble quietly; there dwelt on his olive-colored plump face, a look of serene peace, modified with a shade of sadness, it is true, such as could perhaps only a true martyr, and could the ruthless and vengeful New York editor who made such a howl about the little financial inaccuracies but have seen him yesterday afternoon, as he mournfully toyed with the watchchain that swept in yellow magnificence across his paunchy abdomen, and heard with what meek obedience he answered the reporter's questions, that editor must have paused."

An interesting rencontre took place between James, the Massachusetts candidate for Governor of Mississippi, and Beverly Mathews, the Alcorn nominee for Attorney-General. Amos, with Barry and Gibbs, wore his carpet-bag sides, addressed five thousand negroes at Meridian. The carpet-bagers bitterly denounced the native Mississippian movement, and made a scurrilous attack on the Alcorn candidates. Mathews stepped on the platform and began to speak, whereupon Amos led his gang from the hall. Mathews followed them to the Gilmor House, and knocked down Lewis, a carpet-bag candidate for Sheriff. He next levelled Gibbs, and then turned his attention to Amos, who was making tracks upstairs to his room. The Attorney-General helped him with the toe of his boot, and cleaned out the whole lobby without assistance.

Lafayette, Ind., has started a new paper called the *Sojo*. It has not got much of a current on its hands. It only undertakes to promise that it will not lie, and solemnly pledges itself to stop the importation, sale and use of liquor; to break up the monopolies; to abolish the office of the divorce law; to substitute arbitration for war; to promote universal love; to strengthen the moral attributes of government; to enforce home economy; to establish a new social system; to keep the Sabbath; to encourage agricultural and manufacturing industry; and to encourage industry and economy. That's all, by far as heard from. The Siege of Gibraltar was a trifle compared with the siege Lafayette has undertaken. It has been raised; the paper has died, leaving as much as at least one-third of its pledges unredeemed.

TICHBORNE.

The Trial Continued.

HUNDRED AND FIFTH DAY.

A considerable time was spent on Tuesday, September 30, in the further cross-examination of Mr. Gardner, the butcher of Richmond, who deposed to having seen Arthur Orton several times in Wagga-Wagga at the same period at which he had seen the defendant serving in the butcher's shop of Mr. Higgins of that town. The facts elicited, however, depend for their significance chiefly upon a minute comparison both of the manner of the witness and of the Claimant in cross-examination in reference to his Australian career. Among other things, Mr. Gardner stated that he first saw the defendant "about three weeks ago," as he was leaving the court and getting into his brougham. It appeared, however, that he had had an interview with the Claimant's attorney during the progress of the former trial, although he was not then called as a witness. Subsequently a letter was produced written by the witness, since the commencement of the present trial, to the solicitors for the prosecution, in which he said that he (Mr. Gardner) had "a matter of importance to face" examination of the defendant would necessarily be to the effect that he is "not Arthur Orton."

Christiana Parry, a Wapping witness, had lived for 20 years in the house in which she remembered Arthur Orton when he came into her father's shop to buy caps, and also when he came to see her sister. She was certain that she was certain that the defendant is not the same person. The next witness was Mr. Frederick Cotton, a butcher, who described himself as St. George's-in-the-East, and also of Wagga-Wagga, and gave a startling character to give. He had, he said, been a dealer in old ropes, rags, and other "odds and ends" in Wagga-Wagga for more than thirty years, and during that time had been in the habit of buying Mrs. Cotton sometimes for as much as two years and a half to attend to the business, while he was in a neighboring town, in various parts of the globe. Thus it happened that he landed, in the year 1850, in a certain big town on the Australian and Asiatic coast of California, and hire the first person he met was an old acquaintance, whom he recognized at once, and accosted in the words, "I think your name's Arthur Orton?" The man was in a circumstance replied that it was, and that he was engaged in the butcher's business. The witness added, "I say, 'Yes look 'ard up; and he said, 'I am 'ard up;' and was very sorry to see me." Thereupon Mr. Cotton, released the Earl of Gingall, and the Earl of Gingall, "a spree" together, and got intoxicated together. He tried to get Orton employment, but failing in this, he lent him a pound, "as well, as I, in the best thing I can do is to carry 'em off I speak Spanish, for it's the finest language in the world, and I've travelling with cattle." Considerable discussion arose during the course of this witness's evidence as to the capacity of his testimony; the Lord Chief Justice and his colleague being seemingly anxious to elicit from the witness the precise amount of the conversation being spoken at the place, that the witness had with Orton, in the Australian Valparaiso, which has no other been known to the history of man, and which, if it ever, it is.

[illegible] Napoleon surveyed it with the visionary feelings of a conqueror. The movement of the port of the Vistula—the lumber carrying on operations vigorously. Two years ago, the place was a fishing village, cut off, supplied with sewage in the liquid form, and put into root and garden crops, and then vitiated daily by pestilential fogs.

An exciting scene occurred recently in the Grand Concert Hall, Birmingham. Amongst the company assembled was a young man, one of whose legs is to discharge an air-barrelled revolver which standing on a lofty wire. Madame Isaura had arrived at the middle of the rope and had discharged four of the barrels, when the young man, in imitation of the firearm finding a lodgment in her face and breast. Notwithstanding her injuries, and the acute agony she was suffering, Madame Isaura never lost her presence of mind, but, amid the breathless silence of the crowd assembled, she bravely walked to the wire and back again, that being her only refuge, and, fainting, she fell, falling the ground also fainted, but was soon in a fair way of recovery.

At Dresden there has just been sold the celebrated Green Vault of Count Brühl' manslot, grand cousery to the Emperor Charles VI., and the Empress Amelia, from the celebrated Jacob Steiner on the following strange conditions: He paid down, in cash, the sum of 100,000 florins, and to provide the vendor, as long as he lived, with a good dinner every day, as well as one bottle of Rhine wine, and one of Tokay, yearly a new cask with golden Rendeer, two casks of beer, Hungarian and Bohemian, and in case he should marry, as many have to be might require, with twelve baskets of fruit annually for himself, and as many for his old nurse. As Steiner lived sixteen years afterward, his speculation cost the Count Brühl, in ready money, at least 30,000 florins, which has just been sold to a banker for 2,000 thaler ($3,000).

A mysterious French crime has just been discovered. About ten days ago a sab driver named Jacquet Drouet, left his wife in vehicle, and reported that he had been stopped by a woman, who told him to drive him to the bridge of Neuilly, where he met a woman got out and said that she had no money to pay his fare, but begged him to take her gold watch and chain, and to be having his number, would come and redeem them. He did so, and showing the watch and chain. But soon after he left the service, in spite of the expostulations of his employer, and has not been seen since. The day or two ago the body of a woman, young and elegantly dressed, was found in the Seine, and in her dress a watch was the number of this cabman. There was no money or valuables in her possession. She is supposed to Belgium by the police, but, if caught, it will not be easy, perhaps, to convict him of the murder, as all the appearances go to prove that the woman committed suicide.

The Callan-O'Keefe difficulty does not appear to have been settled yet. The reverend rector of Callan writes to the Dublin *Daily Express* to say the public will be surprised at what he called his submission to Bishop Moran. He says he called on His Lordship on the 19th of last month to ask on what terms he would be reconciled with him, when he received him most kindly, and promised to give him information on the 24th. He was a friend, and expected his to be a definition of a very simple character. The "Prince" bears his trouble quietly; there dwelt on his olive-colored plump face, a look of serene peace, modified with a shade of sadness, it is true, such as could perhaps only a true martyr, and could the ruthless and vengeful New York editor who made such a howl about the little financial inaccuracies but have seen him yesterday afternoon, as he mournfully toyed with the watchchain that swept in yellow magnificence across his paunchy abdomen, and heard with what meek obedience he answered the reporter's questions, that editor must have paused."

An interesting rencontre took place between James, the Massachusetts candidate for Governor of Mississippi, and Beverly Mathews, the Alcorn nominee for Attorney-General. Amos, with Barry and Gibbs, wore his carpet-bag sides, addressed five thousand negroes at Meridian. The carpet-bagers bitterly denounced the native Mississippian movement, and made a scurrilous attack on the Alcorn candidates. Mathews stepped on the platform and began to speak, whereupon Amos led his gang from the hall. Mathews followed them to the Gilmor House, and knocked down Lewis, a carpet-bag candidate for Sheriff. He next levelled Gibbs, and then turned his attention to Amos, who was making tracks upstairs to his room. The Attorney-General helped him with the toe of his boot, and cleaned out the whole lobby without assistance.

Lafayette, Ind., has started a new paper called the *Sojo*. It has not got much of a current on its hands. It only undertakes to promise that it will not lie, and solemnly pledges itself to stop the importation, sale and use of liquor; to break up the monopolies; to abolish the office of the divorce law; to substitute arbitration for war; to promote universal love; to strengthen the moral attributes of government; to enforce home economy; to establish a new social system; to keep the Sabbath; to encourage agricultural and manufacturing industry; and to encourage industry and economy. That's all, by far as heard from. The Siege of Gibraltar was a trifle compared with the siege Lafayette has undertaken. It has been raised; the paper has died, leaving as much as at least one-third of its pledges unredeemed.

Hats and bonnets are worn no more at the back of the head, but on the top, and almost invariably to one side. The latter is generally turned up at the back, with a spray of feathers, or a bird, or a bird of paradise, and a large ribbon or velvet bows are fastened on the left side by jet agrafes or nigettes. The latter is a delicate little thing, and is copied in jet, and looks very pretty then employed.

For evening toilettes, fashion adopts this year again the pretty muslin and tarlatan dresses, embroidered with a small flower pattern, of which were such a furore last winter. I have admired a delicate mauve dress—tarlatan and the same—with a pattern of picked-out flowers—which was veiled with a tunic consisting of alternate bands of embroidered and Brussels net, the latter edged by a black velvet ruche. The whole effect was simply charming. The corsage of this toilette, consisted of a black faille shirt, with diamond train over which fell a crepe de Chine bodice of the lightest possible shade imaginable, the exact colour of the apple-blossom, with a pointed edge, and a fichu-silk fringe of the same shade, had short sleeves and a low bodice trimmed, on both sides, with a fichu-silk fringe of the same shade. Black velvet bows formed agrafes all down the front, and a black velvet scarf gathered up behind, with a pink rose, fastened with pink coral, diamonds, and black enamel were the only ornaments, which combined, completed this very effective toilette.

Grenadine, the same colour as the silk, is much worn over silk dresses. Thus, a pink dresses. Pleated grenadine flounces, alternating with bands of gathered silk, form a charming effect.

The glints and fichus so prettily made of embroidered muslin, and the sash, transformed a plain black silk into a graceful evening toilette, were too convenient and too pretty to be left out of fashion. They are lady-fish last winter, wear it or them this year, without fear of out of fashion; and, if you have none, make one, if you can. Make it of the shape most becoming to your face, and wear it, or them, in front, with a very full ruche of illusion.

A walking costume of beige material and maroon silk is both warm and pretty and comfortable. The round skirt is trimmed with a pointed flounce, headed with two pleatings, divided by bands of maroon silk. The tunic, gathered high up behind, is edged with the same pleating, and headed with a maroon silk band. A pretty vest, closed at the neck by a maroon silk button, opens slightly and is her dress. The vest was the number of this cabman. There was no money or valuables in her possession. She is supposed to Belgium by the police, but, if caught, it will not be easy, perhaps, to convict him of the murder, as all the appearances go to prove that the woman committed suicide.

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I. Cheynski, of San Francisco, advertises a mermaid for sale.

the Court of Common Pleas. Like all documents and exhibits produced on the civil trial, these portraits are in the custody of certain officers of those courts for use by either side as occasion arises. We may add that these are the two portraits of Roger Tichborne which are familiar to the public in the photographers' shop windows. Being shown the square daguerreotype, Captain Cunliffe at once said, "That is very like him; about the right eye and the mouth especially." The witness was also shown the original oval daguerreotype, and he said that the latter was even "more like," adding, "In all respects it fairly represents the man as I last saw him." Captain Cunliffe also replied that he had never received any personal communication from the defendant since the arrival of the latter in England in 1866; though his attorneys had written to him in connection with the ejectment suit. He was not, however, called as a witness on that trial. In answer to inquiries from the Lord Chief Justice the witness said that Mr. Tichborne would take a great deal of wine, and "get into a stupid soaked state, neither drunk nor sober." He was right again, however, the next morning, and did not drink in the daytime.

The last witness examined was Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick, who had been a cook in the service of the father of Roger, at Clifton, whither she remembered the young man coming from Stonyhurst College on a visit in 1846. She described him as "her-kneed" in the right leg, and "very straight up as if he used drill-ole;" and she also said that he had "a twitching in the left eye when he held his head down." She gave a further and

hair was "similar in
e" could not swear the
nt Orton," though he
added that "he would
e Orton he knew."
Claimant was Robert
tcher, whose evidence
ly that of Mr. Dyke.
Witt examined a host
witnesses to having met
that week, near Castle-
h, and "talking about,"
Wagga-Wagga and
. It was during
that witness heard his
em driving or tending
en believed, in the sev
Mr. Gardener did not
e from, nor where he
agga-Wagga. He first
aking "another party"
but could not say who
. He had had no con-
n beyond "passing the
described him, however,
er light, while the hair of
witness also knew from
Mr. Higgin's, was dark
added, was not at all
se. At the rating of the
k, Mr Harkins observed
questions to ask this
cross-examination of
ts therefore to be con-
.

nventionisms.

ind of a recent date dwells
late remarks of a lady
the exalting and poetic
divorce, was approached
young man in good circum-
not find it in her gentle
him. In the halls of the
departing, whither he follow-
ing devotion, she gradually
more. Another encourage-
at when the sluggish law
ned her free, he might at
rin his own matrimonial
the time her lawyer had
the day of trial upon her
shand, it was understood
he had promised her hand
now follow circumstances
exempting masculine fickle-
peaish, show how unwise
sue as his future wife a
has known only in
mal exhilaration and adven-
of inspiration. The gentle-
ing story was first drawn
ne while she was in the
ming halls of a pending
his passionate admiration
t the same beautiful being
the same lovely air
om and spiritual ecstacy
rced. Hence, when she
both speak, once, and
that the decree of divorce
ned, and the hour for his
he was greatly shocked to
n thoughts a sudden indis-
inside the happiest of men,
viction that the lady's pre-
rm for him had mysterious-
ever. Not, however, be-
discovery, as the elder of
d in being sternly prepared
he shrinking, sensitive
, lest thereby he should
his evidence for a short
promise suit, and, in his
gnian and desperation, he
ing the hour, upon the
f business engagements in
. As before noticed, when a
he character in Eureka thus
e holiest laws of Nevada
ge to wed a perfect lady,
e completion of her legal
t not preserve for her the
ch of its sacred precedent,
f the classic town both en-
ent the cruelly slighted
him in an exemplary man-
re of this quaint and stun-
gives a family and friends
ment to save the criminal
reports of the direction
endeavouring to keep him
informed of the retributive
ed her sister, the
ible detective instinct of
y sensibility, the insulted
divorce decree, the
astily departing craven
being in a village
and by the exquisitely
novel strategy of pretend-
exactly contrary direction,
ake a country inn that
to the village in question
ut pursuit could be advised
The scene of the meeting
ches seemingly unpreten-
lady held the overtaken
in a sharp corner, with a
happened providentially to
he younger piled a little
ish instinct, causing his
alternately to caper nimbly
. Perhaps the entire range
never presented a spectacle
to gratify mankind's in-
justice. Every frantic
ge of his corner the
n was met by the re-
which the husband
whose dreadful demeanour
added profane swear-
ether the unfortunate sinner
The shout his head and shoulders
and appearing collapsed, un-
he delicious excitement, both
laughter finally allowed what
to escape from the place of
ation thus accomplished, and
ed with the liberated ladies
returned with native
s, where society wieldings
hably, and eligible bachelors
ntended for the privilege of
and heart at the feet of
ne. Meanwhile, outside of
only one human being felt
e, outstripped fugitive, and
wholly unimportant and de-
e against whom the divorce
ned. Even he spoiled the
iciously outspoken sympathy
Much he had undergone life
e himself "a many times,"
d charity for the object of
provoked for him no other
the observation of his former
that he had never been worth
e sacrificed in his subjection.

— THE RIVER AT MEMPHIS.
ch of the 7th says:—As
season of the late Dr. How-
ge in his wood Cemetery lo-
of the church of which Dr.
en pastor a number of years
intense excitement in the
was in the building at the
ing, when a fair amount of
he have laboured assiduously
suffering during the present
himself fell a victim to the
oincidence of the ceiling of
ing at the same time the clock
hich he remains has elicited
among the superstitiously.
Gazette of St. Peter's, was
ms of fever to-day.
of Tippoo Sahib is in jail at
, having cut a term of im-
prison.
ropal Church is to be built at
congregation have purchased
in the town for the purpose.
will be gothic in style of
ed, will seat 600, tradesfolk
built at the east end." It will
ified rooms.
Planet says:—We have re-
of the white Dent corn, grown
ch, towards maturity
ontains no less than 1,018
counting the small ones at
this is an average example.

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$10 PER DAY—AGENTS
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either sex, make more money at work
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ing operating for offices opening in
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ent half Lot 8, Plank Road, Seneca, 12
ation, Buildings and orchards. Terms
ply to BERRY, Barrister, Brantford.

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of lot 15, concession 12, Erina, on the
Hamilton Road. The Beaver Station,
R, Grey and Bruce Railway, twenty
Hamilton and Toronto Junction
orchard of 150 trees, and a good
of the finest soil in the Township
ts and adjoining farms. Apply on the
ing. Apply to W. S. MITCHELL,
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taining 100 acres, well cleared fencing
good clay loam, first of the Middle
township of Barton, and within
ation by railway and other lines.
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ch, 10 acres, adjoining Bolton
ation. Terms cash. Will sell
acres 16 x 8, frame house 24 x 18, small
barn, on the G. W. & R. R. Lot 27,
Bolton, 50 acres wheat, frame house 30 x
Barton of orchard, bearing, one mile
Bolton, on the G. W. & R. R. Lot
ply to
R. MARTIN, Lakeview P. O.

FOR SALE IN ALBION,
ch Post Office, adjoining Bolton
the station. Terms cash. Will sell
acres, 12 in orchard, balance in
Albion, &c. Also, one lot
ch well CHEAP, in one lot,
place, in the prettiest place in the
ring from farming. Terms of pay-
ply to
HENRY SHORE, Proprietor,
Lot 19, on Cook's, Albion.
P. O.

LE.

S SHOP AND DWELLING HOUSE
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well selected stock of goods present-
ing business, a post office in connection,
ing up business. Terms easy.
GEO. EAKIN, Unionville.

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MEN.

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er, Otter, Fisher, Marten, Mink, Coon,
.
dress (enclosure and skin, stretch,
skins for the entire animals. The
setting Traps are plainly explained
the best secret. The receipts for
and skins are the best yet published.
receipts sent promptly by mail to all
ers, for one dollar. Register your
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Muskrat, Beaver, &c. &c. &c.
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The Grand Trunk Railway Company will be prepared to receive offers for the purchase of the

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MONTH OF OCTOBER NEXT.

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This Oil is superior to any other for such machinery as ranging machines, threshing machines, and all other machinery for agricultural purposes, as it never clinches and is free from offensive smell.

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Our trade mark, "Cremona and Celeste Organ," is place upon the instrument on the right side of Organs and upon the name board on the fall board of Melodeons, as a monument to the skill trade.

We claim especial attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 37 and No. 35. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1866, in a $400 Organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition, held that year in London. We have since improved it exceedingly by our signle and double reed Celeste Organs, making our "Celeste Organ" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

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Briggs Departs for Ottawa—Lucid Route—Mackenzie Receives Instructions from Brown—Glass and the Grits Mackenzie on Palace Cars. Despair of the Grits. No Chance for an Anti-Tilley Cabinet.

Early in the week I met Briggs out on a tour in company with numerous representatives, office-seekers, and political hangers-on generally.

If the Government of Sir John is ever doomed to be overturned, it will be on this question. This is our last chance, if it ain't a very brilliant or hopeful one, so all who have any expectations in case of a Grit victory, naturally bied hither.

It is a good place to bade, and I was glad to get away from creditorial importunities.

Longfellow's lines to the tempting poem about a man in the blacksmith for, says that he

"Looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

That's nothing. I can look the world in the face and owe lots of people.

Cheek is very well as far as it goes, but it won't help a man when tailors and others resort to extreme measures, so I was glad when they said into one "Let us depart into the city which is called Ottawa."

There were not many incidents to note on the journey. The leaders of the Party didn't seem in a very communicative mood.

Just before the train started, an inky-faced devil from the *Globe* office came on board with a letter for Mackenzie.

I was blown a final instructions for the guidance of himself and Blake in the House.

He read the letter and then called Blake and they had a lengthy confab over it. Blake didn't seem to relish the idea and so well more malignantly than ever from under his sandy eyebrows.

Sam Glass, of East Middlesex, joined them, and they got into a little discussion about the constitutionality of Lord Dufferin's course, and Blake grew eloquently indignant over the insult offered to the people's representatives by the prerogative.

"Fire-eyeness so this" said Blake "that the sovereign rights of the people are to be trampled under foot by a Ministry reeking in corruption corruption and rendered defiant by protracted impunity. And shall we not imaginarily protest against a course which would reduce the people's representatives to the degrading position of vassals and subject them to the scorn and contempt of the Universe?

Glass, he said, thought we will not be crushed. It cannot be so long as your Lordship (meaning himself) continues continues.

Glass, sickened, and Blake, regarding one with an eagle eye, exclaimed, "Sal! for his sleeping forth. I hope he dreamed of being Premier, and, seizing the reins, flung down the gauntlet to the Ministerial party. Well (government pap, for I doubt if he is dead yet) I never to enjoy that pleasure in reality, but, I repeat, I hope, for all, I earnestly pray, that I can't go through you.

"Well, Jemuel, I'm sorry for you, sorry for old friends—but I hope, for all, I earnestly.

"You are not broken Glass. Are you?

"Not yet, Jemuel.

"Then you can get 'em up at the next station.

"You forget," said he, "that Spoor has cleared all the railway bars to be closed.

"Ah, and I have forgot that, by Jack. What is to be done?

We made a brief tour of investigation in the vicinity of the station and succeeded obtaining some nutriment, but very little liquid refreshment.

Spoor's grub is a great nuisance. Starved out pretty strictly just now, but it is all the more meritorious on the part of the refugees out of the reformatory rooms.

Blake, I hear, said, "Spoor has found out just palace cars on the line to Ottawa with neat Mackenzie grumblingly observed.

"Jewel, jewel, what sal palace cars ah—
Is better, and sic like extravagant to
Ottawa dray, and sic like, ah, ah, ah!
Is mis mileage. I used tae save a few
cents on you line, but nochtae pay for
expensive cars, too, ah! I must travel
I suppose, just for the lock o' the
thing."

"Eye think, noo, Mairter Blake, wal
say anything gin I wont in the ether
way."

"Is as you please," said Blake, curtly, "perceptible inner quieved on his haggis.

"Hech, moon, but its awfull" sighed Mackenzie, as he sank exhausted into a seat.

We reached Ottawa with no further incidents and proceeded without delay to the Rideau Hotel.

Not that I stop there—no, that is beyond my means, besides I have to be there to account for past delinquencies—but as it is the great political resort, and numerous others of a party kind around there in the evening, and seek less pretentious quarters at night.

I met numerous old friends, and among them Holland, of the *Citizen*, who eagerly took the opportunity to practise his last lesson in shorthand.

"Why, Gilbert, Sam Middleton, John O'Donoghue, Jemuel Briggs, Mackenzie, Blake, Mackenzie, Blake, Mackenzie, Blake

Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1873.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Those who had brought themselves to believe that Parliament had been called simply to discuss the Pacific Railway question will have their minds somewhat rudely disabused of a gross fallacy by a perusal of the Speech from the Throne. It is brimful of work for the "assembled wisdom." As might reasonably be supposed, the Pacific inquiry obtains first mention by his Excellency. It is but a brief mention, however. The appointment of the Royal Commission having been referred to, the Governor-General expresses the hope that his advisers will be of service in leading Parliament to satisfactory conclusions in reference to the questions entrusted to it. We have no doubt that Parliament will approve every step which his Excellency has seen fit to take in this somewhat delicate matter.

In the next place official notice is taken of the surrender of the Charter, which they received last spring, by the Canadian Pacific Company. It usually enough is a matter of regret to his Excellency that the Company have not been able to proceed with the great work entrusted to them; but he gives that assurance which was to have been reasonably expected, that the arrangements made with British Columbia will be carried out in good faith. It will be for Parliament to provide the machinery by which the construction of the Railway shall be proceeded with without delay.

Reference is again made to the establishment of a Court of Appeal for the Dominion. Various reasons have, time and again, led to the postponement of this measure. The Minister of Justice has been so anxious to make it as perfect as possible that he has deemed it the part of prudence and wise statesmanship to act upon the good old maxim, *festina lente*. When the bill does become law, we have no doubt it will be alike a model of simplicity and excellence.

The commercial community, with slight exceptions, will be rejoiced to know that the Insolvency laws are to be dealt with. Those who are not conversant with the temper of Parliament can hardly understand the widely divergent views entertained by members on this subject. It is, however, been very fully discussed during the past two sessions that there is little reason to doubt that the Government will be able to frame a measure which will be acceptable to Parliament, and of great benefit to the mercantile community, more especially to the honest trader.

Other measures are foreshadowed. There is one to provide additional assistance in Parliament and the Departments in consequence of the extension of the bounds of the Dominion; another relating to the navigable waters of the country; another to the Inspection laws, respecting which experience has shown the necessity of amendment, and another still for the establishment of a Dominion Board of Agriculture.

The Governor-General is able, in conclusion, to congratulate Parliament upon the prosperous condition of the public finances, which have been ample for every need, and to assure that the Estimates for the succeeding fiscal year will be brought down.

It is quite evident, from such a bill of fare, that those who were anticipating a short session are doomed to disappointment, and that if Parliament be prorogued before Christmas, members may consider themselves very well off. The whole programme is that of a Government conscious of possessing the confidence of the people's representatives, and determined to use that confidence in legislating for the public good.

THAT IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

WE call public attention to the synopsis, which appears in another column, of the correspondence which has passed between Earl DUFFERIN and the home authorities relative to the proceedings of Parliament on the 13th August, and the issuance of the Royal Commission at that time. It contains the gist of one of the ablest state papers ever written on a colonial subject, and unanswerably and unmercifully vindicates the course pursued by the Governor-General in the premises. The English paper, which the *Globe* so industriously coloured from the London papers, was manufactured by writers who were not responsible but glaringly ignorant of the subject at issue. The opinion which sustains Earl DUFFERIN and the Government on the Constitutional question, is that of the foremost constitutionalists of the age. The overturning of first arguments in respect of the Nova Scotia subsidy was surely enough fell by the fallibility, but this last act of the Home Office will never be forgiven. The Crown, the bar, the prophets, and the fates are all opposed to the "great Reform" party.

LORD DUFFERIN'S DESPATCHES.

For a time the Opposition writers, in their discussion of prorogation on 13th August, and the subsequent issuance of the Royal Commission, seemed to be guided by Mr. BLAKE's estimate of Lord DUFFERIN, that he is a "matured statesman" and "an honourable man." Put on such an outward appearance as they might, they could not conceal from themselves that the Governor-General acted alike courteously and correctly in proroguing Parliament. With an eye to future chances, they conceived it to be their game to adopt the *manier in mode* as much as they possibly could. They threw the mantle of Impudence over the choking sensation. They assumed a virtue which they did not, as a matter of fact, possess. Perhaps Lord DUFFERIN might yet be of assistance to them! Perhaps his Excellency, desiring to remain in the Metropolitan Mansion, would lend a helping hand to the Opposition, by some act of indiscretion! Perhaps he would be a willing tool to do the bidding of his advisers! Perhaps he would be a ready tool to do the behests of the Opposition! Perhaps he would be a fit instrument to do the work of the Opposition! Perhaps he would be a fit instrument to do the work of the Opposition! Perhaps he would be a fit instrument to do the work

respondence were published
tion was in England is might
Mr. Abbott was a wise man,
apparently as the confidant of
and acting sometimes for
sometimes as confidant of Sir
ld. Mr. Abbott had *carte*
as much money as was re-
Sir George Cartier wrote to
It was Mr. Abbott who paid
and when Sir John Macdon-
ard for $10,000 it was not to
but to Mr. Abbott, and it
Mr. Abbott told him to draw
at successive drafts were made
ently inexhaustible fund, just as
gencies required. Most of the
ever when these demands
Mr. Abbott told the Commis-
opinion three times the sum
ere been well spent if it had
to sustain a Government
pending to Sir Hugh Allan's
ews, the improvements of the
eply at least as this Govern-
h have. And yet this gen-
e employed in endeavouring
that Government unless they
. At least so it was told.
t, for Sir Hugh Allan said
was making matters so bad
erior, that it was impossible
elected, and it was probable
the issue of his ultimate de-
gh Sir Hugh did turn round
The hon. gentleman at the
vernment had deemed it ne-
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money ($10,000) was spent at
h election, or was it possible
ent for elections at all?
remembered that when this
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was manifested to a partie-
ulty and it was voted down;
ed, gentlemen seemed half
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was appointed. Then the
introduced and passed, but
ck in the Upper House.
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ld on the 5th of May.
to follow the successive steps
quiry down to the pre-
observe that on one same
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Ministry was to delay the
When the Committee had
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Mr. Abbott was absent,
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Opposition took an opposite
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ed. It had been sent home
ne; at least disallowance was
being sent home, and
as published on the Saturday
committee met in Montreal.
of the Commissioners was that
e evidence could not be taken
the House was about to
of May, he (Mr. Mackenzie)
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, after listening to the address
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ed, and when Sir John Macdon-
Ang. The right hon. gen-
as a message from the
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and the hon. member for
said that he (Sir John) was not
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It, and so had he. He re-
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the House long before the Gover-
established the Senate. He
reached this Chamber at the
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gave his message. If the
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but he was told that the Ministry
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The Government had declared
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Ministry deem that the Opposition
determined to carry the elections
ed, and they said they had the
advantage of gaining the public
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totally failed. He appealed to
in the House to say by his vote
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He believed that he had suc-
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be added to the second para-
and British Columbia was—"And that
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to the investigation of the
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advisers have not invited the
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in the presence of an independent
and free people. The Govern-
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be believed in any other country,
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Pacific Commissioners exonerated by
of the Opposition when he said
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apply to affect the Government of
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ests the prosperity of this
(Hear, hear.) He believed that
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ation momentous in its results
ment honor. (Hear, hear.) He
should be able to show that not
this Government been assailed in a
ner as unprecedented. Charges
s were behind that assault of a
ter, and showing a desire to meet
ly, and fairly, and generously, and to
reciprocate the obligations which we had in-
State, interests that involved, in
the opinion of England, the security
of the American possessions; in that
hour what did hon. gentlemen opposite do?
They forgot what they owed to Canada and
to the Mother Country. (Hear, hear.) They
endeavoured to sell the Government of the
country in a manner such as the people of
Canada had never approved and never would
approve. The Government were told now
that they had sold the Canadian Pacific
Railway charter for the means to carry the
elections at the last general election. The
Province of Ontario especially was made to
recound with the declaration that they had
sold the interests of Canada shamefully at the
bidding of the parent State, and the hon.
gentlemen stood throughout the length and
breadth of this country issuing every dis-
loyal sentiment towards Great Britain.
(Cheers and cries of no.) Did the hon.
gentlemen dispute this assertion? (Yes.)
He would read the language of the leaders
of the Opposition and of the hon. gentleman
who had just addressed the House, to the
hon. gentlemen who had been here, and he
would leave it to the House and to the
country to say whether he was sustained
when he declared that there was no
means that were not used by which the pub-
lic sentiment of the people of Canada could
be influenced against the Government, on
the ground of their having bartered away
the interests of the place of Canada at the
bidding of the parent State. At the Reform
banquet in Toronto, when the platform of
the Party was laid down previous to last
session, Mr. Blake said the advisers of his
Excellency had resorted to the obsolete
cession of the sovereignty of the St. Law-
rence to the United States. (Hear, hear.)
Let him give the hon. gentleman's successor
on that statement, and then let him say if
he dared in this House, that he (Dr. Tupper)
was not sustained in what he said, that no
language was more calculated to excite sen-
timents of disloyalty to the Crown. This
was what the hon. gentleman said: "No
greater stretch of the prerogative had oc-
curred within the last quarter of a century;
no greater insult to the Canadian people,
and no greater violation of the principles of
Colonial Government, which had been
so firmly established, could be well
conceived." Could the English lan-
guage, Dr. Tupper asked, provide the
gentleman with the means of fitly expressing
the Imperial Government? He would
give them the remarks made on the same
subject, and on the same occasion by the
hon. member for Lambton. Mr. Mackenzie
said his friend Mr. Blake had attended that
took ground early after the treaty was con-
cluded that their country was in danger,
and that the treaty was a dishonourable one
to England and to Canada. (Opposition
cheers.) Now let hon. gentlemen meet him
with derisive cheers if they could when
they had succeeded in obtaining a poor suc-
cess in Ontario—for it was a poor success to
obtain a small majority in one Province, in
hostility to the Government, which was
standing by British interest and British
connection, and showing a desire to meet
fairly, and fairly and generously, and to
reciprocate the obligations which we had in-
herited in the past. Was it not unworthy
those hon. gentlemen felt it not unworthy
in order to obtain a small advantage to acri-
ficate interests dear to the people of the
Province of Ontario would have been inade-
quate to compensate for. (Cheers.) Re-
lieving, as he did, that the honour, the ad-
vancement, the material prosperity, the
commercial status, the welfare of our com-
mon country in every sense of the words,
depended on our indissoluble connection
with the Mother Country, he said
that he was an enemy to Canada and un-
worthy of the position he (Sir John) was not
to state that. In reply to that
gentleman had never said he
h a message from Sir
hon. member for Chateauguay
gentlemen that he might
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s were behind that assault of a
ter, and showing a desire to meet

POETRY.

THE PRIEST'S HEART.

By CHARLES VINCENT.

It was Sir John, the fair young knight,
He stroke of the silver horn
Not seven fathoms maids he left behind
All dressed in lambskin lorn.

He came unto the wicked Pope's house
"Now, mother, to grace your art,
To touch May Gwinn's heart, that I may
Out of a young man's smart."

"O my son, you need back away,
Where maids are of no slight,
Go sing in your gaolier, and read in your books
Mark Lent fasting day."

"I had liever to talk with May Gwinn
Than with all the saints in Heaven;
I had liever to call by May Gwinn
Than to climb the golden seven.

"I have watched and fasted, early and late,
I have prayed to all the saints,
But I find no cure save through mad speech
For the pain which man calls love."

"Now heaven forfend that ill grow wurse;
Enough that ill is wrought
I know of a spell to drive May Gwinn,
And bend her to your will."

"If you do that which thou can—ye old dame,
Was woman though thou be,
I would run and run till I burst myself
In the wurge of your sea."

"Sorcheldess for me are black and white,
And maidens shall have no peace
Yet charms me May Gwinne's eyen from the hut out
That ashes left alive."

She charmed him with the white wheaten,
She charmed him with the black,
Yet he turned his face from her to the wall
Till she heard his heart wrung crack.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XII.

That man was Francis Melliship!

Old Ready-money's brother-in-law—rival, he became when he saw him, that he had tried to make him—spent the Sunday in his usual fashion. In the morning he went to church with his household, filled his accustomed seat in the family pew, and heard the funeral sermon; listened, sadly, and in the evening went to church again.

Dr. Kerby walked with the Melliships as far as their own door, after the morning service. He begged his old friend, the banker, to take a rest from his work. He took Mrs. Melliship aside, and whispered to her in tremulous imperative and strange. He told her she must take her husband for a change of air that very week, on some pretext or other.

"If Mr. Melliship won't take you, my dear lady, you must take him."

"Doctor, you alarm me. What—what is the matter with my dear husband?" she asked, unable to conceal the nervous feeling the doctor's words produced, yet unwilling to tell him of the signs of unnatural change in her husband she saw herself.

"There were clear enough; but neither the wife, nor the son, nor the daughter, could read their message."

They saw the change that cost its shadow over their house. Their anxiety for her health and father was intense.

What could they do? Nothing. And this inaction, at least, was Mr. [illegible]

Mr. Melliship—a man high spirits all day, he had been in high spirits all the week. His face was flushed, his movements quick and nervous. He was very excitable, and talked in a wild, exaggerated way.

His present was the very opposite of his nature state.

His talk all the week had been perpetually of one kind: about money, about his own wealth. For the first time, his wife and daughter Kate began to think her father ostentatious: "the thought but suggested itself, to be settled as unworthy; the fault was in her, she thought, not in her father.

Now, on this day, he was more demonstrative of his newly-born pride of purse. He spoke of his intention of removing from the dull back street to one in the West-end, years, of buying an estate, of having a town house, of getting new plate, of spending money on a scale beyond those with all the blind drawn down, and iron shutters that might or might not be inside of his house.

This was the scene outside. But what was the picture within!

The breakfast table, who had hurried down to the business soon as they heard what had happened, found the awakening of Alice after his night of madness? The goddess calls him: the proud king and warrior comes at Athene's call, blood-stained, breathing fury and revenge—seeing [illegible] in Death of her, he has gone secretly forth, and captured his enemies: how they are writhing the two sons of Atreus, bound and tied, waiting to receive the stroke of his sword; and the cauldy son Sol Lerten Ulysses, has, for whom is torture before death. So raging, but contented, he returned to his tent. Presently comes the jeer, and [illegible] in sense." He wakes from his frenzy, and finds himself surrounded by the carcasses of the beasts he had slain in place of the Grecian princess. Then his fortitude gives way.

"Ay, if!" he moaned. "Alas! Alas! there is but this one thing left, only to die." And as he bids farewell to his wife and his son, and the dear light of the sun, and falls upon his sword, and goes away to those regions of shade where the souls of departed heroes ever wandle sadly, lamenting the days of life.

So in a moment the whole horror of his situation burst upon the unfortunate Francis Melliship. The sunshine, gay and bright, fell on his book of mammon. He never caught the words—"*February 10th, Monday, Mr. Mortiboy.*" These five words spoke volumes. The riches he had boasted of did not exist: there were no investments, or only investments that had lost him money; there were no means of carrying the fight; less than 'fifi' one on the spot; for the last bidder of four weeks, he had been differing from everyone and everything, he had not mad now, and he saw his position in all its miserable conditions. How could he explain? He was not the man to confess that they will [illegible] that he had boasting of a broken fortune was only the natural expression of an overpowering desire! He could not: no one could; there would be but one option possible. And then to walk for the rest of his days ruined in purse and reputation, the laughing-stock the rash speculator; the dishonest bankrupt; and Melliship! He who had been the first in the trade, the most prosperous, the most honoured, and the most highly considered.

He rose with a gesture of despair, stepped into a dressing-room adjoining his study, and come back with a cane in his hand, which he held for a [illegible] if grinding to grind it.

He held it in his hands hesitating.

The moon shone out, and between his eyes and the moonshine there stood once more the figure of the dead woman which he had seen a week before. Again she appeared to him; and then took another form, the picture of his children; not stern, reproachful, and threatening: but smiling, pleasant and happy. Her age seemed to have fallen from her; and she appeared as she had been thirty years before, when they were young together.

"Husband!" cried the unhappy man, stretching out his hands, "speak to me. Susan, my first love, why do you come back in the semblance of those old times? Susan, forgive my broken troth, and the promise that you and I alone know. Speak to me, Susan!"

She did not speak, but beckoned; and when he looked again she had disappeared.

He sat awhile with troubled brow, trying to think. He could think of two things only: the horror and disgrace of the future, which his disturbed state of imagination augmented; and the image of his old friend—young again—radiant, smiling, beckoning to him. Beckoning!—but where? Surely to some land far off, where there would be no more trouble, but only youth, and love, and pleasant pastime.

As the moon shifted round to the west, the light fell upon the portraits of the children, and moving slowly round the room, came upon the form of Mr. Melliship lying prone upon the hearthrug. He was not sleeping but dead; and the black pool that shone in the light of the moon was blood that came from his self-inflicted wound. Like Ajax, he could not bear his disgrace. Without a word of farewell to his children, or of explanation or motive, he had left all his troubles and burdens to be borne by shoulders weaker than his own. Selfish? Perhaps. But is the coward not selfish? Cowards are cowards, and selfish. But there is a point of physical or moral suffering at which even man will give up life, yielding immediate death. We cannot endure beyond that point. Heaven keep us from suffering that even some near it!

CHAPTER XIII.

It was Monday morning, February the tenth. The hour was nine o'clock. The moon had gone down, and the wind, blowing in gusts, roughed and soiled, as it played round the house, making windows and doors rattle. Within all was quiet. No one in that house heard it.

On the hearth-rug of the study lay the corpse of the ill-fated gentleman, Francis Melliship.

Overhead, his son Frank slept dreamless-ly.

In their several chambers, wife, daughter, servants were asleep.

And he, the husband, father, master, lay dead!

O giant Death, door of life, what lies not within the compass of thy power!

Over the waking horror of three to whom "Dooter, you alarm me. What—what is the matter with my dear husband?" she asked, unable to conceal the nervous feeling the doctor's words produced, yet unwilling to tell him of the signs of unnatural change in her husband she saw herself.

"There were clear enough; but neither the wife, nor the son, nor the daughter, could read their message."

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So in a moment the whole horror of his situation burst upon the unfortunate Francis Melliship. The sunshine, gay and bright, fell on his book of mammon. His eyes caught the words—"*February 10th, Monday, Mr. Mortiboy.*" These five words spoke volumes. The riches he had boasted of did not exist: there were no investments, or only investments that had lost him money; there were no means of carrying the fight; less than 'fifi' one on the spot; for the last bidder of four weeks, he had been differing from everyone and everything, he had not mad now, and he saw his position in all its miserable conditions. How could he explain? He was not the man to confess that they will [illegible] that he had boasting of a broken fortune was only the natural expression of an overpowering desire! He could not: no one could; there would be but one option possible. And then to walk for the rest of his days ruined in purse and reputation, the laughing-stock the rash speculator; the dishonest bankrupt; and Melliship! He who had been the first in the trade, the most prosperous, the most honoured, and the most highly considered.

He rose with a gesture of despair, stepped into a dressing-room adjoining his study, and come back with a cane in his hand, which he held for a [illegible] if grinding to grind it.

He held it in his hands hesitating.

The moon shone out, and between his eyes and the moonshine there stood once more

Mr. Melliship was by nature a gentleman; he never entered a room, though, without knocking. On this occasion, he did not. Mr. Melliship's hand was occupied with the picture of his children; not stern, reproachful, and threatening: but smiling, happy and happy. Her age seemed to have fallen from her; and she appeared as she had been thirty years before, when they were young together.

"Husband!" cried the unhappy man, stretching out his hands, "speak to me. Susan, my first love, why do you come back in the semblance of those old times? Susan, forgive my broken troth, and the promise that you and I alone know. Speak to me, Susan!"

She did not speak, but beckoned; and when he looked again she had disappeared.

He sat awhile with troubled brow, trying to think. He could think of two things only: the horror and disgrace of the future, which his disturbed state of imagination augmented; and the image of his old friend—young again—radiant, smiling, beckoning to him. Beckoning!—but where? Surely to some land far off, where there would be no more trouble, but only youth, and love, and pleasant pastime.

As the moon shifted round to the west, the light fell upon the portraits of the children, and moving slowly round the room, came upon the form of Mr. Melliship lying prone upon the hearthrug. He was not sleeping but dead; and the black pool that shone in the light of the moon was blood that came from his self-inflicted wound. Like Ajax, he could not bear his disgrace. Without a word of farewell to his children, or of explanation or motive, he had left all his troubles and burdens to be borne by shoulders weaker than his own. Selfish? Perhaps. But is the coward not selfish? Cowards are cowards, and selfish. But there is a point of physical or moral suffering at which even man will give up life, yielding immediate death. We cannot endure beyond that point. Heaven keep us from suffering that even some near it!

CHAPTER XIII.

It was Monday morning, February the tenth. The hour was nine o'clock. The moon had gone down, and the wind, blowing in gusts, roughed and soiled, as it played round the house, making windows and doors rattle. Within all was quiet. No one in that house heard it.

On the hearth-rug of the study lay the corpse of the ill-fated gentleman, Francis Melliship.

Overhead, his son Frank slept dreamless-ly.

In their several chambers, wife, daughter, servants were asleep.

And he, the husband, father, master, lay dead!

O giant Death, door of life, what lies not within the compass of thy power!

Over the waking horror of three to whom "Dooter, you alarm me. What—what is the matter with my dear husband?" she asked, unable to conceal the nervous feeling the doctor's words produced, yet unwilling to tell him of the signs of unnatural change in her husband she saw herself.

"There were clear enough; but neither the wife, nor the son, nor the daughter, could read their message."

They saw the change that cost its shadow over their house. Their anxiety for her health and father was intense.

What could they do? Nothing. And this inaction, at least, was [illegible]

Mr. Melliship—a man high spirits all day, he had been in high spirits all the week. His face was flushed, his movements quick and nervous. He was very excitable, and talked in a wild, exaggerated way.

His present was the very opposite of his nature state.

His talk all the week had been perpetually of one kind: about money, about his own wealth. For the first time, his wife and daughter Kate began to think her father ostentatious: "the thought but suggested itself, to be settled as unworthy; the fault was in her, she thought, not in her father.

Now, on this day, he was more demonstrative of his newly-born pride of purse. He spoke of his intention of removing from the dull back street to one in the West-end, years, of buying an estate, of having a town house, of getting new plate, of spending money on a scale beyond those with all the blind drawn down, and iron shutters that might or might not be inside of his house.

This was the scene outside. But what was the picture within!

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